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HOME MAGAZINE JANUARY 1860.

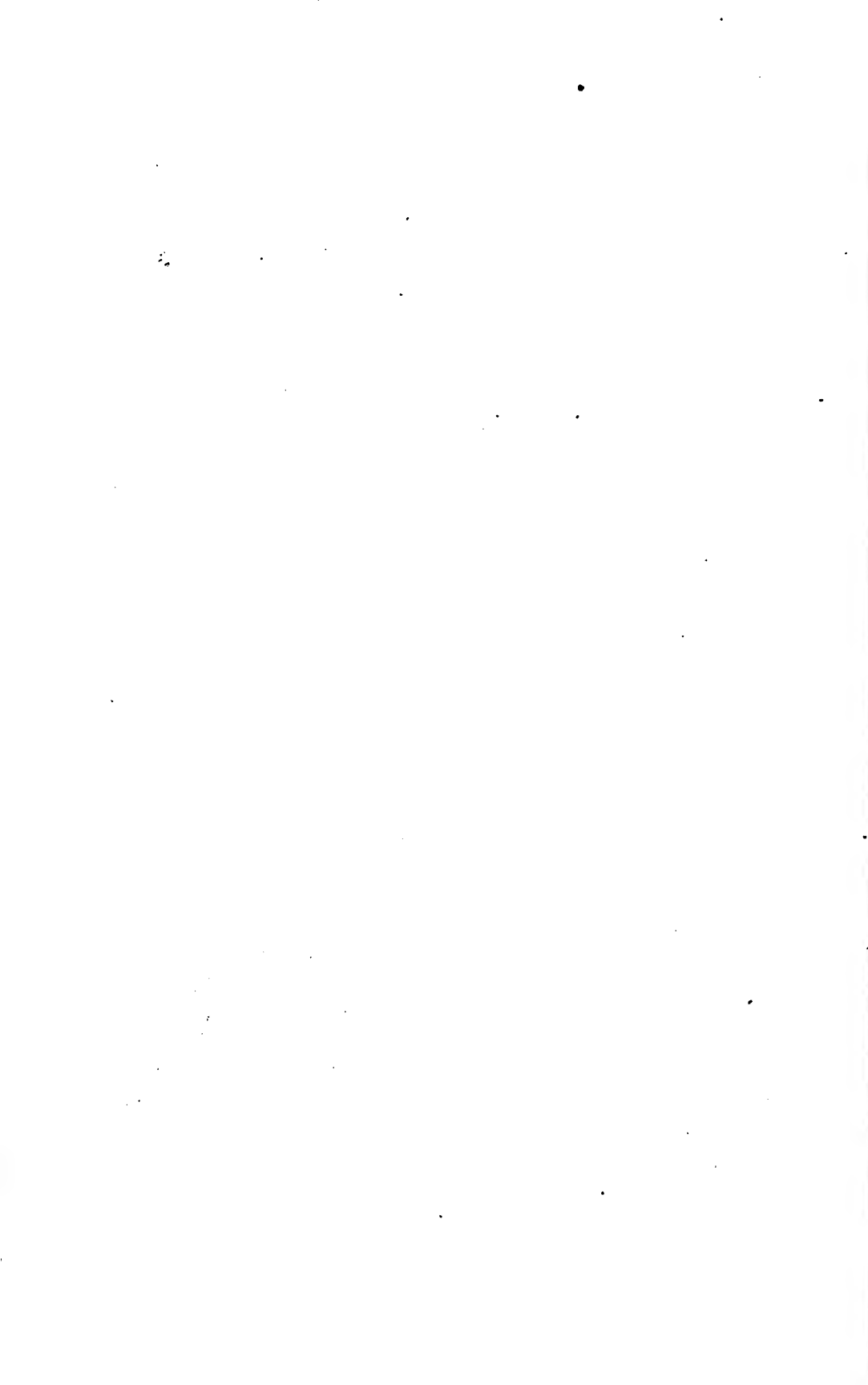


THE YOUNG AMERICAN
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
NEW YORK



Engd. by Copewell & Bennett.

HOME MAGAZINE JANUARY 1860.



Arthur's illustrated home magazine.
THE

LADY'S
HOME MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

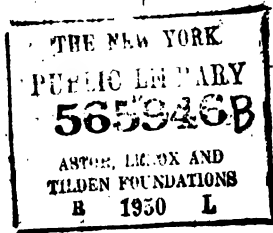
AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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**VOL. XV.**  
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// **From January to June, 1860.**

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PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.
1860.



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Mrs. E. G. Arey. - 1860.

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APRIL.

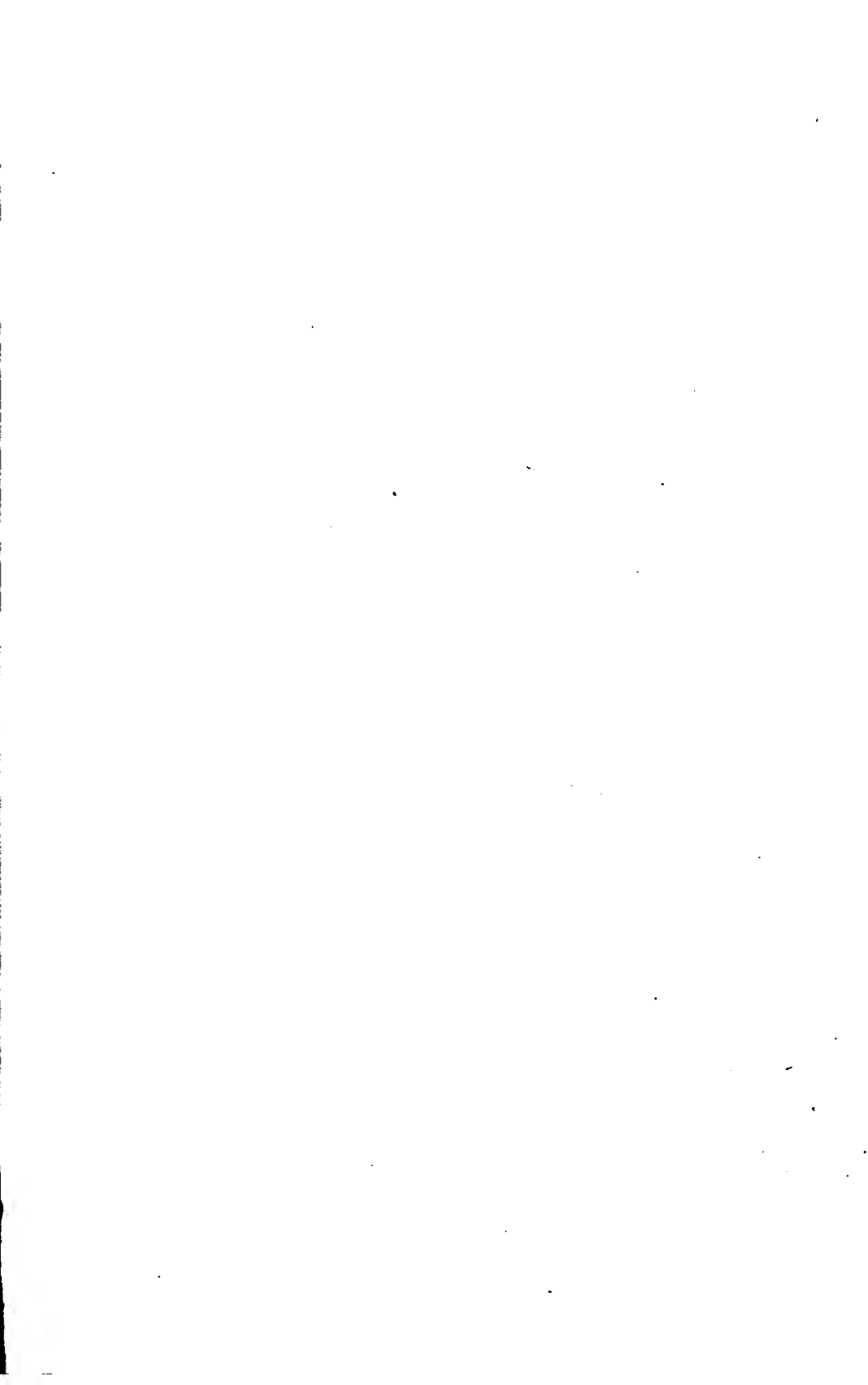
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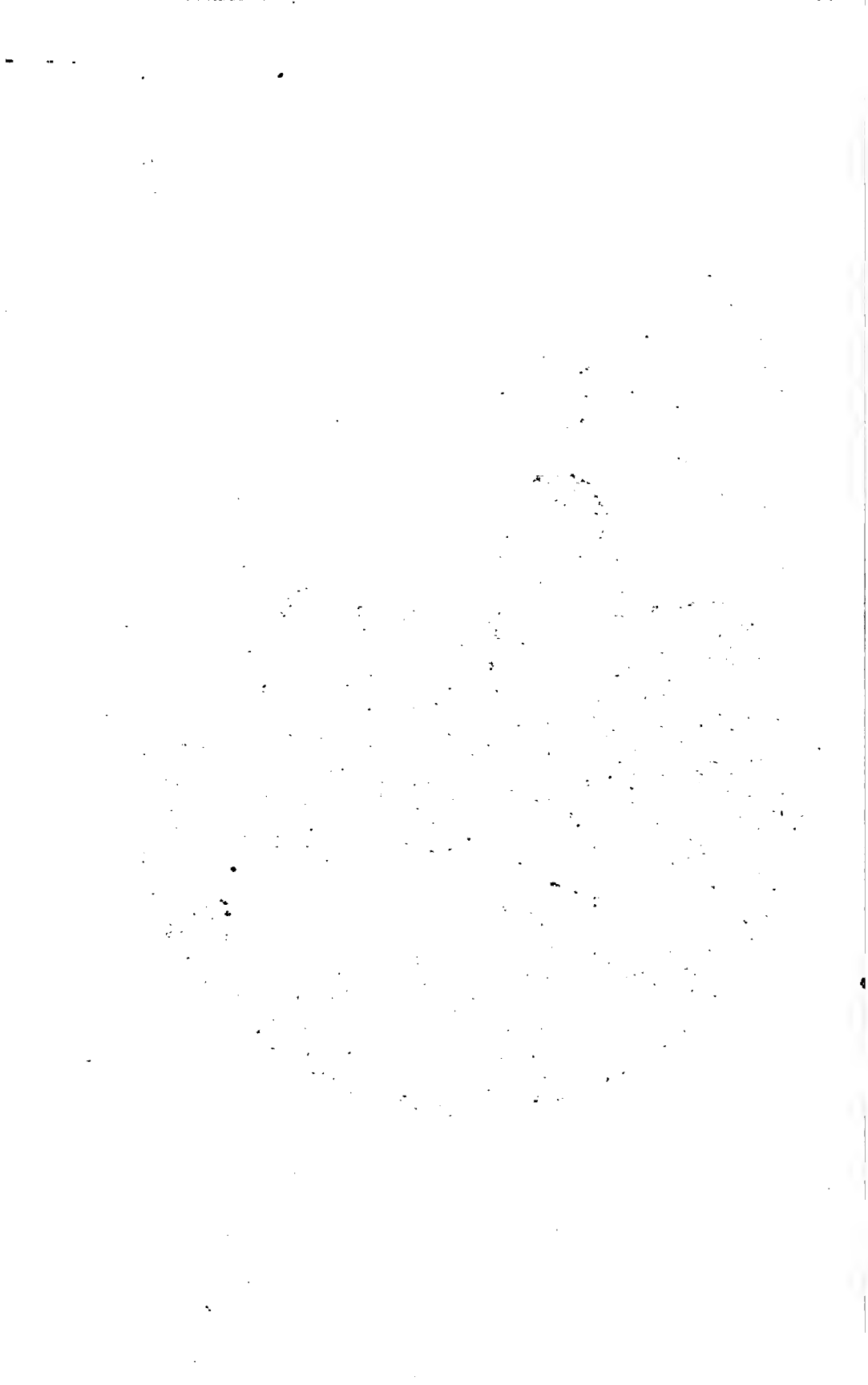




Engraved by J. H. Stoddard

FAMILY JEWELS.

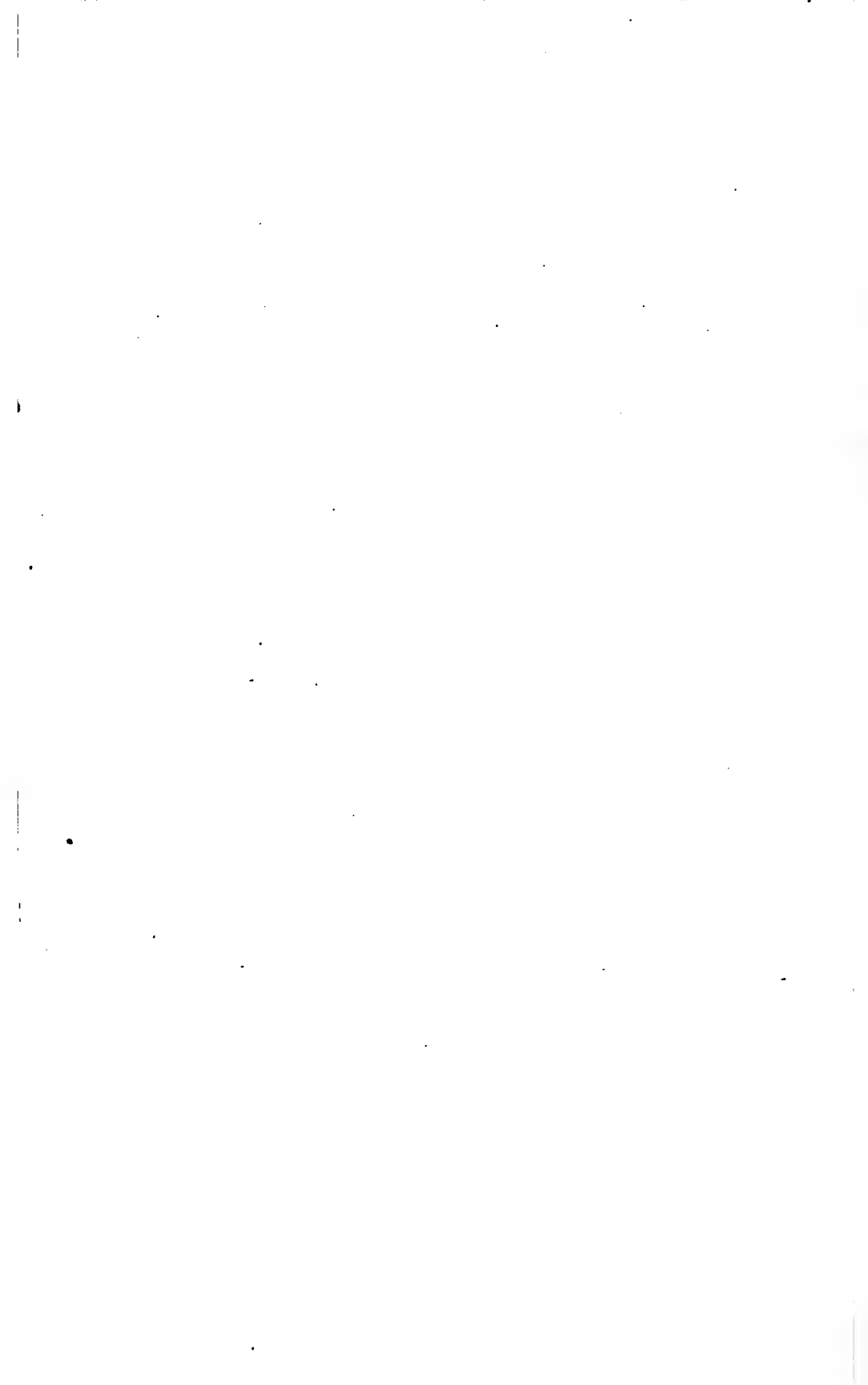






W. H. WOOD, LONDON.

THE BROWN BOOKS.





MARRIED AND HAPPY



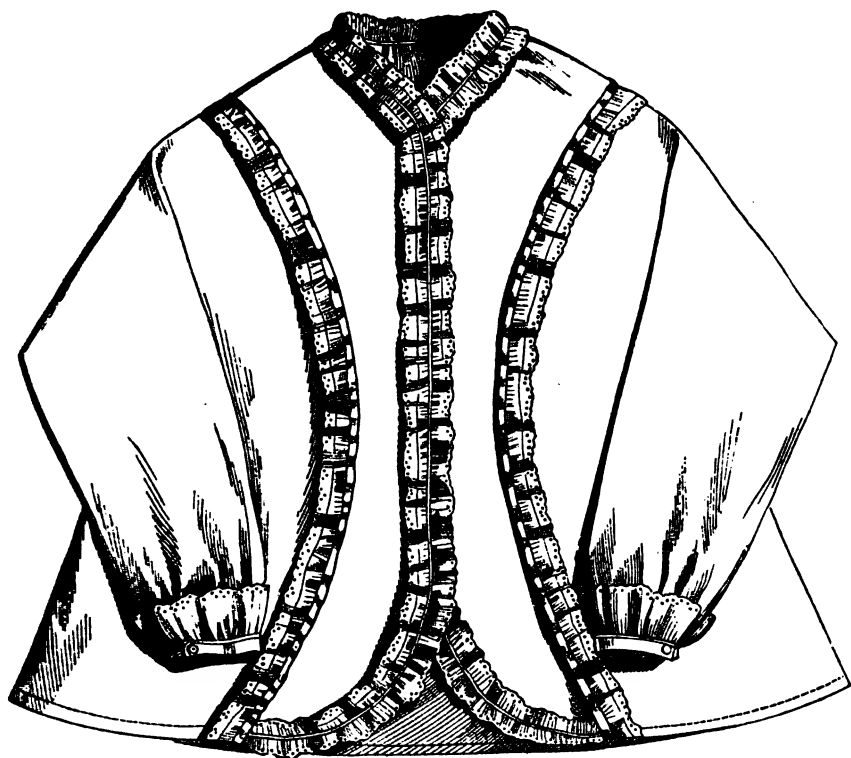
CHILDREN MEASURING THEIR HEIGHT BY A FOX GLOVE.



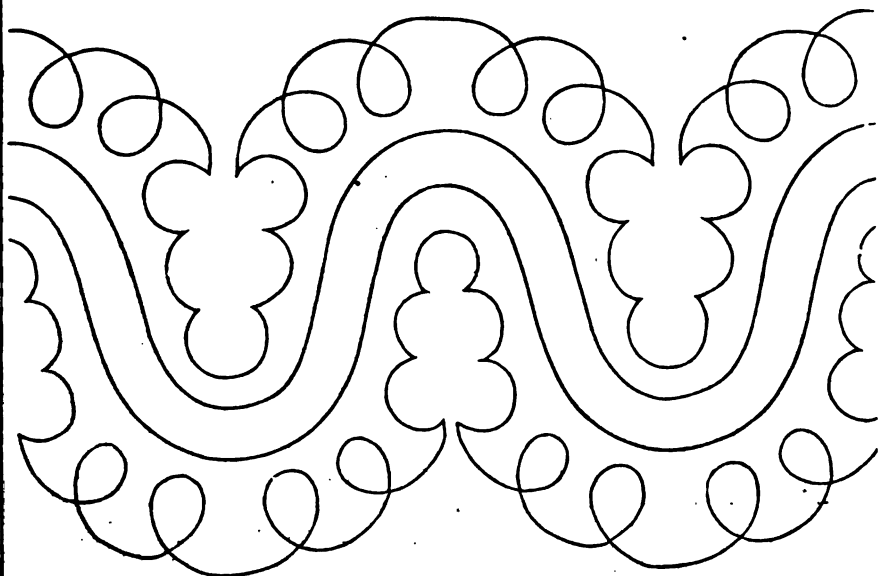
CAPS.



EVENING DRESS.



NIGHT-GOWN.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



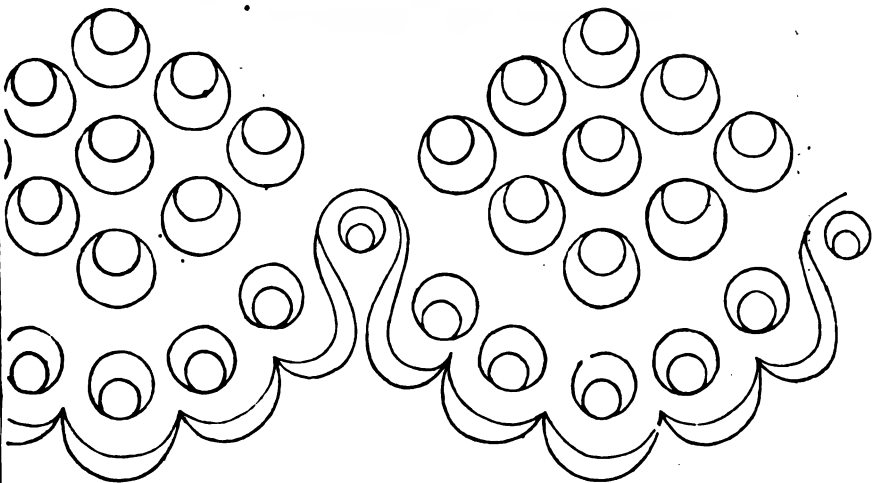
WINTER CLOAK,

Furnished by Cooper & Conard, Ninth and Market streets, Philadelphia; and engraved from actual costume, by Neville Johnson.

Plaited or full backs continue to be worn, as in our illustration. The sleeve, or its equivalent, is worn, and deservedly admired; indeed, it is in Mid-Winter a most beautiful necessity, adding, as it does, to comfort, admitting of so much ornament, and presenting so graceful a relief in the front view. The bindings are deep, trimmed rich and neat rather than gaudy, and the cloth a fine black beaver.

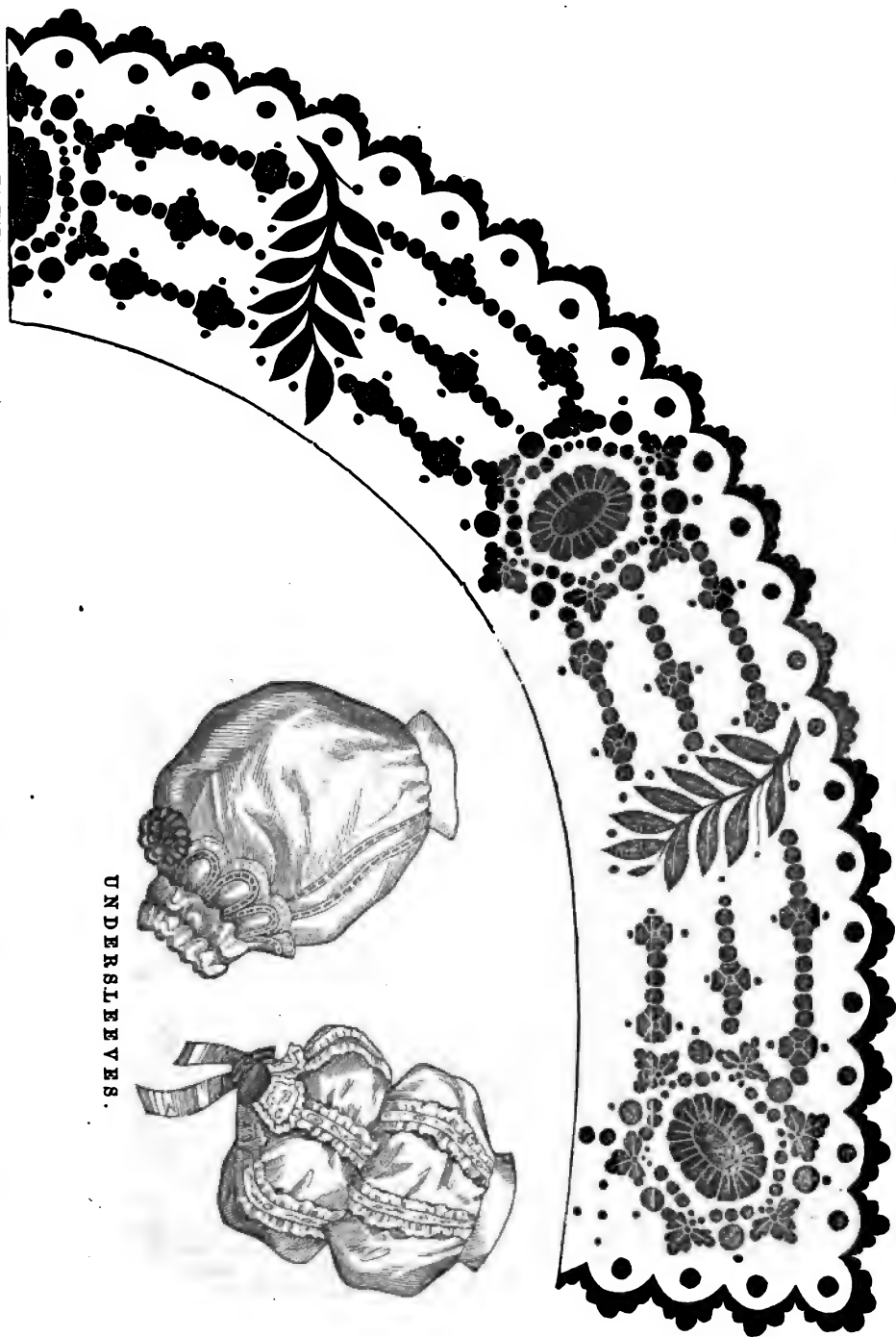


BOY'S DRESS.

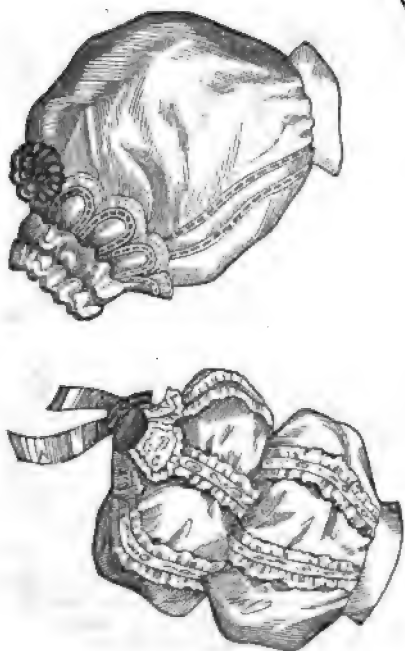


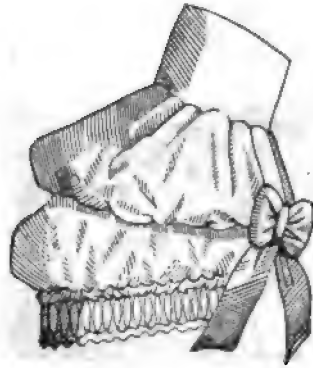
NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.

WORKED COLLAR.



UNDERSLEEVES.





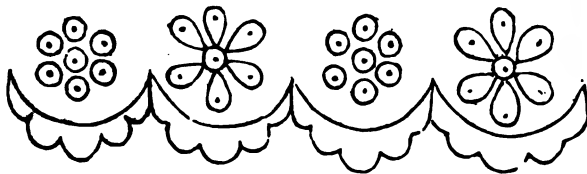
UNDERSLEEVES.



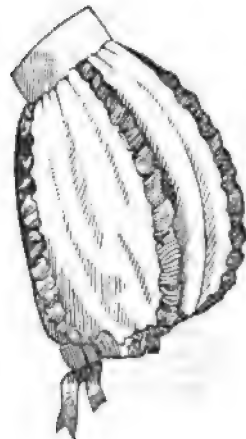
DRESS CAP.

Constance
Annelie.
Therese

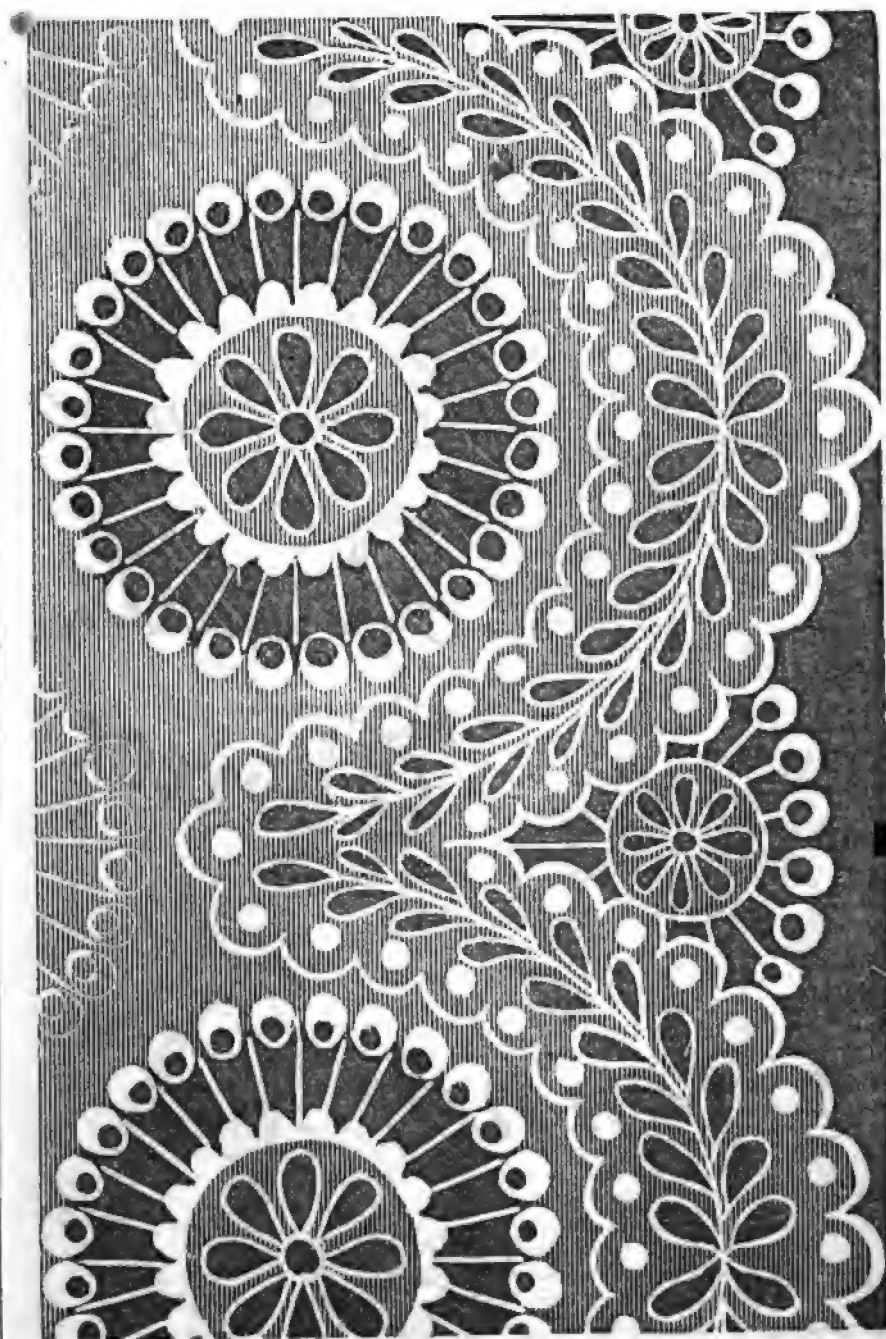
Anna



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



UNDERSLEEVE.



EMBROIDERY FOR SKIRT

THE LADIES' Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1860.

"RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE."

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"HAVE you noticed Miss Harvey's diamonds?" said a friend, directing my attention, as she spoke, to a young lady who stood at the lower end of the room. I looked towards Miss Harvey, and as I did so, my eyes received the sparkle of her gems.

"Brilliant as dew-drops in the morning sunbeams," I remarked.

"Only less brilliant," was my friend's response to this. "Only less brilliant. Nothing holds the sunlight in its bosom so perfectly as a drop of dew.—Next, the diamond. I am told that the pin, now flashing back the light, as it rises and falls with the swell and subsidence of her bosom, cost just one thousand dollars. The public, you know, are very apt to find out the money-value of fine jewelry."

"Miss Harvey is beautiful," said I, "and could afford to depend less on the foreign aid of ornament."

"If she had dazzled us with that splendid pin alone," returned my friend, "we might never have been tempted to look beneath the jewel, far down into the wearer's heart. But, diamond ear-rings, and a diamond bracelet, added—we know their value to be just twelve hundred dollars; the public is specially inquisitive—suggest some weakness or perversion of feeling, and we become eagle-eyed. But for the blaze of light with which Miss Harvey has surrounded herself, I, for one, should not have been led to observe her closely. There is no object in nature which has not its own peculiar signification; which does not correspond to some quality, affection, or attribute of the mind. This is true of gems; and it is but natural, that we should look for those qualities

in the wearer of them to which the gems correspond."

I admitted the proposition, and my friend went on.

"Gold is the most precious of all metals, and it must, therefore, correspond to the most precious attribute, or quality of the mind. What is that attribute?—and what is that quality?"

"Love," said I, after a pause, "Love is the most precious attribute of the mind—goodness the highest quality."

"Then, it is no mere fancy to say that gold corresponds to love, or goodness. It is pure, and ductile, and warm in color, like love; while silver is harder, and white and shining, like truth. Gold and silver in nature are, then, as goodness and truth in the human soul. In one we find the riches of this world, in the other divine riches. And if gold and silver correspond to precious things of the mind, so must brilliant jewels. The diamond! How wonderful is its affection for light—taking in the rays eagerly, dissolving them, and sending them forth again to gladden the eyes in rich prismatic beauty! And to what mental quality must the diamond correspond? As it loves the sun's rays, in which are heat and light—must it not correspond to the affection of things good and true?—heat being of love, and light of truth or wisdom? The wearer of diamonds, then, should have in her heart the heavenly affection to which they correspond. She should be loving and wise."

"It will not do to make an estimate in this way," said I. "The measure is too exacting."

"I will admit that. But we cannot help thinking of the quality, when we look upon its sign. With a beautiful face, when first seen, do we not always associate a beautiful soul? And when a lady adorns herself with the most beautiful and costly things in nature, how can we help looking to see whether they correspond to things in her mind! For one, I cannot; and so, almost involuntarily, I keep turning my eyes upon Miss Harvey, and looking for signs of her quality."

"And how do you read the lady?" I inquired.

My friend shook his head.

"The observation is not favorable."

"Not favorable," he replied. "No, not favorable. She thinks of her jewels—she is vain of them."

"The temptation is great," I said.

"The fact of so loading herself with costly jewels, is in itself indicative of vanity—"

A third party joining us at this moment, we dropped the subject of Miss Harvey. But, enough had been said to make me observe her closely during the evening.

The opening line of Moore's charming lyric,

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,"

kept chiming in my thoughts, whenever I glanced towards her, and saw the glitter of her diamonds. Yet, past the gems my vision now went, and I searched the fair girl's countenance for the sparkle of other and richer jewels. Did I find them? We shall see.

"Helen," I heard a lady say to Miss Harvey, "is not that Mary Gardiner?"

"I believe so," was her indifferent answer.

"Have you spoken to her this evening?"

"No, aunt."

"Why?"

"Mary Gardiner and I were never very congenial. We have not been thrown together for some time; and now, I do not care to renew the acquaintance."

I obtained a single glance of the young lady's face. It was proud and haughty in expression, and her eyes had in them a cold glitter that awoke in me a feeling of repulsion.

"I wish you were congenial," the lady said, speaking partly to herself.

"We are not, aunt," was Miss Harvey's reply; and she assumed the air of one who felt herself far superior to another with whom she had been brought into comparison.

"The gems do not correspond, I fear," said I to myself, as I moved to another part of the room. "But who is Miss Gardiner?"

In the next moment, I was introduced to the young lady whose name was in my thought. The face into which I looked was of that fine oval which always pleases the eye, even where the countenance itself does not light up well with the changes of thought. But, in this case, a pair of calm, deep, living eyes, and lips of shape most exquisitely delicate and feminine—giving warrant of a beautiful soul—caused the face of Miss Gardiner to hold the vision as by a spell. Low and very musical was her voice, and there was a discrimination in her words, that lifted whatever she said above the common-place, even though the subjects were of the hour.

I do not remember how long it was after my introduction to Miss Gardiner, before I discovered that her only ornament was a small, exquisitely cut cameo breast-pin, set in a circlet of pearls. There was no obtrusive glitter about this. It lay more like an emblem than a jewel against her bosom. It never drew your attention from her face, nor dimmed, by contrast, the radiance of her soul-lit eyes. I was charmed, from the beginning, with this young lady. Her thoughts were real gems, rich and rare, and when she spoke there was the flash of diamonds in her sentences; not the flash of mere brilliant sayings, like the gleaming of a polished sword, but of living truths, that lit up with their own pure radiance every mind that received them.

Two or three times during the evening, Miss Harvey, radiant in her diamonds—they cost twenty-two hundred dollars—the price would intrude itself—and Miss Gardiner, almost guiltless of foreign ornament, were thrown into immediate contact. But Miss Gardiner was not recognized by the haughty wearer of gems. It was the old farce of pretence, seeking, by borrowed attractions, to outshine the imperishable radiance of truth. I looked on, and read the lesson her conduct gave, and wondered that any were deceived into even a transient admiration. "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," but they had in them no significance as applied to the wearer. It was Miss Gardiner who had the real gems, beautiful as charity, and pure as eternal truth; and she wore them with a simple grace, that charmed every beholder who had eyes clear enough from earthy dust and smoke to see them.

I never meet Miss Harvey, that I do not think of the pure and heavenly things of the mind to which diamonds correspond, nor without seeing some new evidence that she wears no priceless jewels in her soul.

FRETFULNESS:

HOME WHISPERS TO WIVES AND MOTHERS.

FRET, fret, fret, scold, scold, from morning to night, in haste or leisure—when it rained or the sun shone; Mrs. Moore always found something to find fault about, something to fret her. She began it when she was a child, for her mother fretted before her and taught her how. She practiced her lessons well as she grew up. She carried the habit with her into the home of her married life, and scarcely kept it out of sight during the honeymoon. After she became a mother she found occasion to fret every day and almost every hour of her life, till she came to be the most accomplished fretter that we know. She was handsome, at least she might have been; for fair and regular features will look ugly when the scowl of peevishness mars them. She was smart and efficient in the management of her domestic affairs. Her house was a model of order, and the ways of her household were looked after well; but I have seen more comfort where there was less system and order. She was intelligent, and when the demon that enthralled her slumbered for a little, and her fine features were irradiated with the smile and glow of social cheerfulness, she would seem to be a most engaging woman. She was self-sacrificing. Her ease and preferences she would yield to the good of others, but the most precious sacrifices she laid on the altar of love she would baptize with the unholy waters of fretfulness and complaint, till the value of the benefaction was wholly lost, or greatly marred to the recipient. She was religious, and labored to advance the kingdom of Christ on earth. Alas! there was a kingdom of quiet peace, and holy calm, and heavenly sunshine, that never came to her own soul. She was a wife and mother. She loved her family well, she thought she toiled for them; she strove to advance them in life, but she never loved them well enough to conquer her enemy for their sakes; nor did she ever make their home or their daily life what these should be to whom God gives and continues a wife and mother.

Her husband grew dwarfed in soul and seared and hard in social character. Her children—most to be pitied, who had the first delicate buddings of life's spring-time nipped by such biting frosts—suffered in their sensibilities, and exhibited such excrescences of character, and such warpings of soul, as might have been expected. The sweetest fragrance—the sunniest light of home, never shed its

aroma, or its brightness, in their daily paths. Some learned from her to fret and complain, and they transmitted the same curse to other households and another generation. Some, with finer sensibilities, shrank and withered under it; while in some souls the waters of bitterness and misanthropy wore deep, broad channels; for there was a numerous household to feel the blight. She felt and knew that her family did not love her as she would have them love her. She saw that they were glad to live out of her presence, though she was conscious that she lived and labored for them. This created in her a sense of injustice done her, which engendered a feeling akin to bitterness as she advanced in life, and over this she fretted still more intensely; till, dear reader, she fretted herself into the grave. The looker-on, as he summed up the results of her life-work—her woman's work—might have written over all her opportunities for great and blessed achievement, "Wanting," — "Failures," — "Lost," — "Marred." And wherefore? Because of this enemy—a feeble one at first, but nourished and cherished through many years, grown at length her conqueror and master.

O woman! whose highest honor it is to mature and rear earth's men and women for God's service, and to breathe over the homes where you rear them something of the atmosphere of that 'Home yours should typify, exorcise, I entreat you, this foul spirit, this demon fretfulness, from your domain. Let its shadow never darken your threshold. Let its breath never blight the spirits where it is your province to ward and watch. Would you be good and true where God has placed you? Would you have yours—your own dear ones, large of soul—loving and beloved in their lives, living in sunshine and scattering sunshine? Would you be to them while you live, and live in their memories after you are dead, as one of those sent of God and manifesting Him in their lives? Then let your brow never be clouded, your tones sharpened, the loving beaming of your eye never quenched by this foul spirit, that gathers its venom and blight from discontent and unholy unrest. A truly noble man, a loving innocent child, might find a better home in a den of stinging reptiles, than with "a brawling" or fretful "woman in a wide house." If you are sick, and cannot give to your home service and care, give them the smile of a calm, unruffled soul, the sunshine of peace and love, and trust in God. If you are burdened with care and toil, add not the load you must needs carry, one you need not, by

fretfulness of spirit, but let cheerfulness and hope buoy you. Do difficulties, dark and frowning, meet you? Does your path lie over an intricate and thorny way? Let the light of a quiet spirit brighten it, and the music of gentle, loving tones thrill along its tangled mazes. Listen for them, and you shall catch, ever and anon, strains of poetry and measures of melody, even on the dreariest road. Have you the greatest blessing a true woman's heart craves, affectionate friends, a pleasant home, a loving and noble man for a companion, and dear, promising children? O, let gratitude to the Great Giver keep you always from the lowering frown of impatience, and the harsh grating tones of complaint and fretfulness at the little ills, the little disappointments, the physical taxations, and the nervous discomforts and ailments that every mother of a family, however blessed and favored, must at times encounter. Let each strive, in her own sphere and in her own home, to make that home as perfect—that sphere as ennobled, as it can become. If this is the aim and ambition, surely from such a home and sphere will be banished, with much else that belittles and degrades and mars it, the demon—Fretfulness.

EARLY RISING IN WINTER.

SLEEP, says Sancho Panza, covers a man all over like a mantle of comfort; but rising before daylight envelopes the entire being in petty misery. An indescribable vacuity makes itself felt in the epigastric regions, and a leaden heaviness weighs upon heart and spirits. It must be a considerable item in the hard lot of domestic servants to have to get up through all the winter months in the cold dark house; let us be thankful to them through whose humble labors and self-denial we find the cheerful fire blazing in the tidy breakfast-parlor, when we find our way down stairs. That same apartment looked cheerless enough when the housemaid entered it two hours ago. It is sad when you are snug in bed of a morning, lazily conscious of that circling amplitude of comfort, to hear the chilly cry of the poor sweep outside; or the tread of the factory hands shivering by in their thin garments towards the great cotton mill, glaring spectral out of its many windows, but at least with a cosy suggestion of warmth and light. Think of the baker, too, who rose in the dark of midnight that those hot rolls might appear on your breakfast-table; and of the printer, intelligent, active, accurate to a degree that you careless folk who put no points

in your letters have no idea of, whose labors have given you that damp sheet which, in a little, will feel so crisp and firm, after it has been duly dried, and which will tell you all that is going on all over the world, down to the opera which closed at twelve, and the parliamentary debate which was not over till half-past four. It is good occasionally to rise at five on a December morning, that you may feel how much you are indebted to some who do so for your sake all the winter through. No doubt they get accustomed to it; but so may you by doing it always. A great many people, living easy lives, have no idea of the discomfort of rising by candlelight. Probably they hardly ever did it; when they did it, they had a blazing fire and abundant light to dress by, and even with these advantages, which essentially change the nature of the enterprise, they have not done it for very long.

DO SOMETHING.

It is truly a melancholy spectacle to see so many drones in the great and busy hive of human life. We daily see young men of education, and who possess more than ordinary natural gifts, lounging about as listlessly as if there was nothing in the boundless universe worthy of their attention. How utterly lost to manhood are many sons of wealthy parents! No ambition, no hope, no ardent desire, ever spurs them on to leap from obscurity into the broad daylight of lasting renown. Their lives, which should be full of noble achievements, are dawdled away in unholy dissipations. If such is to become the universal effect of wealth on the rising generation, it were far better that poverty should forever be the handmaid of our sons and daughters. In the name of common humanity, we call on all young men to do something. Do not sneak from the cradle of infancy to the coffin of oblivion without, at least, one great effort to prove you have not lived in vain. Remember that fame and honor are never achieved with folded arms and "masterly inactivity." When the sublime wisdom of common sense taught Columbus there was a new world, he did not preach his belief with idle hands and lack lustre eye. The wonderful discoveries in science and art were not made by men who regarded life as a holiday of idleness. If you would achieve fame, if you would win the applause of your fellow men, if you would gain your own self-respect, then, in the name of all that is good and sacred, we call on you to go to work and do something.

SCENES IN MY HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. LAFAYETTE WILKINS.

No. I.—*Polly, my Nursery Maid.*

I DID not feel in a very good humor either with myself or Polly, my nursery maid. The fact is, Polly had displeased me; and I, while under the influence of rather strong excitement of feeling, had rebuked her with a degree of intemperance not exactly becoming in a Christian gentlewoman, or just to a well meaning, though not perfect domestic.

Polly had taken my sharp words without replying. They seemed to stun her. She stood for a few moments, after the vials of my wrath were emptied, her face paler than usual, and her lips almost colorless. Then she turned and walked from my room with a slow but firm step. There was an air of purpose about her, and a manner that puzzled me a little.

The thermometer of my feelings was gradually falling, though not yet reduced very far below fever-heat, when Polly stood again before me. A red spot now burned on each cheek, and her eyes were steady as she let them rest in mine.

"Mrs. Wilkins," said she, firmly, yet respectfully, "I am going to leave when my month is up."

Now, I have my own share of willfulness and impulsive independence. So I answered, without hesitation or reflection,

"Very well, Polly. If you wish to leave, I will look for another to fill your place." And I drew myself up with an air of dignity.

Polly retired as quietly as she came, and I was left alone with my not very agreeable thoughts for companions. Polly had been in my family for nearly four years, in the capacity of nursery and chamber maid. She was capable, faithful, kind in her disposition, and industrious. The children were all attached to her, and her influence over them was good. I had often said to myself, in view of Polly's excellent qualities, "She is a treasure!" And, always, the thought of losing her services had been an unpleasant one. Of late, in some things, Polly had failed to give the satisfaction of former times. She was neither so cheerful, nor so thoughtful, nor had she her usual patience with the children. "Her disposition is altering," I said to myself, now and then, in view of this change, "something has spoiled her."

"You have indulged her too much, I suppose," was the reason given by my husband, whenever I ventured to introduce to his notice

the short-comings of Polly. "You are an expert at the business of spoiling domestics."

My good opinion of myself was generally flattered by this estimate of the case; and, as this good opinion strengthened, a feeling of indignation against Polly for her ingratitude, as I was pleased to call it, found a lodging in my heart.

And so the matter had gone on, from small beginnings, until a state of dissatisfaction on the one part, and coldness on the other, had grown up between mistress and maid. I asked no questions of Polly, as to the change in her manner, but made my own inferences, and took, for granted, my own conclusions. I had spoiled her by indulgence—that was clear. As a thing of course, this view was not very favorable to a just and patient estimate of her conduct, whenever it failed to meet my approval.

On the present occasion, she had neglected the performance of certain services, in consequence of which I suffered some small inconvenience, and a great deal of annoyance.

"I don't know what's come over you, Polly," said I to her sharply. "Something has spoiled you outright; and I tell you now, once for all, that you'll have to mend your ways considerably, if you expect to remain much longer in this family."

The language was hard enough, but the manner harder and more offensive. I had never spoken to her before with anything like this severity of manner. The result of this little piece of intemperance on my part, the reader has seen. Polly gave notice that she would leave, and I accepted the notice. For a short time after the girl retired from my room, I maintained my state of half indignant independence; but, as to being satisfied with myself, that was out of the question. I had lost my temper, and, as is usual in such cases, had been harsh, and it might be, unjust. I was about to lose the services of a domestic, whose good qualities so far overbalanced all defects and short-comings, that I could hardly hope to supply her place. How could the children give her up? This question came home with a most unpleasant suggestion of consequences. But, as the disturbance of my feelings went on subsiding, and thought grew clearer and clearer, that which most troubled me was a sense of injustice towards Polly. The suggestion came stealing into my mind, that the something wrong about her might involve a great deal more than I had, in a narrow reference of things to my own affairs, imagined. Polly was certainly changed; but, might not

the change have its origin in mental conflict or sufferings, which entitled her to pity and consideration, instead of blame?

This was a new thought, which in no way tended to increase a feeling of self-approval.

"She is human, like the rest of us," said I, as I sat talking over the matter with myself, "and every human heart has its portion of bitterness. The weak must bear in weakness, as well as the strong in strength; and the light burden rests as painfully on the back that bends in feebleness, as does the heavy one on Atlas-shoulders. We are too apt to regard those who serve us as mere working machines. Rarely do we consider them as possessing like wants and weaknesses, like sympathies and yearnings with ourselves. Anything will do for them. Under any external circumstances, it is their duty to be satisfied."

I was wrong in this matter. Nothing was now clearer to me than this. But, how was I to get right? That was the puzzling question. I thought, and thought—looking at the difficulty first on this side, and then on that. No way of escape presented itself, except through some open or implied acknowledgment of wrong; that is, I must have some plain, kind talk with Polly, to begin with, and thus show her, by an entire change of manner, that I was conscious of having spoken to her in a way that was not met by my own self-approval. Pride was not slow in vindicating her own position among the mental powers. She was not willing to see me humble myself to a servant. Polly had given notice that she was going to leave, and if I made concession, she would at once conclude that I did so meanly, from self-interest, because I wished to retain her services. My naturally independent spirit revolted under this view of the case, but I marshalled some of the better forces of my mind, and took the field bravely on the side of right and duty. For some time the conflict went on, when the better elements of my nature gained the victory.

When the decision was made, I sent a message for Polly. I saw, as she entered my room, that her cheeks no longer burned, and that the fire had died out in her eyes. Her face was pale, and its expression sad, but enduring.

"Polly," said I, kindly, "sit down. I would like to have some talk with you."

The girl seemed taken by surprise. Her face warmed a little, and her eyes, which had been turned aside from mine, looked at me with a glance of inquiry.

"There, Polly"—and I pointed to a chair—"sit down."

She obeyed, but with a weary, patient air, like one whose feelings were painfully oppressed.

"Polly," said I, throwing both kindness and interest in my voice, "has any thing troubled you of late?"

Her face flushed and her eyes reddened.

"If there has, Polly, and I can help you in any way, speak to me as a friend. You can trust me."

I was not prepared for the sudden and strong emotion that instantly manifested itself. Her face fell into her hands, and she sobbed out, with a violence that startled me. I waited until she grew calm, and then said, laying a hand kindly upon her as I spoke—

"Polly, you can talk to me as freely as if I were your mother. Speak out plainly, and if I can advise you or aid you in any way, be sure that I will do it."

"I don't think you can help me any, ma'am, unless it is to bear my trouble more patiently," she answered, in a subdued way.

"Trouble, child? What trouble? Has any thing gone wrong with you?"

The manner in which this inquiry was made aroused her, and she said quickly and with feeling:

"Wrong with me? O no, ma'am!"

"But you are in trouble, Polly."

"Not for myself, ma'am—not for myself," was her earnest reply.

"For whom, then, Polly?"

The girl did not answer for some moments. Then with a long, deep sigh, she said:

"You never saw my brother Tom, ma'am. Oh, he was such a nice boy, and I was so fond of him. He had a hard place where he worked, and they paid him so little that, poor fellow! if I hadn't spent half my wages on him, he'd never have looked fit to be seen among folks. When he was eighteen he seemed to me perfect. He was so good and kind. But—" and the girl's voice almost broke down—"somehow, he began to change after that. I think he fell into bad company. Oh, ma'am! It seemed as if it would have killed me the first time I found that he had been drinking, and was not himself. I cried all night for two or three nights. When we met again I tried to talk with Tom about it, but he wouldn't hear a word, and, for the first time in his life, got angry with his sister.

"It has been going on from bad to worse ever since, and I've almost given up hope."

"He's several years younger than you are, Polly."

"Yes, ma'am. He was only ten years old when our mother died. I am glad she is dead now, what I've never said before. There were only two of us—Tom and I; and I being nearly six years the oldest, felt like a mother as well as a sister to him. I've never spent much on myself, as you know, and never had as good clothes as other girls with my wages. It took nearly everything for Tom. O dear! What is to come of it all? It will kill me, I'm afraid."

A few questions on my part brought out particulars in regard to Polly's brother that satisfied me of his great lapse from virtue and sobriety. He was now past twenty, and from all I could learn, moving swift-footed along the road to destruction.

There followed a dead silence for some time after all the story was told. What could I say? The case was one in which it seemed that I could offer neither advice nor consolation. But it was in my power to show interest in the girl, and to let her feel that she had my sympathy. She was sitting with her eyes cast down and a look of sorrow on her pale, thin face—I had not before remarked the signs of emaciation—that touched me deeply.

"Polly," said I, with as much kindness as I could throw into my voice, "it is the lot of all to have trouble, and each heart knows its own bitterness. But on some the trouble falls with a weight that seems impossible to be borne. And this is your case. Yet, it only seems to be so, for as our day is so shall our strength be. If you cannot draw your brother away from the dangerous paths in which he is walking, you can pray for him, and the prayer of earnest love will bring your spirit so near to his spirit, that God may be able to influence him for good through this presence of your spirit with his."

Polly looked up at me with a light flashing in her face, as if a new hope had dawned upon her heart.

"Oh, ma'am," she said, "I have prayed, and do pray for him daily. But, then, I think God loves him better than I can love him, and needs none of my prayer in the case. And so a chill falls over me, and everything grows dark and hopeless—for, of myself, I can do nothing."

"Our prayers cannot change the purposes of God towards any one; but God works by means, and our prayers may be the means through which he can help another."

"How? How? Oh! tell me how, Mrs. Wilkins?"

The girl spoke with great eagerness.

I had an important truth to communicate, but, how was I to make it clear to her simple mind? I thought for a moment, and then said—

"When we think of any one, we see them."

"In our minds?"

"Yes, Polly. We see them with the eyes of our minds; and are also present with them as to our minds, or spirits. Have you not noticed that on some occasions you suddenly thought of a person, and that in a little while afterwards that person came in?"

"O yes, I've often noticed, and wondered why it should be so."

"Well, the person in coming to see you, or in approaching the place where you were, thought of you so distinctly that she was present to your mind, and you saw her with the eyes of your mind. If this be the right explanation, as I believe it is, then, if we think intently of another, and especially if we think with a strong affection, we are present with them so fully that they think of us, and see our forms with the eyes of their spirits. And now, Polly, keeping this in mind, we may see how praying, in tender love for another, may help God to do him good; for you know that men and angels are co-workers with God in all good. On the wings of our thought and love, angelic spirits, who are present with us in prayer, may pass with us to the object of our tender interest, and thus gaining audience, as it were, stir the heart with good impulses. And who can tell how effectual this may be, if of daily act and long continuance?"

I paused to see if I was comprehended. Polly was listening intently, with her eyes upon the floor. She looked up, after a moment, her countenance calmer than before, but bearing so hopeful an aspect that I was touched with wonder.

"I will pray for him morning, noon and night," she said, "and if, bodily, I cannot be near him, my spirit shall be present with his many times each day. Oh, if I could but draw him back from the evil into which he has fallen!"

"A sister's loving prayer, and the memory of his mother in heaven, will prove, I trust, Polly, too potent for all his enemies. Take courage!"

In the silence that followed this last remark, Polly arose and stood as if there was something yet unsaid in her mind. I understood her, and made the way plain for both of us.

"If I had known of this before, it would

have explained to me something that gave my mind an unfavorable impression. You have not been like yourself for some time past."

"How could I, ma'am?" Polly's voice trembled and her eyes again filled with tears. "I never meant to displease you; but—"

"All is explained," said I, interrupting her. "I see just how it is; and if I have said a word that hurt you, I am sorry for it. No one could have given better satisfaction in a family than you have given."

"I have always tried to do right," murmured the poor girl, sadly.

"I know it, Polly." My tones were encouraging. "And if you will forget the unkind way in which I spoke to you this morning, and let things remain as they were, it may be better for both of us. You are not fit, taking your mind as it now is, to go among strangers."

Polly looked at me with gratitude and forgiveness in her wet eyes. There was a motion of reply about her lips, but she did not trust herself to speak.

"Shall it be as it was, Polly?"

"O yes, ma'am! I don't wish to leave you; and particularly, not now. I am not fit, as you say, to go among strangers. But you must bear with me a little; for I can't always keep my thoughts about me."

When Polly retired from my room, I set myself to thinking over what had happened. The lesson went deeply into my heart. Poor girl! what a heavy burden rested upon her weak shoulders. No wonder that she bent under it! No wonder that she was changed! She was no subject for angry reproof, but for pity and forbearance. If she had come short in service, or failed to enter upon her daily tasks with the old cheerfulness, no blame could attach to her, for the defect was of force and not will.

"Ah," said I, as I pondered the matter, "how little inclined are we to consider those who stand below us in the social scale, or to think of them as having like passions, like weaknesses, like hopes and fears with ourselves. We deal with them too often as if they were mere working machines, and grow impatient if they show signs of pain, weariness, or irritation. We are quick to blame and slow to praise—chary of kind words, but voluble in reproof—holding ourselves superior in station, but not always showing ourselves superior in thoughtfulness, self-control and kind forbearance. Ah me! Life is a lesson-book, and we turn a new page every day"

SOMEWHERE.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

How little do we know or heed
Where, 'mid life's chance and changing,
Lies the sure fruitage of our deed,
Or Destiny's arranging.
Somewhere the trifles live, that still
We fling from hands uncaring;
Some covert hides the good or ill
That fate for us is bearing.

Somewhere there grows a slender tree
My careless fingers planted,
Which yet a stately shade may be,
Time-crowned and memory-haunted.
A climbing rose that blooms at morn,
Its fragrant incense giving—
Perchance a bitter fruit—a thorn—
Yet owes to me its living.

Somewhere there is a lowly cot,
Where kind thoughts, writ in weakness,
May come like birds, when I am not,
And cheer, like song, its bleakness;
Somewhere a white and hollow cheek,
An eye too restless shining,
For some low word that I may speak,
May cease awhile their pining

Somewhere a careless action wrought,
A moment's lapse of duty,
May leave a burned and blackened blot,
To desolate life's beauty.
Somewhere—God pardon—hasty words,
Like arrows heedless winging,
Find out some true heart's tender chords,
And pierce with cruel stinging.

Somewhere there is a spot of ground,
Now, haply, green and blooming,
Whereon, ere long, a withered mound
Shall rise for my entombing.
Somewhere there waits a vacant stone,
Perchance unhewn, unbroken,
To bear my name and age alone,
And crave Love's tearful token.

Somewhere there is a robe more bright
Than this my spirit weareth,
No sin-spot stains its perfect white,
Nor shade of grief it beareth.
Somewhere—I know not—none can see
Beyond Death's hurrying river
My father keeps a place for me
Safe in His house—forever!

READING AND THINKING.—Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge. It is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind.

IMOGENE'S LAST VOLUME.

BY MARY C. GRANNISS.

ALL the gossips of Elderville decided unanimously that Frank Stanton was a silly-head, to think of marrying such a bookish sort of a girl as Imogene May. Not but she might be good enough in her way; but what could he do, on a clerk's salary, towards supporting a wife, whom they knew couldn't mend a garment or cook a meal fit to be eaten!

"They are kind of gals," (chimed in Aunt Persey Potter, at the social tea-drinking, where the matter was being pretty thoroughly discussed.) "that's allers readin' and writin' and talkin' about things in the moon, without knowin', maybe, much more of 'em than us commoner folks, aint jist the kind for young men to marry who want to git along in the world; not that I've anything particular agin Miss Imogene, only *she aint the sort for Stanton.*"

This last sentence was delivered with emphasis, in an oracular tone, and Aunt Persey pursed her mouth into more than its usual unyielding primness, as she took another cup of her favorite Souchong from the hands of her hostess.

"No more have I any disrespect for the young lady, for it's her misfortune, leas'twise, that her head is so full of notions," responded another of the guests. "She takes it naturally from her father, whose brain was so crammed with knowledge that he never *was* like ordinary mortals. But *then* he was a good man, and amazing fond of Imogene; and I've heard said he took the whole care of her after her mother died."

But notwithstanding the adverse decision of his case of alliance given by this neighborhood "Court of Errors," Frank Stanton and pretty, blushing Imogene May were pronounced one, by the white-haired village clergyman, as side by side they stood before the altar in the little brown church, one fragrant June morning. Even these croaking gossips, who had been so ready with their dismal forebodings concerning the match, were, in spite of themselves, led captive by the happy influences of the scene, and forgot all ominous shakes of the head, as seated in the carriage which was to convey them to the railroad, and thence to their city home, the happy pair bade adieu to the crowd of sympathizing friends, and, amid smiles and tears, drove away from the church door, beneath the roseate light of a new summer day—and of a new, and, as they fondly hoped, a richer, happier life!

Did Frank have cause to regret his choice? Not a bit of it! True, Imogene—or "Genie," as he lovingly called her, *would* now and then *write verses*, simply because she couldn't help it—(ask the birds if they can help warbling on a sunny spring morning, when their little hearts are brimful of joy)—and Frank, foolish fellow as he was, thought these effusions charming; as, also, that no simple stories of the heart could excel in true pathos and beauty those that so readily flowed from *her* busy pen. But as to housekeeping—*there*, Master Frank, we have you! We will acknowledge the wife's genius and accomplishments, her sunny face and winning tenderness; but, as Aunt Persey says of these quite pardonable attractions, "they aint jist the kind for a young man who wants to git along in the world," eh?

"Housekeeper," replies the happy, infatuated Frank, with an offended air; "if you can show me a better one you can work miracles!" So, the old-wives were at fault for once in their prognostics; and Frank, the fortunate fellow, rejoices in a wife whose good practical sense and active knowledge of every-day affairs, are fully equal to her intellectual worth and her amiable social qualities.

It was Imogene, the bride of a few months, who proposed exchanging their rather expensive boarding place for a quiet, humble tenement, where they two might make for themselves a peaceful home, in which she was the beneficent fairy whose ready skill and active hands worked such marvels of convenience and comfort, and even elegance, out of a limited portion of her husband's not extensive income, that he was no less astonished than delighted.

"Ah! Genie, darling, you are a veritable witch. Its quite evident that I am under the wand of an enchantress. Who but you could have made such a splendid transformation!" and the astonished Frank examined with delight the old, worn office-chair, now glowing in oriental splendor, with its richly flounced cover of crimson chintz, set off to the best advantage by a snowy tidy of delicate net work thrown over the back, while its capacious depth, stuffed soft and tacked with bright tufts of worsted, together with the added castors, made it "quite a model affair for deserving husbands"—at least this was Frank's decision, as he threw himself into it, with such an air of happy abandon that Imogene clapped her hands and burst into one of those musical peals of laughter, calling him a grand old Turk; to which he playfully added, "that if so, she was certainly his 'Sultana,' and must

share his throne with him;" and catching her in his arms he drew her towards him, and thus they sat together in the big arm-chair, before a bright fire, in their pleasant little sitting-room, all that stormy winter evening!

With such a help-meet, who could make easy chairs out of next to nothing, with her own skilful hands and a bit of chintz; and who wrote nice little stories, the proceeds of which brought them many an added comfort—(though of this, sly little witch as she was, Frank was kept in utter ignorance,) what wonder that fortune smiled upon the young husband, and at the end of three years he found himself raised to the office of junior partner in the establishment where he had previously been a clerk; and that by the excellent thrift of his sweet wife, he also found himself unpressed by debt, and with means sufficient, with their present prospects, of purchasing a delightful cottage-home in the suburbs of the noisy, dusty city.

CHAPTER II.

'Twas a cold November evening when the door bell rang, and hearing a familiar voice in the hall, Imogene hastily threw open the sitting-room door, and the next instant was clasped in the arms of her early heart-friend, Bessie Warden. For two long years these two congenial souls had been separated; and after the task of disrobing Bessie of her several extra traveling wrappers was laughingly accomplished, and the fatigue of her journey somewhat removed by a late supper, with a dish of tea from the still hissing urn, which Bessie declared "a delicious comfort after so cold a ride;" with many regrets that Frank should have been obliged to be out, on this particular evening of all others, when he was usually at home, and when he would have been so happy to welcome her old school-mate to their cottage, Imogene drew up the rockers before the blazing grate, in the cosy parlor, and, hand in hand, as of old, they sat together in the soft fire-light, talking of the happy past and present, comparing notes in regard to their individual experiences, and each, still in the morning of her days, looking forward to the future as to hours beautified by the roseate hues of a still unclouded hope, only Bessie recognized in the young wife's tones, while speaking of coming hours, a richer music than ever before, and felt the influence of deeper inspiration, breathing in all her words of loving endearment—felt a consciousness in her

presence that there had been a fuller unfolding of her woman's soul during their last separation than ever before, adding a sweetness and dignity to her every look and tone.

"But tell me, dear friend, about your new book. Do you know how interested I have been in it?" This question Bessie suddenly asked, during a slight pause in their conversation. "Is it published yet?"

"Yes," answered Imogene, softly, while a bright warm blush mantled her cheek and a beautiful light shone in her large hazle eyes.

"You know," said Bessie, "you wrote me, in reply to my inquiries about your idle pen, that you were concentrating all your energies upon it, and I shall expect a rich intellectual treat—something quite worthy of your genius." Bessie, who was herself a bit of an authoress, continued: "You will bear me witness, *ma chère*, that I have always insisted that your literary efforts were too spasmodic, and your productions, especially in poetry, quite too detached and fragmentary, to do justice to the talents which I know you possess; but why did you not send me a copy? I shall begin to feel jealous, considering how prompt you used to be in forwarding such favors."

"I thought to do so, certainly, but concluded to wait a little longer," said Imogene, with a half comical smile hovering about her lips; "and now let us on to the library; for you must know," she added, as they rose, "that Frank, dear soul, has fitted me a cosy little nook, which I dignify by this appellation;" and leading the way, Imogene and Bessie passed through a side door into a good sized sleeping apartment, and from this into a smaller room, the faint outlines of which were scarcely distinguishable by the dim light of a half extinguished gas burner. The next moment, with a soft, quick step, Imogene passed before Bessie, and turning on a full blaze of light, revealed, indeed, rows of well-filled book shelves, extending around two sides of the wall; the convenient little writing-desk, with all its *et ceteras*; but something still more surprisingly interesting in the small snowy canopy by her side, within whose softly falling folds stood a richly carved mahogany crib, where, like a little "cupid, lying among the roses" of a richly flowered satin coverlet, slept a beautiful babe!

For a moment Bessie, struck dumb with astonishment at this vision of infantile loveliness, could only hold her breath, lest the sweet vision should dissolve into "airy nothingness," and gaze upon the cherub, like

one spell-bound. A profusion of golden hair, soft and shining, surrounded the faultless head; one dimpled arm lay under the rosy cheek, while the other arm was tossed out among the roses—a thing of waxen beauty.

"And *this*, oh, Genie?" she at length asked, in a hushed whisper, of the happy young mother.

"Yes!" replied Imogene; "*this*, dear Bessie, is my last published volume—does it not exceed your expectations?" And the thankful mother bent over her darling of one short year with true maternal fondness. "Ah, Bessie," she added, "is not *this* worthy of my highest efforts?"

"Yes, isn't this Genie's best book," asked a low, manly voice in Bessie's ear.

The two friends turned with a start, and Frank, who had softly entered the room, threw both arms around them; and thus they stood, a happy trio, looking reverently down upon that great mystery—a *new human life*; while each decided that nothing which had ever been achieved in the realm of art or the fields of literature could equal this, greatest of all her productions—this unlettered book, fresh from the divine hand—Imogene's Last Volume?

MAPLE COTTAGE,
Hartford, Conn.

A DARKENED ROOM.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

"Think how the Son of God, unaided and alone,
Prayed in that dread agony, 'Thy will be done!'"

Blithesome days have flushed and faded,
Dreary nights have darkened o'er,
Since the sunlight broke and braided
Softened shadows on the floor;
Since the feet that pressed the portal
Went out slowly, all alone,
Heeding not that life immortal
Through a thrust of pain is won.

Hope's fair lights have failed their burning
In the clasp of clinging hands,
Prayers of wild and passionate yearning
Stirred the air of far off-lands;
Since within this chamber, darkened,
Through such long and weary years
I to Pain's dread voices hearkened,
Blinding pride with bitter tears.

Once, in days that lie in shadow
Of the darker ones since known,

Life seemed like a summer meadow,
All with daisies overblown;
But when gathered in its heaven
Clouds with coming tempests dark,
One of life's white hopes was riven
From the tendrils of my heart.

Then for refuge in my sorrow,
Silence in my hours of pain,
That no sunlight gloom might borrow
From the darkness on me lain,
Came I from the outward summer,
Locked the door of heart and room,
That no wing of angel-come,
Floating by, might meet my gloom.

God alone knew all the striving
That I held with dark despair;
God alone held power of shriving
Sins that grief alone would dare;
All I know is, that my praying
Beat in vain the prison-door,
In the balance sadly weighing
Life, with Death that weeps no more.

Fain at last to ease the wearing
Of my sorrow's deep unrest,
With me o'er the sea-waves bearing
One white rose from off her breast,
Left I all the ways behind me,—
We, together, once had trod,—
With no parting tears to blind me,
Stricken by a sharper rod.

Years have vanished through the portal
Of the Past's far shadow land;
Years that to the life immortal
Near and nearer bade me stand;
I have gathered relics holy
In the temples of the East,
Where the faithful, bending lowly
Pray that heathen-reign may cease;

And, thank God! where once in anguish
Jesus wore the crown of thorns,
Where the people in their madness
Hurled at Him their bitter scorn,
I from pain so dark and faithless
That my life, like night had grown,
Turning to the Love proved deathless,
Said at last, "Thy will be done!"

Darkened, haunted, thou no longer
By the gloom of grief shall be!
Lattice-roses, climb ye stronger
Than in years now past for me!
Throw your tendrils through the casement
Wreath your bloom around the door;
Pain that brings from God estrangement
In my heart shall burn no more!

Charlotte Centre, N. Y.

TORRINI AND THE POPE.

FROM MEMOIRS OF ROBERT-HOUDIN.

I DETERMINED on profiting by the reputation I had gained, and proceeded to Rome, as a brilliant termination to my Italian representations. Pinatti had never dared to enter that city, lest through distrust of himself than through fear of the Inquisition, of which he could only speak with terror. The chevalier was extremely prudent whenever he was personally concerned; he feared being treated like a sorcerer, and ending his days in an *auto da fe*. More than once he had bid me take warning by the unhappy Cagliostro, who was condemned to death, and only owed to the clemency of the Pope the commutation of the penalty into perpetual imprisonment.

Confiding in the intelligence of Pius VII., and, besides, having no pretensions to the charlatanism of Cagliostro, I proceeded to the capital of the Christian world, where my performances created a great sensation. His Holiness himself, on hearing of me, did me the signal honor of requesting a performance, at which I was advised all the dignitaries of the church would form my audience.

You can fancy with what eagerness I acquiesced in his wish, and what care I devoted to my preparations. After selecting all my best tricks, I ransacked my brains to invent one worthy of my illustrious spectators. But I had no need to search long, for chance, that most ingenious of inventors, came to my aid.

On the day prior to the performance I was in the shop of one of the first watchmakers of Rome, when a servant came in to ask if his eminence the Cardinal de ——'s watch was repaired.

"It will not be ready till this evening," the watchmaker replied; "and I will do myself the honor of carrying it to your master myself."

When the servant had retired, the tradesman said to me:

"This is a handsome and capital watch. The Cardinal to whom it belongs values it at more than 10,000 francs; for, as he ordered it himself of the celebrated Bréguet, he fancies it must be unique of its kind. Strangely enough, though, only two days ago, a young scamp belonging to this city offered me a precisely similar watch, made by the same artist, for one thousand francs."

While the watchmaker was talking to me I had already formed a plan.

"Do you think," I said to him, "that this

person is still inclined to dispose of his watch?"

"Certainly," the watchmaker replied.—"This young prodigal, who has spent all his fortune, is now reduced to sell his family jewels; hence the one thousand francs will be welcome."

"Is he to be found?"

"Nothing easier; in a gambling house he never quits."

"Well, then, sir, I am anxious to purchase the watch, but it must be to-day. Have the kindness, then, to buy it for me. After that, you will engrave on it his eminence's arms, so that the two watches may be perfectly similar, and on your discretion the profit you make by the transaction will depend."

The watchmaker knew me, and probably suspected the use I intended to make of the watch; but he was assured of my discretion, as the honor of my success would depend on it. Hence he said:

"I only require a quarter of an hour to go to the gambling house, and I am confident your offer will be accepted."

The quarter of an hour had not elapsed ere my negotiator returned, with the chronometer in his hand.

"Here it is!" he said, with an air of triumph. "My man received me like an envoy from Providence, and gave me the watch without even counting the money. To-night all will be ready."

In fact, that same evening the watchmaker brought me the two chronometers, and handed me one. On comparing them, it was impossible to detect the slightest difference. It cost me dear, but I was now certain of performing a trick which must produce a decided effect.

The next day I proceeded to the Pontiff's palace, and at six o'clock, upon a signal given by the holy father, I stepped upon the stage. I had never before appeared before such an imposing assembly. Pius VII., seated in a large arm-chair on a dais, occupied the foreground; near him were seated the cardinals, and behind them were the different prelates and dignitaries of the Church.

The Pope's face breathed benevolence, and it was fortunate for me, for the sight of this smiling and gentle face dissipated an unpleasant idea which had been strangely troubling me for some moments.

"Suppose this performance," I said to myself, "were merely a feigned examination to make me confess my connection with infernal powers? May not my words be taken down,

and perhaps Cagliostro's perpetual imprisonment be reserved for me, as the punishment of my innocent experiments?"

My reason soon dismissed such an absurdity. It was not probable the Pope would lend himself to such an unworthy snare. Although my fears were completely removed by this simple reasoning, my opening address displayed my feelings in some degree, for it seemed more like a justification than the prelude to a performance.

"Holy father," I said, bowing respectfully, "I am about to show you some experiments to which the name of 'White-Magic' has been most unjustly given. This title was invented by charlatans to impress the multitude, but it only signifies a collection of clever deceptions, intended to amuse the imagination by ingenious artifices."

Satisfied by the favorable impression my address produced, I gayly commenced my performance. I could not describe to you all the pleasure I felt on this evening; and the spectators seemed to take such lively interest in all they saw, that I felt myself in unusual spirits. The Pope himself was delighted.

"But, Monsieur le Comte," he continually said, with charming simplicity, "how can you do that? I shall be quite ill with merely trying to guess your secrets."

After the "blind man's game of piquet," which literally astounded the audience, I performed the trick of the "burnt writings," to which I owe an autograph I set great store by. This is how the trick is done:

A person writes a sentence or two; he is then requested to burn the paper, which must be afterwards found intact in a sealed envelop. I begged his holiness to write a sentence; he consented, and wrote as follows:

"I have much pleasure in stating that M. le Comte de Grisy is an amiable sorcerer."

The paper was burned, and nothing could depict the Pope's astonishment on finding it in the centre of a large number of sealed envelops. I received his permission to keep this autograph.

To end my performance, and set the crown on my exploits, I now proceeded to the trick I had invented for the occasion.

Here I found a new difficulty to contend with, which was to induce Cardinal de — to lend me his watch, and that without asking him directly for it; and to succeed I must have recourse to a ruse. At my request several watches were offered me, but I returned them with the excuse, more or less true, that they

had no peculiarity of shape, and it would be difficult to prove the identity of the one I chose.

"If any gentleman among you," I added, has a watch of rather large size, (this was the peculiarity of the Cardinal's,) and would kindly lend it to me, I should prefer it, as better suited for the experiment. I need not say I will take the greatest care of it; I only wish to prove its superiority, if it really possess it, or, on the other hand, to marvelously improve it."

All eyes were naturally turned on the Cardinal, who, it was known, set great value on the exaggerated size of his chronometer. He asserted, with some show of reason perhaps, that the works acted more freely in a large case. However, he hesitated to lend his beloved watch, till Pius VII said to him:

"Cardinal, I fancy your watch will suit exactly; oblige me by handing it to M. de Grisy."

His eminence assented, though not without numberless precautions; and when I had the chronometer in my hands, I drew the attention of the Pope and Cardinals to it, while pretending to admire the works and handsome chasing.

"Is your watch a repeater?" I then said to the Cardinal.

"No, sir; it is a chronometer, and watches of that degree of accuracy are not usually encumbered with unnecessary machinery."

"Indeed! a chronometer. Then it must be English?" I said, with apparent simplicity.

"What, sir?" the Cardinal replied, as if stung by my remark; "do you think chronometers are only made in England? On the contrary, the best chronometers have always been made in France. What English maker can be compared with Pierre Leroy, Ferdinand Berthoud, or Brèguet above all, who made that chronometer for me."

The Pope began to smile at the Cardinal's energy.

"Well, then, we will select this chronometer," I said, putting a stop to the conversation I had purposely started. "I have, then, gentlemen, to prove to you its solidity and excellent qualities. Now for the first trial."

And I let the watch fall to the ground. A cry of terror rose on all sides, while the Cardinal, pale and trembling, bounded from his seat, saying, with ill-suppressed wrath:

"You are playing a very sorry jest, air."

"But, Monseigneur," I said, with the greatest calmness, "you have no occasion to be frightened. I merely wish to prove to these gentlemen the perfection of your watch. I beg

you not to be alarmed; it will escape scatheless from all the trials I subject it to."

With these words I stamped on the case, which broke, flattened, and soon presented a shapeless mass. At first I really fancied the Cardinal was going into a fit; he could scarcely restrain his passion; but the Pope then turned to him:

"Come, Cardinal, have you no confidence in our sorcerer? For my part, I laugh like a child at it, being convinced there has been some clever substitution."

"Will your Holiness permit me to remark," I said, respectfully, "that there has been no substitution. I appeal to his eminence, who will recognize his own watch."

And I offered the Cardinal the shapeless relics of his watch. He examined them anxiously, and finding his arms engraved inside the case, said, with a deep and long sigh,

"Yes, that is certainly my watch. But," he added, dryly, "I know not how you will escape, sir; at any rate, you should have played this unjustifiable trick on some object that might be replaced, for my chronometer is unique!"

"Well, your excellency, I am enchanted at that circumstance, for it must enhance the credit of my experiment. Now, with your permission, I will proceed."

"Good gracious me, sir, you did not consult me before destroying the watch. Do what you please, it is no concern of mine."

The identity of the Cardinal's watch thus proved, I wished to pass into the Pope's pocket the one I had bought the previous evening. But I could not dream of this as long as his Holiness remained seated. Hence I sought some pretext to make him rise, and soon found one. A brass mortar, with an enormous pestle, was now brought in. I placed it on the table, threw in the fragments of the chronometer, and began pounding furiously.

Suddenly a slight detonation was heard, and a bright light came from the vessel, which cast a ruddy hue over the spectators, and produced a magical appearance. All this while, bending over the mortar, I pretended to see something that filled me with the liveliest astonishment.

Through respect for the Pope no one ventured to rise, but the Pontiff, yielding to his curiosity, approached the table, followed by a portion of the audience. They might look and look; nothing was to be seen but flame.

"I know not whether I must attribute it to the dazed state of my brain," said his Holiness, passing his hand over his eyes, "but I can distinguish nothing."

I, too, had much the same idea, but, far from confessing it, I begged the Pope to come round the table and choose a more favorable spot. During this time I slipped my reserve watch into the Pope's pocket. The experiment was certain, and the Cardinal's watch had, by this time, been reduced to a small ingot, which I held up before all the spectators.

"Now," I said, "I will restore this ingot to its original shape, and its transformation shall be performed during its passage to the pocket of a person who cannot be suspected of complicity."

"Aha!" the Pope said, in a jocular tone, "that is becoming a little too strong. But what would you do, my good sorcerer, if I asked you to choose my pocket?"

"Your Holiness need only order, for me to obey."

"Well, Monsieur le Comte, let it be so."

"Your Holiness shall be immediately satisfied."

I then took the ingot in my fingers, showed it to the company, and it disappeared on my uttering the word "pass."

The Pope, with manifestations of utter incredulity, thrust his hand into his pocket. I soon saw him blush with confusion, and draw out the watch, which he handed to the Cardinal, as if afraid of burning his fingers.

At first it was supposed to be a mystification, as no one could believe in such immediate repair; but when my audience were assured that I had fulfilled my promise, I received the applause so successful a trick deserved.

The next day the Pope sent me a costly diamond snuff-box, while thanking me for all the pleasure I had occasioned him.

PAPER.

It is wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purposes to which paper is applicable in the hands of the Japanese. A writer states that he saw it made into material so closely resembling Russian and Morocco leather and pig skin, that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacker varnish and skillful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco bags, cigar cases, saddles, telescope cases, the frames of microscopes; and he even saw and used excellent water-proof coats made of simple paper, which did keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best Mackintosh. The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels, nor dusters; paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow color, very plentiful and very

cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly every thing in a Japanese household; and he saw what seemed to be balls of twine, but were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shop-keeper had a parcel to tie up, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose; and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper, all Japan would come to a dead lock; and, indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of the authority, a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mothers-in-law invariably stipulate, in the marriage settlement, that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper.

MILTON'S DOMESTIC HABITS.

At his meals he never took much of wine or any other fermented liquor, and he was not fastidious in his food; yet his taste seems to have been delicate and refined, like his other senses, and he had a preference for such viands as were of an agreeable flavor. In his early years he used to sit up late at his studies, and perhaps he continued this practice while his sight was good; but in his latter years he retired every night at nine o'clock, and lay till four in summer, till five in winter, and if not disposed then to rise, he had some one to sit at his bedside and read to him. When he rose he had a chapter of the Hebrew Bible read for him, and then, with of course the intervention of breakfast, studied till twelve. He then dined, took some exercise for an hour—generally in a chair, in which he used to swing himself,—and afterwards played on the organ or the bass-viol, and either sang himself or made his wife sing, who, as he said, had a good voice but no ear. He then resumed his studies till six, from which hour till eight he conversed with those who came to visit him. He finally took a light supper, smoked a pipe of tobacco, and drank a glass of water, after which he retired to rest. * * * Like many other poets Milton found the stillness, warmth and recumbency of bed favorable to composition; and his wife said that before rising of a morning, he often dictated to her twenty or thirty verses. A favorite position of his when dictating his verses, we are told, was that of sitting with one of his legs over an arm of his

chair. His wife related that he used to compose chiefly in the winter, which account is confirmed by the following passage in his *Life* by Phillips:—"There is a remarkable passage in the composition of *Paradise Lost* which I have a particular occasion to remember; for, whereas I had the perusal of it from the beginning, for some years, as I went from time to time to visit him, in a parcel of ten, twenty, or thirty verses at a time, which being written by whatever hand came next, might possibly want correction as to orthography and pointing; having, as the summer came on, not been shown any for a considerable while, and desiring to know the reason thereof, was answered 'his veins never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal, and that whatever he attempted [at other times] was never to his satisfaction, though he courted his fancy never so much;' so that in all the years he was about this poem, he may be said to have spent but half his time therein." Milton's conversation is stated to have been of a very agreeable nature. His daughter Deborah said that he was "delightful company, the life of the conversation, and that on account of a flow of subject, and an unaffected cheerfulness and civility."

Richardson, to whom we are indebted for the preservation of this testimony, adds that "he had a gravity in his temper, not melancholy, or not till the latter part of his life, not sour, not morose or ill-natured, but a certain severity of mind; a mind not condescending to little things."

BEAUTIES.

BY JOHN H. BAZLEY.

Oh! there are beauties in our way,
Though some men cannot find 'em,
But think all's drear, without one ray
Of light and hope to bind 'em.

But yet, with thoughtful, modest men,
Who never fail to find 'em,
There's beauties in the woods and glen,
And beauty all around 'em.

Beauties in sculpture, paintings, flowers,
Though many cannot find 'em;
Beauty in sunshine and in showers,
Which leave much good behind 'em.

Beauties in truth, in love, in faith,
And good men always find 'em;
Beauties in what th' greater saith,
And in the books which bind 'em.

Beauties on land, in seas, in skies,
Beauty in lovely woman's eyes,
Beauty in babes, whom God has given,
Beauty in all the host of heaven.

"ONLY A SERVANT."

"MERCI, Mesdames!" said a small, feeble voice, in the ears of the ladies Froidart and Melcœur, as they walked arm in arm through the long street of Brioude one evening, during the Revolution, followed by a great lumbering boy *en blouse*, whose wooden sabots made a dismal clatter on the hard, loose stones, and who swung the lantern which he bore as if he had been a will-o'-wisp making sport with travelers' eyes. "Merci, Mesdames!" said the little voice, in the most suppliant accents, "I am cold and hungry."

Madame Froidart continued to walk with a stately, composed air, down the street; but the piteous voice immediately arrested the steps of Madame Melcœur, and touched her woman's heart.

"Where do you dwell, my petite?" she said, in soft, kindly accents, as she bent down and caressed the infant. "Why are you not at home?"

"My father went away yesterday to join the patriots at Grenoble, and he left me alone," replied the little girl, as she turned her face towards Madame Melcœur, and sighed as if she had been a widow instead of an infant.

Madame Melcœur smiled sadly, for the words and look of the child recalled her own saddest memories; then quietly taking the outcast by the hand, she led her to her own home.

"And what do you intend to do with the child, Lucelle?" said Madame Froidart, who had waited at the little wicket, with Jochim the lantern bearer, in order to give her friend good night.

"I shall share my bread, and the protection of my roof with her," was the reply of the kind hearted dame,

The father of Marie, who had gone to join the patriots at Grenoble, marched to La-Vendée to slay the royalists of that province. He followed General Bonaparte to glory in Italy, and fell asleep among the snows of Russia, shouting *vive l'Empereur!* so that he never came back to Brioude. Marie was homeless and parentless when her father's heart ceased to pulsate, and his step became palsied in the career of ambition. He had wedded himself to the fate of a fanatic of war and glory; and he died, leaving a child of tender years to deplore his fanaticism. But thanks to that Providence which has preserved in woman's heart through all ages the strength and purity of primeval love, the little orphan had found a home and a mother in Madame Melcœur.

Madame Melcœur was the widow of a notary of Brioude, who had been slain in an emeute by some heroes who had come to the village of Brioude to propagate fraternity.

Left with a son of tender years and a slender patrimony, the good widow had devoted herself to the education of her boy and the economical care of her fortune. By one of those beautiful ordinations of an omniscient and benevolent Providence, which brings sweets from the saddest events, the sorrows which had oppressed the hearts of Lucelle Melcœur and her son Ernest, softened by degrees into religious seriousness, until, as if in accordance with a unity of sentiments, the thoughts of the mother and boy were both directed to the ministry; and Ernest, in his sixteenth year, was sent to Geneva, to prepare himself for the duties of a Protestant pastor. Madame Melcœur had just parted, a few days ago, from her boy, when the little outcast Marie made her appeal to her heart, and the instinct of maternity at once prompted her to accept the appeal. Little Marie Brioude soon grew up to be one of the fairest maidens in Auvergne; and, what was of far more account, she was acknowledged to be one of the most modest, intelligent, and discreet. Marie was not one of those damsels whose beauty strikes the eye at the first glance, and then palls upon the senses. When you looked in her face you felt your heart stirred with a deep emotion of beauty, such as you might feel when sitting in a church, and reading of Ruth, and Rebecca, and Rachel. You could look into her eyes, and feel that far down below the blue, serene, pellucid orbs which illumined her face, there were virtues shining like the reflection of flowers in a lake. Her hair was worn simply parted on her high, polished brow, like the tresses of Raphael's Madonna. Her dress, of the simplest form and substance, always possessed a character of native elegance, which it borrowed from the form of her who wore it. Her countenance was radiant with soul, and thought, and peace; and diligent were the hands of Marie Brioude.

The house of Madame Melcœur was a little old-fashioned dwelling, with a little old-fashioned garden, and high walls, and a quaint old wicket. On each side of the wicket grew a linden tree, which threw their branches over the walls, and formed a bower on the summer evenings, and curtained her flowers from the scorching beams of the sun. The old-fashioned house and the old-fashioned garden of the good dame, albeit they looked somewhat mo-

nastic from the highway, seemed always haunted by an angel, and full of beauty. Like some diligent little fairy, Marie made the rooms of her good patroness to shine as clean and brightly as her own bright eyes. She sung so sweetly, too, that the old men would pause to listen to her soft voice from the road, and they would bless her light heart as they walked on. The very flowers seemed to know and love her, for they were always more beautiful after she had trimmed and watered them; and Madame Melcœur loved her, and counted her as a daughter. Eight years sped away, and Ernest Melcœur had never revisited Brioude. The times were troublous, and the conscription was incessant, and so Professor Zingles, of Geneva, deemed it as well to send flattering accounts of Ernest's progress to his mother, as to send the lad home during the vacations; and as Ernest's letters were full of pious assurances of resignation to the course prescribed for him, she did not urge him to visit her. "I shall see him when he has finished his studies, and has entered, a strong man, upon the work of the Lord. I shall behold him when the Master wills it," she would say; and then these reflections would remind her of her own duties, and would prompt her to some new benevolent scheme, which always taxed her slender means, but not her heart.

Of all the projects that inspired Madame Melcœur, that of educating the little outcast children of Brioude seemed the most useful and imperative. When she looked at Marie, and felt what a priceless blessing that little infant of the streets had become to her through care and culture, her bosom would swell with emotions of gratitude to God, and she would vow in her heart to consecrate her life to the education of the little Ishmaelites of her native town. Unfortunately the widow was too poor to enter immediately into her design. She must needs save the funds necessary for the establishment she purposed; and before the requisite sum was accumulated, a sudden illness carried the benevolent projectress to an untimely grave.

Marie Brioude did not shed many tears when her benefactress died. The world could not tell that she suffered, from the revelations of her face. It was as still and serene as a summer's heaven. Her sorrows were hidden in the mourning chambers of her bosom. She received into her soul the blessing of her who had been a mother to her; she closed her eyes in death with the tenderness of a daughter; she followed her to her silent tomb with the

resignation of faith; she planted flowers upon her grave, as emblems of her life; and then she went forth into the world, that she might devote her life to the purpose of Madame Melcœur's latter days. Marie Brioude left her native village, whose name she bore, and with recommendations from the maire and Protestant clergyman, simply bearing witness to her good character, she proceeded to Grenoble, in Dauphiny, where, by one of those fortuitous circumstances which some people call chance, and others fate or fortune, she was received as a domestic into the house of Madame Froidart. Madame Froidart had left Brioude, with her daughter, in the very year that her friend had received Marie into her home; and as there was little community of tastes and few sympathies existing between them, there had been no correspondence. Madame Froidart, whose husband was in the commissariat department, was now wealthy, and this was, perhaps, another inducement for her to forget the poor and unfashionable Lucelle Melcœur. Her daughter Dora, too, had engrossed her soul as much as Ernest Melcœur had done that of his mother, and she had striven to render her child as accomplished and fashionable as the other had endeavored to make her son good.

Marie Brioude, who had hitherto been loved and treated as the child and friend of a high-souled woman, now found herself the slave of a capricious beauty. The smile that so enlivens service never shone upon the lips of Dora Froidart. The gentle word, so easily said, and the well-bred "If you please" and "Thank you," never stole in dulcet accents from the tongue of Dora Froidart. The imperative gesture and the cold command were all that she vouchsafed to her, whom she always declared to be "only a servant." Marie Brioude would not have been noble, unless she had been what Dora despised—a servant. It was the noblest probation of her life, and its end was glorified by the purpose of her toil. She could have submitted to a servitude far more galling than even that of Dora, in order to accomplish the object which, like the pillar of light, led her through the dark Egyptian night of her incessant, cheerless labors.

"Come, Marie," Dora would say, "and remove those geraniums; I am sick of their odor. I wonder why mamma can so delight to torment me with them!" and then she would command them to be arranged before her on the stand, that she might lie on the sofa and gaze at them, like some young eastern beauty in her harem. She would have her hair

braided à la *Madonna*, when in a pensive mood, and then she would transform the modest tresses into the most voluptuous Turkish curls, when her heart was touched with what she thought was love. Dora Froidart was capricious, and Marie Brioude was the slave of her caprices.

At length a visitor came to Madame Froidart's house, not a casual fashionable visitor, but a friend of the family, who had been long abroad, and to whom it behoved Dora to pay the most marked attention. He was not like the general visitors of Madame Froidart, for he neither played nor indulged in loud laughter; he was gentle and modest as a woman, and his voice was as earnest as a mother's prayer. Dora Froidart was sitting by the accomplished stranger, delightedly displaying the contents of her portfolio, when Madame Riquet, the prefect's vulgar wife, was announced.

"Tell her I am not at home," said Dora, half impatiently; "she is such a bore," she added, as she looked at her companion with a sweet smile.

Marie lingered for a moment at the door, and then with downcast eyes and a voice tremulous with emotion, she replied, "I cannot say so, mademoiselle; I shall say that you are engaged, but I cannot say that you are not at home."

"Dare you disobey me?" said Dora, rising and looking imperiously at the maiden, who now stood looking calmly in her face. "Do you know that 'you are only a servant?'"

"I know it, mademoiselle," said Marie, modestly but firmly, "and God grant that I may ever feel it. He whom I serve tells me not to lie."

Dora looked confounded, and she felt incensed, "If you are to regulate the procedure of this dwelling instead of me, it is time you were in this drawing-room and I in the kitchen" she exclaimed in a tone of lofty irony, which, however, fell harmless on the ear of Marie, and made the stranger's bosom heave with something like an "amen."

He looked from the domestic to her mistress during this short altercation, and a strange, undefinable sensation swelled his bosom as his eye seemed to rest familiarly upon Marie's lovely face. It was strange, passing strange, that thoughts of his mother and of home, with its flowers and streams, and green clustering vines, and white butterflies, and birds, rose on his tear-filled vision like a fond reality, when he gazed upon the humble servant, and long after she was gone. His heart treasured forever the sensation of that moment.

Four years had passed from the death of Madame Melcœur, when a woman, dressed in the humble but picturesque costume of the peasants of Auvergne, walked down the streets of Brioude, towards the dwelling of the clergyman of the village. She stood for a few seconds and gazed upon the closed windows and neglected garden of Madame Melcœur; and then she wiped away a tear from her eyes, as she pursued her course. The cottage of the minister had undergone a change since she had last seen it. The vines were trimmed and trained by some careful and tasteful hand; and the thatch upon the roof was carefully, and even elegantly, ornamented with willow twigs and flowers. The borders of the little garden were free from weeds, and the blossoms shone like prismatic stars from the clumps and clusters of fresh green leaves.

"Is M. Rideaux at home, madame?" said the stranger, when an aged dame, with yellow turban and large spectacles, set in tortoise shell cases, opened the door.

"M. Rideaux, my dear!" replied the voluble old dame, turning up her eyes and sighing; "ah, I hope he is at home; but his successor, my master, is in this house. Be pleased to step in."

Marie Brioude, for it was she, followed the aged housekeeper into the parlor, library and studio of the young clergyman of the village, who received her with a smile of sweetest, saddest welcome.

"Be seated, my friend," he said, pointing to a chair, and at the same time resuming his seat at his table. "You seem to have traveled far?"

"I have traveled willingly, and so do not feel that my journey has been toilsome," said Marie, as she opened the folds of the cloak, that almost enveloped her face. "I come to execute the will of my more than mother."

The voice and manner of the humble stranger struck the young clergyman so forcibly, that, impelled by some secret influence of respect, he arose and bowed.

"I am a native of Brioude, and was once a little outcast in it," continued the noble girl with emotion; "and I owe all I am, or shall ever be, to one who adorned it, and honored humanity, while she dwelt on earth. She died," said Marie, her tones changing from the accents of filial pride and gratitude to those of softest sadness, "leaving her home to be devoted to the purpose to which death denied her the power of consecrating her life. I have now acquired the means necessary for estab-

lishing the little school which my dear mother intended; and I shall devote the life which she preserved and sustained to this object of her love. Madame Melcœur, sir, left the deed of settlement with M. Bideaux, and perhaps you are now the trustee in this business?"

Marie received no answer to the question thus addressed, and when she looked upon her listener, his face was agitated with profound emotion.

"My sister, whom I have so longed to see," said Ernest at last, stepping forward and gently taking the hand of Marie. "Thou who bearest so much of my mother, in thy voice, and eyes, and heart, oh, welcome to my humble home!"

The shutters of Madame Melcœur's house were soon thrown open to the sunbeams, and they came dancing in at the window, and played with the curls of little children whom Marie Brioude taught to read; and they kissed the rosy cheeks and lips of the children whom Marie Brioude taught to pray. The flowers that had so long grappled with each other in uncultured animosity, now shot up into beauty and order when she approached them; and Ernest Melcœur, who had often shed tears of grief when he looked upon the home of his youth, and thought of her who was wont to bless him there, now smiled when he approached its precincts; for his mother's spirit, dwelling in Marie, had revived all of beauty or goodness that was ever associated with his home. He came again and again to his own old dwelling, now illumined by woman's devotion and woman's love. He often spoke to Marie of their first meeting, for he soon recognized in her she who was "only a servant," in the house of Dora Freidart; and he dwelt so often on the memory of the feelings which those moments inspired, that even Marie loved to hear him recount what had once been painful to her. By and by the wise people began to shake their heads, and smile, and declare that something would come of Ernest's visits to Marie Brioude.

On the midsummer day after Marie's return, there was a joyous fête upon the village green of Brioude. The little children of Marie's little school, with clean, rosy faces and bouquets of flowers in their hands, were drawn up in a semicircle, while all the villagers, old and young, dressed in their holiday attire, stood smiling around them. There was surely something of great importance to be done in Brioude that day, for the good old maire rubbed his hands and smiled, and looked grave

and wise, as he walked arm in arm with Ernest Melcœur, and then turned and looked at Marie, who presented cake and grapes to the objects of her love and care. At last the maire approached the young school mistress, and his heart seemed to grow too large for his bosom as he removed his hat from his head, and unrolled a cartel which he carried in his hand. "Citizens," he said, with emotion, "I congratulate our dear Marie Brioude upon receiving the highest 'Montyon prize' of this season, for her self-denial, and for her noble devotion to the will of her benefactress." As he spoke, he placed the medal on her breast, and an order for seven hundred francs in her hand, while the children threw their bouquets at her feet, and the villagers rent the air with their acclamations. In a few years other children than the children of the poor, were sent to share the love of Marie Melcœur; and the wife of the clergyman as faithfully discharged the duties of her love, as had done the orphan girl. Like the sun which warms and illumines this poor world of ours; like the summer winds that waft glad stories of God and beauteous nature from the far lands over the deep; like the stars which spangle the black arch of night, and lead the soul through the dark concave up to heaven, Marie continued to the end of her life to serve her Maker, and to bless mankind, by continuing to be "only a servant,"

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. I.

Poor, poor girls, how I pity you! Now, I know you will wonder why, and if you will patiently listen, I will enlighten you. Many of you have bright, pretty eyes, and rosy cheeks, and soft ringlets; or, if you have not these, you are kind, and obliging, and patient; and your older brothers, ever since you were wee bit of things, have told you how pretty or good you were; and your self-denying mother has worn her old bonnet three winters, and denied herself that long-talked-of visit to grandpa's, to hire for you a teacher in French and music. Your father has sent the carriage to school for you, if it but sprinkled, and leaned on the railing in front of the pew in church to have an excuse to catch a sideways glance of your happy face, and give you a sip of that most bewitching draught—flattery. When a little older, half a dozen gentlemen have hovered around you, chatted with you at picnics, manœuvred to obtain a seat in the same

four-horse sleigh at the great ride of the season, and the courageous ones have all sued for your hand and been rejected—all but your darling Charley.

And now what a perfect paradise of bliss and exaltation is yours! Charley is so self-denying and devoted, so willing to give up his favorite cigar, because you merely hint that you dislike the perfume, devotes hours to his intractable hair after hearing you express a preference for wavy locks, dotes on Tennyson, and votes his favorite Longfellow tiresome to a degree, with you; and so on, to the end of the chapter, till you reach the summit of the queenship of life—the bridal morning!

Who, now, could be more considerate and kind than your chosen? The carriage window must be closed, for fear of the draught—the mother-in-law's pet gift exchanged, because you do not exactly fancy it; the softest chair placed at your disposal; and thus you live for a few months; and then, just as your mind becomes completely imbued with the idea that your will and pleasure is what the whole world, and your husband especially, was made for, comes the awakening. First, Charley's breath begins to smell of the odious cigar—then he leaves you a whole evening, to meet his old associates down town; and when he finds out how you have missed him, kisses you tenderly and promises never to do so again. But, old habits are strong, and in less than three weeks he has stayed away till ten o'clock two nights in succession, calls you a silly little puss if he finds tears on your cheeks, says he will bring a new book when he is obliged to be absent again, so you will not be lonesome and cry!

Just as if a new book could drive away the picture of the nice home-grate, blazing with light, and mother, in her cosy arm-chair, busy over her work-basket, and father with his paper, and teasing, loving brother Frank, and sister Lucy, and, the one dearer than all, turning over the music sheets and pleading for one more song—just as if a new book could shorten the dragging ticking of the clock, or bring glad sounds to the ear, listening for the one only welcome sound—Charley's footsteps.

But it is of no use to coax, or cry, or fret; your Charley is like almost all others—mind, I do not say *all*; I wish I could, so that the few good self-denying ones would not make the first seem worse by contrast—and has his own pursuits and pleasures independent of you; and you may as well settle down and make the best of it, and be as cheerful as you can.

And, now, dear girls, I wish I could tell you

what to do with your evenings. You will be tempted to invite some lively pretty cousin to reside with you; but that would not be best—for either your husband would like or dislike her, and either might put troubled thoughts into your brain, or, in some dark hour, when the shadow of your loss of queenship was heavy upon you, a little confidential talk might burst from your lips, that would be but the spring of a mighty stream, which would deluge and destroy all the sweet flowers that bloom in the married woman's pathway; for wo to that woman's happiness who has a bosom friend beside her chosen! But there is one thing left you girls, and though the first draught may be bitter, yet you will find sweetness after awhile. You can study, and think, and act, and lay a broad foundation for a noble, refined and intellectual woman; and when your Charley, tired of the turmoil and hollow-heartedness of the world, turns to you for companionship, he will find you meet, not only to walk by his side, but to lead him up into paths his lagging footsteps never trod, and from that last turning to you, there will be no turning back.

Berea, Ohio.

MUSIC.

BY MRS. STEPHENSON.

"Sing to me, papa, it makes me feel so much better," said the little sick Adeline, as she tossed restlessly on the pillows; and as "Jesus, lover of my soul," floated out through the sweet peas and honeysuckles of the sick chamber windows, Adeline fell into a quiet and refreshing slumber.

Music is one of Heaven's own boons—the consoler not only of childhood, but of all the descendants of Adam—the *quid pro quo* for their lost Eden. Music can move us to laughter or to tears, and never, since the days of Saul and David, was there a sore or troubled heart, a dark or unquiet spirit, that could not be soothed or tranquilized by its gentle influence. It steals upon us like the rustling of angels wings, and ere we are aware, the strife has ended, the tumult has ceased, and that still small voice—through music—has said, "Peace, be still." With music we lull to sleep the babe on the bosom of infancy, and with music we waft the soul of the old man over death's dark river, but to be greeted with music as he moors his bark on the other side.

FAIR HAVEN,

• Carroll Co., Illinois, Nov. 1859.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. I.

No June day ever opened with a fairer promise. Not a single cloud flecked the sky, and the sun coursed onwards through the azure sea until past meridian, without throwing to the earth a single shadow. Then, low in the west, appeared something obscure and hazy, blending the hill tops with the horizon; an hour later, and three or four small fleecy islands were seen, clearly outlined in the airy ocean, and slowly ascending—avant couriers of a coming storm. Following these were mountain peaks, snow-capped and craggy, with desolate valleys between. Then, over all this arctic panorama, fell a sudden shadow. The white tops of the cloudy hills lost their clear, gleaming outlines, and their slumberous stillness. The atmosphere was in motion, and a white scud began to drive across the heavy, dark masses of clouds that lay far back against the sky in mountain-like repose.

How grandly now began the onward march of the tempest, which had already invaded the sun's domain, and shrouded his face in the smoke of approaching battle. Dark and heavy it lay along more than half the visible horizon; while its crown invaded the zenith.

As yet, all was silence and portentous gloom. Nature seemed to pause and hold her breath in dread anticipation. Then came a muffled, jarring sound, as of far distant artillery, which died away into an oppressive stillness. Suddenly from zenith to horizon the cloud was cut by a fiery stroke, an instant visible. Following this, a heavy thunder peal shook the solid earth and rattled in booming echoes along the hill sides and amid the cloudy caverns above.

At last the storm came down on the wind's strong pinions, swooping fiercely to the earth, like an eagle to its prey. For one wild hour it raged, as if the Angel of Destruction were abroad.

At the window of a house, standing picturesquely among the Hudson highlands, and looking down upon the river, stood a maiden and her lover, gazing upon this wild war among the elements. Fear had pressed her closely to his side, and he had drawn an arm around her in assurance of safety.

Suddenly the maiden clasped her hands over her face, cried out and shuddered. The lightning had shivered a tree upon which her gaze was fixed, rending it as she could have rent a willow wand.

"God is in the storm," said the lover, bending to her ear. He spoke reverently, and in a voice that had in it no tremor of fear.

The maiden withdrew her hands from before her shut eyes, and looking up into his face, answered, in a voice which she strove to make steady:

"Thank you, Hartley, for the words. Yes, God is present in the storm, as well as in the sunshine."

"Look!" exclaimed the young man, suddenly, pointing to the river. A boat had just come in sight. It contained a man and a woman. The former was striving with a pair of oars to keep the boat right in the eye of the wind; but while the maiden and her lover still gazed at them, a wild gust swept down upon the water and drove their frail bark under. There was no hope in their case; the floods had swallowed them, and would not give up their living prey.

A moment afterwards and an elm, whose great arms had, for nearly a century, spread themselves out in the sunshine tranquilly, or battled with the storms, fell crashing against the house, shaking it to the very foundations.

The maiden drew back from the window, overcome with terror. These shocks were too much for her nerves. But her lover restrained her, saying, with a covert chiding in his voice:

"Stay, Irene! There is a wild delight in all this, and are you not brave enough to share it with me?"

But she struggled to release herself from his arm, replying, with a shade of impatience—

"Let me go, Hartley! Let me go!"

The flexed arm was instantly relaxed, and the maiden was free. She went back, hastily, from the window, and sitting down on a sofa, buried her face in her hands. The young man did not follow her, but remained standing by the window, gazing out upon nature in her strong convulsion. It may, however, be doubted whether his mind took note of the wild images that were pictured in his eyes. A cloud was in the horizon of his mind, dimming its heavenly azure. And the maiden's sky was shadowed also.

For two or three minutes the young man stood by the window, looking out at the writhing trees, and the rain pouring down an avalanche of water, and then, with a movement that indicated a struggle and a conquest, turned and walked towards the sofa on which the maiden still sat, with her face hidden from view. Sitting down beside her, he took her hand. It lay passive in his. He pressed it

gently; but she gave back no returning pressure. There came a sharp, quick gleam of lightning, followed by a crash that jarred the house. But Irene did not start—we may question whether she even saw the one, or heard the other, except as something remote.

"Irene!"

She did not stir.

The young man leaned closer, and said, in a tender voice—

"Irene—darling—"

Her hand moved in his—just moved—but did not return the pressure of his own.

"Irene." And now his arm stole around her. She yielded, and turning, laid her head upon his shoulder.

There had been a little storm in the maiden's heart, consequent upon the slight restraint ventured on by her lover when she drew back from the window; and it was only now subsiding.

"I did not mean to offend you," said the young man, penitently.

"Who said that I was offended?" She looked up, with a smile that only half obliterated the shadow. "I was frightened, Hartley. It is a fearful storm!" And she glanced towards the window.

The lover accepted this affirmation, though he knew better in his heart. He knew that his slight attempt at constraint had chafed her naturally impatient spirit, and that it had taken her some time to regain her lost self-control.

Without, the wild rush of winds was subsiding, the lightning gleamed out less frequently, and the thunder rolled at a farther distance. Then came that deep stillness of nature which follows in the wake of the tempest, and in its hush the lovers stood again at the window, looking out upon the wrecks that were strewn in its path. They were silent, for on both hearts was a shadow, which had not rested there when they first stood by the window, although the sky was then more deeply veiled. So slight was the cause on which these shadows depended, that memory scarcely retained its impression. He was tender, and she was yielding; and each tried to atone by loving acts for a moment of willfulness.

The sun went down while yet the skirts of the storm were spread over the western sky, and without a single glance at the ruins which lightning, wind, and rain had scattered over the earth's fair surface. But he arose gloriously in the coming morning, and went upward in his strength, consuming the vapors at a breath, and drinking up every bright dew drop

that welcomed him with a quiver of joy. The branches shook themselves in the gentle breezes his presence had called forth to dally amid their foliage and sport with the flowers; and every green thing put on a fresher beauty in delight at his return; while from the bosom of the trees—from hedge row and from meadow—went up the melody of birds.

In the brightness of this morning, the lovers went out to look at the storm-wrecks, that lay scattered around. Here a tree had been twisted off where the tough wood measured by feet instead of inches; there stood the white and shivered trunk of another sylvan lord, blasted in an instant by a lightning stroke: and there lay, prone upon the ground, giant limbs, which, but the day before, spread themselves abroad in proud defiance of the storm. Vines were torn from their fastenings; flower beds destroyed; choice shrubbery, tended with care for years, shorn of its beauty. Even the solid earth had been invaded by floods of water, which plowed deep furrows along its surface. And saddest of all, two human lives had gone out while the mad tempest raged in uncontrollable fury.

As the lover and maiden stood looking at the signs of violence so thickly scattered around, the former said, in a cheerful tone—

"For all his wild, desolating power, the tempest is vassal to the sun and dew. He may spread his sad trophies around, in brief, blind rage; but they soon obliterate all traces of his path, and make beautiful what he has scarred with wounds or disfigured by the tramp of his iron heel."

"Not so, my children," said the calm voice of the maiden's father, to whose ears the remark had come. "Not so, my children. The sun and dew never fully restore what the storm has broken and trampled upon. They may hide disfiguring marks, and cover with new forms of life and beauty the ruins which time can never restore. This is something, and we may take the blessing thankfully, and try to forget what is lost, or so changed as to be no longer desirable. Look at this fallen and shattered elm, my children. Is there any hope for that in the dew, the rain and sunshine? Can these build it up again, and spread out its arms as of old, bringing back to me, as it has done daily, the image of my early years? No, my children. After every storm are ruins which can never be repaired. Is it not so with that lightning-stricken oak? And what art can restore to its exquisite loveliness this statue of Hope, thrown down by the ruthless

hand of the unsparing tempest? Moreover, is there human vitality in the sunshine and fructifying dew? Can they put life into the dead?

"No—no—my children. And take the lesson to heart. Outward tempests but typify and represent the fiercer tempests that too often desolate the human soul. In either case something is lost that can never be restored. Beware, then, of storms, for wreck and ruin follow as surely as the passions rage."

CHAPTER II.

Irene Delancy was a girl of quick, strong feelings, and an undisciplined will. Her mother died before she reached her tenth year. From that time, she was either at home under the care of domestics, or within the scarcely more favorable surroundings of a boarding school. She grew up beautiful and accomplished, but espricious and with a natural impatience of control, that unwise reactions on the part of those who attempted to govern her, in no degree tempered.

Hartley Emerson, as a boy, was self-willed and passionate; but possessed many fine qualities. A weak mother yielded to his resolute struggles to have his own way, and so he acquired, at an early age, control over his own movements. He went to college, studied hard, because he was ambitious, and graduated with honor. Law he chose as a profession; and in order to secure the highest advantages, entered the office of a distinguished attorney in the city of New York, and gave to its study the best efforts of a clear, acute and logical mind. Self-reliant, proud, and in the habit of reaching his ends by the nearest ways, he took his place at the bar with a promise of success rarely exceeded. From his widowed mother, who died before he reached his majority, Hartley Emerson inherited a moderate fortune, with which to begin the world. Few young men started forward on their life-journey with so small a number of vices, or with so spotless a moral character. The fine intellectual cast of his mind, and his devotion to study, lifted him above the baser allurements of sense, and kept his garments pure.

Such were Irene Delancy and Hartley Emerson—lovers and betrothed at the time we present them to our readers. They met, two years before, at Saratoga, and drew together by a mutual attraction. She was the first to whom his heart had bowed in homage; and until she looked upon him, her pulse had never beat quicker at sight of a manly form.

Mr. Edmund Delancy, a gentleman of some

wealth and advanced in years, saw no reason to interpose objections. The family of Emerson occupied a social position equal with his own; and the young man's character and habits were blameless. So far, the course of love ran smooth; and only three months intervened until the wedding day.

The closer relation into which the minds of the lovers came, after their betrothal and the removal of a degree of deference and self-constraint, gave opportunity for the real character of each to show itself. Irene could not always repress her willfulness and impatience of another's control; nor her lover hold a firm hand on quick-springing anger when anything checked his purpose. Pride, and adhesiveness of character, under such conditions of mind, were dangerous foes to peace—and both were proud and tenacious.

The little break in the harmonious flow of their lives, noticed as occurring while the tempest raged, was one of many such incidents; and it was in consequence of Mr. Delancy's observation of these unpromising features in their intercourse, that he spoke with so much earnestness about the irreparable ruin that followed in the wake of storms.

At least once a week Emerson left the city, and his books and cases, to spend a day with Irene in her tasteful home; and sometimes he lingered there for two or three days at a time. It happened, almost invariably, that some harsh notes jarred in the music of their lives during these pleasant seasons, and left on both their hearts a feeling of oppression; or worse, a brooding sense of injustice. Then there grew up between them an affected opposition and indifference—and a kind of half sportive, half earnest wrangling about trifles, which too often grew serious.

Mr. Delancy saw this with a feeling of regret, and often interposed to restore some broken links in the chain of harmony.

"You must be more conciliating, Irene," he would often say to his daughter. "Hartley is earnest and impulsive, and you should yield to him gracefully, even when you do not always see and feel as he does. This constant opposition, and standing on your dignity about trifles, is fretting both of you, and bodes evil in the future."

"Would you have me assent if he said black was white?" she answered to her father's remonstrance, one day, balancing her little head firmly and setting her lips together in a resolute way.

"It might be wiser to say nothing than to

utter dissent, if, in so doing, both were made unhappy," returned her father.

"And so let him think me a passive fool."

"No; a prudent girl, shaming his unreasonableness by her self-control."

"I have read somewhere," said Irene, "that all men are self-willed tyrants—the words do not apply to you, my father, and so there is an exception to the rule." She smiled a tender smile as she looked into the face of a parent who had ever been too indulgent. "But, from my experience with a lover, I can well believe the sentiment based in truth. Hartley must have me think just as he thinks, and do what he wants me to do, or he gets ruffled. Now, I don't expect, when I am married, to sink into a mere nobody—to be my husband's echo and shadow; and the quicker I can make Hartley comprehend this, the better will it be for both of us. A few ruffings of his feathers now, will teach him how to keep them smooth and glossy in the time to come."

"You are in error, my child," replied Mr. Delancy, speaking very seriously. "Between those who love a cloud should never interpose; and I pray you, Irene, as you value your peace, and that of the man who is about to become your husband, to be wise in the very beginning, and dissolve with a smile of affection every vapor that threatens a coming storm. Keep the sky always bright."

"I will do everything that I can, father, to keep the sky of our lives always bright, except give up my own freedom of thought and independence of action. A wife should not sink her individuality in that of her husband, any more than a husband should sink his individuality in that of his wife. They are two equals, and should be content to remain equals. There is no love in subordination."

Mr. Delancy sighed deeply. "Is argument of any avail here? Can words stir conviction in her mind?" He was silent for a time, and then said—

"Better, Irene, that you stop where you are, and go through life alone, than venture upon marriage, in your state of feeling, with a man like Hartley Emerson."

"Dear father! you are altogether too serious!" exclaimed the warm-hearted girl, putting her arms around his neck and kissing him. "Hartley and I love each other too well to be made very unhappy by any little jar that takes place in the first reciprocal movement of our lives. We shall soon come to understand each other, and then the harmonies will be restored."

"The harmonies should never be lost, my child," returned Mr. Delancy. "In that lies the danger. When the enemy gets into the citadel, who can say that he will ever be dislodged? There is no safety but in keeping him out."

"Still too serious, father," said Irene. "There is no danger to be feared from any formidable enemy. All these are very little things."

"It is the little foxes that spoil the tender grapes, my daughter," Mr. Delancy replied—and if the tender grapes are spoiled, what hope is there in the time of vintage? Alas for us, if, in the later years, the wine of life shall fail!"

There was so sad a tone in her father's voice, and so sad an expression on his face, that Irene was touched with a new feeling towards him. She again put her arms around his neck, and kissed him tenderly.

"Do not fear for us," she replied. "These are only little summer showers, that make the earth greener and the flowers more beautiful. The sky is of a more heavenly azure when they pass away, and the sun shines more gloriously than before."

But the father could not be satisfied, and answered—

"Beware of even summer showers, my darling. I have known fearful ravages to follow in their path—seen many a goodly tree go down. After every storm, though the sky may be clearer, the earth upon which it fell has suffered some loss, which is a loss forever. Begin, then, by conciliation and forbearance. Look past the external, which may seem at times too exacting or imperative, and see only the true heart pulsing beneath—the true, brave heart, that would give to every muscle the strength of steel for your protection, if danger threatened. Can you not be satisfied with knowing that you are loved—deeply, truly, tenderly? What more can a woman ask? Can you not wait until this love puts on its rightly adjusted exterior, as it assuredly will. It is yet mingled with self-love, and its action modified by impulse and habit. Wait—wait—wait, my daughter. Bear and forbear for a time, as you value peace on earth and happiness in heaven."

"I will try, father, for your sake, to guard myself," she answered.

"No—no, Irene. Not for my sake, but for the sake of right," returned Mr. Delancy.

They were sitting in the vine-covered portico, that looked down over a sloping lawn towards the river.

"There is Hartley now!" exclaimed Irene, as the form of her lover came suddenly into view, moving forward along the road that approached from the landing, and she sprung forward, and went rapidly down to meet him. There was an ardent kiss, a twining of arms, warmly spoken words and earnest gestures. Mr. Delancy looked at them as they stood fondly together, and sighed. He could not help it, for he knew there was trouble before them. After standing and talking for a short time, they began moving towards the house, but paused at every few paces—sometimes to admire a picturesque view—sometimes to listen, one to the other, and respond to pleasant sentiments—and sometimes in fond dispute. This was Mr. Delancy's reading of their actions and gestures, as he sat looking at and observing them closely.

A little way from the path, by which they were advancing towards the house, was a rustic arbor, so placed as to command a fine sweep of river from one line of view, and West Point from another. Irene paused, and made a motion of her hand towards this arbor, as if she wished to go there; but Hartley looked to the house, and plainly signified a wish to go there first. At this, Irene pulled him gently towards the arbor; he resisted, and she drew upon his arm more resolutely, when, planting his feet firmly, he stood like a rock. Still she urged, and still he declined going in that direction. It was play at first, but Mr. Delancy saw that it was growing to be earnest. A few moments longer, and he saw Irene separate from Hartley, and move towards the arbor; at the same time, the young man came forward in the direction of the house. Mr. Delancy, as he stepped from the portico to meet him, noticed that his color was heightened, and his eyes unusually bright.

"What's the matter with that self-willed girl of mine?" he asked, as he took the hand of Emerson, affecting a lightness of tone that did not correspond with his real feelings.

"Oh, nothing serious," the young man replied. "She's only in a little pet, because I wouldn't go with her to the arbor, before I paid my respects to you."

"She's a spoiled little puss," said the father, in a fond, yet serious way; "and you'll have to humor her a little at first, Hartley. She never had the wise discipline of a mother, and so has grown up unused to that salutary control which is so necessary for young persons. But, she has a warm, true heart, and pure principles—and these are the foundation stones on which to build the temple of happiness."

"Don't fear but that it will be all right between us. I love her too well, to let any flitting humors affect me."

He stepped upon the portico as he spoke, and sat down. Irene had before this reached the arbor, and taken a seat there. Mr. Delancy could do no less than resume the chair from which he had arisen, on the young man's approach. In looking into Hartley's face, he noticed a resolute expression about his mouth. For nearly ten minutes they sat and talked, Irene remaining alone in the arbor. Mr. Delancy then said, in a pleasant way,

"Come, Hartley, you have punished her long enough. I don't like to see you even play at disagreement."

He did not seem to notice the remark, but started a subject of conversation, that it was almost impossible to dismiss for the next ten minutes. Then he stepped down from the portico, and was moving leisurely towards the arbor, when he perceived that Irene had already left it, and was returning by another path. So he came back, and seated himself again, to await her approach. But, instead of joining him, she passed round the house, and entered on the opposite side. For several minutes he sat, expecting every instant to see her come out on the portico; but she did not make her appearance.

It was early in the afternoon. Hartley affecting not to notice the absence of Irene, kept up an animated conversation with Mr. Delancy. A whole hour went by, and still the young lady was absent. Suddenly starting up, at the end of this time, Hartley exclaimed—

"As I live! there comes the boat; and I must be in New York to-night."

"Stay," said Mr. Delancy, "until I call Irene."

"I can't linger for a moment, sir. It will take quick walking to reach the landing by the time the boat is there." The young man spoke hurriedly—shook hands with Mr. Delancy—and then sprung away, moving at a rapid pace.

"What's the matter, father? Where is Hartley going?" exclaimed Irene, coming out into the portico, and grasping her father's arm. Her face was pale, and her lips trembled.

"He is going to New York," replied Mr. Delancy.

"To New York!" She looked almost frightened.

"Yes. The boat is coming, and he says that he must be in the city to-night."

Irene sat down, looking pale and troubled.

"Why have you remained away from Hart-

ley ever since his arrival?" asked Mr. Delancy, fixing his eyes upon Irene, and evincing some displeasure.

Irene did not answer, but her father saw the color coming back to her face.

"I think, from his manner, that he was hurt by your singular treatment. What possessed you to do so?"

"Because I was not pleased with him," said Irene. Her voice was now steady.

"Why not?"

"I wished him to go to the arbor."

"He was your guest, and, in simple courtesy, if there was no other motive, you should have let his wishes govern your movements," Mr. Delancy replied.

"He is always opposing me!" said Irene, giving way to a flood of tears, and weeping for a time bitterly.

"It is not at all unlikely, my daughter," replied Mr. Delancy, after the tears began to flow less freely, "that Hartley is now saying the same thing of you, and treasuring up bitter things in his heart. I have no idea that any business calls him to New York to-night."

"Nor I. He takes this means to punish me," said Irene.

"Don't take that for granted. Your conduct has blinded him; and he is acting now from blind impulse. Before he is half way to New York, he will regret this hasty step as sincerely as I trust you are already regretting its occasion."

Irene did not reply.

"I did not think!" he resumed, "that my late earnest remonstrance would have so soon received an illustration like this. But, it may be as well. Trifles, light as air, have, many times, proved the beginning of life-long separations between friends and lovers, who possessed all the substantial qualities for a life-long and happy companionship. Oh, my daughter, beware! beware of these little beginnings of discord. How easy would it have been for you to have yielded to Hartley's wishes—how hard will it be to endure the pain that must now be suffered! And remember, that you do not suffer alone; your conduct has made him an equal sufferer. He came up all the way from the city full of sweet anticipations. It was for your sake that he came; and love pictured you as embodying all attractions. But, how has he found you? Ah, my daughter, your caprice has wounded the heart that turned to you for love. He came in joy, but goes back in sorrow."

Irene went up to her chamber, feeling sadder than she had ever felt in her life; yet, mingling

with her sadness and self-reproaches, were complaining thoughts of her lover. For a little, half playful, pettishness, was she to be visited with a punishment like this? If he had really loved her—so she queried—would he have flung himself away, after this hasty fashion? Pride came to her aid in the conflict of feeling, and gave her self-control and endurance. At tea-time she met her father, and surprised him with her calm, almost cheerful aspect. But his glance was too keen, not to penetrate the disguise. After tea, she sat reading—or at least affecting to read—in the portico, until the evening shadows came down, and then she retired to her chamber.

Not many hours of sleep brought forgetfulness of suffering through the night that followed. Sometimes the unhappy girl heaped mountains of reproaches upon her own head; and sometimes, pride and indignation gaining rule in her heart, would whisper self-justification, and throw the weight of responsibility upon her lover.

Her pale face and troubled eyes revealed too plainly, on the next morning, the conflict through which she had passed.

"Write him a letter of apology, or explanation," said Mr. Delancy.

But, Irene was not in a state of mind for this. Pride came whispering too many humiliating objections in her ear. Morning passed, and in the early hours of the afternoon, when the New York boat usually came up the river, she was out on the portico watching for its appearance. Hope whispered, that, repenting of his hasty return on the day before, her lover was now hurrying back to meet her. At last, the white hull of the boat came gliding into view, and in less than half an hour it was at the landing. Then it moved on its course again. Almost to a second of time had Irene learned to calculate the minutes it required for Hartley to make the distance between the landing and the nearest point in the road, where his form could meet her view. She held her breath, in eager expectation, as that moment of time approached. It came—it passed—the white spot in the road, where his dark form first revealed itself, was touched by no obscuring shadow. For more than ten minutes Irene sat motionless, gazing still towards that point. Then, sighing deeply, she arose and went up to her room, from which she did not come down until summoned to join her father at tea.

The next day passed as this had done, and so did the next. Hartley neither came, nor sent a message of any kind. The maiden's heart

began to fail. Grief and fear took the place of accusation and self-reproach. What if he had left her forever! The thought made her heart shiver, as if an icy wind had passed over it. Two or three times she took up her pen to write him a few words, and entreat him to come back to her again. But, she could form no sentences against which pride did not come with strong objection; and so she suffered on, and made no sign.

A whole week at last intervened. Then the enduring heart began to grow stronger to bear, and, in self-protection, to put on sterner moods. Hers was not a spirit to yield weakly in any struggle. She was formed for endurance; pride and self-reliance giving her strength above common natures. But, this did not really lessen her suffering, for she was not only capable of deep affection, but really loved Hartley almost as her own life; and the thought of losing him, whenever it grew distinct, filled her with terrible anguish.

With pain her father saw the color leave her cheeks, her eyes grow fixed and dreamy, and her lips shrink from their full-outline.

"Write to Hartley," he said to her one day, after a week had passed.

"Never!" was her quick, firm, almost sharply uttered response, "I would die first!"

"But, my daughter—"

"Father!" she interrupted him, two bright spots suddenly burning on her cheeks, "Don't, I pray you, urge me on this point. I have courage enough to break; but I will not bend. I gave him no offence. What right has he to assume that I was not engaged in domestic duties, while he sat talking with you? He said that he had an engagement in New York. Very well; there was a sufficient reason for his sudden departure; and I accept the reason. But, why does he remain away? If, simply because I preferred a seat in the arbor, to one in the portico—why, the whole thing is so unmanly, that I can have no patience with it. Write to him, and humor a whim like this! No—no—Irene Delancy is not made of the right stuff. He went from me, and he must return again. I cannot go to him. Maiden modesty and pride forbid. And so I shall remain silent and passive, if my heart breaks."

It was in the afternoon, and they were sitting in the portico, where, at this hour, Irene might have been found every day for the past week. The boat from New York came in sight, as she closed the last sentence. She saw it, for her eyes were on the look-out, the moment it turned the distant point of land that hid the river

beyond. Mr. Delancy also observed the boat. Its appearance was an incident of sufficient importance, taking things as they were, to check the conversation, which was far from being satisfactory on either side.

The figure of Irene was half buried in a deep cushioned chair, which had been wheeled out upon the portico, and now her small slender form seemed to shrink farther back among the cushions, and she sat as motionless as one asleep. Steadily onwards came the boat, throwing backwards her dusky trail, and lashing with her great revolving wheels the quiet waters into foamy turbulence—onwards, until the dark crowd of human forms could be seen upon her decks. Then, turning sharply, she was lost to view behind a bank of forest trees. Ten minutes more, and the shriek of escaping steam was heard, as she stopped her ponderous machinery at the landing.

From that time Irene almost held her breath, as she counted the moments that must elapse before Hartley could reach the point of view in the road that led up from the river, should he have been a passenger in the steamboat. The number was fully told, but it was to-day as yesterday. There was no sign of his coming. And so the eyelids, weary with vain expectation, drooped heavily over the dimming eyes. But, she had not stirred, nor shown a sign of feeling. A little while she sat with her long lashes shading her pale cheeks; then she slowly raised them, and looked out towards the river again. What a quick start she gave! Did her eyes deceive her? No, it was Hartley, just in the spot she had looked to see him only a minute or two before. But, how slowly he moved, and with what a weary step; and even at this long distance, his face looked white against the wavy masses of his dark brown hair.

Irene started up with an exclamation—stood, as if in doubt for a moment; then, springing from the portico, she went flying to meet him, as swiftly as if moving on winged feet. All the forces of her ardent, impulsive nature, was bearing her forward. There was no remembrance of coldness or imagined wrong—pride did not even struggle to lift its head—love conquered everything. The young man stood still, from weariness or surprise, ere she reached him. As she drew near, Irene saw that his face was not only pale, but thin and wasted.

"Oh, Hartley! Dear Hartley!" came almost wildly from her lips, as she flung her arms around his neck, and kissed him over and over again on lips, cheeks and brow, with an ardor and tenderness that no maiden delicacy could

restrain. "Have you been sick, or hurt? Why are you so pale, darling?"

"I have been ill for a week—ever since I was last here." The young man replied, speaking in a slow, tremulous voice.

"And I knew it not!" Tears were glittering in her eyes, and pressing out in great pearly beads from between the fringing lashes. "Why did you not send for me, Hartley?"

And she laid her small hands upon each side of his face, as you have seen a mother press the cheeks of her child, and looked up tenderly into his love-beaming eyes.

"But, come, dear," she added, removing her hands from his face, and drawing her arm within his—not to lean on, but to offer support—"My father, who has, with me, suffered great anxiety on your account, is waiting your arrival at the house."

Then, with slow steps, they moved along the upward sloping way, crowding the moments with loving words.

And so the storm passed, and the sun came out again in the firmament of their souls. But, looked he down on no tempest marks? Had not the ruthless tread of passion marred the earth's fair surface? Were no goodly trees uprooted, or clinging vines wrenched from their support? Alas! was there ever a storm that did not leave some ruined hope behind?—Ever a storm that did not strew the sea with wrecks, or mar the earth's fair beauty?

As when the pain of a crushed limb ceases, there comes to the sufferer a sense of delicious ease, so, after the storm had passed, the lovers sat in the warm sunshine, and dreamed of unclouded happiness in the future. But, in the week that Hartley spent with his betrothed, were revealed to their eyes, many times, desolate places where flowers had been; and their hearts grew sad as they turned their eyes away, and sighed for hopes departed, faith shaken, and untroubled confidence in each other for the future that was before them, forever gone.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CARVING AT DINNER.

This extract from the recently published volume, entitled "Dinner, Breakfast and Tea," furnishes some interesting facts touching that most oppressive and laborious accomplishment, carving, and how burdensome it was made in olden time:

Carving was anciently taught as an art, and it was performed to the sound of music. In later times, we read in the life of Lady Mary W. Montague, that her father, the Duke of

Kingston, "having no wife to do the honors of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which, in those days, required no small share; for the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, to urge and tease her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn to be operated on by her, and her alone; since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them, if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man. There were at this time professed carving masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically, from one of whom Lady Mary took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days—when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone, an hour or two beforehand.

A NOBLE DOG.

Dr. Abell, in one of his lectures on Phrenology, related a very striking anecdote of a Newfoundland dog, in Cork. This dog was of a noble and generous disposition; and when he left his master's house, was often assailed by a number of little noisy dogs in the street. He usually passed them with apparent unconcern, as if they were beneath his notice. But one little cur was particularly troublesome; and, at length, carried his petulance so far as to bite the Newfoundland dog in the back of his foot. This proved to be a step in wanton abuse and insult, beyond what was to be patiently endured; and he instantly turned round, ran after the offender, and seized him by the skin of his back. In this way he carried him in his mouth to the quay, and holding him some time over the water, at length dropped him into it. He did not seem, however, to design that the culprit should be punished capitally; and he waited a little while till the poor animal, who was unused to that element, was not only well ducked, but near sinking, when he plunged in and brought him out safe to land.

COUSIN SOPHRONY CARTER.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Dear me, suz, Aunt Sylvy!"

"Wall, Sophrony, you'll live to see," answered, in a tone of doleful warning, Mrs. Sylvy Ritter, the little soft-voiced wife of Deacon Ritter, of Berry Farms; and she shook her head solemnly as she cleaved through the mellow heart of a ripe quince, and scooped out the core into a peck measure on one side of her, which was half filled with the golden parings of the ripe fruit. "This 'ere triflin' with young men's affectins, and hankerin' after the admiration o' this and t'other one, is sartin to bring down trouble on one's own head sooner or later. As my grandmother used to say, when a gal had got the true love of an honest man, and didn't set store by it, she'd live to see the day she'd repent on't; and I believe it's as true as scripture. Now, there's Josiah Stiles, as clever and sober-minded and good mannered a young man as you'll find—"

"Oh, now, for all the world, Aunt Sylvy," interrupted Sophrony, and she tossed her pretty, restless, wavering head, and then set herself more vigorously to work than ever at the muslin ruffle she was crimping with the small blade of her father's great pocket knife. "Josiah Stiles don't care anything special about me, or what I do. If I choose to go to the apple bee with Steve Platt, next Monday evenin', it's none o' his business; and I can't be made to see why I should put my finger in my mouth, like a scared school girl, and say, 'By your leave, sir.'"

Mrs. Ritter paused in the midst of her half pared quince, and turned right about and faced her niece, while the golden rind coiled about her fingers.

"Now, Sophrony Ritter," she said, with solemn emphasis, "you know better than that are; you know, when you say that Josiah Stiles don't care anything especial about you, that he worships the ground you tread on; and you know best, too, what sort of encouragement you've given him with your pretty firtin' airs and ways—leadin' him on and holdin' him off for the last two years, as a gal o' your stuff can al'ays contrive to do; and now, when you feel in your own soul as sartin that you've got him fixed tight, as you do o' sittin' there this blessed minit, and that he, as noble a fellow as ever trod shoe-leather, loves you with a true, honorable love, and as a man only once loves a woman in his life, you're jest

goin' to try your own power by givin' him the mittin', and goin' to the apple bee in company with Steve Platt, who you wouldn't turn over your right hand for; and you'll laugh, and dance, and shake your head, and cut up gineally; and be gloryin' all the time in the thought o' the pain, and fever, and madness like, which is goin' on in Josiah's heart. Oh, Sylvy, my dear child, you may depend on't, Satan's at the bottom o' all this, and he'll bring you into the mire sooner or later, as he al'ays does those who heed his counsels."

Sophrony Carter had sat turning all colors and nervously tapping her foot on the sanded floor, during her aunt's speech; for her own conscience would authoritatively rise up and confirm all that her aunt said, spite of the sophistries with which the girl tried to drown its voice; and she broke out irritably at the conclusion, as a self-convicted party is apt to do:

"Now, Aunt Sylvy, to be sure, one would think I was jest fit for prison or the hangman's rope, to hear you go on so. Can't a gal have a little bit o' fun with her beaux without your puttin' on as solemncholy a face as though she'd been ketched toein' off a stockin' Saturday night after sundown? You've sich old fashioned notions; but you old folks forget you was gals once."

"No, Sophrony, I aint forgot; and it's the memory o' the time when your uncle Jacob Ritter first came a courtin' me, as Richard Carter did your mother, that makes me more in airnest, for I'm sot on doin' my duty by my dear sister's child, as I promised myself when I stood by her coffin, so that, if the Lord grant, I shall never have anything to reproach myself with when I look upon her face in Heaven; and, Sophrony, I'd be willin' she should look down and hear every word I'm sayin' to you this minit, cos, you know in your own soul its jest what she'd say too if she was a settin' in this chair."

Tears of genuine feeling and momentary penitence crushed themselves along the silken lashes which hid the bright blue eyes of Sophrony Carter. The angry flush died away from her cheeks, the daintily crimped ruffle fell into her lap, and she leaned towards her aunt with a softened expression of countenance, when her little brother's voice was heard at the kitchen door.

"I say, Sophrony, here's the bag o' flour. The miller couldn't get it ground afore, cos he had two or three jobs on hand."

"Well, Ike, I'm glad enough to see you at last," she exclaimed, briskly starting up. "I'll

set right to, Aunt Sylvy, and scour up the brass kettle for them preserves, and then I'll knead up the doughnuts, or I shan't get 'em billed for supper."

It was an afternoon in the Indian summer, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, that this conversation occurred, in the kitchen of farmer Carter's story and a half farm house. It was an old yellow-brown building, which had weathered half a century of storms, with a steep moss-cushioned roof and small windows and low ceilings. The kitchen was a great, ample, friendly room, with a huge fireplace and high "mantel tree." Long strings of peppers and quartered apples were hung over this, to dry for winter use; there was a chest of drawers, with bright brass handles, in one corner, and a table, whose ample snowy cloth had been spun by Sophrony's own hands.

The tender, serene sunshine of that autumn afternoon looked in through the open door and the small windows, on all these things. It fluttered with a loving caress about the walls and over the rush-bottomed chairs and on the floor. The robins sang in their nests, swung among the branches of the great motherly apple trees outside; soft winds sifted through the corn fields, and the long leaves fell away from the ripe golden ears, like faded hopes; and over all the earth brooded that tender and touching farewell which the face of the year wears, and which we hear in the voice of her winds when she gathers up all the beauty and glory of the spring, and the summer, and the autumn, into that last smile of hers—the Indian summer!

"Cousin Sophrony Carter"—almost every body in Berry Farms called her this, for she was related by blood or marriage to nine-tenths of the families—was a bright faced, plump, daintily moulded country maiden, just on the threshold of her twenty-second year.

She was an orphan, and had been so from her fifteenth birth-day, and her father was an honest, hard-working, God-fearing farmer, whose great earthly ambition was to clear up a few acres of pasture and meadow lot, for his two boys when they should come of age, and leave, as a marriage portion to Sophrony, the old homestead, which her mother brought him.

Cousin Sophrony Carter was a wonderful girl—so bright of glance, so spry of motion, that she could accomplish more work in one day than almost any maid or matron in Berry Farms. The way her spinning wheel would revolve, or her shuttle fly at the loom, was a perfect marvel to the whole village. She had

taken charge of her father's family ever since the death of her mother, and with her quick tact and dexterity the household work was more a play than a labor to the girl.

She was not beautiful, but she had bloom of color, and quick, bright changes of expression and grace of movement. She was a favorite with every body, especially with men, for she was lively, warm-hearted, vivacious, full of the mischief and animal spirits which high health always gives a naturally impulsive nature; but with all these good and attractive qualities there was one which eat with slow rust into the finest fibres of her being—one which I, writing this story, do solemnly and sorrowfully believe has been the ruin—life, and heart, and soul—of more of my sex, than any, almost any other thing, and this was—*love of admiration*!

It unconsciously undermined her principles; it led her into the commission of many a mean and petty act, which she would otherwise have scorned. She loved to stimulate the envy and jealousy of her numerous admirers; and Mrs. Ritter, who had long observed this quality in her niece, had resolved to relieve her conscience when she came over to "do up" the fall preserves of the Ritters; and the deacon's wife was greatly shocked to learn that Sophrony had accepted the escort of a man to the apple bee, for whom she cared nothing, which was coming off that week, at Widow Pike's, on the old turnpike road; for she knew that this was done simply to gratify her own vanity, and torment into jealousy the man whom all that was best and truest in the soul of Sophrony Carter honored and loved.

"Oh, Josiah, you don't mean to say that for true, now!"

She was a little, plethoric woman, with a pale face and a pleasant, motherly sort of smile, that took your heart at once; and she put down her flat iron on an inverted saucer as she asked this question, and there was something quivered through her voice, which made you feel that her very life was in her question.

"Yes, mother, I've enlisted, and the work's done. Come, don't give way, now."

He spoke it out blunt and strong, as a man usually does anything which is disagreeable to communicate, and which he wishes to get over with as soon as possible.

He was a stalwart, broad-chested young farmer, with a fine, manly, intelligent face, and a smile that was like his mother's.

"O—h, Josiah!"

She put out her hand with a sudden, bewildered movement, as though a sharp blow had struck her, and there was terrible anguish in those two spoken words.

"Wall, its all done now, mother, and there's no help for it. It don't become a strong, healthy young fellow, like me, to stay here, at home, and let others go off, leaving wives and children behind 'em, to fight for their country's freedom. I'm ashamed that I aint been on the field afore, when there's nobody but you to miss me much," and here a kind of gloomy spasm shot across his features.

"But, Josiah, you're all that your dear father left me; and if anything should happen to my boy—"

She did not need to finish the sentence, with the look that she bent on him.

He put his strong arm around her, and spoke out, in his cheerful voice:

"Come, now, mother, you're not of the stuff to keep your boy at home when his country needs him. That wasn't the way father acted when he headed a company to drive off the Ingins you've told me about so often. Jest now the army's in terrible need o' recruits, and I tell you I want to be on hand to give them Red Coats the thrashin' they deserve."

"But, my boy, if anything should happen to you—if you should be taken prisoner, or have a leg or arm broken, or be shot down!"

And the little woman put up her trembling arms about his neck, and shivered in every limb.

"See here, mother, you'd better look on t'other side, and think how proud you'll be o' your boy Josiah when he comes home, Cap'n or Colonel, or some other big name—why, it'll set you up all the rest o' your life to have such a feather in my cap."

She looked at him out of her kind, faded eyes, with such a world of doating tenderness that he could hardly bear it.

"I'm proud enough on you now, Josiah. How soon do you go?" after a little silence betwixt them.

"Early next week the company starts for head-quarters."

"Oh, so soon!"

"Yes; and there's plenty of work for you to do"—thinking it best to seize hold of some practical matter, in order to divert his mother's thoughts from the main subject. "I must have a couple of shirts and a reg'lar army suit. You're a soldier's mother now, and he's goin' off on a good cause, and you must show yourself true grit, like them old Spartans, and wish him God-speed."

She tried to answer him cheerfully, but the words fell into a sigh, for Josiah Stiles was his mother's only son, and she was a widow.

It was a raw, pallid faced, windy-beaten day, in the heart of November; Sophrony Carter was slicing off thin strips from a great mound of Indian pudding, which stood on the table, and placing them in the spider, where a few squares of salt pork were sputtering over the bed of warm coals, which Sophrony had just raked up, in order to get supper in readiness, for the day was wearing into night, and her father and the two hired men had been hard at work, pulling stumps on some land they were clearing, and she knew they would bring sharp appetites to their supper.

Suddenly her brother Isaac came in, and poked his flaxen head betwixt her and the fire.

"Sophrony!"

"Don't be botherin' me now, you Ike. Jest git out of my way."

"Wall, I jest wanted to tell you that I met Josiah Stiles at the Four Corners, this mornin', and he said—"

"What did he say?" laying down her knife and looking up with sudden interest.

"Ophy, he said that he should start in about two hours to j'in the army, and he sent you his good bye, kindly."

There was a long pause; Sophrony Carter took up her knife again, but it shook back and forth, and made all sorts of zig-zags through the pudding.

"Ike," turning suddenly on him, "you jest watch that puddin', and see it don't burn; and when father comes in, ask him to slice up some o' that dried beef for supper."

Then she went up stairs and threw herself down on the low cot bed, in her little chamber, under the roof, and sobs of penitence and remorse shook the figure of Sophrony Carter like branches in a storm.

She knew then it was all her own work that Josiah Stiles had gone off and enlisted in desperation and despair, because of her conduct the week before at the apple bee; for, flattered by the evident admiration she received, and enjoying the thought that she was tormenting her lover, she had danced with one and flirted with another, and been led on to many foolish speeches and deeds which she afterwards regretted. And now that her wrong and cruelty had driven him from her—it might be forever—Sophrony Carter learned how, in the silence and holiness of her own soul, she loved Josiah Stiles—loved him with all the tenderness of

her heart, all the reverence of her soul, as a woman should love the husband of her youth.

"I deserve it all," she moaned to herself. "It is a judgment on me for all my folly and wickedness; and now, if he should be shot, and his blood should be on my head! Oh, Josiah, Josiah!"

But he was where those loving, pleading tones could not reach his heart, and Sophrony Carter was learning, as sooner or later we all must, that the wages of sin are suffering."

"How d'ye do, *Miss Stiles*? Aunt Lucy thought she'd send you over a jug o' fresh milk and a pumpkin pie this morning."

"It's very kind and thoughtful o' your aunt, Jason," answered Mrs. Stiles, as she received the gifts from the hard hands of the young man, who was the son of a neighbor, and one of her son's mates; but she did not observe the wistful, pitying glance which he shot into her face.

She carried the jug and the pie into the pantry, and returned in a few moments, and chatted with the young man about the winter's hanging off, and his aunt's health, and the new singin' school that was just being started at the stone "meetin' house," and then she asked suddenly,

"Oh, Jason, there aint any fresh news from the army?"

"Wall, yes," looking down: "There was some brought in last night to Squire Morgin's, *Miss Stiles*."

"Did you hear anything about it?"

"There's been another light skirmish up in York somewhere, and our boys has licked the British."

"I don't s'pose anything's come to hand about Josiah?"

She saw the look then of fear and pity which he darted at her.

"Oh, Jason," gasped out the little pale woman, "there hasn't anything happened to my boy, has there?"

Then the religion of the Puritans—that constant, solemn, living recognition of God, and His dealings with men, in all circumstances, at all times and seasons, whether of sorrow or joy, of pain or gladness, which every child was taught in every hour of his life, which were his morning and evening lesson, that solemn, indwelling, all-believing faith, broke out from the lips of the young man, as he grasped the stricken mother's hands, saying, while the great tears rolled down his cheeks, "It has not happened to *him*, *Miss*

Stiles, its happened to us, for Josiah's in heaven!"

She did not shriek or moan; she sat down and covered her face with her hands, and he knew that her heart was broken!

"Mercy sakes, father, what a clatterin' you did make! I began to think the Injins had raly come."

Cousin Sophrony Carter was "heeling" a stocking one cold night, in the opening of December. She sat before the huge fire-place, where a birch wood fire was leaping in great fans of flame up the chimney, and filling the old kitchen with its ruddy glow. A small round cherry-stand stood on one side, and the girl had nearly upset this, with the solitary tallow candle which was placed on it, in her alarm at her father's sudden and noisy entrance.

He was a tall, broad-limbed, weather-beaten man, in a farmer's suit of blue "homespun," and he walked up to the fire, and spread his great hands close to the flames.

"Wall, child, I'm kinder dazed, and couldn't see my way clear. I've heard news."

"Bad news, father?"

"Yes, Sophrony. I got it from your Aunt Patty's, where I jest stopped to hear how Jerry's sick ox was coming on. It seems the Red Coats and our folks has had a skirmishin', and several was shot; and amongst 'em was Josiah Stiles. Sich a likely, promisin' young man! and he was his mother's idol, and its jest broken her heart. This war's a dreadful thing."

A sound of something falling heavily to the floor, caused the farmer to turn round suddenly, and he saw Sophrony lying senseless on the floor.

"I'd no idee 'twould take her down so," murmured the farmer, as he bathed the face of his child, and rubbed her cold limbs tenderly as a mother. "I must ha' told her too sudden, for she and Josiah was school-mates, and al'ays set a good deal o' store by each other."

It was New Year's evening, and the snow was falling thick outside, and the wind beat and stormed around the corners of the little red brown house, in the front room of which sat two pale, sorrowful faced women—a young and an old one; for Sophrony Carter never allowed a day to go over her head, without running in to see the broken-hearted mother of the man whom she had learned, too late, how tenderly she loved.

Grief and remorse had done much work with the girl's face in these four weeks. The old brightness and animation had gone out of it. Her voice, too, which was so full of richness and laughter, had now those soft falling tones which tell their own story of hidden sorrow.

Mrs. Stiles was more attached to the girl, than to anybody on earth, for she knew something of her son's affection for Sophrony; but Josiah had kept his secret well, for his mother never suspected that the girl's conduct was the real motive which had induced him to join the army.

"Wall, *Miss Stiles*, the snow's gettin' so deep, it wont do for me to stay any longer," exclaimed Sophrony, rising up, and throwing her blue flannel shawl over her head.

Before Mrs. Stiles could reply, there was a fumbling at the door-latch outside, which caused both the women to turn suddenly.

The next moment the door opened, and a white, haggard face, looked in on the two women, and a pair of feet shuffled feebly across the threshold.

"It's *his* sperrit—it's *his* sperrit, come back to accuse me," moaned the white lips of Sophrony Carter, as she crouched down behind Mrs. Stiles, shuddering in every limb, for the superstitions in which she had been educated at once suggested this to her morbid imagination.

But the figure came right forward, and the eyes, fastened on the old woman's face, did not see the girl which crouched behind it; and the former sat still, and frozen betwixt fear and hope, in her chair, speaking no word, making no sign.

"Mother, don't you know me? Ain't you got a welcome for your boy, that's come back to you from the gates of death?"

She tried to rise up, but she fell back into her chair—the tears streamed down her aged face into her clasped, withered hands, while she cried out,

"Josiah—my boy, Josiah!"

Then the figure, crouched down in the corner, rose up and darted forward—the arms, the soft plump arms of Sophrony Carter were gathered about the young man's neck, and she lay sobbing glad tears on his breast.

The storm of the dying year heaved and howled outside, but there was joy and gladness unspeakable under the little low roof of the widow Stiles, while her son sat between his mother and Sophrony, and recounted the long story of his sickness and sufferings, after he was left for dead on the battle-field.

It was a terribly severe lesson for Cousin Sophrony Carter, but it cured her of her besetting sins, as sharp and terrible afflictions are sometimes appointed of God for our healing.

Josiah Stiles regained his health at last, and, when the war was over, Sophrony Carter became his well-beloved wife, and years later used to say of her those most tender and solemn and beautiful words of Solomon, the son of David, that she was to him, indeed, "A GIFT OF THE LORD!"

YOUNG LADIES AND HOUSE WORK.

A gentleman, remarkable for his strong good sense, married a very accomplished and fashionable young lady, attracted more by her beauty and accomplishments than by anything else. In this it must be owned that his strong good sense did not seem very apparent. His wife, however, proved to be a very excellent companion, and was deeply attached to him, though she still loved company, and spent more time abroad than he exactly approved. But as his income was good, and his house furnished with a good supply of domestics, he was not aware of any abridgments of comfort on this account, and he therefore made no objection to it. One day, some few months after his marriage, our friend, on coming home to dinner, saw no appearance of his usual meal, but found his wife in great trouble instead "What's the matter?" he asked. "Nancy went off at ten o'clock this morning," replied his wife, "and the chambermaid knows no more about cooking a dinner than the man in the moon." "Couldn't she have done it under your direction?" inquired her husband, very coolly, "Under my direction? I should like to see a dinner cooked under my direction." "Why so?" asked the husband, in surprise, "you certainly do not mean that you cannot cook a dinner." "I certainly do, then," replied his wife; "how should I know anything about cooking?" The husband was silent, but his look of astonishment perplexed and worried his wife. "You look very much surprised," she said, after a moment or two had elapsed. "And so I am," he answered; "as much surprised as I should be at finding the captain of one of my ships unacquainted with navigation. Don't you know how to cook, and the mistress of a family! Jane, if there is a cooking school anywhere in the city, go to it, and complete your education, for it is deficient in a very important particular."

THE LITTLE MAID OF ALL WORK.

SUPPER was not ready when Abraham Munday lifted the latch of his humble dwelling, at the close of a long, weary summer day. He was not greatly disappointed, for it often so happened. The table was on the floor, partly set, and the kettle over the fire.

"There it is again!" exclaimed Mrs. Munday, fretfully. "Home from work, and no supper ready. The baby has been so cross!—hardly out of my arms the whole afternoon. I'm glad you've come, though. Here, take him, while I fly around and get things on the table."

Mr. Munday held out his arms for the little one, who sprang into them with a baby shout.

Mrs. Munday did fly around in good earnest. A few pieces of light wood thrown on the fire, soon made the kettle sing, and steam, and bubble. In a wonderfully short space of time all was ready, and the little family, consisting of husband, wife, and three children, were gathered around the table. To mother's arms baby was transferred, and she had the no very easy task of pouring out her husband's tea, preparing cups of milk and water for the two older of the little ones, and restraining the baby, who was grappling first the sugar bowl, then the milk pitcher, and next the tea-pot.

"There!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Munday. And two quick slaps on baby's hand were heard. Baby, of course, answered promptly with a wild scream. But what had baby done? Look into the tea tray—the whole surface is covered with milk. His busy, fluttering hands have overturned the pitcher.

Poor Mrs. Munday lost her temper completely.

"It's no use to attempt eating with this child," said she, pushing her chair back from the table. "I never have any good of my meals."

Mr. Munday's appetite failed him at once. He continued to eat, however, but more hurriedly. Soon he pushed back his chair, also, and rising up, said, cheerfully—

"There, I'm done, Lotty. Give me the baby, while you eat your supper."

And he took the sobbing child from the arms of its mother. Tossing it up and speaking to it in a lively, affectionate tone of voice, he soon restored pleasure to the heart, and smiles to the countenance of the little one.

Mrs. Munday felt rebuked for her impatience. She often suffered from these silent rebukes. And yet, the trials of temper she daily endured were very great. No relish for

food was left. The wants of the two children were attended to, and then, while Mr. Munday still held the baby, she busied herself in clearing off the table, washing up the tea things, and putting the room in order.

An hour later. Baby was asleep, and the other children with him, in the land of dreams. Mrs. Munday was busy sewing on a little frock, and Mr. Munday sat with his face turned from the light, in a brown study.

"Lotty," said the latter, waking up from his reverie, and speaking with considerable emphasis—"It's no use for you to keep going on in this way any longer. You are wearing yourself out. And what's more, there's no comfort at home for anybody. You must get a woman to help about the house."

"We can't afford it, Abraham," was Mrs. Munday's calm, but decided answer.

"We must afford it, Lotty. You are killing yourself."

"A woman will cost a dollar and a quarter a week, and her board at least as much more. We can't spare that sum—and you only getting ten dollars a week."

The argument was unanswerable. Mr. Munday sighed and was silent. Again his face was turned from the light; and again the hand of his wife plied quickly the glittering needle.

"I'll tell you what we might do," said Mrs. Munday, after the lapse of nearly ten minutes.

"Well?"—her husband turned towards her, and assumed a listening attitude.

"We might take a small girl to help in the family. It would only cost us her victuals and clothes."

Mr. Munday mused for sometime before answering. He didn't just like the proposition.

"Anything," he at length said, "to lighten your labor. But, can you get one?"

"I think so. You remember poor Mrs. Barrow, who died last month? She left a little girl, about eleven years old, with no one to see after her but an old aunt, who, I've heard, isn't very kind to the child. No doubt she would be glad to get her into a good place. It would be very easy for her here. She could hold the baby, or rock it in the cradle while I was at work about the house—and do a great many little things for me that would lighten my task wonderfully. It's the very thing, husband"—added Mrs. Munday, with animation, "and if you agree, I will run over and see Mrs. Goosh, her aunt, in the morning before you go to work."

"How old did you say she was?" inquired Mr. Munday.

"She was eleven in the spring, I believe."

"Our Aggy is between nine and ten."

Something like a sigh followed the words, for the thought of having his little Aggy turned out, motherless, among strangers, to do drudgery and task work, forced itself upon his mind.

"True. But a year or so makes a great difference. Besides, Anna Barrow is an uncommonly smart girl for her age."

Mr. Munday sighed again.

"Well," he said, after being silent for a few moments, "you can do as you think best. But it does seem hard to make a servant of a mere child like that."

"You call the position in which she will be by too harsh a name," said Mrs. Munday. "I can make her very useful without overtaking her. And then, you know, as she has got to earn her own living, she cannot acquire habits of industry too soon."

Mrs. Munday was now quite in earnest about the matter, so much so that her husband made no further objection. On the next morning, she called round to see Mrs. Gooch, the aunt of Anna Barrow. The offer to take the little girl was accepted at once.

When Mr. Munday came home at dinner time, he found the meal all ready and awaiting his appearance. Mrs. Munday looked cheerful and animated. In a corner of the room sat a slender little girl, not very much larger than Aggy, with the sleeping baby in her arms. She lifted her eyes timidly to the face of Mr. Munday, who gave her a kind look.

"Poor, motherless child?" Such was his thought.

"I can't tell you how much assistance she is to me," whispered Mrs. Munday to her husband, leaning over to him as they sat at the table. "And the baby seems so fond of her."

Mr. Munday said nothing, but before his mind was distinctly pictured his own little girl, a servant in the home of a stranger. On his return from work in the evening everything wore a like improved appearance. Supper was ready, and Mrs. Munday had nothing of the worried look so apparent on the occasion of her first introduction to the reader. Everything wore an improved appearance, did we say? No, not everything. There was a change in the little orphan girl; and Mr. Munday saw, at a glance, that the change, so pleasant to contemplate, had been made at her expense. The tidy look, noticed at dinner time, was gone. Her clothes were soiled and tumbled; her hair had lost its even, glossy appearance, and her manner showed extreme weariness of body and

mind. She was holding the baby. None saw the tears that crept over her cheeks, as the family gathered around the tea-table, and forgetful of her enjoying their evening meal.

Supper over, Mrs. Munday took the baby and undressed it, while Anna sat down to eat her portion of food. Four times, ere this was accomplished, did Mrs. Munday send her up to her chamber for something wanted either for herself or the child.

"You must learn to eat quick, Anna," said Mrs. Munday, ere the little girl, in consequence of these interruptions, was half through her supper. Anna looked frightened and confused, pushed back her chair, and stood gazing inquiringly at the face of her mistress.

"Are you done?" the latter coldly asked.

"Yes, ma'am," was timidly answered.

"Very well. Now I want you to clear off the table. Gather up all the things and take them out in the kitchen. Then shake the table cloth, set the table back, and sweep up the room."

Mr. Munday looked at his wife, but said nothing.

"Shall I help Anna, mother?" inquired Aggy.

"No," was rather sharply answered. "Have you studied your lesson?"

"No, ma'am."

"Go about that, then; it will be as much as you can do before bed."

Mrs. Munday undressed her baby, with considerable more deliberation of manner than usual, observing all the while the proceedings of Anna, and every now and then giving her a word of instruction. She felt very comfortable, as she finally leaned back in her chair, with her little one asleep in her arms. By this time Anna was in the kitchen, where, according to instructions, she was washing up the tea things. While thus engaged, to the best of her small ability, a cup slipped from her hand and was broken on the floor. The sound startled Mrs. Munday from her agreeable state of mind and body.

"What's that?" she cried.

"A cup, ma'am," was the trembling answer.

"You're a careless little girl," said Mrs. Munday, rather severely. The baby was now taken up stairs and laid in bed. After this, Mrs. Munday went to the kitchen, to see how her little maid of all work was getting on with the supper dishes. Not altogether to her satisfaction, it must be owned.

"You will have to do these all over again," she said—not kindly and encouragingly, but

with something captious and authoritative in her manner. "Throw out that water from the dish-pan and get some more."

Anna obeyed, and Mrs. Munday seated herself by the kitchen table, to observe her movements, and correct them when wrong.

"Not that way"—"Here, let me show you"—"Stop! I said it must be done in this way." "Here—that is right." "Don't set the dishes down so hard; you'll break them—they're not made of iron."

These, and words of like tenor, were addressed to the child, who, anxious to do right, yet so confused as often to misapprehend what was said to her, managed at length to complete her task.

"Now sweep up the kitchen, and put things to rights. When you're done, come in to me," said Mrs. Munday, who now retired to the little sitting-room, where her husband was glancing over the daily paper, and Aggy engaged in studying her lesson. On entering, she remarked,

"It's more trouble to teach a girl like this, than to do it yourself."

Mr. Munday said nothing; but he had his own thoughts.

"Mother, I'm sleepy; I want to go to bed," said Fanny, younger by two or three years than Aggy.

"I don't want to go yet; and besides, I haven't got my lesson," said the older sister.

"Wait until Anna is done in the kitchen, and she will go up and stay with you. Anna!" Mrs. Munday called to her, "make haste! I want you to put Fanny to bed."

In a few minutes Anna appeared, and, as directed, went up stairs with Fanny.

"She looks tired. Hadn't you better tell her to go to bed also," suggested Mr. Munday.

"To bed!" ejaculated Mrs. Munday, in a voice of surprise, "I've got something for her to do besides going to bed."

Mr. Munday resumed the reading of his paper, and said no more. Fanny was soon asleep.

"Can't Anna go up with me now? I'm afraid to go alone," said Aggy, as the little girl came down from the chamber.

"Yes, I suppose so. But you must go to sleep quickly. I've got something for Anna to do."

Mr. Munday sighed, and moved himself uneasily in his chair. In half an hour Anna came down—Aggy was just asleep. As she made her appearance, the baby awoke and cried out.

"Run up and hush the baby to sleep before he gets wide awake," said Mrs. Munday.

The weary child went as directed. In a little while the low murmur of her voice was heard, as she attempted to quiet the babe by singing a nursery ditty. How often had her mother's voice soothed her to sleep with the self-same words and melody. The babe stopped crying; and soon all was silent in the chamber. Nearly half an hour passed, during which Mrs. Munday was occupied in sewing.

"I do believe that girl has fallen asleep," said she at length, letting her work drop in her lap, and assuming a listening attitude.

"Anna!" she called. But there was no answer.

"Anna!" The only returning sound was the echo of her own voice.

Mrs. Munday started up, and ascended to her chamber. Mr. Munday was by her side, as she entered the room. Sure enough; Anna had fallen asleep, leaning over on the bed where the infant lay.

"Poor motherless child!" said Mr. Munday, in a voice of tender compassion that reached the heart of his wife, and awakened there some womanly emotions.

"Poor thing! I suppose she is tired out," said the latter. "She'd better go to bed."

So she awakened her, and told her to go up into the garret, where a bed had been made for her on the floor. Thither the child proceeded, and there wept herself again to sleep. In her dream that night, she was with her mother, in her own pleasant home, and she was still dreaming of her mother and her home, when she was awakened by the sharp voice of Mrs. Munday, and told to get up quickly and come down, as it was broad daylight.

"You must kindle the fire and get the kettle on in a jiffy."

Such was the order she received on passing the door of Mrs. Munday's room.

We will not describe, particularly, the trials of this day for our poor little maid of all work. They were very severe, for Mrs. Munday was a hard mistress. She had taken Anna as help, though not with the purpose of overworking or oppressing her. But now that she had some one to lighten her burdens and "take steps for her," the temptation to consult her own ease was very great. Less wearied than in days past, because relieved of scores of little matters about the house, the aggregate of which had worn her down, she was lifted somewhat above an appreciative sympathy for the child, who, in thus relieving her, was herself heavily overtaken. Instead of merely holding the baby for Mrs. Munday, when it was awake and would

not lie in its cradle, and doing for her the "little odd turns," at first contemplated, so as to enable her the better to get through the work of the family, the former at once began to play the lady, and to require of Anna not only the performance of a great deal of household labor, but to wait on her in many instances where the service was almost superfluous.

When Mr Munday came home at supper time, he found his wife with a book in her hand. The table was set, the fire burning cheerfully, and the hearth swept up. The baby was asleep in its cradle, and as Mrs. Munday read, she now and then touched gently with her foot the rooker. This he observed through the window, without himself being seen. He then glanced into the kitchen. The kettle had been taken from the fire—the teapot was on the hearth, flanked on one side by a plate of toast, and on the other by a dish containing some meat left from dinner, which had been warmed over. These would have quickened his keen appetite, but for another vision. On her knees, in the middle of the room, was Anna, slowly, and evidently in a state of exhaustion, scrubbing the floor. Her face, which happened to be turned towards him, looked worn and pale, and he saw at a glance her red eyes, and the tears upon her cheeks. While he yet gazed upon her, she paused in her work, straightened her little form with a wearied effort, and clasping both hands across her forehead, lifted her wet eyes upwards. There was no motion of her wan lips, but Mr. Munday knew that her heart, in its young sorrow, was raised to heaven. At this moment, the kitchen door was opened, and Mr. Munday saw his wife enter.

"Eye-service!" said she, severely, as she saw the position of Anna. "I don't like this. Not half over the floor yet! Why, what have you been doing?"

The startled child bent quickly to her weary task, and scrubbed with a new energy imparted by fear. Mr. Munday turned, heart-sick, from the window, and entered their little sitting-room, as his wife came in from the kitchen. She met him with a pleasant smile, but he was grave and silent.

"Don't you feel well?" she inquired, with a look of concern.

"Not very well," he answered, evasively.

"Have you felt bad all day?"

"Yes. But I am heart-sick now."

"Heart-sick! What has happened, Abraham?"

Mrs. Munday looked slightly alarmed.

"One whom I thought full of human kindness has been oppressive, and even cruel."

"Abraham! What do you mean?"

"Perhaps my eyes deceived me!" he answered—"perhaps it was a dream. But I saw a sight just now to make the tears flow."

And as Mr. Munday spoke, he took his wife by the arm, and led her out through the back door.

"Look!" said he, "there is a poor motherless child, scarcely a year older than our Aggy!"

Anna had dropped her brush again, and her pale face and tearful eyes were once more uplifted. Was it only a delusion or fancy; or did Mrs. Munday really see the form of Mrs. Barrow, stooping over her suffering child, as if striving to clasp her in her shadowy arms?

For a few moments, the whole mind of Mrs. Munday was in a whirl of excitement. Then stepping back from the side of her husband, she glided through the open door, and was in the kitchen ere Anna had time to change her position. Frightened at being found idle again, the poor child caught eagerly at the brush which lay upon the floor. In doing so, she missed her grasp, and weak and trembling from exhaustion, fell forward, where she lay motionless. When Mrs. Munday endeavored to raise her up, she found her insensible.

"Poor—poor child!" said Mr. Munday, tenderly, his voice quivering with emotion, as he lifted her in his arms. He bore her up to the children's chamber, and laid her on their bed.

"Not here," said Mrs. Munday. "Up in her own room."

"She is one of God's children, and as precious in His sight as ours," almost sobbed the husband, yet with a rebuking sternness in his voice. "She shall lie here!"

Mrs. Munday was not naturally a cruel woman; but she loved her own selfishly; and the degree in which this is done, is the measure of disregard towards others. She forgot, in her desire for service, that her little servant was but a poor, motherless child, thrust out from the parent nest, with all the tender longings of a child for love, and all its weaknesses and want of experience. She failed to remember that, in the sight of God, all children are equally precious.

But the scales fell from her eyes. She was rebuked, humbled, and repentant.

"Anna must go back to her aunt," said Mr. Munday, after the child had recovered from her brief fainting fit, and calmness was once more restored to the excited household.

"She must remain," was the subdued, but firm answer. "I have dealt cruelly with her."

Let me have an opportunity to repair the wrong she has suffered. I will try to think of her as my own child. If I fail in that, the consciousness of her mother's presence will save me from my first error."

And Anna did remain—continuing to be Mrs. Munday's little maid-of-all-work. But her tasks, though varied, were light. She was never again overburdened, but treated with a judicious kindness that won her affections, and made her ever willing to render service to the utmost of her ability.

TO VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

BY E. C. S.

THE grass is sprinkled with yellow leaves,
A goldenly brodered vest,
Which the glowing hand of the autumn weaves,
To cover the summer's breast:
And the lonesome wind, like a mourner grieves,
Where the whispering shadows rest.

I list to the aspen's musical prayer,
I look where the sunbeams twine
Their light with the leaves that so brightly fair
Lie clear on October's shrine:
Yet gentle stranger no light is there,
No music so soft as thine.

I gather love from each glowing word,
And dew from each bloom of thought,
And tones of music that like a bird,
Thy spirit's harp hath wrought!
And my soul's deep waves are softly stirred
By dreams which thy name hath brought.

I nurse the love in my throbbing heart,
The dew in its timid flowers,
And the music dreams are shrined apart
To brighten my lonely hours:
And I give to thee the tears that start
In my young heart's shadowy bowers.

Sweet stranger-bird may I come to thee
With the tender name of friend—
And wilt thou receive it willingly
The tribute of love I send?
And chide me not for the strains will be,
Too humble to offend!

UNDERTAKINGS.

"Tis easier to undertake than to retract, especially in momentous affairs. Good, excellent is the advice of the poet Shenstone, "Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it."

A PICTURE.

BY MINNIE MARY LEE.

WITHIN a range of mountains tall,
'Neath lovely skies most deeply blue,
A landscape lies so glorious all,
You would believe it fashioned new.
And you would deem it was the gem
Most precious on earth's jeweled breast,
The diamond of her diadem,
More rich and rare than all the rest.

A lake translucent glistens near;
Afar in distance flows the sea,
The softest clouds, in ether clear,
Fling shadows o'er the flowery lea.
A cottage nestles here and there,
In vale, on hill, and pleasant lawn,
From which, come orisons of prayer,
At flush of gloaming, and of dawn.

A quiet peace reigns there supreme;
Each soul from Nature seems to win
A loveliness and charm serene,
That sweetly lets some angel in.
Old age, with its pale silver hair,
Its furrowed brow and tottering form,
Doth still the charm of childhood wear,
With virtue, love, and truth is warm.

This quiet scene, 'mid mount and grove,
So simple, yet so truly grand,
Was one wherein my childhood wove
Its visions of the fairy land,
Wherein I took, from earth and sky,
A rapture to my heart and brain,
A picture fair, and poetry,
And music's soft and sweet refrain.

Rare gems of Nature and of Art,
In balmy South, and glowing West,
Have charmed my eye, but ah, my heart
Turns to this fair home-scene for rest!
And sweeter, dearer, comes to be
This mountain-circled vale, as years
Flow back to swell Time's surging sea,
And smiles of life grow sad with tears.

As sat I by my evening fire
My eye on glowing radiance bent,
Sweet memory played upon her lye,
And radiant visions came and went,
But *this* one of that pleasant scene,
So fair and charming rose to view;
I caught it from my tangled dream,
All glittering with a golden sheen,
And here it is, dear one, for you.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity.—
Addison.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

ELLEN MAPLE'S FIRST LETTER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Dear Cousin Lucy,—You see that I haven't forgot my promise to write, and tell you all about New Year's Eve at grandpa's.

It was almost dark when Uncle Edward and I left the cars, and we found Tim. (the hired man) waiting for us, in grandpa's old two-seat wagon. We were snugly stowed away in the buffalo-skins, and after a ride of two miles over the hard, frozen ground, with the long, bare fields stretching away on either side to the hills, we drove up in front of the house.

It is a large two-story building, with a deep lawn, and a piazza in front. Uncle Edward carried me in his arms right into the sitting-room, where the girl was just laying the cloth for supper. Grandpa sat on one side of the stove, he wore his great silver bowed spectacles, just as you remember he did that time he visited the city, when we were very little girls, and he was reading the newspaper.

Aunt Mary sat opposite him sewing, and Cousin Charlie was by the window, with a new pair of skates, which he was examining so intently that he only looked up a moment as I came in. He is a great rough boy of his age, which is only eleven, and not at all handsome, though very smart, and I made up my mind at once that I shouldn't like him at all.

Well, Grandpa and Aunt Mary kissed me very warmly, and he held me at arm's length and peered at me through his great spectacles and said, "She's more of a Maple than a Martin, isn't she, Mary?"

"Oh yes," answered Aunt Mary, "Ellen's father every inch of her." And then she turned suddenly to Charlie, saying, "Come and welcome your cousin, my dear."

He came forward, slow and awkward, blushing away up to the roots of his thick, bristling flaxen hair, and he said, away down in his throat, as he gave me his hand, "I'm very glad to see you, Cousin Ellen," but I knew that he wished all the time that I was at the other side of the world.

"Oh, come now, Charlie, that'll never do," spoke out Uncle Edward—and there was such a merry laugh in his eyes—"just put your arms round your cousin and give her a good hug, and a real warm smack. That's the right way to treat the girls when they come to see you."

Oh, Lucy Maple! if you could have seen that boy's face just that minute, it was the color of the peonies in our front yard, and I was so ashamed at being spoken to in that way before a boy, that I could have burst right out crying.

Charlie muttered something in his throat, and then turned and bolted straight out of the room. Uncle Edward leaned back in his chair and laughed until the tears fairly started in his eyes, and Aunt Mary said, "Now, father, you have done it—you were too bad to vex him like that."

"Nonsense, my dear," he answered, "It'll do him good; for he wanted the bashfulness taken out of him a little; but it was a capital joke to see the poor boy's confusion."

Charlie eat his supper in silence, and though I sat just opposite to him, I don't think he looked at me once during the whole meal, and after tea he went right off to the corner and a book, without taking the slightest notice of me.

And all the rest of us sat around the stove, and Aunt Mary asked me a host of questions about papa and mamma and you, and finally she glanced off to Charlie's corner, and said, "See here, Charlie, I feel just as if I should like some parched corn this evening."

"Well, mother, I'll get some for you," he said, closing his book, and marching off to the kitchen-door.

"Stop a minute," called out his mother; "I don't believe but what Ellen would like to help you shell the corn. Just take her along with you, and show her how."

He didn't answer one word, but he held open the door, and I followed him into the kitchen. It was a low, old-fashioned room, with an immense fireplace, for grandpa likes to sit here and look at the fire, just as he did when he was a boy of Charlie's age. There was no light in the room, but it was full of a beautiful crimson glow from the flames.

So Cousin Charlie brought in a basket filled with small ears of corn, and we had to sit down close together, because the tin pan was in my lap, and we went to shelling corn. For a long time we didn't speak to each other, but somehow—I forget just how it happened—we fell talking to each other.

And at last Charlie poured the kernels into an old iron spider, and set it on the bed of hot coals, and the corns one and another began to swell and burst out, in a way that reminded me for all the world of the white buds that used to break out snowy leaf by leaf into roses, under the sitting-room window, and I clapped my hands and laughed outright to watch the corns grow into white blossoms; and Cousin Charlie laughed, too, and afterward there was no more silence betwixt us.

That boy can talk, I tell you, Cousin Lucy, and somehow I forgot how homely he was, when he told me about his going nutting last fall, and what a glorious time the boys had skating on the pond

at Christmas; and when I said, I have never seen a chestnut tree in my life, or a pond either, he opened his great big blue eyes, and stared at me in pitying amazement.

And he answered, "Well, it is too bad to be a girl and have to live in the city—that's a fact. Did you ever go sledding, Cousin Ellen?"

"Never in the world."

"Well, you shall to-morrow, on Beacon hill, and if you don't like it, I'll pull you over to the tree where I found my gray squirrel, last spring."

But this is such a long story that I can't tell you about it now, Cousin Lucy; and then we chatted as fast as we could, about the city and the country, until at last Aunt Mary came into the room and said, with her pleasant smile, "Well, how about my parched corns? You and Ellen seem to be so busy you've forgotten all about me!"

Charlie pointed to a dishful, and we had been eating all the time we talked.

"Well, I must leave them now. Do you suspect it's time for prayers, my son?"

"O—h, mother!"

She pointed to the great old-fashioned clock in the corner, and, sure enough—it was nine! I could scarcely believe my eyes.

"Time goes fast when we have pleasant company, doesn't it?" said Aunt Mary, and then we followed her into the sitting-room.

Somehow that prayer of grandpa's made me feel good, Cousin Lucy.

He prayed that the sojourn of the little girl under the roof which sheltered her mother's youth, might be a happy and a blessed one, and that all the present and the absent might at last be gathered under that blessed *home-roof*, where the year never fell, as this one had, into coldness and decay and death. Then Aunt Mary took me up to my room, the strangest, cosiest chamber, with high bed-posts, and great white curtains hung all around it, and the feather-bed was built up so high I could not clamber into it.

But I fell asleep very soon, and dreamt that Cousin Charlie and I were sledding down hill, and hunting squirrels, through the whole night.

So this, Cousin Lucy, was my New Year's Eve at Grandpa's—a very happy one—and I have only time to wish that same evening filled your stocking with gifts, and your heart with gladness, and to tell you that I am still

Your loving cousin.

ELLEN MAPLE.

MAGGIE AND HER PETS.

THE LITTLE CHICKEN.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

ONE day, about a month after Maggie had given her little kitten to Tommy, she came into the kitchen, and, after she had kissed her mamma, she sat down on a little stool, and leaned her curly little head on

her hand very thoughtfully. Her mamma was busy, but she soon saw how quiet Maggie was, and said to her, after awhile,

"Maggie, dear, don't you want your kitten back again," for she wanted to hear what her little girl would say.

"No, mamma; I am very glad Tommy has got my little Fanny, but I can't help missing her sometimes—that is not wrong, is it, mamma?"

"No, dear, that is not wrong, but now go and get the little basket that is on the table in the next room, and see what is in it."

Maggie started up in an instant, and soon had the basket, and what do you think she found in it?—One of the prettiest little chickens she had ever seen. It lay on a bunch of white wool, and it was no larger than a bird, and covered with a soft, silky yellow down. Its little eyes were as round and bright as black beads, and, as soon as it saw Maggie, it jumped up and said, "Chip—chip—chip," and looked at her so cunningly.

"Oh! mamma, whose is it? and where did it come from?" cried Maggie. "Oh! mamma, what a dear little thing it is—is it mine?"

"It is yours, dear, and your Aunt Lizzie sent it to you, and you must take good care of it, for I am going to let you have it to feed, and take care of, till it gets big enough to run with the other chickens."

Now Maggie was such a kind-hearted, careful little girl, her mother was not afraid to trust her with the little chicken. She was so tender-hearted, that she would even mourn over the dead flies she would sometimes find in the windows. Maggie was so glad, when she found that the chicken was really hers, that at first she scarcely knew what to do with herself, but she soon thought it must be hungry, so she asked her mamma to please give her a little corn-meal in a cup, and then she put a little water in, and mixed it all together in a soft dough, which she gave to her chicken. She put her chicken on the table, and scattered bits of dough before it, and it ran all about and ate so cunningly, that it made Maggie laugh merrily. She had seen the little chickens running about with the old hens many a time, but they did not seem half so pretty to her as this one of her own, that she could do what she pleased with. The old hens would run at her with their feathers all up, if she tried to catch one of their little ones, but this chicken she could nurse or feed as much as she wished. It was a very cunning little thing, and in a few days it got so it would run all about after Maggie, and it would eat out of her hand, and lie and sleep in her lap, and Maggie loved it as dearly as she had loved her kitten.

It was in April when Maggie got her chicken, and the leaves were getting green on the trees, and the soft grass was springing up in the fields. Soon the beautiful May came with her fair head crowned with flowers. There were blue violets in the meadow, and wild honeysuckles in the wood, and Maggie never grew weary of looking at them, and weaving

them into garlands. How she loved to roam the green fields, and gather the yellow buttercups, the neat little Quaker-lady, or the pretty blue liver-leaf, and nearly everywhere she went her chicken went too; when it got tired of running, or when she *thought* it was tired, she would pick it up, and carry it. She even took it one day to Tommy Benson's, to show it to Fanny; but, when the kitten smelt it, and struck it with her little paw to find out what it was, Maggie was frightened, and made haste to pick it up again, for fear Fanny might hurt it, but Tommy Benson laughed merrily about it; he thought it was so funny to see Fanny strike it with her paw, and smell it. Tommy was almost well, only he was still a little lame, but the Doctor thought he would outgrow the lameness.

Maggie's chicken has got pretty black and yellow feathers on it now, and runs all about with the other chickens. It is more than a year old, and this Spring it hatched out a nice brood of chickens, and it is very proud of them, and so is Maggie. Her mother says they are all hers, and Maggie says she is going to sell them when they get big enough to eat, and she is going to give the money to Widow Benson, to buy Tommy some good warm winter clothes. Is she not a dear, good, little girl? I will repeat to you a nice song, that she sings about her chickens sometimes. Her mother learned it when she was a little girl, and now she has taught it to Maggie.

"Mamma, my little chicken see,
It wants a crumb to pick;
Just see how fast it runs to me,
I'll call it, 'chick, chick, chick.'"

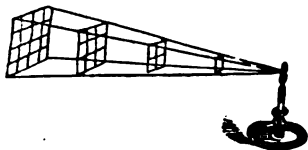
"It's got a bit—the others come,
They all want to divide,
But off it scampers with its crumb,
Behind the tree to hide."

"Stop, naughty chicken, do not take
The whole—that is not fair;
When mamma gives me a piece of cake,
I let my sister share."

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER: OR OPTICAL AMUSEMENTS.

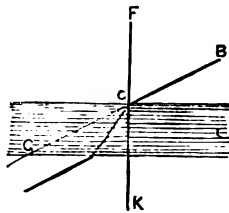
LIGHT AS AN EFFECT.

LIGHT follows the same laws as gravity, and its intensity or degree decreases as the square of the distance from the luminous body increases. Thus, at the distance of two yards from a candle we shall have four times less light than we should have were we only one yard from it, and so on in the same proportion.



REFRACTION.

Bodies which suffer the rays of light to pass through them, such as water or glass, are called refracting media. When rays of light enter these, they do not proceed in straight lines, but are said



to be refracted, or bent out of their course, as seen in the drawing. The ray of light proceeding from *B* through the glass *L G* is bent from the point *C*, instead of passing in the direction of the dotted line. But if the ray *F C* falls perpendicularly on the glass, there is no refraction, and it proceeds in a direct line to *K*; hence refraction only takes place when rays fall obliquely or aslant on the media.

TRANSPARENT BODIES.

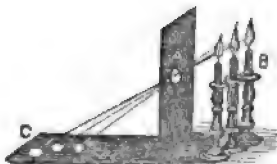
Transparent bodies, such as glass, may be made of such form as to cause all the rays which pass through them from any given point to meet in



any other given point beyond them, or which will disperse them from the given point. These are called lenses, and have different names according to their form. 1. Is called the plano-convex lens. 2. Plano-concave. 3. Double convex. 4. Double concave. 5. A meniscus, so called from its resembling the crescent moon.

TO SHOW THAT RAYS OF LIGHT DO NOT OBSTRUCT EACH OTHER.

Make a small hole in a sheet of pasteboard, *A*, and placing it upright before three candles, *B*, placed closely together, it will be found that the images of all the candle flames will be formed separately on a piece of paper, *C*, laid on the table to receive them. This proves that the rays of light do

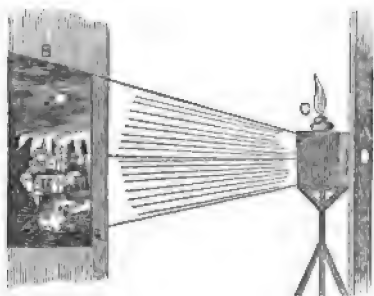


not obstruct each other in their progress, although all cross in passing through the hole.

THE COSMORAMA.

The principle upon which the cosmorama is formed is so simple that any person may easily fit

up one in a small summer-house, &c. Nothing more is necessary than to fix in a hole a double convex lens of about three feet focus, *A*, and at rather less than this distance a picture, *B*, is to be



hung. To absorb all the rays of light but those necessary for seeing the picture, a squared frame of wood, blackened on the inside, is placed between the lens and the picture. The picture may be hung in a large box, having a light coming in upon it from above, or in a small closet, illuminated in the same manner. Should it be wished to show the picture by candle-light, a lamp, *C*, may be placed on the top of the wooden frame, and if the light of this be converged by a lens to a moderate radius, it will be more effective.

NOTHING FINISHED.

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found?

Well, in the first place, I found a "bead-purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one lid of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love;" but *what* she loved was left for me to conjecture. Beneath the Bible lid I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was marked, "To my dear." I need not, however, tell you *all* that I found there; but this much I can say, that during my travels through that work-box, I found not a single article *complete*; and mute as they were, these half-finished forsaken things told me a sad story about that little girl. They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a *useless* child—always doing, but never *accomplishing* her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of *perseverance*. Remember, my dear little friends, that it matters but little what great thing we undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we *mean* to do; but everybody will open their eyes by-and-by, to see what men and women and little children *have done*.

Health Department.

[We take from Hall's Journal of Health, some timely and excellent suggestions, which the wise will read to their own profit.]

WEARING RUBBER SHOES.

THE tendency of India-rubber shoes is to make the feet cold, and in such proportion endanger health; hence, they are useful only in walking, when the ground is muddy or sloshy with melting snow—in these cases they are invaluable, and there is no equal substitute. Two rules should be observed whenever it is possible: when rubbers are on the feet, persons should keep moving, and remove them on entering the house, if it is intended to remain over a few minutes. If the rubbers have been on the feet several hours, both shoes and stockings are necessarily damp by the condensation and confinement of the perspiration, therefore all should be removed, and the naked foot held to the fire until warm and dry in every part; if then a pair of dry stockings are put on, and a pair of warmed and loose slippers or shoes, there will be a feeling of comfort for the remainder of the day, which will more than compensate for the trouble taken, to say

nothing of the ailments averted. But it must not be forgotten, that as India-rubber shoes are impervious to water from without, and ought not to be worn except in muddy weather, and only then while the wearer is in motion, so leather shoes, rendered impervious to water, by blacking or by any other means, should be used like India-rubbers, temporarily, and when walking in mud or slosh. For common purposes the old-fashioned leather boots and shoes are best, if kept well blacked, with several renewals of dry socks during the day, if the feet perspire profusely. As cold and damp feet are the avenues of death to multitudes every year, a systematic attention to the above suggestions would save many a valuable life.

COLDS CURED.

It would be to the saving of human health and happiness, and life itself, if the periodical press would never publish a recipe for any human ail-

ment, which involved the taking of anything into the stomach.

Some scrap-editor characterizes it as an excellent remedy for a cough caused by a common cold, to soak an unbroken egg for forty-eight hours in half a pint of vinegar, then add as much honey, break up all together, and take a teaspoonful for a dose several times a day.

If the writer of that recipe had possessed the smallest amount of common observation, he would have known that if a man begins to cough, as the result of a common cold, it is the result of nature herself attempting the cure, and she will effect it in her own time, and more effectually than any man can do, if she is only let alone, and her instincts cherished. What are those instincts? She abhors food, and craves warmth. Hence, the moment a man is satisfied that he has taken a cold, let him do three things: 1st, eat not an atom; 2d, go to bed and cover up warm in a warm room; 3d, drink as much cold water as he wants, or as much hot herb tea as he can, and in three cases out of four, he will be almost entirely well within thirty-six hours.

If he does nothing for his cold for forty-eight hours after the cough commences, there is nothing that he can swallow that will, by any possibility, do him any good, for the cold, with such a start, will run its course of about a fortnight, in spite of all that can be done, and what is swallowed in the meantime, in the way of physic, is a hindrance and not a good.

"Feed a cold and starve a fever," is a mischievous fallacy. A cold always brings a fever; the cold never begins to get well until the fever begins to subside; but every mouthful swallowed is that much more fuel to feed the fever, and, but for the fact that as soon as the cold is fairly seated, nature, in a kind of desperation, steps in and takes away the appetite, the commonest cold would be followed by very serious results, and in frail people, would be almost always fatal.

These things being so, the very fact of waiting forty-eight hours, gives time for the cold to fix itself in the system, for a cold does not usually cause cough until a day or two has passed, and then to wait two days longer, gives it its fullest chance to do its work before anything at all is done.

THE FEET IN WINTER TIME.

No person can be well long, whose feet are habitually cold; while securing for them dryness and warmth, is the certain means of removing a variety of annoying ailments.

The feet of some are kept more comfortable in winter, if cotton is worn, while woolen suits others better. The wise course, therefore, is for each one to observe for himself, and act accordingly.

Scrupulous cleanliness is essential to the healthful warmth of the feet; hence all, especially those who walk a great deal out of doors during the day in cold weather, should make it a point to dip both feet in cold water on rising every morning, and let

them remain half ankle deep, for half a minute at a time, then rub and wipe dry, dress and move about briskly to warm them up. To such as cannot well adopt this course from any cause, the next best plan is to wash them in warm water every night just before going to bed, taking the precaution to dry them by the fire most thoroughly before retiring; this, besides keeping the feet clean, preserves a natural softness to the skin, and has a tendency to prevent and cure corns. Many a troublesome throat affection, and many an annoying headache will be cured if the feet are kept always clean, warm, soft and dry.

The moment the feet are observed to be cold, the person should hold them to the fire, with the stockings off, until they feel comfortably warm.

MORALS OF SICKNESS.

THERE are certain forms of disease which, while they waste the body, depress the mind, and stupefy the moral sentiment; hence, the wise physician often feels compelled to address his remedies to the mind, to bring the religious element into requisition, in strong appeals to a sense of duty. Sometimes there is not left energy enough for an effort at restoration. This is often the case with clergymen, literary men, and professors in colleges. One of these is like a man just entering the current above the falls of Niagara; he is sensible of his danger, feels that in a short time all effort will be unavailing, yet he has not the moral energy requisite to make use of the means necessary for his deliverance. This condition is in nearly all cases the result of *dyspepsia*, that is, it is the result of a want of thorough digestion of the food, a defect which is brought on by injudicious eating. Persons who use opium, tobacco, liquors, or strong coffee and tea, eventually fall into this same state. No Christian man will have any difficulty in saying that the use of liquors should be given up as a duty, under such circumstances. But let the physician of acknowledged science and ability press upon that same man the duty of abandoning the use of tobacco, or of adopting a plainer mode of feeding, he will find his appeals powerless. Can a man be guiltless who condemns his neighbor for drinking errors, but does not condemn himself for errors in eating? In other cases, where comparatively little is needed beyond a pill or two a month for a short time, except judicious exercise, the prescription is met with, "Well, I cannot spare the time, my professional duties are such that I have not the leisure." But suppose you die, what then? You cannot lose now an hour a day, then ALL time is lost!

Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and firelight of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influences of a bright little domestic sanctum.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

EXPLANATION OF THE PICTURE PLATE—LADY ON THE LEFT.

Manteau Catharine de Médicis of black velvet, cut in the full sack form, drooping to a point on the back and at front. Pagoda sleeves, very ample and flowing. The sleeves and front edges trimmed with rich *passementerie*, which extends around the neck and to an ornament five inches deep on the top of the back. Some of our New York belles edge the bottom with rich *passementerie* and leave the front plain, closing it with *bradenbourgs* and buttons. All cloaks and mantillas being more or less richly trimmed with *passementerie*, and velvet cut figures, leaves the distinctive type of the mode in the cut. The favorite shapes are those of the sack *genre* and the *humous*.

Robe, of Alps violet *taffetas*, pointed body and high, closed with holes and buttons. Skirt plain and sleeves *à pagode* with one puff at the top. Sleeves of muslin, embroidered to harmonize with the collar, and the wristband is closed, with a button and hole.

Hat, of white satin, recovered with a black *treillage* and ornamented with tufts of *violettes*; strings white; gloves, straw-colored kid; lace boots of satin *français*.

SECOND TOILET.—*Manteau-écharpe*, embroidered nearly to the flounce. The back of the mantle forms a *mantelet*, with a deep flounce recovered with a deep fall of guipure. The front is formed into two pointed or square lappets, to suit the taste of the wearer, ending them with the same fall of guipure which trims the back, but narrowing to a point at the bottom of the lappets.

Robe, of gray *taffetas*, high at the neck and pointed at the waist, much like the other dress on the plate.

Bonnet, of crape, trimmed with velvet, and ornamented with tufts of red flowers, like the tint of the lower curtain. A long black lace veil is worn with this bonnet.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

OVER-GARMENTS.—One of the most popular over-garments designed for this winter, by the famous *Maison Gagelin*, is the *Boyard* of velvet cloth, some light color being preferred, to harmonize with the *Astrakan* fur, with which the edges are trimmed. It is cut like a large sack, reaching half way from the knee to the ground, with horizontal pockets at the sides, without flaps. The cut is double-breasted, and there are four buttons and holes up each front;

the buttons are of wood or bone, to match in color, and of the dead-eye make. The *Boyard* is useful on promenades, and, when lined, comfortable for traveling.

The *Marie Thérèse* is a vestment of black velvet and lace—very fashionable—in the shawl shape, fitting at the shoulders, and covered from thence to the bottom with series of flounces and *passementerie* alternating. It is lined with silk. Jet trimmings mix in with the *passementerie*. This is a full dress carriage *mantilla*.

The *Palestrine* is either of velvet or castor cloth, fitting at the shoulders, over which is a mock hood, and all trimmed with black lace and *passementerie*. The mantle is formed by a circular back, extending to the front of the arms, and protecting them, leaving a hole or slash between them and the lap-pet fronts, which extend back to the arms under the circular back.

All over-garments are very long, fitting over the shoulders to a point at the waist, front and back, *à la fichue*, from beneath which the rest of the fall of the cloak is fulled or gathered on, except on the back, where it is attached in three box-plaits. All cloaks are shorter at the sides than they are before and behind; and they are all cut very full from the shoulder-piece and hood to the bottom. Some of them are cut with large flowing wings, and some with jockey, and some with pagoda sleeves. The *Burnous* is cut either with wings or sleeves, or with a fold, as room for the arms. Castor, *c telé*, and velvet, are the favorite materials for ladies' over-garments.

BONNETS.—With the increased size of all outdoor bonnets, there is a corresponding diminishing in the size of *capotes* for wear at the opera. The opera *capote* is made of white, pink, or emerald green crape, velvet *épinglé*, or silk,—shaped to fit the head, with a front precisely square across from the back of each ear, the only trimming being about two yards of white lace, caught under the border, and edge of the curtain, and thrown back over the whole *capote* in a sort of misty halo—a very favorable caping of full costume, which does not detract but rather brightens the intellectuality of the wearer. The hair is then either worn in flat *bandeaux*, or it is crimped at the sides, and worn *boaffante*, if the style of features require it. The *brides* or bonnet-strings are usually white, or otherwise, they harmonize with the trimmings. The wild poppy or rose-bud is sometimes employed on the *capote*, placed on the border near the edge, and the veil thrown over them. We have seen some with the white veil caught up at each side, by the ears, with jeweled *agraffes* and brooches; but this

gives the appearance of involved complexity, and is not so pretty as is the more simple manner of wearing the veil. Of street bonnets, the *Marie Stuart* shape still maintains. The black taffetas bonnet, with a *clow* edging the border and the curtain, and with floral ornaments, ribbons, and strings, of velvet. The shape is new, approaching the cottage, and manifestly an effort to change the shape from the *Marie Stuart*. It is the latest importation from Paris, where it has a very respectable paternity.

ROBES.—For full toilet, the brocades enlivened with small figures embroidered in gold, silver, or silk, distributed a few inches apart throughout, is the cream of the cream. The very low *décolleté* cut is giving place to half-length flowing sleeves, and not exposing the arms entirely, which—though ever so long the fashion—were only appropriate for *demoiselles* and ladies under a certain age. Skirt ornaments are confined to ruffles, embroidery, flounces, and passementerie, in rows round the

skirt, from one to two-thirds up the skirt from the bottom; and the sleeves, of pagoda cut, are trimmed to harmonize with the trimming of the skirt. Pointed bodies have superseded *basques*, and high bodies are preferred for all occasions but the ball-room or private dancing sociables. Neither are bonnets or dresses so elaborately trimmed as they were last year.

The favorite perfumes are the *violettes d'Italie* and *des brises de mai*. Of cosmetics, the *brume de violette* and the *savon de thridace* are preferred for the bath. Furniture for the drawing-room and boudoir is again upholstered with pictorial designs in natural colors, on oval or medallion chair-backs, or three oval pictures on a sofa. The favorite colors of the goods are pink, sky-blue, and white, of reps, brocatelle, or velvet; if of the latter, the pictures are woven with the goods; but if of the former, they are embroidered in silk; though on brocatelle, the ornaments are frequently woven.

New Publications.

WILD SCENES ON THE FRONTIERS; OR, HEROES OF THE WEST. By Emerson Bennett. Philadelphia: *Hawlin & Co.*

Mr. Bennett is at home in the description of Indian and Frontier life. In the sketches that make up this volume; the pictures are drawn with a vigor and fidelity that make them pass before the eyes like a moving panorama. The author is so well known to the public, that his book will be in demand. It is got up in very tasteful style; and the illustrations are particularly fine.

HISTORY OF INDEPENDENCE HALL, FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE PRESENT TIME. Embracing Biographies of the Immortal Signers of the Declaration of Independence, with Historical Sketches of the Sacred Relics preserved in that Sanctuary of American Freedom. By D. W. Belisle. Philadelphia: *James Challen & Son.*

We give the whole of the comprehensive title of this book, which is dedicated to the Hon. Millard Fillmore, ex-President of the United States. The work of preparing such a volume, may be considered more a labor of love than profit; but, we should think, that the demand for it would be so large, as to return golden recompense to all engaged in its production and publication. It is handsomely printed, and contains several illustrations.

THE SEA OF ICE; OR THE ARCTIC ADVENTURES. By Percy St. John. Boston: *Mayhew & Baker.*

Here is another fascinating book for boys, written in the Robinson Crusoe vein, and embracing the phenomena of the far north, which is correctly described in accordance with the latest authorities. The scenes presented are those visited by Parry and Franklin.

THE OLD STONE MANSION. By Chas. J. Peterson, Author of "Cruising in the Last War," "Kate Aylesford," &c., &c. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*

Mr. Peterson is a writer of rare powers and versatility. He gives us a fine novel, or a work embracing the facts of history, each in its turn as well defined and vigorous, as if it was in the author's special department of literature. In the present volume, we have a story of real life, drawn with truth to nature, abounding in scenes of absorbing interest, and showing fine constructive power.

POEMS. By Henry Harbaugh, author of "The Seinted Dead," "Heavenly Recognition," &c. Philadelphia: *Lindsay & Blackiston.*

The author of these poems writes in a vein of chastened religious feeling. Taste, skill in composition, and a fine poetic fancy are seen throughout the volume.

A BUDGET OF HUMOROUS POETRY. Comprising specimens of the best and most humorous productions of the popular American and Foreign poetical writers of the day. By the author of the "Book of Anecdotes and Budget of Fun." Philadelphia: *G. G. Evans.*

The rule laid down by the compiler of this book was, as stated in the preface, "that each piece in the volume should be really funny—something that would, inevitably, raise a good hearty laugh. To this one consideration, everything else has been sacrificed." Among the selections, are some of the best pieces of humorous poetry in the language. In all cases, the name of the author, when known, is given.

WOMEN ARTISTS IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES. By Mrs. Ellett, author of the "Women of the American Revolution." New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Mrs. Ellett gives us a volume that will find among people of taste, a large circle of readers. She has followed, in many of the sketches, a recent compilation by Professor Guhl, a German writer, while the materials for others have been taken from English and American sources. In this manner she has arranged in chronological order, and connected each with a sketch, the names of the women who have acquired celebrity in any of the fine Arts, from the days of the ancient Greeks to the year 1859. In most instances the facts are of necessity very few, but the closing chapters are much more full. The last of all is mainly devoted to a very sprightly sketch of our countrywoman, Miss Hosmer, now at Rome, who has won an honorable fame as a sculptress.

A GOOD FIGHT, AND OTHER TALES. By Charles Reade, author of "Love me Little, Love me Long," &c., with illustrations. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

This latest story, by a favorite author, has already received a wide circulation through leading periodicals and newspapers, and we now have it in the permanent form of a handsomely illustrated volume.

GOLD-FOIL HAMMERED FROM POPULAR PROVERBS. By Timothy Titcomb. Fifth Edition. New York: *Charles Scribner*.

The previous volumes of Timothy Titcomb have made him deservedly a favorite. His manly common sense, independence of thought, and frequent eloquence of style, won for him a place in the public heart which he will long hold. Gold-Foil is not quite so easy in manner as were his "Letters;" but it abounds in well condensed moral lessons, beautifully presented, and runs clear with a philosophy that looks to man's higher and truer life.

SERMONS PREACHED AND REVISED BY REV. C. H. SWURKON. Sixth Series. New York: *Sheldon & Lampson*.

Another volume of sermons, by the enthusiastic English preacher.

MISS LESLIE'S BEHAVIOR BOOK. A Guide and Manual for Ladies, as regards their conversation, manners, dress, &c., &c. With full instructions and advice in Letter Writing, Receiving Presents, Borrowing, Decorum, Parties, and Suggestions in Bad Practices and Habits easily contracted, which no young lady should be guilty of, &c., &c. By Miss Leslie. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers*.

A book teeming with excellent suggestions on the proprieties of life; and well worthy to be read and pondered.

THE LIFE, TRAVELS AND BOOKS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. With an Introduction, by Bayard Taylor. New York: *Rudd & Carleton*.

This well-condensed account of the life, travels, and great literary labors of one of the most remarkable men of the age, should be in the hands

of every young man. The example cannot fail to awaken the mind's latent energies, and stir it with noble purposes. Few men have accomplished so much; and few men have retained to the last, so clear and bright an intellect. The introduction by Bayard Taylor, presents a beautiful picture of the old man, as he saw him not long before he rested from his labors.

THE MERRY KING, AND OTHER POEMS. By Jno. G. Saxe. Boston: *Ticknor & Field*.

Saxe is a master in graceful humorous poetry, and in this volume, we have many of his rarest productions. True humor is not coarse; nor does it make light of sacred things, or send its shafts of wit to wound the weak or unfortunate. If it points an arrow, it is at folly and wickedness; and here it often does the cause of virtue essential service.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE VIRGINIANS. A Tale of the Last Century. By W. M. Thackeray. N. York: *Harper & Brothers*.

FISHER'S RIVER, (North Carolina,) SCENES AND CHARACTERS. By "Skitt," "Who was Raised Thar." Illustrated by John McLennan. N. York: *Harper & Brothers*.

DICK AND HIS FRIEND FIDUS. By Caroline M. Trowbridge. Philadelphia: *Wm. S. & Alfred Martien*.

THE PRAIRIE TRAVELER. A Hand-Book for Overland Expeditions. By Randolph B. Marcy, Captain U. S. Army. Published by authority of the War Department. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

BOOK OF PLAYS, FOR HOME AMUSEMENT. Being a collection of Original, Altered, and Selected Tragedies, Plays, Dramas, Comedies, Farces, Burlesques, Charades, etc., carefully arranged, and specially adapted for Private Representation. With full directions for Performance. By Silas S. Steele, Dramatist. Philadelphia: *Geo. G. Evans*.

SELF EDUCATION; or, the Means and Art of Moral Progress. Translated from the French of M. Le Baron Degerando. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. Boston: *T. O. H. P. Burnham*.

FOUR YEARS ABOARD THE WHALESHIP. Embracing Cruises in the Pacific, Atlantic, Indian and Antarctic Oceans, in the years 1855, '6, '7, '8 and '9. By W. B. Whitticar, Jr. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lipincott & Co.*

LESSONS FROM JESUS; or, the Teachings of Divine Love. By W. P. Balforn. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

EMILIE, THE PEACEMAKER. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart, author of "Truth in Everything," &c. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

LIFE OF THOMAS A'BECKET. By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

Mother's Department.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

THE corset for childhood must be easy, elastic, and so constructed as to support the other clothing. It must have no bones in front; the shoulderstraps must be wide, elastic, and so constructed as to press upon the points of the shoulders, fastening at the same time far down in the back, and in this way drawing back the shoulders and giving prominence to the chest. The under-clothing must be fastened on to the corsets by buttons, and never be tied up with strings, which cut and compress the body. If the whole of those conditions are not complied with, you had better put the corsets in the fire than round your child's body.

If any one desires to know the reason for this, it is to be found in the structure and functions of the heart, lungs, and digestive organs, and the absolute necessity there is for giving freedom to the chest and abdomen. It is a thing never to be forgotten by those who devote themselves to the education of children, that all the forces by which they reach maturity are internal, and are always rushing towards the external world for nutrition. Hunger, thirst, and respiration are incessantly laying hold of the material to supply the stomach market with goods; whilst the senses are always appropriating the ideal aspects of nature and transmitting them to the understanding, which may be denominated the spiritual stomach. The eyes see, and the ears hear, by virtue of the capacity which is inherent in them. No mortal can impart that capacity; what he can do is to direct, nurture, and develop it. But the child in an ill contrived corset will be like a bird moped in a cage—wanting in vigor, life, and activity, and consequently power.

Next to the corset and under-clothing, the frock claims our attention. Two things are to be noticed in this; first, that it should fit well over the shoulder; and, secondly, that the material should not be thick and heavy enough for a grandmother, and have an additional load of flounces. It is not uncommon to see a child with a frock so low in the neck that it falls over the shoulder, and rests upon the arms just below. We defy any doctor to give a better prescription for producing a contracted chest and round shoulders than this, and yet—with the dear little creature shuffling and rising the shoulders towards the ears—this practice, either from stupidity or fashion, is persisted in. The poking of the head, the bending of the body, and the protrusion of the scapula may, in the majority of cases, be attributed to this abominable practice.

Precisely in accordance with this dress is the

gait and habit that is imposed with it. Children, when free in their dress and motions, like to run, skip and jump along the streets and lanes like other young animals; but this would be vulgar in Miss Patent-leather, and hence she is expected to walk through the streets with her hands on her waist, and her head and shoulders bent, as soberly as a maiden aunt of forty, who has turned serious since her last disappointment. Few things are more serious than a deformity of the spine. This complaint may, we know, arise from various causes; but the reason why we meet with it so much more frequently in women than in men is, that their dress and habits are such as to make us wonder that the lady is not more general amongst them. A dress such as we have been describing possesses every qualification for insuring a curvature of the spine. During much of the time that they are in school, and more especially whilst drawing and writing, children must bend the shoulders in order to perform their work; but when they rise out of that position they should be perfectly free, for to tie their arms down by an ill contrived frock is to keep them bent—is to cause a permanent deformity. We wish to impress it upon the teacher that, in this matter, it is not simply the form and beauty of the child that are interfered with, health and even life itself are at stake; and, as you value its future happiness, do not subject it to treatment so inimical to its proper growth.

The only remaining observation that our space allows us to make is, that the weight of the clothing should be properly distributed over every part of the body. The clothing of a child should be light; but even a weight of a few ounces may be quite enough to cause a yielding, if the pressure be permanent upon some particular part; besides, it has a tendency to induce a shuffling and uneasy habit.

It requires an artist to dress a child well, so far as beauty is concerned, because it needs an appreciation of form, color, temperament, and a number of other niceties, to adapt the dress to the wearer; but ease, comfort, utility, are within the reach of all who are not either too vain or too stupid to approve of them. The child must always be upright, free, and able to move its limbs in any direction; and if the clothing will not permit this, cut it to pieces, or give it away; but pray do not punish your child by compelling it to wear a badly fitting garment. For bear in mind that, to those little innocents who are entrusted to your care, health is the fabric, and education only the ornament which is to adorn it.

Hints for Housekeepers.

CONSOMME, OR FRENCH WHITE BROTH.—Cut lean veal and ham into small slices, put them into a stew-pan, with a piece of butter, an onion, a few blades of mace, and a bit of thyme. Cook the whole over a very slow fire, and thicken with flour. Add an equal quantity of good veal broth, and cream. Let it boil for an hour, stirring all the time, and then strain and serve.

GINGER BUNS.—Stir three quarters of a pound of butter and half a pound of sugar to a cream; add half a nutmeg, grated, one tea-spoonful of caraway seeds, and a table-spoonful of ginger. Stir all well together. Add two eggs, beaten light. Then stir in gradually one pound of flour. Moisten with milk, until it can be easily worked. Knead well. Bake in small tins in a quick oven. This is an excellent family cake, as it keeps fresh and good for several days.

TO DETECT BUTTER ADULTERATED WITH LARD.—Throw a small piece of the suspected butter into a clear fire, and if it burns with a crackling noise it is adulterated.

BLANCHMANGE OF RICE FLOUR.—Let three pints of milk boil; when boiling, add half a pound of rice flour, mixed with cold milk to a thin paste. Put in half a pound of loaf sugar, a little lemon peel, and cinnamon. Let it boil ten minutes, stirring all the time. Take it off, strain, and pour it into moulds. When cold, turn it out. Eat with sugar and cream.

TO RESTORE DECAYED IVORY.—A few years since, Mr. Layard sent to England from the ruins of Nineveh some splendid ivory carvings, which, on being unpacked, were found crumbling to pieces very rapidly. This decay, Professor Owen suggested was owing to the loss of albumen in the ivory; and upon his recommendation, the articles were boiled in a solution of albumen, when the ivory became as firm and solid as when first entombed.

TO REMOVE GREASE SPOTS FROM CRIMSON DAMASK WITHOUT CHANGING THE COLOR.—Upon a deal table lay a piece of woolen cloth or baize, upon which lay smoothly the part stained, with the right side downward. Having spread a piece of brown paper on the top, apply a flat iron just hot enough to scorch the paper. About six or eight seconds is usually long enough for the purpose; after which, rub the stained part with a piece of cap paper, very briskly, and the marks will be found to have gone away.

RECIPTS FOR PASTILLES.—There are various modes of making pastilles. The following are approved recipes:

1. Take of powdered gum benzoin, 16 parts; balsam of tolu, and powdered sandal wood, of each 4 parts; linden charcoal, 48 parts; powdered tragacanth, and true labdanum, of each 1 part; powdered saltpetre, and gum arabic, of each 2 parts; cinnamon water, 12 parts. Beat into the consistence of thick paste, and having made into shape, dry in the air.

2. Gum benzoin, olibanum, storax, of each 12 ozs.; saltpetre, 9 ozs.; charcoal, 4 lbs. powder of pale roses, 1 lb.; essence of roses, 1 oz. Mix with 2 ozs. of gum tragacanth, dissolved in a quart of rose-water.

3. The same formula may be varied, by the substitution of pure orange powder for the roses, and oil of neroli for the essence of roses.

4. By adding a few grains of camphor to the first recipe, a pastille suited to an invalid's chamber is prepared. If the scent of the above seems too powerful, the proportions of saltpetre and charcoal may be increased. Never use musk or civet in pastilles.

MEAT PIE.—As many potatoes washed and sliced as will fill a pie-dish, a little salt and pepper, a sprinkling of finely chopped onions, a tea-cupful of cream (or good milk), a bit of butter the size of a walnut, cover with a meat pie crust, and bake till the potatoes are thoroughly done. If crust is not approved, it is good without.

YULE CAKE.—Take one pound of fresh butter, one pound of sugar, one pound and a half of flour, two pounds of currants, a glass of brandy, one pound of sweetmeats, two ounces of sweet almonds, ten eggs, a quarter of an ounce of allspice, and a quarter of an ounce of cinnamon. Melt the butter to a cream, and put in the sugar. Stir it till quite light, adding the allspice and powdered cinnamon. In a quarter of an hour, take the yolks of the eggs, and work them two or three at a time; and the whites of the same must by this time be beaten into a strong snow, quite ready to work in. As the paste must not stand to chill the butter, or it will be heavy, work in the whites gradually, then add the orange peel, lemon and citron, cut in fine strips, and the currants, which must be mixed in well with the sweet almonds; then add the sifted flour, and a glass of brandy. Bake this cake in a tin hoop, in a hot oven, for three hours, and put sheets of paper under it to keep it from burning.

Editor's Department.

A SHORT ROAD.

"Come, cheer up daughter!
It's a short road home now."

We heard the words, and saw the speaker, as we stood at the gate of the old farm-house, to whose serene stillness and shadowy seclusion we had gone for healing of mind and body.

It was just falling into the quiet of an autumn evening, and the day had been one of the year's farewell smiles. Through the opal air we saw the blue hills, the far off cathedrals of our worship, and betwixt them and us, lay meadow, and pasture lot, and corn-field; with brown insertings of streams, and green embroideries of woodland.

We knew she was his daughter—the little girl who sat in the farm wagon, on the right hand of her father; and he was a bluff, broad-chested, sun-browned man, but his loud tones had something that was like a mother's in them, as he put his strong arm around the small, tired, drooping figure, which sat, in its straw bonnet, and pink ribbon, and calico dress, on his right hand.

And as the lumbering old vehicle rolled away into the dust of the road, we thought of that other Road going up from the table-lands of time to the Mountains of Eternity, and that this also was a "short one."

Short, even though it stretches up through the pain, and weariness, and burden of seventy years—short, though it lies amid the storms and the snows with which the kindest year that ever walked over the earth, has yet covered the face of so many of its nights and days.

There are times, we believe, when this thought—the road to Heaven is a short one—must fill the bravest and most cheerful hearts with solemn gladness; for life to the best and happiest cannot always be here! It has its days of clouds, its nights of darkness, and how painful and pitiful, how hollow and hopeless, seem at these seasons the possessions of a life which is all of this world!

A SHORT ROAD! And yet just think how we travel it, with burdened hands and bleeding feet! Care pinch our souls here, and warp them there; and we say our hopes are gone, and our hearts are broken, when above us the angels may be smiling as they watch day by day, the growth and beauty of that home, under the shadows of whose portals there is rest and quiet forever.

Dear reader! so the foundations of your house are laid there, you have nothing to fear—be of good courage, and take heart, for the "road is a short one." Now, we never yet saw a man who "couldn't talk better than the best could live," and with our narrow horizons of vision, with our heavi-

ness and heart-aches, with lack of sympathy, and sorrows which eat out day by day the blossoms and fruits of life, it is not half so strange as sad, that we meet so many who have settled down into a kind of sullen endurance of life.

But, after all, it is wrong to give up thus: wrong, because life is worth so much, even if it be in a worldly point of view, bankrupt and wrecked. You have, or may have, the title deeds to fair lands, sloping down to the "River of Life," to a home rising serene and stately on its immortal banks, and, what is more than all the rest, to goodness and truth and love forever, and forever!

Oh, they are blessed words; words, whose silver utterance flow sweetly down the borders of the centuries, the comfort, and anchor, and rest, and rejoicing of human hearts—words which never lose their great mysterious fullness and beauty and richness of meaning.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

Dear friend, to whom we call softly with this pen of ours, you must die in a little while. It is likely that the tree is hewn which shall make your coffin. Its green branches may have waved for the last time, rejoicingly, in the summer winds; the birds have built their last nests, and sang their last morning and evening gospels in its boughs. The loom, too, may have been built which shall weave your shroud; and perhaps your feet entering through the gates of another year shall never walk to its close.

But if the green grass be over your head, and your feet on the golden streets, it shall be well with you! So be of good cheer—one by one, you are passing the land-marks—day by day, you are drawing nearer the end of your journey—THE ROAD TO HEAVEN IS A SHORT ONE! V. F. T.

WINTER.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Thou art the Year's great Architect; and high
Thou buildest up white temples to the chant
Of her deep forest organs! Thou dost hew
Thy columns and thy temples from the mist,
Setting them up with masonry of snow!
Thy rafters are of crystal, and each arch
Is thick inlaid with pearls, and all thy beams
Embossed with silver!

Oh, great Architect!
Are we not building silently as thou,
Our houses on the rock or on the sand?
That when the Master cometh He shall hallow

The goodly chambers and the columned halls,
And the far vistaed galleries, and say,
His sweet smile running a new rift of light,
Along the walls, "*Here take I my abode!*"

JANUARY.

Another year is born to us! In pain and weariness and weakness, December went to her death. Anointed with the oil of joy, clad in the garments of praise, January came forth, and the stars of the midnight stood solemn witnesses of the inaugural of another year!

The Chapter is commenced! Three hundred and sixty-five pages of days, which you and I, reader, must read line by line, letter by letter, some in darkness and some in light, as God willeth!

Oh, Happy New Year to you all who shall read, in far apart homes, the greeting we bring you!

Pleasant days and peaceful nights be appointed you; and hours strung with the shining necklaces of good deeds, and gracious words, and if it be otherwise, if it *must* be in the good and loving providence of our Father, that you become acquainted with grief, and pain, and anguish, may the branches of your lives hang thick with the golden clusters of faith, and patience, and endurance.

V. F. T.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK.

It always gives us pleasure to speak of this admirable magazine, which seems about as near perfection as a work of the kind can attain. Though just entering upon its sixtieth volume, being the oldest literary periodical in the country, it has the freshness of youth, and shows the spirit of our progressive times as thoroughly as if it had only been in existence half a dozen years. We remind our readers, in this connection, that for \$3.50, only fifty cents more than the regular price of the Lady's Book, we will send both that and the Home Magazine for a year. See our clubbing terms.

CHILDREN MEASURING THEIR HEIGHT WITH A BRANCH OF FOXGLOVE.

The engraving of this charming piece of statuary cannot fail to attract attention. It is from a group by A. Munro, an English artist. The two sisters, attired in easy flowing drapery, embrace each other with affection; and whilst the younger one looks up with interest to see the measurement, the elder, pressing her hand, looks into her face with a charming expression of tenderness.

The figures, which are modeled with all the graceful slimness of youth, display an elegant elasticity in the action; the workmanship throughout, particularly in the features, in the crisp, wavy tresses, and the light flowing drapery, is commendable in the extreme.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

As you sit in your comfortable home, reader, do not forget the poor of your neighborhood, who, in the inclement winter, may not have a sufficiency of clothing, food or fuel. The poor of your neighborhood it is a part of your special duty to look after. They are at your door, and their wants may not be lightly disregarded. If every family in tolerably easy circumstances, would take charge of some poor widow struggling with her young children for existence; or of some sick or destitute person, how much suffering might be prevented, and how many hearts be made glad.

We give, with pleasure, the following communication from a highly esteemed correspondent, and commend the new paper for which she is about to write to the favor of all. Her communications cannot fail to give it a leading interest.

"LINDEN TERRACE," Sauk Rapids, Min.

Nov. 9th, 1859.

MR. ARTHUR,—Will you permit me, through the pages of your Magazine, to address myself to your readers upon a subject pertaining more to business than to literature perhaps. We are about to establish at Sauk Rapids a newspaper, to be entitled "The New Era," the first page of which, under my supervision, is to be devoted to literary and moral miscellany. I have so long been an occasional contributor to your pages, and have by this means gained so many dear and valued friends, that I am emboldened to take this method of informing them of the new position I am about to assume. For the purpose, of course, of soliciting their interest and obtaining their subscriptions. The first number of "The New Era," will appear early in January. Subscription price \$1.00 a year. Will not Katie, and Fanny, and Gerty, and many another one, whose face is unknown to me, but whose affectionate missive has found me in this far-away country, go out among their friends, and send us a good many names? And we will tell them much of this beautiful country, of our early experiences in wilderness life, of the Indians who still approach our borders, etc., etc. Address

MINNIE MARY LEE,
Sauk Rapids, Minnesota.

A BOOK FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

We should think, from the warm commendations given to the "Housekeeper's Friend," by Mrs. Cornelius, a book published by Brown, Taggard & Chase of Boston, that it was a most excellent manual. "A Western Farmer's Wife," writing to the publishers, says:—"Three years since, I exchanged a literary life for the more practical duties of a farmer's wife at the West. I had several cook-books, which I will not name, as a substitute for experience. That of Mrs. Cornelius I have found worth all the rest. I have often recommended it to friends, but never lent it, as I could not do without it a single day. Its especial value consists in the economy of its recipes and the minuteness of the

directions given. I have often thought that if I were rich, I would make a present of a copy to every young friend who became a housekeeper. The present edition is a great improvement on the previous ones in beauty and utility. I should be glad to see you announce the sale of many thousands of copies."

JANUARY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Draped in a robe of bridal dyes,
The earth, a conquered giant, lies,
With folded hands, and closed eyes;
While the white vapors eastward sail,
On the strong pinions of the gale.

Gaunt, fleshless skeletons, the trees,
Shorn of their crown of summer leaves,
Wail sadly in the polar breeze—
And the great hemlocks toss their arms
O'er the wild cliffs of pasture farms.

The school-boy skims adown the hills,
Across the breast of frozen rills,
Over the pond above the mills;
Making the air with laughter ring,
His sled a Throne; himself a King.

The old gray farm-house, low and wide,
Half-hidden on the white hill-side—
Half-hidden in the drifted tide—
Sits like a mourning queen, in state,
Over an empire desolate.

Throughout the long and frosty nights,
The clear sky flames with Northern lights,
Which gild with gold the steel-pale heights;
And silver lamps, the solemn stars,
Look through the blue enameled bars.

Winter! though cold and drear thy reign,
Though hung with ice thy palace fane—
We welcome thee to earth again!
Content to know that God decrees
The winter blast and summer breeze.

PEWS IN CHURCHES.

We gather the following curious facts in regard to the history of pews in churches:—In Anglo-Saxon and some Norman churches of very early date, a stone bench was made to project within the wall running round the whole interior except the east end. In 1319 they are represented as sitting on the ground or standing. About this time the people introduced low, rude, three-legged stools promiscuously over the church. Wooden seats were introduced soon after the Norman conquest. In 1287 a decree was issued in regard to the wrangling for seats so common, that none should call any seat in the church his own except noblemen and patrons, each entering and holding the one he first entered.

As we approach the Reformation, from 1530 to 1540, seats were more appropriated, the entrance being guarded by cross bars, and the initial letters engraved on them. Immediately after the Reformation, the pew system prevailed, as we learn from a complaint the poor Commons addressed to Henry VIII. in 1546, in reference to his decree that a Bible should be in every church at liberty for all to read, because they feared it might be taken into the "guyre" or some "pue." In 1608 galleries were introduced.

As early as 1611, pews were arranged to afford comfort, by being raised or cushioned; while the sides around were so high as to hide those within, (a device of the Puritans to avoid being seen by the officers who reported those who did not stand when the name of Jesus was mentioned.) The services were often greatly protracted, so that many would fall asleep. Hence Swift's pithy allusion:

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.

With the reign of Charles I. the reasons for the heightening of the sides disappeared; and from the civil war they declined gradually to their present height.

"MARRIED AND HAPPY."

This is a theme which suggests a variety of reflections, according to the turn of mind of the party, and has been treated in a variety of ways by poets and artists. With the sentimentalists "the model husband" is a very neatly-dressed young man, reading a book to his wife, and nursing a child on one arm, whilst with his foot he rocks the cradle containing the baby. Miserable old-fashioned bachelors sum up the blessings of married life in the one word "buttons." The artist, Mr. Oakley, aims a dart at the helplessness of bachelor life from another point of view. "What's to become of you when you're ill, and nobody to nurse you?" cries the fiend; and dismal are the reflections conjured up in the too late repentant bosom. Contrast with them the picture before us, in which our hero may absolutely be said to be "enjoying bad health," or making the most of a temporary attack of illness. Look at the snug fire-side, the snug arm-chair, the snug blanket tucked round the patient's knees, the wife's warm shawl gathered over his shoulders by her own affectionate hands; and, to crown all, that soothing basin of gruel—such as none but she can make. Mr. Oakley has treated with great spirit and clearness a subject the homely truth of which many will cheerfully and gratefully recognise.

MENTAL DISEASES.

These are hardest of all to cure. Remedies for a few are given by a certain writer, and we offer them to such of our readers as may happen to be suffering from one or more of the indicated maladies. For a fit of repining this is the remedy:—Look about for the halt and the blind, and visit the bed-ridden, and afflicted, and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter affliction. For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for an hour, and

you will be glad to pull off your coat and work like a negro. For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air; you may speak your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton. For fits of doubt, perplexity and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head, or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for it comes from the Great Physician—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, he will sustain thee."

Publishers' Department.

OUR NEW YEAR.

We offer you, readers and friends, the initial number of the Home Magazine for 1860, and we think you will say that we have kept our promise, on the score of improvement and increased interest. We have all along said, that we would make this work superior to any other Magazine of its price and class, and we unhesitatingly ask a comparison between the Home Magazine for the previous two years and any other two dollar Magazine in the country. Put them side by side, number by number, and we will abide the decision. And now, having distanced all competitors, we shall not fail to keep our place ahead.

The leading design of the *Home Magazine*, as we have so often said, is to furnish a home literature, fully imbued with Christian sentiments—a home literature that comes to the earnest worker in life, and gives him strength for duty; comes to the mourner with words of comfort; to the thoughtless with suggestions of a life-purpose; to the weary one, fainting over her tasks, with a new incentive to action; to husband, father, wife, mother, child, brother, sister, maiden, and young man—to all who have minds to think and hearts to feel, with the inspiration of a high purpose. This is its aim, and one that is never lost sight of. The editors, in performing their tasks, choose those forms in literature that interest the mind most deeply, and so endeavor to charm as well as instruct.

Shall we not have the earnest coöperation of all who recognize in the homes of our land the centres from which go forth the good influences that are to regenerate the land? Good seed, planted here, must produce good fruit. If gentleness, truth, modesty, sobriety, energy, self-reliance, good will, and brotherly kindness be cultivated in our homes, we secure for our children that prosperity and happiness which these virtues are sure to bring, and through them we bless the nation.

NEEDLEWORK PATTERNS.

These will be given throughout the year in an almost endless variety, to the number of many hundreds.

OUR FASHION PLATES.

Our charming colored Steel Fashion Plates, which have been so much admired, will be continued as heretofore, each month. They are prepared for us by Genio C. Scott, of New York, whose admirable taste in matters of dress and fashion is widely acknowledged. These plates in the last four volumes of our Magazine, have been pronounced the finest given in any periodical in this country.

THE BEST TWO DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

We think that our claim for the Home Magazine, as being, in every respect, the leading two dollar Magazine of the country, is now so well established as to be beyond controversy. It is the voice of the press, as well as of the people.

The Nashville (Ind.) *Republican* says:—"It is the cheapest and best of its kind."

"The very best Magazine extant."—*Argus, Corydon, Indiana.*

"Decidedly the best two dollar Magazine."—*Courier, Findley, Ohio.*

"It is the best two dollar Magazine published."—*Democrat, Kenton, Ohio.*

"The best of the two dollar Magazines."—*Sentinel, New Lexington, Ohio.*

"THE YOUNG ARTISTS."

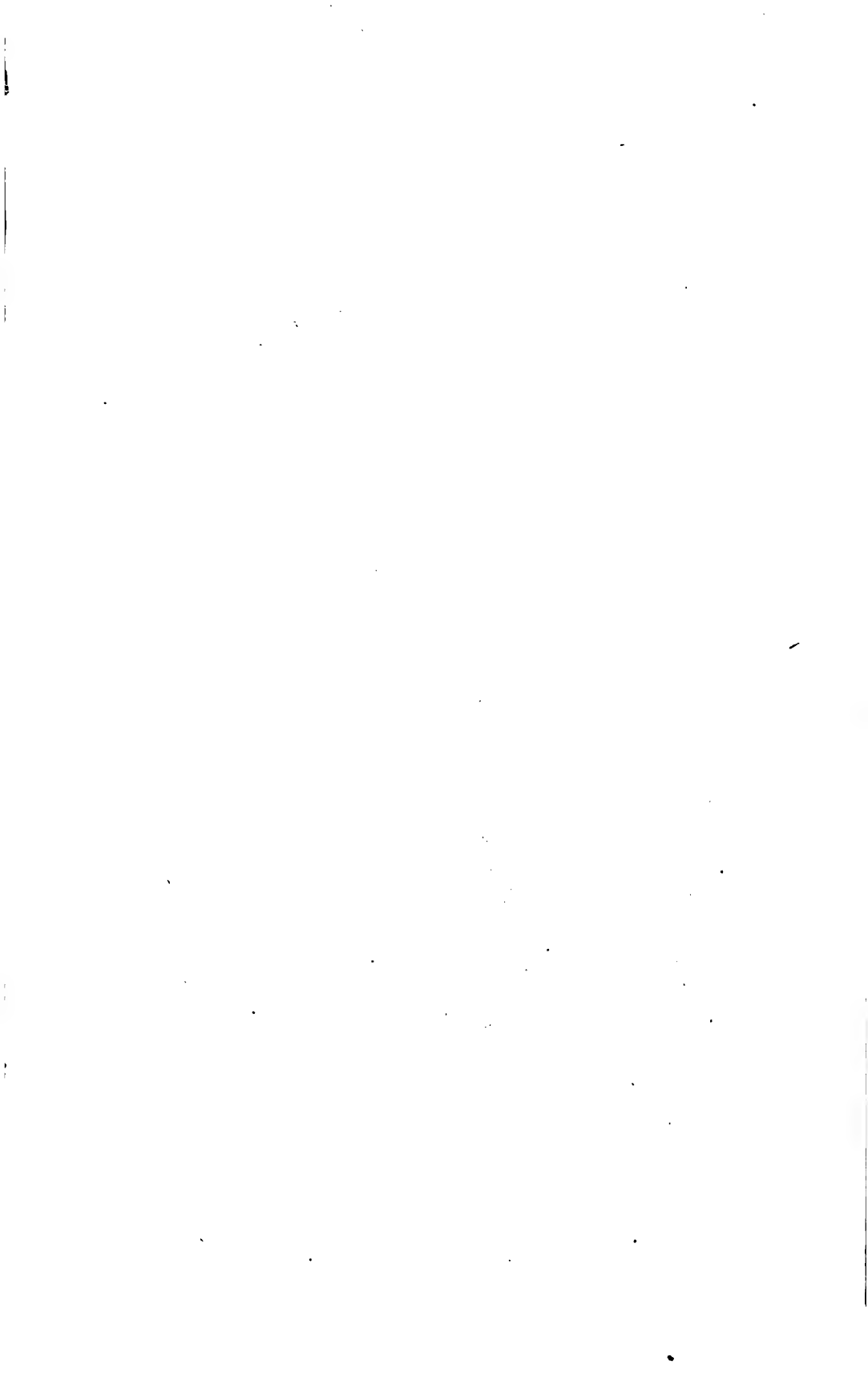
We refer, with pride and pleasure, to our exquisite Steel Engraving *THE YOUNG ARTISTS*. This is the first of the Series of Home pictures, engraved expressly for our Magazine, which were promised among other excellencies and attractions for 1860. Others are in the hands of engravers, and will appear regularly. They will form for the year, the most charming set of plates to be found in any magazine.

CLUBBING.

If you want a good family paper, as well as a Magazine, we will send you the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, and Home Magazine for \$3 per annum.

For \$3.50 we will send you Godey's Lady's Book and Home Magazine.

Or, for \$3.50, we will send you Harper's Magazine and Home Magazine.





OLIVE PLANTS

THE OLIVE PLANT IS A MEMBER OF THE ROSACEAE FAMILY



Designed by C. J. C. & Co. & Co.

HOME MAGAZINE FEBRUARY 1860.



CLINTON, N.Y.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



HOME MAGAZINE FEBRUARY 1860.



OLIVE FRANKS.

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Designed by C. J. F. & H. M. 1860

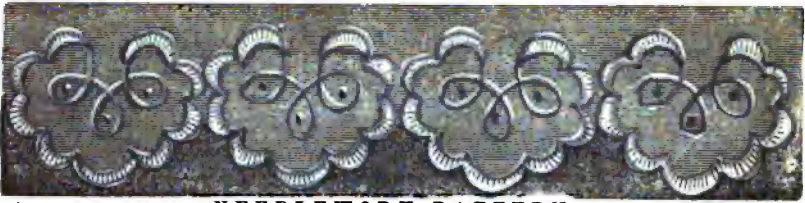
HOME MAGAZINE FEBRUARY 1860.





PROMENADE CLOAK

Furnished by Cooper & Conard, Ninth and Market streets, Philadelphia; and engraved from actual costume, by Neville Johnson.



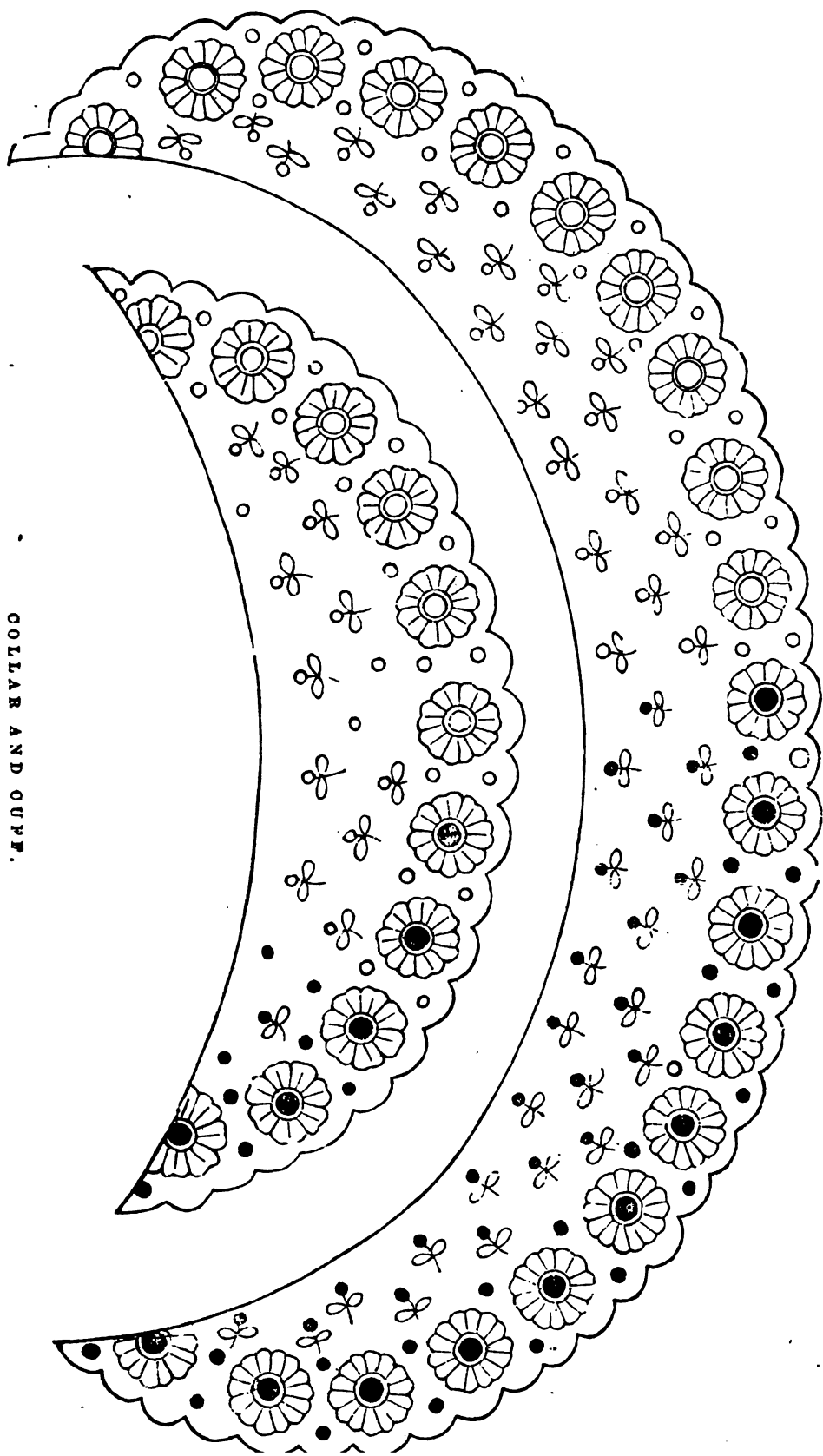
NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



CHEMISE OF FINE LINEN,

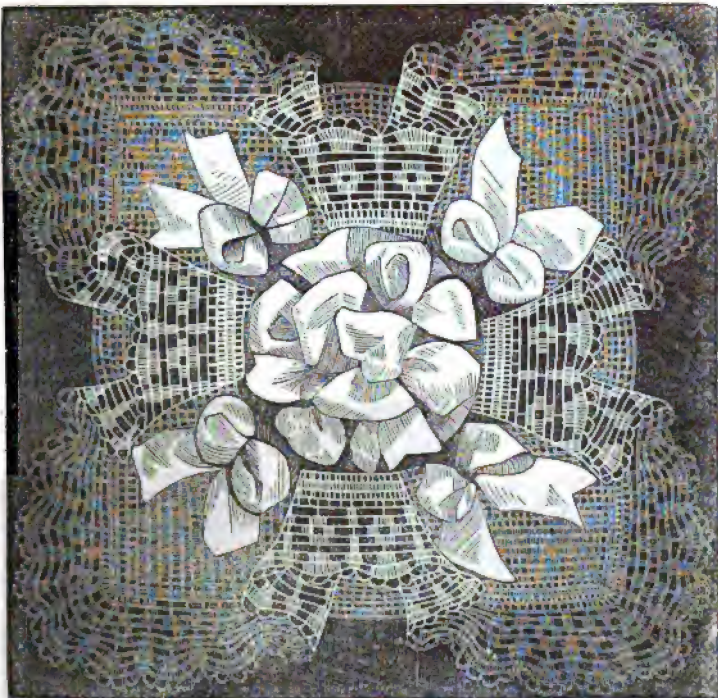
Elaborately trimmed with embroidery, and a group of fine tucks, neatly stitched. The neck is gathered into a small yoke, forming points on each shoulder and at the back. An exquisite wreath of grape leaves surrounds the entire yoke, which is edged on either side with Valenciennes lace. The bosom is formed of three rows of the grape-leaf embroidery, separated by groups of fine tucks, neatly stitched, forming a mass of rich trimming, which covers the entire front.

COLLAR AND CUFF.

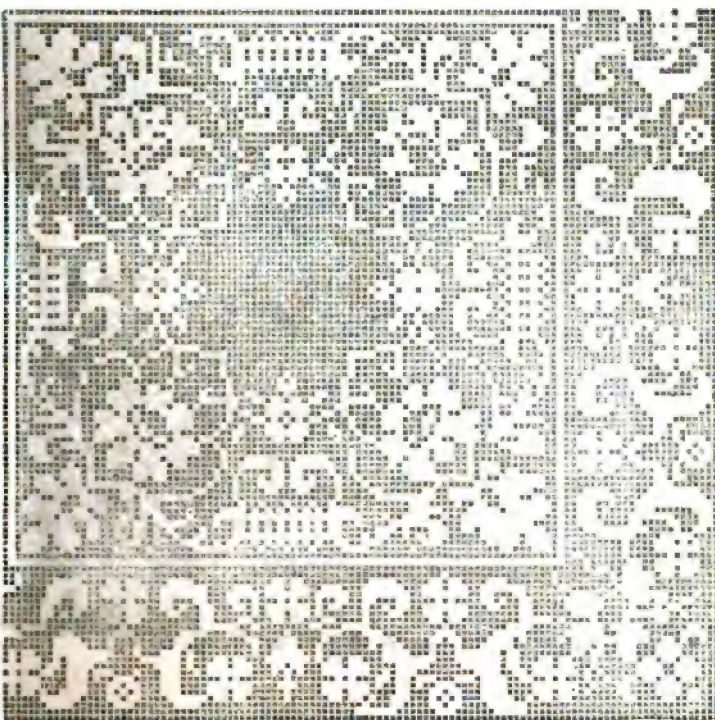




FASHIONABLE CLOAKS—SEVEN DIFFERENT STYLES.



DESSERT BASKET.
(See Description.)



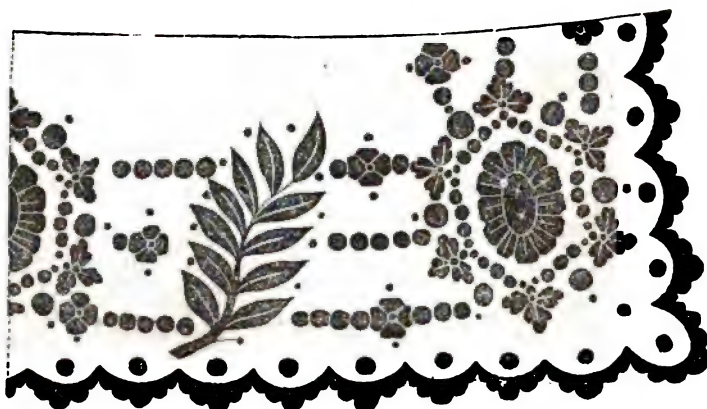
TOILET COVER IN CROCHET.
(See Description.)

A B C D E F G H I J K
 L M N O P Q R S T
 U V W X Y Z

ALPHABET

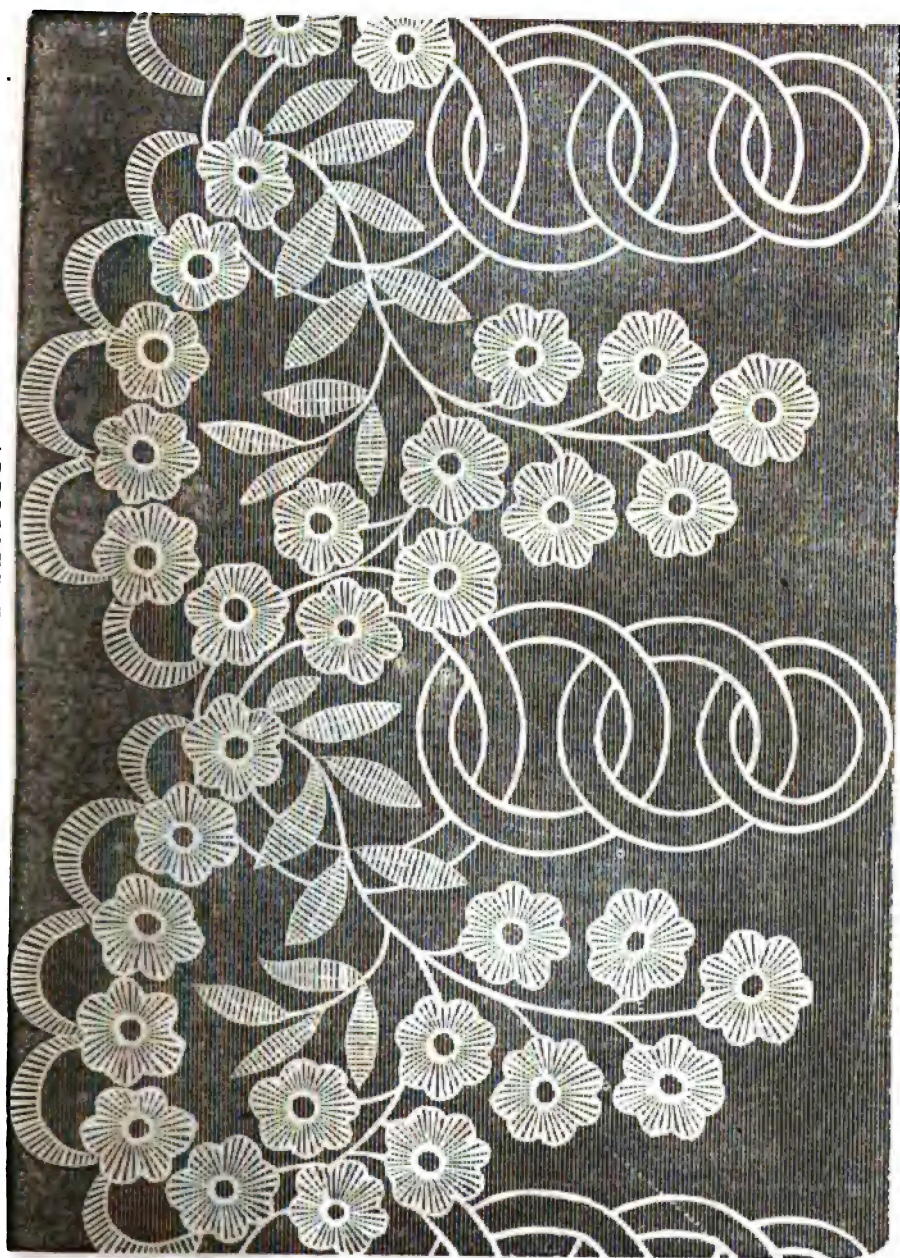


CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



COLLAR PATTERN.

APPLIQUE FOR SLEEVES.





BRAIDED SLIPPER.



CAP.



POMPADOUR PURSE.

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1860.

THE ROMANCE OF A BOUQUET.

BY PAUL LAURIE.

CHAPTER I.

It was a beautiful morning in the early part of June. The flowers that graced Florence Pembroke's window sent up a fragrant odor; the trees nodded pleasantly in the gay sunshine; the birds, which she had hung out to enjoy the bright sunlight, darted about in their cages almost wild with joy. There was an incessant twittering in the grove opposite the house, and as Florence leaned out over the flower-boxes the pleasant hum of children's voices, as they wended their way to school, greeted her ears. Florence gazed down the road wistfully, then up at the clouds sweeping the azure expanse above her, now like silver banners, now like foam-crested waves, anon resembling the spray of the waterfall.

"I wonder what detains Rachel!" she exclaimed, as she withdrew her gaze from the clouds, crushing a rose-bud between her fingers unwittingly. Then tossing a spray of evergreen to her favorite bird with a pettish exclamation,—

"There, pert! you needn't go crazy this fine morning," she sank back, murmuring,—
"I do wish Rachel would come!"

A moment later there came a tap at her door and a childish voice said: "Miss Dean's down stairs, ma'am." Florence descended hastily to the parlor. Upon her entrance a lovely girl advanced to meet her, saying in a deprecating manner:

"I fear I have taxed your patience, Florence."

"What detained you?"

"I—I met with a little adventure on the road."

"An adventure! What was it? But you hesitate. If it is anything I should not hear—"

"No! it is not that; but——"

"What! blushing, Rachel? Now I *must* hear what you have to say."

"It is nothing," replied Rachel; "I had just reached the willows and I sat down for a moment, as I said to myself, to enjoy the beautiful morning."

"You were tired. After this you shall come in the carriage." Florence spoke in a peremptory manner.

"No! I was not tired: As I said, I sat down to enjoy the glory of the morning, and ere I was aware of it I forgot my errand. O! these glorious June mornings."

"But the adventure, Rachel."

"I suppose I was engrossed with thought, for I was suddenly aroused by a shriek, and looking up I beheld a child endeavoring to get out of the way of a carriage which had that moment turned the corner of the road. Another moment and it would have been trampled under the horses' feet. I sprang forward, scarcely thinking what I was doing, catching the child in my arms; then I received a blow, and after that I was unconscious."

"And the child?"

"You remember the house on the corner of the road. Well, when I opened my eyes the child's mother and a gentleman, the owner of the carriage, were bending over me. The

child was uninjured, and I was more frightened than hurt. That is the whole adventure."

"The gentleman was anything but gallant or he would have brought you here in his carriage; after knocking you down with his reckless driving it was the least he could have done."

"Doubtless he would have done so had I permitted him," rejoined Rachel, "but I was so positive in my refusal that I fear I offended him."

"Do you remember what he was like? Had he light hair, rather tall, with light blue eyes?"

"Really, Florence, I had something else to think about?"

"But you surely know whether he was tall or short?"

"I believe he was tall."

"And the color of his hair?"

"Well, since you *must* know, it was yellow."

"Yellow! Nonsense! You mean golden colored. Who ever heard of yellow hair out of Germany! And his eyes?"

"Really, I cannot tell you, Florence."

"Was he old or young?"

"He was young and handsome. There, now, I have told you all I am going to tell you."

Florence clapped her hands. "Do you know—have you any idea who he is?"

"Unless it be"—Rachel hesitated, then added suddenly—"He certainly resembles you."

"It is my cousin Walter. How delightful! Now I can tease him."

"Come," said Rachel, as the blood mounted to her forehead, "we are losing time. See! it is almost ten, and I have done nothing."

"Nor have I anything for you to do. Robert forgot to bring the parcels out. You may alter that velvet, if you like, and it will be time enough to begin the rest next week. Now, don't look so serious."

"But, you know, I promised to give your friend part of the coming week, and"—

"Then I can wait," interrupted Florence.

"What difference will it make—a few days, or even a few weeks? It isn't for that I wanted to see you. Rachel, I want you to give us your company to-morrow night—now, don't deny me. There will be very few here, and they will be my most intimate friends, amongst whom I delight to place you."

"I cannot."

"*Cannot!*" Do you not understand me, Rachel?"

"I do understand you, Florence. I can never forget your generosity and nobleness. I am

poor—a seamstress, with scarcely a friend in the world. You came to me as one would approach an equal; you gave me your confidence; you call me friend and companion—you, who are wealthy, and surrounded with everything that wealth can bring! Has any one else done this? Is it the way of the world?"

"And I suppose I am to be praised for doing this," replied Florence bitterly. "Rachel," she continued, as she placed an arm around her waist and drew her to the window, "you are my equal—more; you are my superior in many things. I know you would say that you are honored by my friendship; but I will say that I am just as much honored with yours. Confide in me. What is the reason that you reject my advances?"

"Can you not guess? I would not subject myself to criticism, much less my friend; and what would the world say if you introduced me as your friend? No! no! Florence. It is better as it is. We will be as we have been. Besides, I am satisfied with my position, and if such was my wish, I could not afford time to give you. It is as much as I can do to support my father and myself comfortably."

Florence gazed upon her admiringly, as she inquired:—

"And do you never look a-head?"

"Often."

"And what do you see?"

"The same routine,—the same home,—the same people,—the same life."

"And then you have the blues? everything looks dreary; no change, no excitement? It must be terrible! But, then, you have your dreams, like all the rest of us; your little romances—to-day one thing, to-morrow another; always different, but always pleasant."

Rachel smiled as she replied,—

"I am not romantic; I believe I am practical."

"Do you never think of marriage?"

"Never."

"And have you never received any attentions? any of—?"

"Never; I always wait upon myself. I never had a lover; but I have some excellent friends." And Rachel smiled pleasantly as she spoke. "There is the grocer's wife,—she is a mother to me almost, only she won't let me become sociable; she addresses me as if I were the greatest lady in the land, and she an humble servant,—I don't like that. Oh, I am not unhappy. Do I look like it?"

"No; you are what I would call a happy—

looking girl. But your amusements,—do you never attend any social parties, or concerts?"

"Once I was at a wedding, and once at a social gathering; but I never was at a concert."

"Why, Rachel!" exclaimed Florence, in undisguised astonishment. "And the opera, and the theatre! they are only names to you. What do you do with your nights,—your long winter nights, Rachel?"

"I read to my father, or sew, or write. You must know I can find plenty to do. I am never idle; at least, there is no excuse for me if I forget myself. But you will soon know all about me, at this rate, while I know very little about you. Let me ask, who accompanies you to those places of amusement? And who makes these handsome presents?" lifting, as she spoke, a rare specimen of coral, inlaid with curiously-carved and brilliantly-colored ivory, which lay on a table at her elbow.

There was a perceptible tinge of red in either cheek, as Florence replied,—

"I received that from a gentleman—since you were here last."

"And a lover; your blushes tell me that. How many have you?"

"I cannot say how many my money can claim; but I am only sure of one."

"And you are sure he does not love your money? You must be very happy, then."

"Happy!" murmured Florence, abstractedly, as she bent her head forward, gazing down at the floor and twining her fingers in her long ringlets. "Happy,—words cannot express my happiness! When you love and are loved in return, Rachel, there is beauty in everything," she added, suddenly, as she looked in her companion's face.

"And this lover,—is he rich, like you, or is he poor?"

"He is poor,—that is, he has nothing but his salary."

There was a long silence then. Rachel looked out upon the grove and up at the fleeting clouds, alternately, tapping her fingers slowly and dreamily against the casement, as she drank in the soft morning air.

Rachel Dean was a fair, elegant-looking girl with handsome, regular features, and that air of dignity and breeding which speaks perfect purity and temperance of nature. Perhaps we might call her queenly, but that we associate a certain assumption with that, and Rachel Dean's manner was singularly placid. Florence Pembroke, although a lovely girl and the possessor of charming manners, was less attractive than the poor seamstress. What

wealth and position had failed to give to one, nature had bestowed upon the other. Something like this was passing through Florence's mind as she looked upon the reflection of their figures in the full-length mirror opposite them—then she turned to look upon her companion's finely-cut profile. Rachel was still gazing through the window, dreamily; but, as if aware of Florence's movement, turned her head around as an inquiring look passed over her face.

"You were busy thinking just now," began Florence. "I wonder if it would be hard to tell your thoughts."

"I fear it would," was the calm reply, and the speaker sighed faintly.

"That sigh. Of course, you have forgotten the adventure."

"Truly I had," rejoined Rachel, with an earnest suddenness that effectually dissipated any doubts Florence might have entertained. "I have been wasting my precious time," continued Rachel, as she stretched out a hand towards her bonnet. "Will you give me the velvet dress you were speaking about, Florence?"

Florence left the apartment, returning in a few minutes with a carefully-wrapped parcel in her hands. As she handed it to Rachel, she said,—

"I have often thought of inquiring how much you earn a-week, Rachel. Don't think me curious; I am influenced by a good motive."

"I generally make two dollars and fifty cents a-week," Rachel replied, in an ordinary tone; "sometimes less, seldom more."

Florence meditated. She was wondering how any one could live on the sum mentioned, much less support a helpless father.

"And now I can tell you what you are thinking of," said Rachel, with a bright smile. "You are wondering how I manage to exist,—you would not call it living, I think,—on such a trifle in your eyes. In the first place, our rent is low,—only four dollars a month. If I could have my choice, I would prefer living in the city; but I would rather have the room and the fresh air, and put up with the walk: it is not so bad, after all,—I think it does me good. And then, our wants are few. It costs nothing to keep my father,—a mere trifle."

"But four dollars out of ten,—that only leaves you six dollars a month to provide everything; fuel, food, and clothes; not to mention a hundred trifles one must have, that I cannot think of just now."

"You forget that the month has thirty days. I gain two days, and sometimes that amounts to a dollar."

"True,—what a calculator you are; but, indeed, I cannot understand it, Rachel," Florence replied, with a puzzled look.

"I hope you never may," was Rachel's thought; but she merely said, "It requires a little management; but it is not so bad as you may imagine."

As she spoke she advanced to the door. Florence accompanied her to the gateway, and gazed after her as she hastened homewards, then reëntered the house with a serious brow.

CHAPTER II.

"I almost killed your friend, the beautiful seamstress, this morning with my reckless driving," said Walter Blair to his cousin, breaking off in the middle of a conversation, upon the evening of the day on which the adventure occurred. They were sitting alone, Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke having strayed off through the garden to note the progress of their favorite plants.

"How do you know it was Miss Dean?" queried Florence.

"By your faithful description."

"Well, what do you think of her?" enquired Florence as she looked up from her book.

"Why, I think she is a tolerable fair looking girl."

"Only tolerable?"

"Don't fire up in that way, now: I might say she is good looking:—well, then, to gratify you, particularly handsome. What more can I say? Come! I will go farther, and acknowledge that I don't know when I have seen such a face, and such pleasing manners as this friend of your's possesses."

Florence laughed gayly. "And how do you suppose you impressed her?"

"Since I feel satisfied that you are already aware of the truth, it is unnecessary for me to say. Of course, with your talent for quizzing."

"Fie! Walter. Do you think that Rachel Dean tells me everything?"

"Seriously" began Walter "I was struck with Miss Dean's face. I would like to know something about her history."

"I know very little about her," responded Florence. "I only know that her mother died when she was a mere child, and that Rachel has supported her father, during the last four years, by her needle-work."

"Is she the only child?"

"I never heard her alluding to a brother or

sister; and if she had either I would have heard of them. You are very much interested in her all at once," added Florence with a mischievous smile.

"I confess I am. Poor thing! What lives some of us have," and Walter Blair gazed out upon the lawn thoughtfully.

"I wish you were acquainted with Rachel," said Florence at the end of some minutes.

"Why?" queried her cousin.

"Because I think you would like her; and because she needs friends. She told me to day that she was never at a concert in her life; and she does not go out to parties. She has no more idea of life than a child." A peculiar smile wavered around Walter's lips. Florence corrected herself.—"I should say enjoyment: She has seen too much of real, hard, exacting life; but she has never known anything of its pleasures." Walter's manner showed that he was becoming interested. "Just think of that girl stitching away from morning till night to supply the wants of her poor old father: working for two dollars and fifty cents a week."

"Two dollars and fifty cents a week!" ejaculated her cousin in astonishment.

"Two dollars and a half a week" reiterated Florence, "and sometimes less than that. How she lives I can't imagine: And nothing to look forward to. I think her lot hard. If she was like other people in the same situation,—but she is not. She is not one to associate with careless people. Think of it Walter: she is nineteen, and she has never had a lover."

Walter Blair burst out into a hearty laugh. "Ah! and that is the hair that broke the camel's back," and the heartless fellow laughed immoderately. Florence's face flushed suddenly as she pouted.

"I beg your pardon, Florence. What must I say to mollify you? Really, I am interested in this girl. Listen to me Florence; is there no way we could manage to make life a little brighter for this friend of yours?"

"Yes," replied his cousin turning towards him quickly "we could call upon her occasionally: we might take her with us to some place of amusement, and lend her books. I was just coming to that when you interrupted me. And you could play cavalier, if you were not too proud."

"Very well, I promise obedience" replied Walter submissively, "but is that all? is there no way you could help her pecuniarily?"

"I have a project which I hope will place her in more comfortable circumstances."

"And how am I to play cavalier. This

friend of yours is not easily approached. In fact, judging from this morning's experience, I should say that there was an unusual degree of reserve in Miss Dean's composition."

"Nothing could be easier. You will accompany me the first time I call upon her." Mr. and Mrs. Pembroke approaching at that moment, the subject was dropped, and it was not referred to again until the following week, when Walter Blair accompanied his cousin to the home of the seamstress.

Rachel Dean's home was situated on the outskirts of the city of —. There was a garden in front and extending along either side of the plain brick house, which stood in the middle of a double lot, as the citizens termed it. As they stood before the door, Walter Blair's observing eyes noted the marks of a watchful hand amongst the rose-bushes and dahlias that graced either side of the entrance. There were geraniums, and pinks, and prim marigolds; and just opposite one of the windows a Virginia creeper (a present from Florence,) was arching its head over a piece of trellis-work so slenderly fashioned that there could be no doubt in Walter Blair's mind whose hands had placed it there. Altogether, the house had a home look about it that struck Walter not unpleasantly. As Florence observed his scrutinizing glance, she said:

"It might be worse; it certainly could not be much better."

"No! She has taste," was the ready response. The next moment the door was opened, and Rachel Dean faced them. There was a little start, and a bright flush in her cheeks as her glance fell upon the gentleman, but in a moment she recovered her self-possession.

"This is unexpected, Florence," she said as she threw open a door to her right, and preceding her visitors into the room, placed seats for them.

"My cousin, Mr. Blair, Rachel; I believe you have met before." There was the slightest dash of mischief in Florence's manner as she introduced them.

"It is scarcely possible to forget such a meeting as ours was," said Walter, adding, "Permit me to inquire how you managed to reach the house?"

"It did not cost me an effort. I was only frightened." Just then a shadow fell through the doorway, and looking up Walter Blair beheld a frail old man entering the house. It was Rachel's father. He came in with slow, trembling steps, leaning heavily on his staff,

and standing before Walter and his cousin, said in an affectionate manner—

"Good day, my dears," and then he removed his hat carefully, and smoothed back his long, thin locks of hair, as he seated himself.

"This is Miss Pembroke, father, and this gentleman is her cousin," said Rachel.

"Yes, yes,—I know the lady—I know her very well, child. A very pleasant day, sir," turning to Walter. "I was just out looking at Rachel's pear trees: I think we will have some pears on them next year. I am too old to walk out much now; but I go out in the garden of a fine day—not far—I mean on the road there," and the old man pointed through the window with his staff, and dropped his chin on his breast. Walter bent towards him reverently as he said—

"You have a very quiet place here; it is much better than living in the city."

"Much better—much better. We lived in the city too long—I wanted more room—more air, and Rachel said *she* wanted fresh air, too; so we came out." Then, breaking off in the rambling way peculiar to old age:—

"Will you walk out and look at Rachel's pear trees?" Walter arose and followed the frail footsteps, humoring the while the fancies of his companion, whose reason was wavering in the balance; while Florence informed Rachel that she had secured a situation for her in Mrs. M——'s establishment.

"Mrs. M——'s business is confined to dress-making and selling such goods as she herself makes up," explained Florence. "You will assist Mrs. M—— in the sales-room. You will receive three dollars a week for the first six months—after that you will make your own bargain. When can you go?"

"I suppose I might begin on Monday. I am sure I can never repay you."

"There! say no more about that, Rachel. Some of these evenings Walter and I will call for you and take you with us to some place of amusement. Now, don't look sober; I am in earnest."

Rachel smiled faintly as she replied, "I could not think of leaving my father alone at night, and I do not like to trouble my neighbors, asking them to keep him company. It would not be right to be away all day and at night."

"We will take him with us, or we can bring old Andrew in to keep him company while we are enjoying ourselves. If there was any thing wrong about it I would be the last one to persuade you; but positively, you are denying

himself that there could be no mistake, then started back, while a deadly pallor spread over his face. At that moment Rachel entered the room, greeting him, as was her wont, with a bright smile.

"Is this the bouquet I observed here a week ago?" inquired Walter in an even voice, as he glanced towards the bouquet.

"Yes; I told you it was a present, did I not?"

"From a gentleman, I suppose?"

"No, from a lady."

"You might easily have made me believe that it was from a gentleman."

"I never 'make believe,'" was the smiling reply. And then she related the circumstances attending the presenting of the bouquet. When she was through Walter inquired:—

"Is it customary for ladies to make costly presents in bouquets?" He shaded his eyes with his hand as he spoke, the better to observe the effect his words produced.

"I do not understand," began Rachel with a puzzled look. Walter repeated his question. "Really—I do not know what such a bouquet is worth: a trifle I think"—something in Walter's eyes prevented her from completing the sentence.

"Rachel, you are deceiving me."

"Sir?" How the large blue eyes flashed as she drew herself back proudly.

"You are deceiving me," repeated Walter.

"In what am I deceiving you? You forget yourself, Walter."

"True, I *did* forget myself," responded Walter bitterly, as he rose. "Good night." And he was gone: gone without a word of explanation. "But how dared he accuse her of deceit? Had she ever given him cause?" Was it a sense of wrong, or the failing of a cherished hope that brought the tears to her eyes? And yet when her hand was raised to her cheek, whatever the evidence they bore they were resolutely held back.

"Florence, where did you get that bouquet?"

"I received it on my birth-day."

"Answer my question; who gave it to you?"

"Why, how strange you look, Walter! It has been sitting there now over a week—you never noticed it before."

"You received it on your birth-day. Who gave it to you?"

"I—I thought you knew," and a flush over-

spread Florence's face as she approached the bouquet.

"Harry Mason is a scoundrel," exclaimed her cousin, passionately.

"Walter!" It was all she could say, so great was Florence's astonishment.

"Harry Mason is a scoundrel, and Rachel Dean is an unprincipled woman," reiterated her cousin, as he walked up and down the apartment with a quick, nervous step.

"Walter Blair, are you mad? What do you mean by associating Harry's name with Rachel Dean's—answer me?"

"I mean just this:" and Walter wheeled around upon her suddenly. "On the very same day that you received that bouquet, Rachel Dean received one exactly like it—and what do you suppose was in it?" The question was put so abruptly that Florence could not frame a reply.

"What do you suppose, Florence?"

"I dare not guess," responded his cousin, as a sudden thrill pervaded her whole being with the suspicion that flashed upon her.

"A gold bracelet," said Walter in a harsh tone.

"O! Walter!" It was all she said as she threw out her hands and sunk into a chair.

"She would have had me believe it was a present from a lady; a likely story, only for the bracelet—that spoiled it."

"Perhaps there is some mistake, Walter," Florence ventured to say.

"But, I tell you, there cannot be. And now all we have to do, is to cast them out of our hearts. I loved Rachel Dean—I would have made her my wife eight days ago; but now, I am determined to cast out all remembrance of her, or, if I do remember her, it will only be to loathe the very name. Do *you* act the woman, and refuse to see Harry ever after this.

"Your advice is superfluous, Walter: I think I know what is due to myself." Florence spoke with an effort; she pressed her hands over her temples and gazed steadily at the fatal bouquet. Rising suddenly she lifted it from the vase, and threw it from her as if its touch were poison. As it fell upon the green sward beneath the window the flowers fell apart, crumbling down until scarce a leaf was left on its stem.

CHAPTER IV.

Three weeks rolled around: weary weeks to Rachel Dean; dark, gloomy weeks to Walter Blair and his cousin; impatient, fretful weeks to Harry Mason. The latter, upon his re-

turn to the city, hastened to call upon his betrothed.

"Miss Pembroke is not at home, sir," replied the servant with a malicious leer, as Harry was passing to the parlor. He stopped suddenly, turning a fiery glance upon the man, then slowly turned away. When he entered his sister's house, Mrs. White, with a woman's shrewdness, surmised the truth.

"Some lover's quarrel," she said to herself. "They will make it up again, and Harry will be endurable." Nevertheless, Harry did not fall back into his usual mood. He became, if anything, more gloomy and irascible. The veriest trifle annoyed him; work was wearysome; everything was dull, dull and flat. Mrs. White began to think that something more than a lover's quarrel caused the great change; but, as Harry was unusually reserved, she forbore questioning him. She was his only sister, and he was her only brother. They had never been separated; for, when she married, he, at Mrs. White's request, made his home with them, and, with one exception, he had made her the confidant of all his secrets, small and great. Need we mention the one secret so carefully guarded?

One pleasant evening Mrs. White returned early from her shopping, to find her brother packing his trunks. He was very deliberate and determined looking. Mrs. White, with a sister's privilege, stood looking on silently, holding her bonnet carelessly at her side, while a pleasant smile wavered about her mouth.

"Are you through, now?" Harry looked up quickly.

"I believe I am—why?"

"Because, you may just as well commence unpacking: you are not going away." Harry smiled grimly as he replied:

"You are a good persuader, Kate; still, I think it is even beyond your power to alter my determination: I am going away, to —, this very night."

"I wonder if that last bouquet I made you has anything to do with this?" Harry strode across the room, looked out of the window, biting his lip the while, and at last ventured to reply:

"Nothing—that is, at least, I don't think it has. Why do you ask?" and as he put the question he wheeled around suddenly.

"Because, a very singular thing occurred to me a little while ago. But I must commence at the beginning. After you went out to Wells' on the day you started to Louisville, (you left the bouquet in the vase, you remember,) I made another, so like the first that I could scarcely

tell them apart. In fact, I made a mistake. Instead of carrying away my own, I"—

"You took mine," interrupted her brother, eagerly. "What did you do with it?"

"Well, I intended to give it to some of my friends. I had some business to attend to at Mrs. M——'s, and while there, I was struck with the appearance of her assistant in the store. I thought she looked at the flowers wistfully, and I gave them to her. That was—let me see—just three weeks ago."

"Yes—exactly; go on."

"To-day I called there again, and just as I was coming away, the young girl detained me. There was a look of distress in her face that made me pity her.

"Madame," she said, 'did you know there was a bracelet, a gold bracelet, in the bouquet you gave me some weeks ago?' My surprise was so great that my look disconcerted her for a moment; but she looked in my face so truthfully that I was forced to reply—'Is it not possible that you are mistaken?'

"No," and she handed me this, taking it from her pocket, just as I am taking it from mine now," and Mrs. White drew from her pocket, as she spoke, the bracelet. As Harry's gaze fell upon it he blushed excessively.

"You intended this for Miss Pembroke?"

"I do not deny it—but how did you learn this?"

"No matter—but I forgot to tell you the rest. When the young girl told me this I was completely puzzled: we were both puzzled. 'You are positive this was in the bouquet,' I said.

"As I am that I now address you," she replied; and then she added, in a sorrowful tone—'It has caused me a great deal of trouble.' I thought of the similarity between the bouquets, and then I felt guilty for an instant as I met her look fixed on me so steadily, watching my every movement so anxiously that I could not help telling her my thoughts. And then"—Mrs. White ceased abruptly.

"And then you compared notes, and this young girl—I have heard of her; Rachel Dean they call her—this young girl told you who the bouquet was intended for: they know every one's business, these shop girls; people are forever gossiping before them. But the bracelet, Kate."

"You will think over it before you set out for —. Can I assist you in any way?"

"No! I am obliged to you; but I think I am equal to the emergency. Besides, you are inclined to be malicious, I see."

CHAPTER V.

THERE was a strange silence, an oppressive silence, in Rachel Dean's rooms; a silence that pervaded the whole house. One would have supposed that the occupants of the back-rooms were either absent or asleep. There was not a murmur from any of the children belonging to the house: even the cat paused and hesitated on the stairway, as if disturbed by the sound of her faint foot-falls. Up in the room usually occupied by old Mr. Dean, Rachel knelt before a bed, her fingers interlocked with the palms thrown outward, that never-failing sign of agony; and opposite her, with his head bowed down over the bed, was a young man, of perhaps twenty-five. Upon the bed between them old Mr. Dean lay in his last sleep. The doors stood ajar, unnoticed; the night breeze swept in, swaying the doors, the window-curtains and the valance unheeded. The kind neighbors had just left the apartment, after witnessing the last silent struggle. They went out, carrying pity in their hearts for the friendless orphan kneeling there so strangely calm, so uncomplaining. And Rachel! Could they have witnessed the sullen defiance that at times swept across that pale face, or heard her whispered prayer for one draught of oblivion—but that was known only to her Maker. What now was life to her? Without a friend or relative—stay! was not her brother there? Ay, he *was* her brother. She forgot the disgrace he had brought upon them, his abuse and his inhuman greediness; the greed that prompted him to rob her of her scanty earnings. She forgot that he was a criminal, fleeing from justice; she only remembered that he was her only relative—and then she prayed for him.

Suddenly the young man arose, and casting one last look on the face of his dead father, walked towards the door; but something prevented him from carrying out his intention. Turning back to the side of his sister, he attempted to speak, but words failed him. He caught up one of her hands, and looking upwards, made a significant gesture with his hand, that Rachel could not fail to interpret—"They would meet in Heaven." And then he was gone.

There was one who witnessed this scene, himself unobserved—Walter Blair. Standing at the head of the stairway, and looking through the open door, he observed all that passed. Long after Rachel's brother passed him, brushing his clothes as he went out, Walter Blair gazed in on the bowed form of Rachel.

The mystery was solved at last. So like were they in feature that the most casual observer would pronounce them brother and sister. And this was the evil-doer who had caused him to suspect Rachel Dean. God forgive him, how he had wronged her! At last he ventured to enter the room, walking noiselessly and baring his head reverently as he approached the bed.

"Rachel!" How his voice thrilled upon her ear! "Rachel, let me share your grief. Let us be as we have been; as we were before I so wronged you. If I can ever be anything to you, let me be your friend now—your protector. I know all—everything; his crimes and his disgrace—I know it all. I only wish, for your sake, I had known it sooner."

Lower sank the head as his voice fell upon her ear soothingly, and then she asked herself, "Would it be right to refuse his sympathy—to put away her last hope?" She longed for rest, and when at last Walter's hand sought hers she did not reject it; and there, beside the dead, Walter Blair vowed solemnly to cherish and protect her. And this was their plighting.

Some months afterwards a happy company were gathered in Mr. Pembroke's cheerful parlors. One of the company, a lady, stood beside a magnificent vase, filled with rare and beautiful flowers.

"Do you know," remarked a gentleman who was leaning over the table on which the vase was standing, "do you know, Florence, I never look at a collection of flowers that I am not reminded of the greatest trouble of my life. Had I presented the bracelet myself instead of trusting it with a messenger, all would have been right."

"O! it was one of those things that the wisest of us cannot anticipate. After all, I believe it gave a spice to our courtship," and the lady looked down at the flowers demurely as she spoke.

"I pray we may have no more of that spice hereafter, at least," responded the gentleman as he leaned towards her.

"And, do you know, Rachel," observed a gentleman to the lady at his side, as she turned towards him with a smiling countenance upon overhearing the remarks of their neighbors, "that flowers always remind me of my wife's dowry?"

"Will you be so kind as to inform me what it was, Walter? I confess my ignorance."

"Her loveliness; shall I call upon Mrs. White for proof? But perhaps you never

learned the reason why she parted with such a lovely bouquet so easily as to give it to a total stranger, if I may be permitted to use an expression of your own."

"Nonsense! You will never forget that bouquet, Walter."

"I am sure I never will; and what is more, I do not wish to."

SCENES IN MY HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. LAFAYETTE WILKINS.

No. II.—*A Day Lost.*

I WAS sewing away one morning, for dear life, as the saying is, intending to make a good day of it, and put my work ahead, when Hetty my little daughter, five years old, gave a pull at my elbow, and said,

"Mamma."

"Well dear, what is wanted?" I did not look aside from my work, into her sweet little face, nor speak in as loving tones as usual, for the interruption was not wholly agreeable.

"Can't I have my wax doll, mamma?"

Now this wax doll was a treasured present from grandmother, highly prized and carefully treated by Hetty; and after being tenderly nursed by her, dressed and undressed, on rare occasions, laid away under lock and key in one of my bureau drawers

"Not to-day," was my answer.

"Why not to-day, mamma?"

Sure enough, why not to-day? That was just the question. Was it because Hetty might injure the doll? No, that was not the reason; for she was a careful little girl. The true reason was, I did not wish to leave my work and lose five minutes time in going up stairs to the bureau. Just this, and no more. But, what reply was made to Hetty? A very unreasonable and unsatisfactory one; and such as no mother should ever make.

"Because you can't have Dolly to-day."

Because—How many short comings and sins of omission are covered by this convenient, vaguely meaning, little word.

"I won't hurt her, mother, I'll be oh! so careful. Do mother let me have Dolly."

"Did'n't I say that you couldn't have Dolly?"

I knit my brows and spoke with some severity. Having said no, I must be firm. Right or wrong, I must be consistent; that is, have my own will in the case. And as I was the stronger of the two, of course my will decided the question between us.

"Poor Hetty! She knew something of my hard decision of character, and retired from

the contest. As I turned my eyes from her face to my work, I carried in my mind the image of her grieving lips, and tear-filled eyes. Was I rebuked? Yes. Did I repent? Yes.—And go for the doll at once? No. I was busy at my work and could not spare a minute. Sewing seams was of more consequence than sewing seeds of happiness in the heart of my child. And then, had I not said that Dolly was not to make her appearance to-day? Was I to break my word? No. I must be a consistent mother, if I expected to govern my children aright.

It was very still in the room for the next ten minutes. Only a sob or two broke the silence, at first, as Hetty choked down her disappointment. She had crept into the great arm chair, and was sitting there idle and silent. After a while I turned partly around, and glanced towards her stealthily. Her brow was contracted, her lips pursed out slightly, and over her whole face was a shade of unhappiness.

"Why don't you get your china doll?" said I, rather coldly.

"I don't want my china doll," she answered.

"Oh, very well, just as you please, my little lady," I returned; and took no more notice of her for ten minutes longer—all the while working away as intently as if our next meal depended on the result of my labor. I was sorry that I had not taken the time to get Hetty's wax doll; but, as I had said no, I concluded that it was best to let no remain in force.

Presently she slipped down from the arm chair, and went quietly from the room. I paused in my work, and listened to the light patter of her feet as she went up stairs.

A faint sigh, born of a passing regret, came up from my heart. "It would have been better if I had given her the doll," said I to myself. "But it is too late now."

So I bent to my sewing again, and made the little needle fly with increased velocity.

"I wonder where that child is, and what she is doing?"

Nearly half an hour had passed since Hetty left the room. I paused in my work as I asked myself this question, and listened. But I could hear no sound of her. I would have laid down my sewing and gone in search of her, only—what? I felt as if I could not spare the time!

"Hetty!"

There was no reply.

"Hetty! Where are you?"

My voice was raised to a louder key; but no response came. So I bent to my work once more.

But this uncertainty as to where the child had gone, and what she was doing, could not very long be borne. The time came when I dropped every thing, and started, in some concern of mind, from the room. I looked into my own chamber, but she was not there. I called, but got no answer. Then I ran up to the third story, and pushed the door of one of the rooms open hastily. In the middle of the bed sat my little truant, busily at work, with a pair of scissors, on an elegant lace cape which had cost me fifteen dollars.

With a quick exclamation and an excited manner, I sprung towards the little destructive, who, frightened at my tone and appearance, suddenly threw up her hands, and I saw the sharp points of the scissors she held, enter her cheek just below the eye. A scream followed, as the blood ran over her face. What a sickening sense of pain and fear fell suddenly upon my heart. For some moments I was half paralyzed with terror and bewilderment. Then catching up my little darling, I made an effort to compose myself, and responded to the sober call of duty. I carried her down stairs, and though almost fainting at the sight of her blood, held back my agitation with a strong hand, and proceeded to wash the red stains from her face, and find out the extent of her injury.

The wound, happily, was not of a serious nature; but the imminent danger of losing her eye that she had escaped, made me shudder whenever the thought passed through my mind, and so affected me, that I grew weak and nervous, and on attempting, after soothing her to sleep, to resume my work, found that my strength was gone.

And so, in my over eagerness to "make a good day of it," I had compassed the loss of a day.

After trying, with an unsteady hand, to make my needle do its work, I threw down my sewing in despair, and went over to the chamber where I had laid Hetty to sleep. The dark red scar, just on the orbital verge, rebuked me as strongly as if it had been a living voice. Dear child! How could I have so forgotten the needs of her opening mind? How could I have so failed to realize that, while I was absorbed in my own employments, she must have something to do?

For several minutes I stood bending over her. Then going to the drawer in which her wax doll was laid, I unlocked it, and taking out the beautiful effigy, placed it on the pillow beside her. How sweet the two faces looked;

the living and the inanimate. I gazed at them until my eyes were blinded by tears; and then went back to the sitting-room where I made another effort to resume my work. My hand had grown a little steadier, but the heart was gone. For a very short time I endeavored to force myself to keep on with my appointed task; but, mind and body both dissented so strongly that the garments I had hoped to complete were finally laid aside, not to be touched again until to-morrow.

As I was doing this, a sigh for my lost day passed sadly from my lips. At this moment I heard Hetty's feet and voice; she had awakened, and finding Dolly by her side, had forgotten all the past, and was as happy as a child could be.

"Dear, dear, sweet Dolly!" she was singing as blithely as if grief had never laid a finger upon her heart.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, as she entered the sitting room, "You are so good to give me Dolly to play with," and she came dancing to me, with her dewy lips put up to mine for a kiss.

There was no rebuke on those precious lips, —Oh no. That kiss was love's own best expression; and yet it stung me with remorse.

Hetty's trial was over, her grief forgotten. But, on my bosom was laid the burden of regret, and I could not throw it off. Her state of disturbance had passed like the morning cloud and the early dew; but mine kept pulsing on and shadowing the hours that might have passed in cheerful work.

I counted that day lost, except for the lesson it taught me; for, when I laid my aching head upon its pillow at night, I could not look back upon any useful thing accomplished. There had been fruitless efforts to do many things; but my restless state kept me flitting and changing, and my half-formed purposes wrought out no sure results.

No. III.—*The Beggar Woman.*

"There goes that beggar woman again!" exclaimed Joseph, the elder of my three children, a frown marring the beauty of his face. "I wish we had a great, fierce dog. There'd be an end of such people coming about here."

We were sitting at the breakfast table, and the beggar woman had just passed the windows, which looked out upon the yard. She was a frequent visitor, and there had been some remarks, in the children's hearing, as to her worthiness—the opinion lying rather on the adverse side.

"Well, then, I don't wish we had a dog," spoke up little Hetty, quickly. "Poor beggar woman! Got hungry children."

And she laid down her fork, the interest of the subject having taken away, for the moment, her appetite.

"I'll get a big dog this very day," Joseph broke in, a tone of exultation in his voice.

How cruel boys are, or seem to be. What a strange delight they take in annoying the weak and persecuting the helpless!

"Joseph!" Mr. Wilkins looked across the table with a reproving glance.

"No, you won't get a big dog," returned Hetty, shaking her head and looking her feeble defiance. She, dear child, was on the side of human kindness.

"Where are you going, love?"

Hetty had taken the slice of bread from her plate, and was getting down from the table. She did not answer, nor pause. Her father was about repeating his question, when I put my finger to my lips, in token of silence.

"Bless her little heart," said I, as she passed out from the dining-room. "That slice of bread is for the beggar woman."

"If we only knew her to be worthy," Mr. Wilkins remarked.

"Where there is room for doubt," said I, "it is safest, in most instances, to infer the best."

"Not where beggars are concerned," my husband answered, promptly. "In nine cases out of ten they are idle impostors, and it is wrong to encourage them."

Joseph took in every word of this, and, I saw, laid it up in self-justification; and even Louis, my tender-hearted boy, two years younger than Joseph, was affected by the remark. As soon as I could manage to do so, I changed the subject. Hetty came back from the kitchen as the beggar repassed the window, and resumed her seat, without a word, at the table. There was a subdued expression on her tender face—a blending of pity and love. I asked her some question foreign to the subject then in our thoughts, and so managed to prevent any reference to what she had done of a nature calculated to hurt that state of mind which the presence of want in another had produced. I knew that it was good for her to be moved by pity, and that God would lay up this state in her soul for higher use in the far away future. And so I would not have the work disturbed.

"I don't like Joseph's spirit," said I to Mr. Wilkins, after breakfast was over, and we

stood talking together in the passage. "It has in it something cruel and persecuting."

"He resembles most boys," replied my husband. "They like to exhibit power, and therefore lord it over weakness whenever the fitting opportunity is shown. There is, I trust, more of thoughtless boast than cruel purpose in the heart of Joseph. And as for the beggars, on whom he just now poured out the vials of his wrath, I think the dog he threatens might not be out of place. These idle, thieving vagrants ought not to be encouraged."

"That is one side of it," I answered, "and the dark, repulsive side. I will not gainsay your words; but there is another side, and other considerations growing out of this social evil. From all that exists some good may be extracted; and it is for us to get the good out of even beggary, for our children. It may be the means in our hands, if wisely treated, of storing up states of pity, kindness and unselfish regard for others in their minds; and you know how essential such states will be in their matured life, as the means of leading them away from the love of self, which engenders cruelty and wrong, to the love of doing good, which is the basis of all true happiness."

I paused.

"Well, go on," said my husband.

"You see how Hetty is affected. Will not that state of pity which prompted her to give a portion of her food to a beggar, remain fixed in her mind?—stored up there for some future day, when the natural selfishness of her heart having rule for a time, shall prompt to a cruel disregard of another? It will, I am sure; and into that state the angels who guard her life can flow, and move her to pity again—a higher, more rational and more effective pity."

"You have looked far in advance of my usual range of thought," my husband replied.

"Yet not too far ahead."

"Oh no; we cannot look too far ahead in things of this kind. You are right as to the good we may extract for our children out of the evil against which our sense of right, justice, and true humanity must ever rebel. But, as reason dawns in the minds of our children we must teach them to discriminate between the worthy poor and these idle, vicious almshouse seekers, so that justice and judgment may walk side by side with genuine humanity."

There was no reason why I should attempt to gainsay my husband's remarks. They were in full accordance with my own sentiments.

"I do not, looking more from your better

point of view," continued Mr. Wilkins, "feel altogether satisfied with Joseph's feeling towards the poor woman of whom we have been speaking. I would much rather see him affected, at his age, with a blind pity for want, than with cruel indignation against a supposed imposter. The battle against wrong will come time enough."

"It is for us," said I, "to be guarded in our remarks before our children. They treasure up more of what we say than may often be profitable for them—strong meat, too heavy for their digestion."

"True words," replied my husband, as he took up his hat and moved towards the door. "True words, and I will lay them to heart."

ISABEL ARNOLD'S LIFE.

BY M. B. STEWART.

"EVERY hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown and holy
If thou set each gem with care."

Household Words.

"It is one of the saddest facts of our life that so many women are pushed along, from day to day, by mere habit; bringing heart and intellect to no searching trial; making no account of treasure of joy or usefulness; looking for no daily mental or spiritual growth."—*John Foster.*

"What am I living for?" The thought fell on the soul of Isabel Arnold, sharp and strong, an though an angel had spoken it. Then all the years of her young life walked before her, and she looked them in the face and saw how this "mere habit" had lived through them all. God had given a luxurious home to her, and she paced back and forth over the velvet carpet of her elegant boudoir *thinking*, with the fire of a restless, trammelled soul burning in her large, dark eyes. It seemed to her, then, that it was the first time she had had one rational thought. What had she been doing all these years? Music, drawing, embroidery, reading, filled up her leisure hours. She was a lover of books, but no book-worm. She read, not so much from a desire of growth, mental or spiritual, as from a feeling of pleasure. Her æsthetic sense was gratified as much by a fine poem as by a fine picture; and her friends praised her rare accomplishments. Isabel sighed as she remembered how a feeling of vanity made her esteem herself superior to her companions. How was she different from them? Society called her, night after night, to its gay festivals, whither she went with scarcely a thought but to shine a more splendid butterfly than the others; and

the "others" are charmed for an hour and go away, some to forget, some to envy, Isabel Arnold for her wealth, beauty and sparkling wit. But are any made happier or better by her presence? And this life, without benefiting herself or others, was stealing the roses from her cheek as surely as care would have done, "and this is the life I have been living." "Living!" she repeated, "I have been dreaming—I will dream no longer—I will awake to a truer life."

"But *how?* What am I to do?"

There was no wretchedness to relieve—no case of suffering—benevolent societies had taken that out of her hands, and she gave liberally to every object which seemed worthy. Her employes never waited for their wages. She had no brothers or sisters to teach—Isabel Arnold was to be pitied. Rich and nothing to do!

The days were making up the years, and the summer of her life would round into its autumn, and Isabel Arnold would have brought no sheaves to the harvest. Kneeling down she besought God to set her work before her, resolving, with His help, to do it well; and she slept a sweeter sleep that night, than she had done since infancy, because of *that* resolution. But when the morning came, she was looking for her work again. She had made a common mistake. To set her life with the gems of great and noble deeds was her aspiration, but *this was not her work*. It was in the sweet, silent charities of daily life; silent yet not unfelt, whose grand, ever-widening circles of influence we shall never fully comprehend until we stand in the clearer light of eternity. O, ye, whose ardent souls are eager to do and to dare, remember that life is made up of hours, and as each one floats up to the courts of heaven, the Recording Angel writes it down as wasted if in it we have failed to *live truly*.

As the days wore on, Isabel saw her mistake. In the very desire and attempt to live, she found her work, although scarcely conscious of it. She set herself to look for "daily mental and spiritual growth," and from this grew the wish that others might profit from her advantages. And when she came to look for opportunities to do good, in this way, she found no lack of them. There was widow Gray's son, Willie, with his eager thirst for knowledge; but his mother was poor, and his scanty earnings could not be spared, so he had no time for school even if he had had the means. Isabel heard him recite twice in the week until he was ready for college, then gave his mother a situation

where she might support herself, and loaned Willie a sum sufficient to take him through his college course.

Alice Wood, the minister's daughter, was a fine musician; by Isabel's influence she procured a class of music pupils, which amply supported her. Emma Porter, who was so fond of reading, had the free use of Isabel's well-stored library, and finally her school expenses paid until she graduated—for her father was a poor mechanic with a large family. Old Mrs. Benson, whose sight failed her, learned to love the sweet voice of Isabel Arnold, who came twice in the week to read an hour for the dear old lady.

Shall we go on and multiply instances. Shall we tell of many a poor, struggling minister's heart, made lighter by some needed book or garment from a "friend." Shall we tell how many small sums were loaned to struggling aspirants to the mount of learning. In but few instances did Isabel feel that she had not done wisely. Often she felt more than repaid when they not only returned the amount, but said, with grateful hearts, "*you have made me what I am.*" We could tell of many noble men and women made such by her aid and influence, under God.

And all this time her place was seldom vacant in the house of God, in the place for prayer, or in the Sabbath-school; while she was oftener absent from the gay assembly of youth and beauty. Yet, when society called her, all loved her gentle presence better than of old. If she was less gay, she was less haughty. A sweeter smile played about her lip, and the light of a serene soul shone in her dark eyes. She was happy—for she had found the "peace which passeth understanding," not in the deeds of kindness which made up her daily life, but in the heart-renewing love of a forgiving Redeemer. She was no gloomy nun; her costume was marked by its usual elegance and good taste; but Isabel had learned a wiser use for her money than to expend it on gorgeous finery or useless trinkets; and her gay companions laughed and ridiculed, but Isabel returned smiling, patient answers, and prayed God, in her heart, that they might see the right.

Her prayers were not in vain. Some felt the influence of her true life, and began to live aright. They answered the question, "What am I living for?" not in words alone, but in true, beautiful lives.

You will say, "Ah, she was rich; it was easy for her to be so charitable." Not so easy,

if you will but stop to think. But it is for such as she that I am writing.

Child of pampered wealth, whose aimless, selfish life is almost misery in its very listlessness, break away from the bonds which fetter your soul—carve out for yourself a new road, whereon you may walk, worthy of the mysterious boon of life. In so many homes there are unhappy lives, because energies are left to run to waste. Conventional forms, the sneers of "society" deter them from their duty. They must so live, because hundreds are so doing! They have not the moral courage to face the world in the path of right. Helplessly, passively, they are *pushed* along, from day to day, with no thought of their relation to the present life or that to come. It is all right to draw and embroider, dance and play, sing Italian and read French. But the woman who devotes to *these alone* the energies of an undying soul, will never solve the great problem of Life rightly. Existence has a deeper meaning; to those who endeavor to live out its grand significance shall God say, "Well done."

Isabel Arnold was no heroine. She did no more than all can do, be they rich or poor. She *only* lived her life truly; and because it had pleased God to make her steward of a portion of the silver and gold which are His, so did she endeavor to use it for His glory. True, there were times when she almost faltered, but, at her asking, God gave her grace to set the gems of her crown with care.

Ten years have passed! and we find Isabel Arnold greeting her thirty-second birth-day. She is looking back to a happy life—happy, although care, and sorrow, and death, have been near her; for she is conscious that she has not lived wholly in vain. Emma Porter is a useful, talented woman; William Gray a fast rising lawyer, an honor to his profession. Many others also "rise up and call her blessed." And yet her kind deeds have not been made public. She stands forth as no great benefactress. She is a *woman*, in its true sense.

And is she satisfied? There have been longings in her woman's heart for a deeper love and a truer sympathy. "And has none asked this true woman to be the light of their home?" you say. Ah, reader of romances, do not be disappointed if I tell you that, except in rare instances, a true woman, with a true ideal of what marriage should be, will not have many offers. Many may admire her, but she will, by delicate tact or wise reserve, convince them that it will be useless to try to win her. Nor

will she always be seeking such a relation; and if there be any weak-minded enough to imagine this because she betrays no false, foolish fear of misconstruction, she will pity their ignorant egotism and go on in her own serene life. Only to him to whom she can truly say, "We are one," will she give her hand with her heart; and such an one, whom she had known for a good and true man from boyhood, came to Isabel, with that true love for which she had been waiting; and the one blossom in the garden of her heart reared its head proudly in the sunshine again—for Isabel Arnold had loved Edward Hamilton in her gay girlhood up into the realms of maturer womanhood; and the love had strengthened with her years, as she saw him becoming more and more like her ideal of true manhood. During her love unreturned she had kept silent, patiently "biding her time." So, Isabel Arnold became Mrs. Hamilton; and her life was none the less like the summer rain in its silent, gentle, but quickening influence.

Warsaw, N. Y.

SOME UNSUSPECTED HOUSE PLANTS.

I do not mean that stand of green and flourishing geraniums and roses, which has just been stationed in your south window, the pet of your anxious thoughts, which you *hope* to be able to keep through the winter, though, if you do, it will be the first time.

I ask you to look at a few very humble, unnoticed plants, which are found in and about every house the world over. Do you know that plants grow and spread by thousands all over the sides of your house and stone steps, and from garret to cellar, continually multiplied and died out again?

Well, there is a sly, insinuating family that goes creeping in all by-places, and lives where you never dreamed flowers would live.

One of these plants is fond of old warm garrets and dark, damp closets and corners. It takes root in old books and papers, and in clothes that have been long laid away. Here it spreads in green, brown, and dirty patches, which your mother calls *mildew*. And that is the right name, though I doubt if she told you it was a blossoming vegetable, as truly as your hyacinths.

Another of this family, so wide-spread, is always at home in the pantries and buttery, is in the cellar, or even in your desk in school. Instead of growing in the ground, as a plant should, it takes root in bread and cake, and is

particularly fond of cheese. In a single night ten thousand little plants will grow and spread like a soft, blue cloud throughout a loaf, and in the morning the cook declares the "bread's moldy." The little plant is mold. But how did it get into my desk, and grow on that piece of apple? Does it spring out of the loaf and the apple? No; the air is full of its invisible seeds, floating everywhere; but they will only sprout in confined, damp or warm places. On the right soil thousands will come into life and decay in a few minutes. Yes, that tiny mold is a vegetable, with root, stem and blossom.

On the south side of the street, in the city, and on the north side of every building, bricks and stones turn green. Most likely you thought it was *only turning green*, and never asked the reason. The microscope shows it to be a minute plant, whose name is lichen, and it has a near relative in the woods, growing on stumps and the old bark, on stones and fence rails. This last is larger and prettier to the naked eye.

In the field these small vegetables are the dread of farmers. For if the weather is wet, rot, mildew, smut, rust, and blight, all species of fungus, (that is the family name,) run riot over the fields, and planting themselves upon the grain, destroy its life. Have you never picked an ear of corn that was all swollen and spotted blue and black? That was blight. Farmers call it a disease, but it is a vegetable. It is certain, however, if the sun shines, and the grain is strong and healthy, that these plants will not grow upon it.

One name is given to all these—the *Fungi*. Some of them grow in ink, in milk, and vinegar, and, more curious still, some on living animals.

In Italy the silk-worm is destroyed by thousands by a fungus growing all over its body. Every child has picked off the windows, in some old, close garret, flies that lay dead, glued to the glass and covered with a thin blue film. The fly became sick in the confined air, and then the seeds of the fungus sprouted upon it, and killed it. Even men are sometimes attacked by these plants.

I grant you this is not a very pleasant family, creeping into life in the damp and dark, fixing on the sickly or decaying substance, and mantling it with death, and often flourishing in poisoned soil. Nor do I expect you will give a place to mildew among your plants in the window, but let us understand them. Let us allow them a right in the great vegetable kingdom, and acknowledge their kindred to our roses.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. III.

IN alternate storm and sunshine their lives passed on, until the appointed day arrived that was to see them bound, not by the graceful true-lovers' knot, which either might untie, but by a chain light as downy fetters if borne in mutual love—and galling as ponderous iron links, if heart answered not heart, and the chafing spirit struggled to get free.

Hartley Emerson loved truly the beautiful, talented and affectionate, but badly disciplined, quick-tempered, self-willed girl he had chosen for a wife. And Irene Delancy would have gone to prison and to death for the sake of the man to whom she had yielded up the rich treasures of her young heart. In both cases the great drawback to happiness was the absence of self-discipline, self-denial and self-conquest. They could overcome difficulties, brave danger, set the world at defiance, if need be, for each other, and not a coward nerve give way; but, when pride and passion came between them, each was a child in weakness and blind self-will. Unfortunately, persistence of character was strong in both. They were of such stuff as martyrs were made of in the fiery times of power and persecution.

A brighter, purer morning than that on which their marriage vows were said, the year had not given to the smiling earth. Clear and softly blue as the eye of childhood bent the summer sky above them. There was not a cloud in all the tranquil heavens to give suggestion of dreary days to come, or to wave a sign of warning. The blithe birds sung their matins amid the branches that hung their leafy drapery around and above Irene's windows, in seeming echoes to the song's love was singing in her heart. Nature put on the loveliest attire in all her ample wardrobe, and decked herself with coronals and wreaths of flowers, that loaded the air with sweetness.

"May your lives flow together like two pure streams that meet in the same valley, and as bright a sky bend always over you, as now gives its serene promise for to-day."

Thus spoke the minister, as the ceremonials closed that wrought the external bond of union between them. His words were uttered with feeling and solemnity; for marriage, in his eyes, was no light thing. He had seen too many sad hearts struggling in chains that only death could break, ever to regard marriage

with other than sober thoughts, that went questioning away into the future.

The "amen" of Mr. Delancy was not audibly spoken, but it was deep-voiced in his heart.

There was to be a wedding tour of a few weeks, and then the young couple were to take possession of a new home in the city, which Mr. Emerson had prepared for his bride. The earliest boat that came up from New York was to bear the party to Albany; Saratoga being the first point of destination.

After the closing of the marriage ceremony some two or three hours passed before the time of departure came. The warm congratulations were followed by a gay, festive scene, in which glad young hearts had a merry-making time. How beautiful the bride looked! and how proudly the gaze of her newly installed husband turned ever and ever towards her, move which way she would among her maidens, as if she were a magnet to his eyes. He was standing in the portico that looked out upon the distant river, about an hour after the wedding, talking with one of the bridesmaids, when the latter, pointing to the sky, said, laughing—

"There comes your fate."

Emerson's eyes followed the direction of her finger.

"You speak in riddles," he replied, looking back into the maiden's face. "What do you see?"

"A little white blemish on the deepening azure," was answered. "There it lies, just over that stately horse-chestnut, whose branches arch themselves into the outline of a great cathedral window."

"A scarcely perceptible cloud?"

"Yes, no bigger than a hand; and just below it is another."

"I see: and yet you still propound a riddle. What has that cloud to do with my fate?"

"You know the old superstition connected with wedding days."

"What?"

"That as the aspect of the day is, so will the wedded life be."

"Ours, then, is full of promise. There has been no fairer day than this," said the young man.

"Yet many a day that opened as bright and cloudless, has sobbed itself away in tears."

"True; and it may be so again. But I am no believer in signs."

"Nor I," said the young lady, again laughing.

The bride came up at this moment, and

hearing the remark of her young husband, said, as she drew her arm within his—

"What about signs, Hartley?"

"Miss Carman has just reminded me of the superstition about wedding days, as typical of life."

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Irene, smiling. "If the day opens clear, then becomes cloudy, and goes out in storm, there will be happiness in the beginning, but sorrow at the close. But if clouds and rain herald its awakening, then pass over and leave the sky blue and sunny, there will be trouble at first, but smiling peace as life progresses and declines. Our sky is bright as heart could wish." And the bride looked up into the deep blue ether.

Miss Carman laid one hand upon her arm, and with the other pointed lower down, almost upon the horizon's edge saying, in a tone of mock solemnity—

"As I said to Mr. Emerson, so I now say to you—There comes your fate."

"You don't call that the herald of an approaching storm?"

"Weatherwise people say," answered the maiden, "that a sky without a cloud is soon followed by stormy weather. Since morning, until now, there has not a cloud been seen."

"Weatherwise people and almanac makers speak very oracularly, but the day of auguries and signs is over," replied Irene.

"Philosophy," said Mr. Emerson, is beginning to find reasons in the nature of things for results that once seemed only accidental, yet followed with remarkable certainty the same phenomena. It discovers a relation of cause and effect, where ignorance only recognizes some power working in the dark."

"So you pass me over to the side of ignorance!" Irene spoke in a tone that Hartley's ear recognized too well. His remark had touched her pride.

"Not by any means," he answered quickly, eager to do away the impression. "Not by any means," he repeated. "The day of mere auguries, omens and signs is over. Whatever natural phenomena appear are dependant upon natural causes, and men of science are beginning to study the so called superstitions of farmers and seamen, to find out, if possible, the philosophical elucidation. Already a number of curious results have followed investigation in this field."

Irene leaned on his arm still, but she did not respond. A little cloud had come up and lay just upon the verge of her soul's horizon. Her husband knew that it was there; and

this knowledge caused a cloud to dim also the clear azure of his mind. There was a singular correspondence between their mental sky and the fair cerulean without.

Fearing to pursue the theme on which they were conversing, lest some unwitting words might shadow still further the mind of Irene, Emerson changed the subject, and was, to all appearance, successful in dispelling the little cloud.

The hour came, at length, when the bridal party must leave. After a tender, tearful parting with her father, Irene turned her steps away from the home of her childhood, into a new path, that would lead her out into the world, where so many thousands upon thousands, who saw only a way of velvet softness before them, have cut their tender feet upon flinty rocks, even to the very end of their tearful journey. Tightly and long did Mr. Delancy hold his child to his heart, and when his last kiss was given and his fervent "God give you a happy life, my daughter!" said, he gazed after her departing form with eyes from which manly firmness could not hold back the tears.

No one knew better than Mr. Delancy the perils that lay before his daughter. That storms would darken her sky and desolate her heart, he had too good reason to fear. His hope for her lay beyond the summer-time of life, when, chastened by suffering and subdued by experience, a tranquil autumn would crown her soul with blessings that might have been earlier enjoyed. He was not superstitious, and yet it was with a feeling of concern that he saw the white and golden clouds gathering like enchanted land along the horizon, and piling themselves up, one above another, as if in sport; building castles and towers, that soon dissolved, changing away into fantastic forms, in which the eye could see no meaning. And when, at last, his ear caught a far distant sound that jarred the air, a sudden pain shot through his heart.

"On any other day but this!" he sighed to himself, turning from the window at which he was standing, and walking restlessly the floor for several minutes, lost in a sad, dreamy reverie.

Like something instinct with life the stately steamer, quivering with every stroke of her iron heart, swept along the gleaming river, on her upward passage, bearing to their destination her freight of human souls. Among these was our bridal party, which, as the day was so clear and beautiful, was gathered upon the upper deck. As Irene's eyes turned from the

closing vision of her father's beautiful home, where the first cycle of her life had recorded its golden hours, she said, with a sigh, speaking to one of her companions—

"Farewell, Ivy Cliff! I shall return to you again, but not the same being I was when I left your pleasant scenes this morning."

"A happier being, I trust," replied Miss Carman, one of her bridesmaids.

Rose Carman was a young friend, residing in the neighborhood of her father, to whom Irene was tenderly attached.

"Something here says no." And Irene, bending towards Miss Carman, pressed one of her hands against her bosom.

"The weakness of an hour like this," answered her friend with an assuring smile. "It will pass away like the morning cloud and the early dew."

Mr. Emerson noticed the shade upon the face of his bride, and drawing near to her, said, tenderly—

"I can forgive you a sigh for the past, Irene. Ivy Cliff is a lovely spot, and your home has been all that a maiden's heart could desire. It would be strange, indeed, if the chords that have so long bound you there did not pull at your heart in parting."

Irene did not answer, but let her eyes turn backwards with a pensive, almost longing glance, towards the spot where lay hidden among the distant trees the home of her early years. A deep shadow had suddenly fallen upon her spirits. Whence it came she knew not, and asked not; but with the shadow was a dim foreboding of evil.

There was tact and delicacy enough in the companions of Irene to lead them to withdraw observation, and to withhold further remarks, until she could recover the self-possession she had lost. This came back in a little while, when, with an effort, she put on the light, easy manner so natural to her.

"Looking at the signs," said one of the party, half an hour afterwards, as she saw the eyes of Irene ranging along the sky, where clouds were now seen towering up in steep masses, like distant mountains.

"If I were a believer in signs," replied Irene, placing her arm within that of the maiden who had addressed her, and drawing her partly aside, "I might feel sober at this portent. But, I am not. Still, sign or no sign, I trust we are not going to have a storm. It would greatly mar our pleasure."

But long ere the boat reached Albany, rain began to fall, accompanied by lightning and

thunder; and soon the clouds were dissolving in a mimic deluge. Hour after hour, the wind and rain and lightning held fierce revelry, and not until near the completion of the voyage, did the clouds hold back their watery treasures, and the sunbeams force themselves through the storm's dark barriers.

When the stars came out that evening, studding the heavens with light, there was no obscuring spot on all the o'erarching sky.

CHAPTER IV.

THE wedding party was to spend a week at Saratoga, and it was now the third day since their arrival. The time had passed pleasantly, or wearily, according to the state of mind or social habits and resources of the individual. The bride, it was remarked by some of the party, seemed dull; and Rose Carman, who knew her friend better, perhaps, than any other individual in the company, and kept her under close observation, was concerned to notice an occasional curtness of manner towards her husband, that was, evidently, not relished. Something had, already, transpired to jar the chords so lately attuned to harmony.

After dinner, a ride was proposed by one of the company. Emerson responded favorably, but Irene was indifferent. He urged her, and she gave an evidently reluctant consent. While the gentlemen went to make arrangement for carriages, the ladies retired to their rooms. Miss Carman accompanied the bride. She had noticed her manner, and felt slightly troubled at her state of mind, knowing, as she did, her impulsive character, and blind self-will, when excited by opposition.

"I don't want to ride to-day!" exclaimed Irene, throwing herself into a chair as soon as she had entered her room; "and Hartley knows that I do not."

Her cheeks burned and her eyes sparkled.

"If it will give him pleasure to ride out," said Rose, in a gentle, soothing manner, "you cannot but have the same feeling in accompanying him."

"I beg your pardon!" replied Irene, briskly. "If I don't want to ride, no company can make the act agreeable. Why can't people learn to leave others in freedom? If Hartley had shown the same unwillingness to join this riding party that I manifested, do you think I would have uttered a second word in favor of going? No. I am provoked at his persistence."

"There, there, Irene," said Miss Carman,

drawing an arm tenderly around the neck of her friend, "don't trust such sentences on your lips. I can't bear to hear you talk so. It isn't my sweet friend speaking."

"You are a dear, good girl, Rose," replied Irene, smiling faintly, "and I only wish that I had a portion of your calm, gentle spirit. But, I am as I am, and must act out if I act at all. I must be myself, or nothing."

"You can be as considerate of others as of yourself?" said Rose.

Irene looked at her companion inquiringly.

"I mean," added Rose, "That you can exercise the virtue of self-denial in order to give pleasure to another—especially if that other one be an object very dear to you. As in the present case; seeing that your husband wants to join this riding party, you can, for his sake, lay aside your indifference, and enter, with a hearty good will, into the proposed pastime."

"And why cannot he, seeing that I do not care to ride, deny himself a little for my sake, and not drag me out against my will? Is all the yielding and concession to be on my side? Must his will rule in everything? I can tell you what it is, Rose, this will never suit me. There will be open war between us before the honeymoon has waxed and waned, if he goes on as he has begun."

"Hush! hush, Irene!" said her friend, in a tone of deprecation. "The lightest sense of wrong gains undue magnitude the moment we begin to complain. We see almost anything to be of greater importance, when, from the obscurity of thought, we bring it out into the daylight of speech."

"It will be just as I say, and saying it will not make it any more so," was Irene's almost sullen response to this. "I have my own ideas of things, and my own individuality; and neither of these do I mean to abandon. If Hartley hasn't the good sense to let me have my own way in what concerns myself, I will take my own way. As to the troubles that may come afterwards, I do not give them any weight in the argument. I would die a martyr's death, rather than become the passive creature of another."

"My dear friend, why will you talk so!" Rose spoke in a tone of grief.

"Simply because I am in earnest. From the hour of our marriage, I have seen a disposition on the part of my husband, to assume control. To make his will the general law of our actions. It has not exhibited itself in things of moment, but in trifles, showing that the spirit was there.

I say this to you, Rose, because we have been like sisters, and I can tell you of my inmost thoughts. There is a cloud already in the sky, and it threatens an approaching storm."

"Oh, my friend! Why are you so blind, so weak, so self-deceived? You are putting forth your hands to drag down the temple of happiness. If it fall, it will crush you beneath a mass of ruins; and not you only, but the one you have so lately pledged yourself before God and his angels to love."

"And I do love him, as deeply as ever man was loved. Oh, that he knew my heart; he would not, then, shadow his image there. He would not trifle with a spirit formed for intense, yielding, passionate love; but rigid as steel, and cold as ice when its freedom is touched. He should have known me better before linking his faith with mine."

One of her darker moods had come upon Irene; and she was beating about in the blind obscurity of passion. As she began to give utterance to complaining thoughts, new thoughts formed themselves; and what was only vague feelings grew into ideas of wrong; and these, when once spoken, assumed a magnitude unimagined before. In vain did her friend strive with her. Argument, remonstrance, persuasion, only seemed to bring greater obscurity, and to excite a more bitter feeling in her mind. And so, despairing of any good result, Rose withdrew, and left her with her own unhappy thoughts.

Not long after Miss Carman retired, Emerson came in. At the sound of his approaching footsteps, Irene had, with a strong effort, composed herself, and swept back the deeper shadows from her face.

"Not ready yet," he said, in a pleasant, half chiding way. "The carriages will be at the door in ten minutes."

"I am not going to ride out," returned Irene, in a quiet, seemingly indifferent tone of voice. Hartley mistook her manner for sport, and answered, pleasantly—

"Oh, yes you are my little lady!"

"No, I am not." There was no misapprehension now.

"Not going to ride out?" Hartley's brows contracted.

"No; I am not going to ride out to-day." Each word was distinctly spoken.

"I don't understand you, Irene."

"Are not my words plain enough?"

"Yes; they are too plain—so plain as to make them involve a mystery. What do you mean by this sudden change of purpose?"

"I don't wish to ride out," said Irene, with

assumed calmness of manner—"and that being so, may I not have my will in the case?"

"No —"

A red spot burned on Irene's cheeks, and her eyes flashed.

"No," repeated her husband; "not after you have given up that will to another."

"To you!" Irene started to her feet in instant passion. "And so, I am to be nobody, and you the lord and master. My will is to be nothing, and yours the law of my life." Her lip curled in contemptuous anger.

"You misunderstand me," said Hartley Emerson, speaking as calmly as was possible in this sudden emergency. "I did not refer, specially, to myself, but to all of our party, to whom you had given up your will in a promise to ride out with them; and to whom, therefore, you were bound."

"An easy evasion," retorted the excited bride, who had lost her mental equipoise.

"Irene!" The young man spoke sternly. "Are those the right words for your husband? An easy evasion!"

"I have said them!"

"And you must unsay them!"

Both had passed under the cloud which pride and passion had raised.

"Must! I thought you knew me better, Hartley?"

Irene grew suddenly calm.

"If there is to be love between us, all barriers must be removed."

"Don't say *must* to me, sir! I will not endure the word."

Hartley turned from her, and walked the floor with rapid steps; angry, grieved, and in doubt as to what it were best for him to do. The storm had broken on him, without a sign of warning, and he was wholly unprepared to meet it.

"Irene," he said, at length, pausing before her, "this conduct on your part is wholly inexplicable. I cannot understand its meaning. Will you explain yourself?"

"Certainly. I am always ready to give a reason for my conduct," she replied, with cold dignity.

"Say on, then." Emerson spoke with equal coldness of manner.

"I did not wish to ride out, and said so in the beginning. That ought to have been enough for you. But no—my wishes were nothing; your will must be law."

"And that is all! The head and front of my offending!" said Emerson, in a tone of surprise.

"It isn't so much the thing itself that I

object to, as the spirit in which it is done," answered Irene.

"A spirit of overbearing self-will!" said Emerson.

"Yes, if you choose. That is what my soul revolts against. I gave you my heart and my hand—my love and my confidence—not my freedom. The last is a part of my being, and I will maintain it while I have life."

"Perverse girl! What insane spirit has got possession of your mind!" exclaimed Emerson, chafed beyond endurance.

"Say on," retorted Irene, "I am prepared for this. I have seen from the hour of our marriage, that a time of strife would come. That your will would seek to make itself ruler, and that I would not submit. I did not expect the issue to come so soon. I trusted in your love to spare me, at least, until I could be hidden from general observation when I turned myself upon you and said—Thus far thou mayest go, but no farther. But, come the struggle early or late—now or in twenty years—I am prepared."

There came, at this moment, a rap at their door. Mr. Emerson opened it.

"Carriage is waiting," said a servant.

"Say that we will be down in a few minutes." The door closed.

"Come, Irene," said Mr. Emerson.

"You spoke very confidently to the servant, and said *we* would be down in a few minutes."

"There, there, Irene! Let this folly die. It has lived long enough. Come! Make yourself ready with all speed—our party is delayed by this prolonged absence."

"You think me trifling, and treat me as if I were a captious child," said Irene, with chilling calmness. "But, I am neither."

"Then you will not go?"

"I will not go!" She said the words slowly and deliberately, and as she spoke, looked her husband steadily in the face. She was in earnest, and he felt that further remonstrance would be in vain.

"You will repent of this," he replied, with enough of menace in his voice to convey to her mind a great deal more than was in his thoughts. And he turned from her and left the room. Going down stairs, he found the riding party waiting for their appearance.

"Where is Irene?" was asked by one and another, on seeing him alone.

"She does not care to ride out this afternoon, and so I have excused her," he replied. Miss Carman looked at him narrowly, and saw that there was a shade of trouble on his

countenance which he could not wholly conceal. She would have remained behind with Irene, but that would have disappointed the friend who was to be her companion in the drive.

As the party was in couples, and as Mr. Emerson had made up his mind to go without his young wife, he had to ride alone. The absence of Irene was felt as a drawback to the pleasure of all the company. Miss Carman, who understood the real cause of Irene's refusal to ride, was so much troubled in her mind, that she sat almost silent during the two hours they were out. Mr. Emerson left the party after they had been out for an hour, and returned to the hotel. His excitement had cooled off, and he began to feel regret at the unbending way in which he had met the unhappy mood of his bride.

"Her over sensitive mind has taken up a wrong impression," he said, as he talked with himself; "and instead of saying or doing any thing to increase that impression, I should, by word and act of kindness, have done all in my power for its removal. Two wrongs never make a right. Passion met by passion, results not in peace. I should have soothed and yielded, and so won her back to reason. As a man, I ought to possess a cooler and more rationally balanced mind. She is a being of feeling and impulse—loving, ardent, proud, sensitive, and strong-willed. Knowing this, it was madness in me to chafe instead of soothing her; to oppose, when gentle concession would have torn from her eyes an illusive veil. Oh, that I could learn wisdom in time! I was in no ignorance as to her peculiar character, I knew her faults and her weaknesses, as well as her nobler qualities; and it was for me to stimulate the one and bear with the others. Duty, love, honor, humanity, all pointed to this."

The longer Mr. Emerson's thoughts ran in this direction, the deeper grew his feeling of self-condemnation, and the more tenderly yearned his heart towards the young creature he had left alone with the enemies of their peace nestling in her bosom, and filling it with passion and pain. After separating himself from his party, he drove back towards the hotel at a speed that soon put his horses into a foam.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DELANCY was sitting in his library on the afternoon of the fourth day since the wedding party left Ivy Cliff, when the entrance of

some one caused him to turn towards the door.

"Irene!" He exclaimed in a tone of anxiety and alarm, as he started to his feet, for his daughter stood before him. Her face was pale, her eyes fixed and sad, her dress in disorder.

"Irene! In heaven's name, what has happened?"

"The worst," she answered, in a low, hoarse voice, not moving from the spot where she first stood still.

"Speak plainly my child. I cannot bear suspense."

"I have left my husband, and returned to you!" was the firmly uttered reply.

"Oh, folly! Oh, madness! What evil counsellor has prevailed with you, my unhappy child!" said Mr. Delancy in a voice of anguish.

"I have counselled with no one but myself."

"Never a wise counsellor—never a wise counsellor! But why—why have you taken this desperate step?"

"In self-protection," replied Irene.

"Sit down, my child. There—" and he led her to a seat. "Now let me remove your bonnet and shawl. How wretched you look, poor, misguided one! I could have laid you in the grave with less agony than I feel in seeing you thus."

Her heart was touched at this, and tears fell over her face. In the selfishness of her own sternly borne trouble, she had forgotten the sorrow she was bringing to her father's heart.

"Poor child! Poor child!" sobbed the old man, as he sat down beside Irene, and drew her head against his breast. And so, both wept together for a time. After they had grown calm, Mr. Delancy said—

"Tell me, Irene, without disguise of any kind, the meaning of this step which you have so hastily taken. Let me have the beginning, progress, and consummation of the sad misunderstanding."

While yet under the government of blind passion, ere her husband returned from the drive, which Irene had refused to take with him, she had, acting from a sudden suggestion that came to her mind, left her room, and taking the cars, passed down to Albany, where she remained until morning at one of the hotels. In silence and loneliness she had, during the almost sleepless night that followed, ample time for reflection and repentance. And both came, with convictions of error, and deep regret for the unwise, almost disgraceful step she had taken; involving not only suffering, but

humiliating exposure of herself and husband. But, it was felt to be too late, now, to look back. Pride would have laid upon her a positive interdiction, if other considerations had not come in to push the question of return aside.

In the morning, without partaking of food, Irene left in the New York boat, and passed down the river towards the home from which she had gone forth only a few days before, a happy bride—returning, with the cup, then full of the sweet wine of life, now brimming with the bitterest potion that had ever touched her lips.

And so she had come back to her father's house. In all the hours of mental anguish which had passed, since her departure from Saratoga, there had been an accusing spirit at her ear; and resist as she would, self-condemnation prevailed over attempted self-justification. The cause of this unhappy rupture was so light, the first provocation so insignificant, that she felt the difficulty of making out her case before her father. As to the world, pride counselled silence.

With but little concealment, or extenuation of her own conduct, Irene told the story of her disagreement with Hartley.

"And that was all!" exclaimed Mr. Delancy, in amazement, when his daughter ended her narrative.

"All, but enough!" she answered, with a resolute manner.

Mr. Delancy arose and walked the floor in silence for more than ten minutes; during which time Irene neither spoke nor moved.

"Oh, misery!" ejaculated the father at length, lifting his hands above his head, and then bringing them down with a gesture of despair.

Irene started up and moved to his side.

"Dear father!" she spoke tenderly, laying her hands upon him. But he pushed her away, saying—

"Wretched girl! You have laid upon my old head a burden of disgrace and wretchedness that you have no power to remove."

"Father! Father!" She clung to him, but he pushed her away. His manner was like that of one suddenly bereft of reason. She clung still, but he resolutely tore himself from her, when she fell exhausted and fainting upon the floor.

Alarm now took the place of other emotions, and Mr. Delancy was endeavoring to lift the insensible body, when a quick, heavy tread in the portico caused him to look up, just as

Hartley Emerson pushed open one of the French windows and entered the library. He had a wild, anxious, half frightened look. Mr. Delancy let the body fall from his almost paralyzed arms and staggered to a chair, while Emerson sprang forward, catching up the fainting form of his young bride, and bearing it to a sofa.

"How long has she been in this way?" asked the young man, in a tone of agitation.

"She fainted this moment," replied Mr. Delancy.

"How long has she been here?"

"Not half an hour," was answered; and as Mr. Delancy spoke he reached for the bell and jerked it two or three times violently. The waiter, startled by the loud, prolonged sound, came hurriedly to the library.

"Send Margaret here, and then get a horse and ride over swiftly for Dr. Edmundson. Tell him to come immediately."

The waiter stood for a moment or two, looking in a half terrified way upon the white, deathly face of Irene, and then fled from the apartment. No grass grew beneath his horse's feet, as he held him to his utmost speed for the distance of two miles, which lay between Ivy Cliff and the doctor's residence.

Margaret, startled by the hurried, half incoherent summons of the waiter, came flying into the library. The moment her eyes rested upon Irene, who still lay insensible upon the sofa, she screamed out, in terror—

"Oh, she's dead! she's dead!" and stood still, as if suddenly paralyzed. Then, wringing her hands, she broke out in a wild, sobbing tone—

"My poor, poor child! Oh, she is dead, dead!"

"No, Margaret," said Mr. Delancy, as calmly as he could speak, "she is not dead! It is only a fainting fit. Bring some water, quickly!"

Water was brought, and dashed into the face of Irene; but there came no sign of returning consciousness.

"Haden't you better take her up to her room, Mr. Emerson?" suggested Margaret.

"Yes," he replied; and lifting the insensible form of his bride in his arms, the unhappy man bore her to her chamber. Then, sitting down beside the bed upon which he had placed her, he kissed her pale cheeks, and laying his face to hers, sobbed and moaned in the abandonment of his grief, like a distressed child weeping in despair for some lost treasure.

"Come," said Margaret, who was an old

family domestic, drawing Hartley from the bedside. "Leave her alone with me for a little while."

And the husband and father retired from the room. When they returned, at the call of Margaret, they found Irene in bed, her white, unconscious face scarcely relieved against the snowy pillow on which her head was resting.

"She is alive!" said Margaret, in a low, but excited voice. "I can feel her heart beat."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Emerson, bending again over the motionless form, and gazing anxiously down upon the face of his bride.

But there was no utterance of thankfulness in the heart of Mr. Delancy. For her to come back again to conscious life was, he felt, but a return to wretchedness. If the true prayer of his heart could have found voice, it would have been for death, and not for life.

In silence, fear and suspense they waited an hour before the doctor arrived. Little change in Irene took place during that time, except that her respiration became clearer and the pulsations of her heart distinct and regular. The application of warm stimulants was immediately ordered, and their good effects soon became apparent.

"All will come right in a little while," said Dr. Edmundson, encouragingly. "It seems to be only a fainting fit of unusual length."

Hartley drew Mr. Delancy aside.

"It will be best that I should be alone with her when she recovers," said he.

"You may be right in that," said Mr. Delancy, after a moment's reflection.

"I am sure that I am," was returned.

"You think she will recover soon?" said Mr. Delancy, approaching the doctor.

"Yes; at any moment. She is breathing deeper, and her heart beats with a fuller impulse."

"Let us retire, then," and he drew the doctor from the apartment. Pausing at the door, he called to Margaret in a half whisper. She went out also, Emerson alone remaining.

Taking his place by the bedside, he waited, in trembling anxiety, for the moment when her eyes should open and recognize him. At last there came a quivering of the eyelids and a motion about the sleeper's lips. Emerson bent over, and took one of her hands in his.

"Irene!" He called her name in a voice of the tenderest affection. The sound seemed to penetrate to the region of consciousness, for her lips moved with a murmur of inarticulate words. He kissed her, and said again—

"Irene!"

There was a sudden lighting up of her countenance.

"Irene, love! darling!" The voice of Emerson was burdened with tenderness.

"Oh, Hartley!" she exclaimed, opening her eyes and looking with a kind of glad, bewilderment into his face. Then half rising, and drawing her arms around his neck, she hid her face on his bosom, murmuring—

"Thank God that it is only a dream!"

"Yes, thank God!" replied her husband, as he kissed her in a kind of wild fervor, "and may such dreams never come again."

She lay very still for some moments. Thought and memory were beginning to act feebly. The response of her husband had in it something that set her to questioning. But there was one thing that made her feel happy. The sound of his loving voice was in her ears; and all the while she felt his hand moving, with a soft, caressing touch, over her cheek and temple.

"Dear Irene!" he murmured in her ears; and then her hand tightened on his.

And thus she remained until conscious life regained its full activity. Then the trial came.

Suddenly lifting herself from the bosom of her husband, Irene gave a hurried glance around the well known chamber, then turned and looked with a strange, fearful, questioning glance into his face.

"Where am I? What does this mean?" she asked.

"It means," replied Emerson, "that the dream, thank God! is over, and that my dear wife is awake again."

He placed his arms again around her, and drew her to his heart, almost smothering her, as he did so, with kisses.

She lay passive for a little while; then, disengaging herself, she said, faintly—

"I feel weak and bewildered; let me lie down."

She closed her eyes as Emerson placed her back on the pillow, a sad expression covering her still pallid face. Sitting down beside her he took her hand and held it with a firm pressure. She did not attempt to withdraw it. He kissed her, and a warmer flush came over her face.

"Dear Irene!" His hand pressed tightly upon hers, and she returned the pressure.

"Shall I call your father? He is very anxious about you."

"Not yet." And she caught slightly her breath, as if feeling were growing too strong for her.

"Let it be as a dream, Hartley!" Irene lifted herself up, and looked calmly but with a very sad expression on her countenance into her husband's face.

"Between us two, Irene, even as a dream from which both have awakened," he replied.

She closed her eyes and sunk back upon the pillow.

Mr. Emerson then went to the door and spoke to Mr. Delancy. On a brief consultation it was thought best for Dr. Edmundson not to see her again. A knowledge of the fact that he had been called in might give occasion for more disturbing thoughts than were already pressing upon her mind. And so, after giving some general directions as to the avoidance of all things likely to excite her mind unpleasantly, the doctor withdrew.

Mr. Delancy saw his daughter alone. The interview was long and earnest. On his part, was the fullest disapproval of her conduct and the most solemnly spoken admonitions and warnings. She confessed her error, without any attempt at excuse or palliation, and promised a wiser conduct in the future.

"There is not one husband in five," said the father, "who would have forgiven an act like this, placing him, as it does, in such a false and humiliating position before the world. He loves you with too deep and true a love, my child, for girlish trifling like this. And let me warn you of the danger you incur of turning against you the spirit of such a man. I have studied his character closely, and I see in it an element of firmness that, if it once sets itself, will be as inflexible as iron. If you repeat acts of this kind, the day must come when forbearance will cease; and then, in turning from you, it will be never to turn back again. Harden him against you once, and it will be for all time."

Irene wept bitterly at this strong representation, and trembled at thought of the danger she had escaped.

To her husband, when she was alone with him again, she confessed her fault, and prayed him to let the memory of it pass from his mind forever. On his part was the fullest denial of any purpose whatever, in the late misunderstanding, to bend her to his will. He assured her that if he had dreamed of any serious objection on her part to the ride, he would not have urged it for a moment. It involved no promised pleasure to him apart from pleasure to her; and it was because he believed that she would enjoy the drive that he had urged her to make one of the party.

All this was well, as far as it could go. But repentance and mutual forgiveness did not restore everything to the old condition—did not obliterate that one sad page in their history, and leave them free to make a new and better record. If the folly had been in private, the effort at forgiving and forgetting, would have been attended with fewer annoying considerations. But, it was committed in public, and under circumstances calculated to attract attention, and occasion invidious remark. And then, how were they to meet the different members of the wedding party, which they had so suddenly thrown into consternation?

On the next day, the anxious members of this party made their appearance at Ivy Cliff, not having, up to this time, received any intelligence of the fugitive bride. Mr. Delancy did not attempt to excuse to them the unjustifiable conduct of his daughter, beyond the admission that she must have been temporarily deranged. Something was said about resuming the bridal tour, but Mr. Delancy said, "No; the quiet of Ivy Cliff will yield more pleasure than the excitement of travel."

And all felt this to be true.

CHAPTER VI.

"AFTER the storm." Alas! that there should be a wreck-strewn shore so soon. That, within three days of the bridal morning, a tempest should have raged, scattering on the wind sweet blossoms which had just opened to the sunshine; tearing away the clinging vines of love; and leaving marks of desolation which no dew and sunshine could ever obliterate.

It was not a blessed honey-moon to them. How could it be, after what had passed? Both were hurt and mortified; and while there was mutual forgiveness, and great tenderness and fond concessions, one towards the other, there was a sober, thoughtful state of mind, not favorable to happiness.

Mr. Delancy hoped the lesson—a very severe one—might prove the guarantee of future peace. It had, without doubt, awakened Irene's mind to sober thoughts and closer self-examination than usual. She was convicted, in her own heart, of folly, the memory of which could never return to her without a sense of pain.

At the end of three weeks from the day of their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson went down to the city to take possession of their new home. On the eve of their departure from Ivy Cliff, Mr. Delancy had a long conference with his daughter, in which he conjured her by all things sacred to guard herself against that

blindness of passion which had already produced such unhappy consequences. She repeated, with many tears, her good resolutions for the future; and showed great sorrow and contrition for the past.

"It may come out right," said the old man to himself, as he sat alone, with a pressure of foreboding on his mind, looking into the dim future, on the day of their departure for New York. His only and beloved child had gone forth to return no more, unless in sorrow or wretchedness. "It may come out right; but my heart has sad misgivings."

There was a troubled suspense of nearly a week, when the first letter came from Irene to her father. He broke the seal with unsteady hands; fearing to let his eyes fall upon the opening page.

"My dear, dear, father! I am a happy young wife."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the old man aloud, letting the hand fall that held Irene's letter. It was some moments before he could read farther; then he drank in, with almost childish eagerness, every sentence of the long letter.

"Yes; yes; it may come out right," said Mr. Delancy—"It may come out right." He uttered the words, so often on his lips, with more confidence than usual. The letter strongly urged him to make her a visit, if it was only for a day or two.

"You know, dear father," she wrote, "that most of your time is to be spent with us—all your winters, certainly—and we want you to begin the new arrangement as soon as possible."

Mr. Delancy sighed over the passage. He had not set his heart on this arrangement. It might have been a pleasant thing for him to anticipate; but, there was not the hopeful basis for anticipation which a mind like his required.

Not love alone prompted Mr. Delancy to make an early visit to New York; a feeling of anxiety to know how it really was with the young couple, acted quite as strongly in the line of incentive. And so he went down to the city, and passed nearly a week there. Both Irene and her husband knew that he was observing them closely all the while; and a consciousness of this put them under some constraint. Every thing passed harmoniously; and Mr. Delancy returned with the half hopeful, half doubting words on his lips, so often and often repeated—

"Yes—yes. It may come out right."

But, it was not coming out altogether right.

Even while the old man was under her roof, Irene had a brief season of self-willed reaction against her husband, consequent on some unguarded word, or act, which she felt to be a trespass on her freedom. To save appearances, while Mr. Delancy was with them, Hartley yielded and tendered conciliatory words, all the while that his spirit chafed sorely.

The departure of Mr. Delancy for Ivy Cliff, was the signal for both Irene and her husband to lay aside a portion of the restraint which each had borne with a certain restlessness that longed for a time of freedom. On the very day that he left, Irene showed so much that seemed to her husband like perverseness of will, that he was seriously offended, and spoke an unguarded word that was as fire to stubble—a word that was repented of as soon as spoken, but which pride would not permit him to recall. It took nearly a week of suffering to discipline the mind of Mr. Emerson to the point of conciliation. On the part of Irene, there was not the thought of yielding. Her will, supported by pride, was as rigid as iron. Reason had no power over her. She felt, rather than thought.

Thus far, both as lover and husband, in all their alienations, Hartley had been the first to yield; and it was so now. He was strong-willed and persistent—but cooler reason helped him back into the right way, and he had, thus far, found it quicker than Irene. Not that he suffered less, or repented sooner. Irene's suffering was far deeper; but she was blinder and more self-determined.

Again the sun of peace smiled down upon them; but, as before, on something shorn of its strength or beauty.

"I will be more guarded," said Hartley to himself. "Knowing her weakness, why should I not protect her against everything that wounds her sensitive nature? Love concedes, is long suffering and full of patience. I love Irene—words cannot tell how deeply! Then why should I not, for her sake, bear and forbear? Why should I think of myself, and grow fretted because she does not yield as readily as I could desire, to my wishes?"

So Emerson talked with himself and resolved. But who does not know the feebleness of resolution, when opposed to temperament and confirmed habits of mind? How weak is mere human strength! Alas! how few, depending on that alone, are ever able to bear up steadily, for any length of time, against the tide of passion!

Off his guard, in less than twenty-four hours

after resolving thus with himself, the young husband spoke in captious disapproval of something which Irene had done, or proposed to do, and the consequence was, the assumption on her part of a cold, reserved, and dignified manner, which hurt and annoyed him beyond measure. Pride led him to treat her in the same way; and so, for days they met in silence, or formal courtesy, all the while suffering a degree of wretchedness almost impossible to be endured; and all the while, which was worst of all, writing on their hearts bitter things against each other.

To Emerson, as before, the better state first returned, and the sunshine of his countenance drove the shadows from hers. Then, for a season, they were loving, thoughtful, forbearing, and happy. But, the clouds came back again, and storms marred the beauty of their lives.

All this was sad—very sad. There were good and noble qualities in the hearts of both. They were not narrow minded, and selfish, like so many of your placid, accommodating, calculating people; but generous in their feelings, and broad in their sympathies. They had ideals of life, that went reaching out far beyond themselves. Yes, it was sad to see two such hearts beating against and bruising each other, instead of taking the same pulsation. But, there seemed to be no help for them. Irene's jealous guardianship of her freedom; her quick temper, pride and self-will, made the position of her husband so difficult, that it was almost impossible for him to avoid giving offence.

The summer and fall passed away without any serious rupture between the sensitive couple, although there had been seasons of great unhappiness to both. Irene had been up to Ivy Cliff many times, to visit her father, and now she was beginning to urge his removal to the city for the winter. But Mr. Delancy, who had never given his full promise to this arrangement, felt less and less inclined to leave his old home, as the season advanced. Almost from boyhood he had lived there, and his habits were formed for rural instead of city life. He pictured the close streets, with their rows of houses, that left for the eye only narrow patches of ethereal blue; and contrasted this with the broad winter landscape, which for him had always spread itself out with a beauty rivalled by no other season; and his heart failed him.

The brief December days were on them, and Irene grew more urgent.

"Come, dear father," she wrote. "I think

of you, sitting all alone at Ivy Cliff, during these long evenings, and grow sad at heart in sympathy with your loneliness. Come at once. Why linger a week, or even a day longer. We have been all in all to each other these many years, and ought not to be separated now."

But Mr. Delancy was not ready to exchange the pure air and wide spreading scenery of the Highlands for a city residence, even in the desolate winter, and so wrote back doubtingly. Irene and her husband then came up to add the persuasion of their presence at Ivy Cliff. It did not avail, however. The old man was too deeply wedded to his home.

"I should be miserable in New York," he replied to their earnest entreaties; and it would not add to your happiness to see me going about with a sober, discontented face, or to be reminded every little while that if you had left me to my winter's hybernation, I would have been a contented instead of a dissatisfied old man. No, no, my children; Ivy Cliff is the best place for me. You shall come up and spend Christmas here, and we will have a gay season."

There was no further use in argument. Mr. Delancy would have his way; and he was right.

Irene and her husband went back to the city, with a promise to spend Christmas at the old homestead.

Two weeks passed. It was the twentieth of December. Without previous intimation Irene came up alone to Ivy Cliff, startling her father by coming in suddenly upon him one dreary afternoon, just as the leaden sky began to scatter down the winter's first offering of snow.

"My daughter!" he exclaimed, surprise so burdening him that he could not move from where he was sitting.

"Dear father!" she answered, with a loving smile, throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him.

"Where is Hartley?" asked the old man, looking past Irene towards the door through which she had just entered.

"Oh, I left him in New York," she replied.

"In New York! Have you come alone?"

"Yes. Christmas is only five days off, you know, and I am here to help you prepare for it. Of course, Hartley cannot leave his business."

She spoke in an excited, almost gay tone of voice. Mr. Delancy looked at her earnestly. Unpleasant doubts fitted through his mind.

"When will your husband come up?" he inquired.

"At Christmas," she answered, without hesitation.

"Why didn't you write, love?" asked Mr. Delancy. "You have taken me by surprise, and set my nerves in a flutter."

"I only thought about it last evening. One of my sudden resolutions."

And she laughed a low, fluttering laugh. It might have been an error, but her father had a fancy that it did not come from her heart.

"I will run up stairs and put off my things," she said, moving away.

"Did you bring a trunk?"

"O yes; it is at the landing. Will you send for it?"

And Irene went, with quick steps, from the apartment, and ran up to the chamber she still called her own. On the way she met Margaret.

"Miss Irene!" exclaimed the latter, pausing and lifting her hands in astonishment. "Why, where did you come from?"

"Just arrived in the boat. Have come to help you get ready for Christmas."

"Please goodness, how you frightened me!" said the warm-hearted domestic, who had been in the family ever since Irene was a child, and was strongly attached to her. "How's Mr. Emerson?"

"Oh, he's well, thank you, Margaret."

"Well, now, child, you did set me all into a fluster. I thought may be you'd got into one of your tantrums, and come off and left your husband."

"Why, Margaret!" A crimson flush mantled the face of Irene.

"You must excuse me, child, but just that came into my head," replied Margaret. "You're very downright and determined sometimes; and there isn't anything hardly that you wouldn't do if the spirit was on you. I'm glad it's all right. Dear me! dear me!"

"Oh, I'm not quite so bad as you all make me out," said Irene, laughing.

"I don't think you're bad," answered Margaret, in kind deprecation, yet with a freedom of speech warranted by her years and attachment to Irene. "But you go off in such strange ways—get so wrong-headed sometimes, that there's no counting on you."

Then, growing more serious, she added:—

"The fact is, Miss Irene, you keep me feeling kind of uneasy all the time. I dreamed about you last night, and may be that has helped to put me into a fluster now."

"Dreamed about me!" said Irene, with a degree of interest in her manner.

"Yes. But don't stand here, Miss Irene; come over to your room."

"What kind of a dream had you, Margaret?" asked the young wife, as she sat down on the side of the bed, where, pillowed in sleep, she had dreamed so many of girlhood's pleasant dreams.

"I was dreaming all night about you," replied Margaret, looking sober-faced.

"And you saw me in trouble?"

"O dear, yes; in nothing but trouble. I thought once that I saw you in a great room full of wild beasts. They were chained, or in cages; but you would keep going close up to the bars of the cages, or near enough for the chained animals to spring upon you. And that wasn't all. You put the end of your little parasol in between the bars, and a fierce tiger struck at you with his great cat-like paw, tearing the flesh from your arm. Then I saw you in a little boat, down on the river. You had put up a sail, and was going out all alone. I saw the boat move off from the shore, just as plainly as I see you now. I stood and watched until you were in the middle of the river. Then I thought Mr. Emerson was standing by me, and that we both saw a great monster—a whale, or something else—chasing after your boat. Mr. Emerson was in great distress, and said—I told her not to go; but she is so self-willed! And then he jumped into a boat, and taking the oars went gliding out after you as swiftly as the wind. I never saw mortal arm make a boat fly as he did that little skiff. And I saw him strike the monster with his oar, just as his huge jaws were opened to devour you. Dear! dear! but I was frightened, and woke up all in a tremble."

"Before he had saved me?" said Irene, taking a deep breath.

"Yes; but I don't think there was any chance of saving there, and I was glad that I waked up when I did."

"What else did you dream?" asked Irene.

"Oh, I can't tell you all I dreamed. Once I saw you fall from the high rock just above West Point, and go dashing down into the river. Then I saw you chased by a mad bull."

"And no one came to my rescue?"

"Oh, yes; there was more than one who tried to save you. First, your father ran in between you and the bull—but he dashed over him; then I saw Mr. Emerson rushing up with a pitchfork, and he got before the mad animal and pointed the sharp prongs at his eyes; but the bull tore down on him and tossed him away up into the air. I awoke as I saw him falling

on the sharp pointed horns that were held up to catch him."

"Well, Margaret, you certainly had a night of horrors," said Irene, in a sober way.

"Indeed, Miss, and I had: such a night as I don't wish to have again."

"And your dreaming was all about me?"

"Yes."

"And I was always in trouble or danger?"

"Yes, always; and it was mostly your own fault, too; and that reminds me of what the minister told us in his sermon last Sunday. He said that there were a great many kinds of trouble in this world—some coming from the outside and some coming from the inside. That the outside troubles, which we couldn't help, were generally easiest to be borne; while the inside troubles, which we might have prevented, were the bitterest things in life, because there was remorse as well as suffering. I understood very well what he meant."

"I am afraid," said Irene, speaking partly to herself, "that most of my troubles come from the inside."

"I'm afraid they do," spoke out the frank domestic.

"Margaret!"

"Indeed Miss, and I do think so. If you'd only get right here"—laying her hand upon her breast—"somebody beside yourself would be a great deal happier. There now, child, I've said it; and you needn't go to getting angry with me."

"They are often our best friends who use the plainest speech," said Irene. "No Margaret, I am not going to be angry with one whom I know to be true-hearted."

"Not truer-hearted than your husband, Miss Irene; nor half so loving."

"Why did you say that?" Margaret started at the tone of voice in which this interrogation was made.

"Because I think so," she answered naively.

"Irene looked at her for some moments, with a penetrating gaze, and then said, with an affected carelessness of tone—

"Your preacher and your dreams have made you quite a moralist."

"They have not taken from my heart any of the love it has felt for you," said Margaret, tears coming into her eyes.

"I know that, Margaret. You were always too kind and indulgent, and I always too wayward and unreasonable. But, I am getting years on my side, and shall not always be a foolish girl."

Snow had now began to fall thickly, and the

late December day was waning towards the early twilight. Margaret went down stairs and left Irene alone in her chamber, where she remained until nearly tea-time, before joining her father.

Mr. Delancy did not feel altogether satisfied in his mind about this unheralded visit from his daughter, with whose wayward moods he was too familiar. It might be all as she said, but there were intrusive misgivings that troubled him.

At tea time, she took her old place at the table, in such an easy, natural way, and looked so pleased and happy, that her father was satisfied. He asked about her husband, and she talked of him without reserve.

"What day is Hartley coming up?" he inquired.

"I hope to see him on the day before Christmas," returned Irene. There was a falling in her voice, that, to the ears of Mr. Delancy, betrayed a feeling of doubt.

"He will not, surely, put it off later," said the father.

"I don't know," said Irene. "He may be prevented from leaving early enough to reach here before Christmas morning. If there should be a cold snap, and the river freeze up, it will make the journey difficult and attended with delay."

"I think the winter has set in," and Mr. Delancy turned his ear towards the window, against which the snow and hail were beating with violence. "It's a pity Hartley didn't come up with you."

A sober hue came over the face of Irene. This did not escape the notice of her father; but it was natural that she should feel sober in thinking of her husband as likely to be kept from her by the storm. That such were her thoughts, her words made evident; for she said, glancing towards the window:—

"If there should be a deep snow, and the boats stop running, how can Hartley reach here in time?"

On the next morning the sun rose bright and warm for the season. Several inches of snow had fallen, giving to the landscape a wintry whiteness; but the wind was coming in from the south, genial as spring. Before night half the snowy covering was gone.

"We had our fears for nothing," said Mr. Delancy, on the second day, which was as mild as the preceding one. "All things promise well. I saw the boats go down as usual; so the river is open still."

Irene did not reply. Mr. Delancy looked

at her curiously, but her face was partly turned away, and he did not get its true expression.

The twenty-fourth came. No letter had been received by Irene, nor had she written to New York since her arrival at Ivy Cliff.

"Isn't it singular that you don't get a letter from Hartley?" said Mr. Delancy.

Irene had been sitting silent for some time when her father made this remark.

"He is very busy," she said, in reply.

"That's no excuse. A man is never too busy to write to his absent wife."

"I haven't expected a letter, and so am not disappointed. But he's on his way, no doubt. How soon will the boat arrive?"

"Between two and three o'clock."

"And it's now ten."

The hours passed on, and the time of arrival came. The windows of Irene's chamber looked towards the river, and she was standing at one of them, alone, when the boat came in sight. Her face was almost colorless, and contracted by an expression of deep anxiety. She remained on her feet for the half hour that intervened before the boat could reach the landing. It was not the first time that she had watched there, in the excitement of doubt and fear, for the same form her eyes were now straining themselves to see.

The shrill sound of escaping steam ceased to quiver on the air, and in a few minutes the boat shot forward into view, and went gliding up the river. Irene scarcely breathed, as she stood, with colorless face, parted lips, and eager eyes, looking down the road that led to the landing. But she looked in vain. The form of her husband did not appear—and it was Christmas Eve!

What did it mean?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IMAGINATION.

WE cannot but believe that in the very heart of our civilized life, the materials which imagination seeks in human life, are yet to be found. It were much to be wished, therefore, for the sake both of our literature and of our life, that imagination would again be content to dwell with life—that we had less of poetry, and that of more strength; and that imagination were again to be found as it used to be, one of the elements of life itself—a strong principle of our nature, living in the midst of our affections and passions, blending with, kindling, invigorating, and exalting them all.

MOONRISE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A halo crowns the purple hills,
The heaven in slumb'rous light distils;
The world is still—a holy calm
On pulseless wings drops down its balm.

On azure seas cloud-vessels sail,
Their white shrouds flushed with roses pale,
And on the star-gemmed eastern heights
The Night her bridal-taper lights.

The nightingales in ancient trees
Chant low their sacred melodies,
And from the swell of green uplands
The West Wind utters her commands.

The lake's soft breast of moveless glass
Is kissed by shadows as they pass;
The great hills lift their regal brows
Like priests at vespers making vows.

The Orient bright and brighter burns,
The primrose into crimson turns,
A flash of silver, touched with gold,
Leaps up the sky steep's fold on fold.

And lo! in state, like thronéd queen,
Through sable distance swims serene
The empress moon—while fleecy cars
Bear on her train of glittering stars.
Farmington, N. H.

GRACE PALMER'S JOURNAL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was well that the blow fell suddenly, or it would have killed me; as it was, it paralyzed, stunned me, physically and mentally. I couldn't realize it; I can't now; and hereafter I shall always understand what, to me, has often been a subject of curious speculation and wonder, viz: the half indifferent, half stolid appearance of persons who have been suddenly bereaved of some precious friend in whom their life was bound up, and who, going out from them, carried the best part of their existence; the hope, the love, the faith which are of this world. Now, I have often observed such people calm, immovable, statuesque, and wondered whether this indicated coldness of temperament or want of feeling; but I see now they didn't REALIZE it. If they had, they too would have died or their reason would have been wrecked. God has mercifully ordained this; and I shall never again be uncharitable in judging others. Just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints.

It is strange how one's old habits cling to them through all the changes of good and evil. Here I am, sitting at my table, with flakes of

sunshine strewed across my paper, and summer winds, which hide in the old pear tree by the window, playfully tossing them back and forth, and I am at my old habit of moralizing—I, who wear on my forehead this morning less than a score and a quarter of birth-days, and in my heart the weariness and hopelessness of old age—I, whose youth died out from me *that* night, just three week's ago; I cannot talk with any one about it, and therefore it is a sort of comfort and relief to tell it with my pen to my paper, certain that here I shall never be shocked by interjections of wonder, or even sympathy—that my story will be heard in silence and held in secret.

It is singular that my mind recalls every circumstance of that evening so vividly, and dwells on it with such pertinacity. I had been very happy all that day, and thoughts of *him* had been flying through the open windows and doors of my soul, as birds fly through newly blossomed apple branches.

It was a little chilly towards evening, though it was in the heart of May, and as Uncle Dennis' rheumatism makes him very sensitive to any change of temperature, I had Benny, our new errand boy, build a fire in the sitting room—a real, old-fashioned birchwood fire—and I went up garret and got a basin of butter-nuts, as uncle is so fond of them; and I sat cracking these before the fire, while he read a paper which some old friend had sent him, or paused to tell me some story of his youth—those stories of old times and long-ago scenes that I never grow tired of hearing, that rise up and walk across half a century of years, and stand before me clothed and living realities.

So, I listened to Uncle Dennis and cracked the nuts, and looked at his fine old gray head, over which the firelight went in gusts and eddies of crimson; and I thought what a blessed and holy thing is a ripe Christian old age, and how gracious a thing it was to look far back from a stand-point of seventy-five years, over an earnest, honest, manful life, a life whose deep, underlying purpose had been to *live for God and do good to His creatures*; and I thought how such a purpose rose up in its grand, shining sublimity, and shamed all those miserable aims of getting wealth, or fame, or social reputation—those paltry things which men's vanity and ambition do so struggle and pant for, and to secure which they barter the life of their souls.

And then I thought of Harry, and wondered whether, if God appointed us to walk together from the gardens of youth to the mountain tops

of old age, if our lives would be calm, and serene, and blessed, as that of Uncle Dennis.

I remember that there crept a little shadow in and out of these thoughts, for I had not heard from Harry in a month, and we parted in mutual, though, as I supposed, transient irritation. Still, that day, the silence had not troubled me—it had, more or less, for the previous month; but I had fully made up my mind that his letter had been miscarried. This has been the case twice before, and the useless anxiety I had suffered on both those occasions, made me resolve never to be so disquieted again. Then, during the last year, I have succeeded somewhat in learning the slow lesson of patience, and I was expecting Harry the next week, and I believed his presence would make all right.

Still, I was always troubled when I thought of that little misunderstanding, which occurred on the last day of his visit.

Looking back at it now, it seems that we were about equally at fault. I had had one of my distracting nervous headaches all day, and every nerve was in that jarred, vibratory state, when the least discordant word or action drives us almost into frenzy. The pain, too, had been greatly intensified by my efforts to "keep up" and conceal it from Harry, as it was the last of his three days' visit.

In the evening Edward Lane and his sister happened in. He has just graduated at West Point, and as we have known each other from childhood, and as Annie and I have always been intimate friends, an unusual degree of freedom has existed in our social intercourse. Edward is lively, playful, witty, and full of that half-bantering style of conversation which people of his temperament are so apt to indulge in.

My temples were throbbing with such acute pain that I hardly was conscious of what I said, and I was just in that sort of state when one cannot think or reason consecutively—when the whole system is stimulated into abnormal excitement, and I laughed at and responded to the young cadet's witty sallies with much more than my usual hilarity.

He sat on the sofa by me, and Harry endeavored to entertain Annie. I remember that it struck me their conversation was forced and intermittent, but I could not risk a succession of those acute pangs through my temples by turning to look at them. I just managed to sustain myself until the company left, and then threw myself back on the lounge, with what must have seemed sullenness or dullness,

but which was, in reality, nervous prostration.

Harry broke the silence in cold, constrained tones:

"I regret, Grace, that the departure of your friends has so soon deprived you of animation. I never saw you so brilliant as on this evening."

"Well, Edward Lane and I are old friends."

I should have completed the sentence more to Harry's satisfaction, but here a pang struck my head, which sent a sudden faintness through my whole frame, and I leaned against the sofa.

"So I presumed, from the very exhilarating effect that his presence had upon you. I really felt myself quite an intruder when he left, knowing that but for my presence you would have enjoyed his society for another hour had I not been here."

The sarcasm which pointed this remark, was more than my nerves could endure. I burst into tears; which, I suppose, seemed to him the mere ebullition of irritable feeling, but which was in reality something very different.

"I think you are very unkind, very silly, Harry Raymond, to censure me for a little jesting with Edward Lane. It is really unworthy of you to be jealous of him."

This last word irritated him more than all the rest. And I always knew that Harry Raymond was an angel in temper, from the time when he and I used to recite our Virgil to Uncle Dennis; though I would only make this confession to my journal.

"And I think, Grace Palmer, you are most unjust to accuse me of a feeling which never for a moment entered my heart; though I am not surprised that your own conscience suggested its propriety, after the flirtation which I have just witnessed."

"Harry, your words insult me," I sobbed. "But I cannot reply to them, with this distracting headache, from which I have been suffering all day."

"All day?—and you never complained of it until this moment, and you never looked better; never seemed in finer health or spirits than this evening."

His tones almost implied a doubt of my truthfulness; and perfect faith as I knew he had in me, it is not strange that he could hardly credit the story of my illness; but wounded and stung, I rose up.

"Well, Harry, you know you have often laughed at me, over what you called my morbid conscientiousness about the truth, and perhaps you will not doubt me now, when I

solemnly assure you, that I have been suffering acutely all day, though I have tried every means to disguise it from you. I cannot prolong this conversation to-night. We shall have an hour in the morning before you go, and, perhaps, I shall then be able to convince you that you have wronged me."

His better nature triumphed in a moment; he came, and drew me to him—for I had gone to the table for a light.

"Grace," he said—with all the old tenderness in his tones—"forgive me if I have spoken harshly. I had no idea that you were ill, and I have been fretted this evening. I see, now, that you are looking pale and worn. Go to your room, my darling, and in the morning all shall, I trust, be well betwixt us."

I smiled acquiescence, as he kissed me, but I could not speak, I was so faint and dizzy, and perhaps my manner struck him as cold, as I left the room; but I did not feel so.

I had a terrible night. Phebe was up with me until after three o'clock, and then, I sank into a slumber, induced by the strong opiate she had given me; and in the morning, when she related this to Uncle Dennis, he would not allow me to be disturbed, though Harry was going.

Both my uncle and Phebe told me he was greatly shocked on hearing of my sufferings, and insisted that I should not be awakened. He left many promises of writing that week, and expressions of sympathy for my illness.

I have been thus minute, in recording all that transpired that last evening we passed together, because I have wished to be able to recall it, if any long sickness should paralyze my memory so that passages of the past should become blurred or blotted out from my life.

I was greatly disappointed when I awoke, late that morning, and found Harry was gone without taking leave of me, but his parting messages comforted me.

"Now, uncle, do put down that paper, and eat some of these nuts. Don't they look tempting?"

And I laid the fork across the well-piled saucer.

"Yes, they do, my little girl," glancing at them from over his silver spectacles. "It used to be one of your aunt's most successful ways of coaxing me away from an unfinished sermon, with a plate of butternuts."

"Well, as I'm her successor, I shall follow in her footsteps," playfully seizing hold of one corner of the paper.

"Just one moment, dear. Let me see if there are any deaths or marriages in the county; you're a woman, Gracie, and will want to hear those."

"Of course; and afterward you must tell me some story of the times when you and Aunt Margaret went butter-nutting."

"I remember the first one, she couldn't have been more than ten at that time,—what does this mean?"

He stopped short, and drew the paper closer to his glasses—I see this moment just how his gray hairs swept the columns. Then the paper fell from his shaking fingers. "Harry Raymond, is it possible?" he said to himself. Then he looked at me—"My poor child, may the Lord God have pity upon you!"

"Oh, uncle! what is it—is he dead?"

I sat still, but I knew some terrible trial had fallen on him and me.

"No, Grace, would to God that he were!"

"But I must know, Uncle Dennis, do read it to me."

"I can't, Grace!"

Then I took up the paper. My uncle put out his hand, "Grace, it will kill you," and he would have drawn the paper from me, but of a sudden I grew strong, and held it above him in the lamp-light. My gaze seemed to flash and burn down the columns, and then they fell on these words; and the words scorched my brain, and eat, like fire, into my heart:—

"*Married, in the village of Woodstock, on the eighteenth inst., HARRY S. RAYMOND, of Grafton, to LUCIA, youngest daughter of Rufus Patterson, Esq.*"

I put down the paper quietly. "Uncle Dennis, is it true—really true?"

"My poor child, may the Lord help you, for your grief is beyond the help of man."

"Oh, Harry Raymond! Harry Raymond!" That is the last thing which I remember crying, and it has been the cry of my heart during all these three slow weeks which are gone over it; but it is not for the Harry Raymond who has bartered his honor and stained his soul with so foul a lie, that my heart makes this cry. It is for the Harry Raymond of old, manly, and true, and noble—the man of unsullied honor, and tender affections, and generous impulses; the brave, handsome, noble-hearted youth who dwelt for three years under this roof, and with whom I had such rambles in the spring, such nuttings in the fall; the man whose very faults I seemed to discern, and yet to love him the better for all these.

And for a whole year I had been his be-

trothed wife! and he has told me so often of this Lucia Patterson, his old school friend—of her beauty, her grace, her brilliancy—and always closed all these conversations with some words after this fashion:

"And yet, her face, my darling, has not half the expression and sweetness which are the wondrous charm of yours. It is a face for men to gaze at and admire; not one to sit in tender, womanly grace by the firelight of home; not one to soothe and gladden a man's eyes in sickness, to give his heart rest, and healing, and repose, every time he looked on it."

And I laid up the words of Harry Raymond in my heart, and they were like a box of sweet spikenard, filling all its rooms with fragrance.

I try to struggle, and conquer, and bury this old love, and I believe, by God's grace, that I shall do it. But my feelings are tenacious, my nature is not a flexible one, and the work cannot be sudden.

Then, I do not love the Harry Raymond of now—false, miserable, perjured; but the Harry Raymond of THEN, or, rather, the Harry Raymond of my dreams, and fancies, and idealizations.

I know that he was always very susceptible to beauty and grace in woman, and probably hers appealed to his love, and perhaps her regard to his vanity—for I was always certain, by his manner of speaking of her, that she admired him. Then he is constitutionally impulsive, rash; I have sometimes thought reckless.

Probably in some hour of weakness he committed himself too far to the lady, to feel that he could honorably withdraw; and in such a case, it would be like him to hasten the consummation of their marriage.

How kind and tender Uncle Dennis was to me during those two weeks which followed my knowledge of Harry's marriage! Yet, I can see that it was a terrible blow to the old man, for Harry and I were to him in place of the children, who went out from this low-roofed parsonage to that upper homestead, whose columns are of pearl, and whose foundations are of all precious stones.

Once in a while the old man comes in, and looks at me, and shakes his head, and mutters to himself, "I would not have believed it of him—I would not have believed it of him!"

Ay! I too would not have believed it of him, Uncle Dennis.

I must try to be brave and strong-hearted, though. No woman has a right to yield up

the life which God has given her for the loss of any man's love. I shall try to fill up the years of my future with what of use and duty I can. Especially must I do all in my power to make the last days of Uncle Dennis peaceful and pleasant ones; for I owe him what children tenderly sheltered and dearly beloved do their parents. He took me, before the summer grasses had sealed with their green signets the graves of mine; and he was father and mother, in very deed and truth, to his motherless sister's orphan girl; and now I, in turn, am his greatest earthly comfort—his little girl housekeeper, as he calls me.

Sometimes, though, I feel a great, unutterable longing to get away from the dear old parsonage; for every room and corner, every path, and tree, and shrub, is full of stories and associations which strike my heart with pangs.

This morning I noticed, for the first time, the change which had come over my face. I began to find in it a faint foreshadowing of what it would be when it had grown into an old woman's. I was combing my hair at the mirror, and the thought flashed suddenly over me, of the thousand times Harry had praised it while he twined the "golden brows" curls around his fingers. But now there was none to love or care for it.

With this thought I sat down, and shed the first tears I had done since—

Oh, God! out of the deeps I cry unto Thee! Lift Thou up my head!

One week ago this very night, I wrote that cry—the wail of a broken heart—and God heard and healed it. It seems like a dream now, all that I have passed through; and so it is, like a dream of doubt, and fear, and anguish, which is gone in the morning; with the first royal sweep of sunlight, and the outbursting of birds' songs and the stir of fragrant winds, and as, by the authority of Day, with the first notes of its joyful service, the night and the dream disappear and are forgotten, so my dream and my darkness have vanished, for God's voice has spoken in my heart, "My child, it is morning!" It happened on this wise: The day had been calling and beckoning me with its sunshine and soft flowing winds, until I couldn't resist any longer, and so, after dinner, when Uncle Dennis took his nap in his arm chair, I took Tennyson and my canary and went out under the plum tree, where the small, unripe fruit hung on the gnarled old boughs and among the tender

leaves, like great emeralds. I suspended the cage on one of the lowest branches, saying, as a current of glad song flashed from the bird's throat, "I wish my heart could make melody like yours, for joy in the sunshine, little bird; but it never will again!"

"Now, why won't it, I'd like to know, Grace Palmer?" asked a voice at my ear, which seemed to shoot through every nerve of my being, and, turning, I beheld Harry Raymond.

He stood there, handsome and smiling, with the old easy grace of manner, and I must have grown very white, for everything swam before me, and I should have fallen if Harry had not caught me; and the light went out of his face in a look of great alarm and a cry—

"Oh, Grace, what is the matter? How you are altered!"

Then new strength came to me suddenly; I pushed away his hand, almost fiercely, for it seemed as though the touch defiled me; and I asked, sternly:

"What right have you, Harry Raymond, to come here—to address such words to me?"

"The right which you gave me—the right of your betrothed husband."

"Oh, Harry, how dare you utter such words to me—you, another woman's husband!"

"Grace Palmer, are you gone mad?"

Looking into his face and hearing his tones, a doubt struck into my soul and dazzled it.

"Oh, Harry," I gasped, "tell me if you are not a married man."

A smile, brimming over with amusement, broke into his face.

"Well, then, upon my honor, and according to my best knowledge and conviction, I am not."

I knew that he was speaking the truth now; I sank down on the grass.

"Thank God! thank God!" and I said it then, and there, as I would not have said it for my life, or for the lives of those dearest to me on earth.

The next thing that I remember, his arms were around me, and I was sobbing convulsively on his shoulder. He only said to me:

"My poor, poor Grace, how you must have suffered!"

And he soothed me with the touch of his hands on my hair, just like my mother's, that last night of her life.

In a little while, I told him all, and a few words explained the matter. It appears that the name of the bridegroom was Howard Randolph, and that Squire Patterson hastily scribbled the announcement of his daughter's mar-

riage, and sent it to the county paper, fearing it might be too late for insertion that week.

The editor had twice met Harry at the Squire's, and supposing that he was the newly-made husband, copied the announcement and gave it to his compositor.

The misapprehension was fully explained the following week, and as the circulation of the paper is simply a local one, Harry had little fear of its falling into the hands of any of his friends.

He had been very ill with an attack of fever since I had seen him, and only able to write me once, and this letter I had never received.

And then, with my head lying on his shoulder, and my hands crushed up in his, Harry said to me many precious words, which my hand cannot write here, but which are set to sweet, living, eternal melodies in my heart; how, in the days when he had lain with weakness and pain for his daily and nightly companions, a new revelation had been made to him; he had seen that he had been irritable and exacting that last night we had passed together, and many times before; and he begged me to forgive all this, and to believe that he came back to me a stronger and a truer man, with a more earnest and living purpose to give to God the life which he had spared.

And I answered him—oh, how has woman ever answered her beloved, listening to such words.

Then we knelt down under the green temple of the plum tree, set with emeralds, and thanked God that after the night it was morning with us.

And we went toward the house, and Uncle Dennis had just risen from his nap, and come out on the porch, and the winds played with his white hair, as they play with wheat ripe for the harvest.

He stood still, looking at us in blank amazement as we came toward him, until I cried out, "It is all a mistake, Uncle Dennis! Harry was not married;" and a few words explained the whole.

I never saw the old man so overcome. He sat down in his chair, and the tears rolled over his cheeks like the tears on the cheeks of a little child. And Uncle Dennis laid his hands on our heads, and blessed us.

And the sun of the summer day, going through the gates of the western hills, to meet the night, rained down its last golden light upon us, and, standing there, we blessed God in the words of David, the son of Jesse: "The Lord reigneth! Let the earth rejoice. Let the multitude of isles be glad thereof."

CHINESE SCHOOL.

THE extraordinary nature of the Chinese language renders it impossible for a schoolmaster to instruct more than a few scholars at a time, since the meaning of the words actually depends on their correct intonation. Every vocable in the language is capable of being pronounced in six different tones of voice, and of conveying six meanings totally different from each other, according to the tone given to it. Pronounced in one tone it conveys one meaning, and is represented by one written character; pronounced in another tone it conveys an entirely distinct meaning, and is represented in writing by another character altogether different. The correct and distinct enunciation of these tones is the chief difficulty in learning to speak the language. These tones are stereotyped and fixed, and must be learned, as part of the word, at the same time that its form and signification are mastered. Moreover, they are all arranged upon system, like the notes in a gamut, and when thoroughly mastered, the theory of the tones is really beautiful. If a wrong tone, then, is given to a word in reading or in conversation, it grates upon a Chinese ear like a false note in playing the fiddle.

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

NO. II.

Aunt Hattie must set right down now and give you a lecture if it is Monday morning, and everything of course to be done, for she cannot work well till her mind's duty is performed. I was at church yesterday, and I saw you there, and you looked so fresh and pretty! Your eyes made me think of a little cherub, now in Heaven, who used to, even when on earth, make me dream of Heaven—and your cheeks were as red as the clouds blushing at the last good-night kiss of the Sun. Oh! you seemed so joyous, so light-hearted and happy, as if the fountain of life within you had only rippled over the smooth mossy stones where the sunshine laughed, and the birds sung, and the violets touched you with their lips—not down into the deep, dark caverns of sorrow, where the sharp, jagged rocks fret, and the huge rough boulders lash the hurrying waters into foam! I could hardly take my eyes off of you, and that was the reason I saw what I did.

When the choir was singing one of the sweetest songs of Zion, and all the congregation stood up—a girl of slight form and modest

countenance, came into the seat back of you. Her bonnet was of the coarsest straw and old-fashioned, and her crinoline did not trouble her about entering the pew-door, and her faded shawl, in contrast with your bright ones, looked as unsightly as a mound of gray earth, in the midst of the most lovely parterre of flowers. You noted each garment in a second, and an almost involuntary, but very perceptible smile stole to your lips, as you glanced at the stranger, and then at one another; the poor girl saw it too, for her chin quivered, and the tears sprang to her meek, blue eyes, and she made a movement as if to pass out of the door, but the hymn, closing just then, recalled her, and she seated herself in the furthest corner of the slip, as if she would shrink from sight.

Now let me draw a pen-picture for you; it may do you good, and save the angels from ever having reason again to look so sad when they gaze into your sparkling, laughter-loving eyes. The gloom of twilight is settling down closely around the uncurtained windows of a dimly lighted room in the outskirts of the village. The home is very humble, the walls are bare, the floor uncarpeted, and not a single article of furniture but what is absolutely needed is ranged around the room. In a corner bolstered up by pillows in a large arm-chair, sits the mother, holding a poor moaning babe in her arms, and at her side leaning heavily against her, sound asleep, is another child of three summers—a sweet, curly-headed, dimpled-cheek thing, with white rounded shoulders peeping above her scanty dress, and her soft delicate feet resting on the cold floor. By the table ironing, stands a girl of sixteen, her slight form, so young, bending beneath the double burden of care and labor early thrust upon it.

"Mary, are you most through?" inquires the mother, in a low, weak voice?

"Only two or three garments more! Are you tired sitting up so long and holding the baby? If you are I will stop now and take him."

"No, no, child, I was only thinking of you. You have been on your feet since early morning; oh! it is so hard to have your young life blighted by mine."

"Mother don't talk so," replied the daughter, quickly going to her side and tenderly kissing her cheek. "If you could only grow strong, and this darling boy get well, I should be as happy as a bird, even if I had to work harder than I do now; don't you think he is better this week? See his little arm! it begins to look plump and round as Ida's did; but,

mother, I forgot to tell you, that Mrs. Simmons said to-day, that she would pay me a shilling extra for every shirt I make for her—I sew them so nicely now. Can you not go home to grandpa's when I finish them? The doctor thought a journey would almost cure you!"

"And what will you do, poor child! for a bonnet and shawl? I cannot think of your staying at home from Church and Sunday School!"

"I can wear my old one this year, it will make but little difference, and just think how happy we should all be, if you and baby were well!"

There, light-hearted happy girls, with your pleasant homes, and your fingers unsoiled with labor, how would you like to change places with her—leave your carpets of velvet, and couches, soft as eider down, and go to that bare, uncarpeted room and work from the dawning till almost the small hours of night crush down the longings of the beautiful so deeply implanted in the human heart, and satisfy the thirst for knowledge with the dry, arid sands of ignorance, and at last, at night, lie down to sleep with aching limbs, and burdened thoughts, and only a dark gloomy future looming up before you. Is not the cup of the poor full enough, without having the sneering smiles and scoffs of the rich added to it, to fill it to overflowing? I know, dear girls, it was partly thoughtlessness in you, but the wound was not less deep; and again, when you are tempted to smile at the uncouth attire of the poor, think that He, who makes your lot to differ from theirs, is also their Father, and regards his children with an equal love; and also tremble for fear that you may bring down the frowns of Him, who is not only loving and merciful, but just.

Berea, Ohio.

WHEN married people, in the old town of Zurich, get into angry disputes, and seek to be divorced, the magistrate pays no attention to them. Before yielding to their demands, he orders them to be confined for three days in a single chamber, having one bed, a table, a plate, and a glass. They receive nourishment without anybody seeing or speaking to them. In leaving this chamber, at the end of three days, no divorce is asked for or required by them. We would advise the wise law-makers of this great Union to adopt a similar course, and thereby conform themselves more literally to the precepts of the Bible, as there is no use in prating so much about this book unless we pay attention to its teachings.

AN AUTHOR'S RECREATION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

My name is John Brown—a common name enough; and here, let me take occasion to inform the reader that I am no relation of the celebrated individual of that name, who is being constantly paraded in the papers, as the doer of some remarkable feat; or the sayer of some wonderful *jeu d'esprit*. I disclaim all kin.

By profession, I am an author. My *nomme de plume* is an ambitious one, but I will not write it down, because I am not desirous of indulging in personalities.

In the common acceptation of the term, I have been "successful." My labors are well paid, and I have strong hopes that I am doing my fellow men some good—a consummation which I have ever devoutly wished.

I took up authorship because I felt that I had a mission to fulfil, and only through the medium of print could I reach the public attention. And here, *en passant*, permit me a few words of advice to those young ladies and gentlemen who have thoughts of leaving lucrative situations, and taking to quill-driving. Don't do it. The trade is overstocked. Every fifth man writes for the papers; every school-district produces a "distinguished poetess." People seem to take this mania for writing, as naturally as children take the measles. Every hill-side has a dabbler in Helicon; every country newspaper boasts its own correspondent. In silence there is safety, and one had better keep his mouth closed, when he has nothing to say. Authorship should not be a trade. It should never be essayed for the fabulous fortune which some persons suppose it invariably yields; nor yet from thirst of fame, and worldly applause. In nine cases out of ten, an industrious mechanic's income is greater than that of an author; and as for fame—that is generally confined to the plaudits of admiring personal friends. It is a hard, wearing, toiling existence. A work which demands the energies of brain, mind, and body; a drain upon all three.

But, if you feel within you a something which *must* have utterance; if silence is impossible, then speak, and Heaven prosper you!

To return; I had gone through with a year's constant, arduous labor, and depressed in body and mind, I concluded to have a holiday of a few weeks; during which I would pay a long-promised visit to Wheatwold, my mother's birth-place. My grandparents, hale and hearty, were still living on the old farm; my Uncle and

Aunt Streeter, and my Cousin Nelly, made up the family.

My last manuscript dispatched, I packed my valise; put pen, ink and paper, out of sight as out of mind—locked up my rooms, gave the key to my landlady; and one fine September morning stepped into the cars with a ticket for Wheatwold.

Congratulating myself on the delightful immunity from labor, which I was to enjoy for the next four weeks, I stepped out at the humble way-station, slung my valise over my shoulder, and made the best of my way to Rouncewell Farm. I reached there just at dark, and as I had expected, met with a hearty welcome.

My grandparents were delighted to see John, my uncle and aunt rejoiced over John and his Rouncewell nose; my dear little Cousin Nelly was charmed with John's arrival; the pale cheek of the pretty seamstress, Lucy Green, brightened at sight of John; and the housemaid, and even old Rover, rejoiced over the advent of the distinguished John. I had not been in the house fifteen minutes, before they had all told me how much they considered themselves flattered at receiving a visit from one who had rendered the name of Brown famous; how happy they were at having the honor of the race upheld by so distinguished a personage.

Of course, I was infinitely obliged to them, and having expressed my obligations, I asked Uncle James what were his prospects for a good crop of potatoes. Potatoes, he said, were fair, very fair; but sometimes he wished he had not followed farming—it was a "hard row" any way. He had always thought he'd like to get his living by his brain, rather than his hands. For instance, he remarked, by writing poetry.

(Alas! for my portly uncle's two hundred weight, *avoidupois*, in that case, thought I.)

It was a fine thing, my uncle said, to be called a poet. "There goes James Streeter, the poet," sounded much better than, "there goes James Streeter, the farmer." Aunt Betsy agreed with him perfectly; nay, she went a step farther, and informed me that she had, in her youthful days, a decided talent for poetry; she had written five verses on the death of a tame crow, fully equal to Poe's Raven, competent judges said. If her genius had but been cultivated, she thought it very probable that, in time, she might have rivalled Hemans, and, perhaps, Byron.

Cousin Nelly said, demurely, that she had

inherited something of her mother's peculiarity—she could make rhymes for heart, dart, June, moon, etc. Aunt Betsy asked Lucy Green, if she had never felt something of the "divine afflatus," and Lucy said—no, she did not care for poetry, as a general thing.

This original remark, coming from a young lady, caused me to look at Lucy intently; and I soon came to the conclusion that she was neither plain, nor unintellectual. She was rather *petite*; with a pale, interesting face, lighted by large brown eyes, and framed in soft brown hair.

After tea, Cousin Nelly brought me her album, and asked me to be so kind as to pen a few lines therein; verse she would prefer. I winced, and thought of my resolution not to touch a pen during my stay; then I looked back at Nelly's smiling, rosy face and the eyes, and the blue eyes won. I carried the book to my chamber, and availing myself of a black crayon, which happened to have been left in my coat-pocket, I left my autograph on a pink leaf, under a half dozen lines of indifferent verse.

I went to bed that night with my hopes of content a little darkened; I had promised myself to wash my hands clean of all scribbling during my stay in Wheatwold. I was in a fair way to keep to my purpose, surely!

After breakfast, the next morning, I was just putting on my hat for an early walk, when there was a gentle little knock at the front door, and directly two ladies were ushered into the sitting-room. Cousin Nelly presented me to them—they were Miss Jerusha Hartwell and her friend, Mrs. Grandison Newell. Both had called to see Cousin John.

Miss Hartwell was the poetess of the place; a distinguished contributor of the "Weekly Luminary," and the "Saturday Star." Mrs. Newell was her confidant, to whom all her poems were read by Miss H. before being offered to her publishers. This I was told by the poetess, to prevent any misapprehension of Mrs. Newell's motives for calling.

Miss Hartwell was a tall, angular lady of forty-five;—she was quite portly, wore false curls, and had a pair of very red cheeks.

She had heard of Mr. Brown's arrival, she said, and had hastened to pay her respects to him; she had long felt acquainted with the talented author of "Cavendish," "Ellwood Grange," etc. She had read my poems with tears in her eyes—tears of sympathy with their sweet sadness, and mournful refrain of despair.

I apologized for having been so unmerciful as to have caused a lady to shed tears; she replied, with a tragical wave of the hand, that she loved the sensation of tender melancholy.

Forthwith she produced a bundle—(I had noticed, with fear and trembling, that she carried something under her shawl)—which she deposited in my hands. It was an album—a treasury of some of her dearest friends' choicest thoughts; would I be so kind as to leave a few of my sentiments on a leaf there?

What could I do? It would be exceedingly ungallant to decline the request of a sister in authorship, and I accepted the abominable red-covered book with my best bow.

This brought up Mrs. Newell. She emerged from her corner of the sofa, and, to my dismay, I saw that she, too, carried a bundle. Goodness, thought I, another album! But no; it was a book of autographs; she wished to count Mr. Brown's among her collection, and if Mr. Brown would be so condescending, would he please to write half a dozen times his famous name; Mrs. Peter Smith, and Mrs. John Jones, and Mrs. Samuel Robinson, and others, would like to have a specimen of Mr. Brown's chirography.

Mr. Brown, of course, was excessively over-come; he placed his hand on his heart, and assured the lady that the thing should be done. And having received and accepted an invitation to take tea with Miss Hartwell, the succeeding day, Mr. Brown bowed the ladies down the front door-steps, out on the gravel-walk, and through the gate.

Scarcely had my late visitors disappeared, when a dapper little gentleman, in white kids and yellow waistcoat, was ushered into the room by my Cousin Nelly, and introduced to me as Esquire Wadkins, the President of the American Anglo-Saxon United Philomethan Society.

After a little preliminary conversation, this gentleman informed me that the Society of which he was the President, had concluded to read, semi-monthly, before the Association, a paper—composed of contributions from different members of the Society; and it was the earnest wish of all concerned that I should write four or five articles for the "Evening Candlestick;" a humorous style would be preferred.

"Something lively and original, you know," said the good man, patronisingly.

I hastened to protest my inability, but was instantly cut short by the voluble President.

"Oh, no apologies! no apologies what-

ever!" cried he; "we can't accept them! We don't doubt your ability in the least—if we had, we shouldn't have applied to you! You can do finely if you only make the effort. Get up something worth hearing! If you don't consent at once I must send over some of our ladies, to induce you to come to terms."

The last threat had the desired effect. I never could say no to a lady—especially if she had bright eyes and smiling lips—and I told the Squire I would accede to his request, without further persuasion.

The President Squire had left me, and my hopes of peace with him. I went up to my chamber, to think over the heads of my humorous articles, which were to be immortalized in the Evening Candlestick; but I had not arranged the first half dozen ideas, when there came a tap at my chamber door. It was a low, musical tap, and did not anger me as a peremptory rap might have done. I sprang up and unclosed the door; Lucy Greene was waiting there.

"Mr. Brown is wanted in the parlor," she said, turning away from the close scrutiny of the gaze I fixed on her pretty face. Lucy had a sweet voice, and I excused the message on account of the voice, and went down immediately.

An old lady, in brown merino cloak and hood, sat beside Nelly, on the lounge. Nelly informed me that this visitor was Mrs. Joseph Jenkins—and left us alone together, as if we had been a pair of lovers. Mrs. Jenkins put on her spectacles, and examined me with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Land sake! So, this is Mr. John Brown, is it? Well, I don't see as he's anything but a man, anyhow. I've heern tell that he was an arthur! Do you write verses and make books?"

"I have had something to do with the like," I replied, modestly.

"Do tell! Wall, now, nobody would have took you for anything remarkable; but, then, you can't allers tell by the looks! Now, there's Deacon Lacy's darter, Sally—the brightest gal in school, but to look at her you'd set her down as a blockhead."

"No doubt, ma'am," returned I, feeling myself called upon to say something.

"No, that there ain't! But do take a cheer; I want to talk with you. How long since you took to writing?"

"Ten years, madam."

"Ten years! Land suz! That's a good while. Jest exactly as long ago as my darter,

Polly, was married. I remember it as plain as can be! Perhaps you know Polly? Married John Smith, and lives down to your city."

"Unfortunately, I have not the honor."

"Wall, Polly was a nice gal; but she was ter'ble on shoes! Wore out more shoe-leather than a dozen gals ought to. She was a great hand to visit, and the master gossip. Didn't take after her mother, there, I'll be bound."

"No, madam; so I should judge."

"You're a man of concernment, Mr. Brown. You ought to be Governor—though, I suppose, you are rich enough now. If I may be so bold, how much do you get a column for writin'?"

"That is my secret," I replied, tartly—the blood crimsoning my forehead.

"Good gracious! is it, indeed! I only asked; You needn't flare up about it. Wall, to ask a reasonable question, how many columns of reading like the Weekly Luminary could you write in a day?"

"That, also, I must decline answering."

"Wall, if you aint the closest! Who'd a thought you wouldn't have told the wages you get? At least you wont object to lettin' me know whether your story, 'Cavendish,' was true or not?"

"Of that you must judge. All stories are truth to credulous people."

"It's no use to quiz you, Mr. Brown; so I'll come right down to the pint of my bizness. My son, Jonathan, has got the rebelling colic by spells, and the influency. The doctor says his borax is effected, and the information from his cold may settle on his trong-key. Wal, now, ye see, if Jonathan should happen to die, I should want his bittuary notice put into the 'Luminary.' I thought it wouldn't be any hurt to git it writ before hand; and then, if it didn't please Jonathan, he could have it altered, you know."

To this original idea, I, of course, was obliged to consent.

"I want to git you to fix it up; and be sure to say that for four years he has led the Wheat-wold quire, had a powerful tenant voice, and died regretted and lamented by his affectionit mother and a large circle of aunts and cousins."

What could I say to this proposition? It was a little out of my line to write obituaries on living men, but the old lady was urgent, and I promised "to see about it." She gave me a large sheet of gingerbread, which she had brought in her reticule; and, to do her justice, I must say that the cake was excellent.

My next applicant was a pale-faced, cadaverous young gentleman, with long, flowing

locks of auburn hair, and a roll of paper in his hand. He made himself known to me as Fitz James Adolphus Bruce—a worshiper of the Nine.

He had brought a bundle of manuscripts for me to examine. He had thoughts of putting before the world a volume of his poems; he had no doubt but the sale of such a work would be immense, provided it was brought out by first-class publishers, and advertised judiciously. He informed me that most publishers were mean and niggardly; some dozen of them had refused to purchase his soul-stirring effusion at any price. One of this low class had been so bold as to recommend him to use the manuscripts for kindlings.

"The low, groveling wretch!" he cried, in righteous indignation. "Thanks to the gods, that I have a soul fitly formed to appreciate the gorgeous imagery of the poet's heart."

I did not clearly understand this grandiloquent remark, but not wishing to show any ignorance, I kept silent.

Adolphus unrolled his manuscripts, and spread them out before me. He considered his "Lines on the Decease of a Pet Hen," the best of all—his masterpiece. It had been pronounced, by competent judges, equal to Shakespeare's best. He wished me to look the poems over, make whatever corrections I thought proper, and give him a note of recommendation to my publishers. As I could not force him to release me from this fancied obligation, he left the bundle of foolscap, and with many a courteous, waistband splitting bow, departed.

I settled myself in an arm-chair, to look over these glowing effusions of the young poet's mind, and I am free to confess that two days of such employment would have given me an incurable dyspepsia. I no longer wondered that printers are, as a class, short-lived; I no longer felt surprised that editors should have poor health, and complain frequently of the "blues." I had just finished a solemn ditty of fourteen pages, addressed to Mr. Bruce's "Dearest of Earth"—and I was so painfully affected by it that I had recourse to the open windows for fresh air. While standing there, a young lady, in blue dress and black talma, came up the walk and rapped at the front door. I was about betaking myself to the back regions for safety, when Cousin Nelly led the blushing maiden into my presence, and, after mentioning her name, left us to get acquainted, without further assistance.

Miss Isabelle Frost—that was the lady's cognomen—was, without doubt, a beauty; but

her confidence, if she had any, was gone; she blushed and twirled the handle of her parasol. I suppose I must have blushed, too, for my face grew very hot before the timid uplifting of those heavy brown lashes.

"Perhaps you will think it strange, Mr. Brown," began a soft voice, "but I want to employ you professionally."

I peered under the black talma in search of an album or autograph-book, but she had neither.

"Well, Miss Frost," I said, "I shall be happy to serve you."

"Thank you. It is a—a—a somewhat delicate matter. Mr. George Stiles has sent me a letter in verse."

"Indeed!" I must say something, to fill up the pause.

"Yes; a letter of verse, in which he—he asks me to marry him!"

"Very wise in Mr. Stiles—an evidence of his good taste."

"He asked me to answer it directly; he said he should be impatient till I did."

"No doubt of that."

"And, Mr. Brown, now that you understand about it, wont you be so kind as to write an answer for me in verse—just as he made his proposal?"

"Indeed, Miss Frost—"

"Pray, sir, do not refuse. I have quite set my heart upon it."

The pleading of those brown eyes was not to be withstood. Miss Frost was victor.

"Yes," I said, "I will try, just to oblige you; but I know I shall make bungling work." She thanked me, and arose to go.

"Stay! You have not told me what I shall write. You consent to Mr. Stiles' wishes, of course?"

"No, indeed!" with a little flash of the eye.

"Ah! Then I am to say to him that you do not care for his love?"

"N—no, not exactly that."

"Well, shall I tell him that you *do* love him?"

"Not for the world! That would be a pretty confession."

"Then I may say that you despise him, and refuse his offer?"

"Why no, Mr. Brown, not just that. I don't love him, mind you, but I don't precisely hate him; you must give him to understand that I think very little of him, and yet do not turn him quite away. Do you comprehend me?"

An arched smile finished the explanation; I

told her I thought I took in her meaning; and she gave me her hand, and said good morning so sweetly, that I almost wished I was the George Stiles who was not to be turned "quite away."

By this time, dinner was served, and during the meal I sat beside Lucy Green. Somehow, it was very pleasant to sit there, and I forgot all my impending tasks, and remained at the table till three o'clock. The striking of the clock roused me, and I went up to my chamber to puzzle my brain over Isabelle Frost's love letter. I had been there about five mortal minutes, when I was summoned to the sitting-room. A gentleman awaited me; Mr. Moreen, the merchant of Wheatwold. He wanted a poetical advertisement of his stock in trade written, including—"butter and cheese, trunks and their keys; cotton cloth, woolen cloth, calicoes nice; silks, denims, and laces; coffee and rice."

It struck me that Mr. Moreen had a talent for versification himself, and I told him so. He replied that he could rhyme common words well enough; but tobacco, and potatoes, and linseed oil, spirits of turpentine, whisky and such, were hard to fix together, and he wanted a practical hand to do it. Puff & Blow, the rival merchants, across the way, employed a regular poet, constantly, to write their advertisements for the papers.

What could I do but consent to oblige Mr. Moreen?

My next visitor was a wizen-faced man, with a huge bunch of watch-seals, and a formidable pair of gold-bowed spectacles riding royally on his nose. His name, he told me, was William Ogre, and he was called the Public-Spirited man. His business was soon unfolded. The Wheatwoldites were talking of erecting a monument to the memory of Captain Peter Simpson, who died just after the Revolution. The captain was a fine old gentleman, and it was probable that before many years, they would be able to raise, by subscription, the amount necessary to the purchase of the monument. When they did get the shaft, there would be a public erection of the same; and Mr. Ogre had called to employ Mr. Brown to write an Ode for that occasion. He wished me to be sure and say that the captain was a man of temperate habits; drank neither rum nor cider, and chewed no tobacco. I could rhyme it in, somehow, he said.

That night, instead of writing as I ought to have done, I sat and watched Lucy Green's nimble fingers at her work; and we talked

about the weather—a far more interesting and refreshing theme, to me, than literature.

The next morning I arose, hoping I had seen the worst of it. How vain are human calculations! At noon I counted fifteen albums which had been brought for some thought of mine to be written therein. There were, also, four books of autographs, and a little avalanche of letters. I hastened to classify these last. I will give the reader the result.

Two asked my influence to procure them places in the city.

Five wanted me to send articles from their pens to different newspapers for publication.

Three asked me how much I made in a year by writing.

Seven begged lines written on the death of friends.

Last, but not least, there was a pen-wiper placed on my table by some unknown friend; goodness knows I should have needed it, had I filled half my orders.

In the afternoon, I went to Miss Hartwell's, along with Cousin Nelly, to tea. There I had the felicity of meeting the literati of Wheatwold assembled, Miss H. informed me, to do honor to the celebrated, and deservedly famous, John Brown.

The Editors of The Evening Star and The Luminary were present; also their reporters; the poet of Puff & Blow; George Stiles, who wrote love-letters in verse; and a half dozen old ladies who wished to satisfy their curiosity, regarding the *personelle* of Mr. Brown. The remarks of these latter were decidedly interesting. I happened to overhear something of them while standing behind a window curtain. One lady said that I was the exact image of Napoleon III.; another, that she should have taken me for John Randolph; while a third solemnly asserted that I was the twin of Lorenzo Dow, in looks. But the most sensible critic of the lot said that I resembled nobody but old Sammy Crocket, the tin-pedler. Of course I was delighted. Who wouldn't have been? I am not a vain man, but no one can hear his good looks praised without a sensation of satisfaction.

Throughout the whole evening, I was complimented on my authorship, without stint or cessation. The editor of the Saturday Evening Star promised to forward me his magnificent sheet, weekly, if I would contribute monthly, an article of four columns.

The poet of Puff & Blow expressed his regret at having been born so soon, when the age was not ready to receive and appreciate true genius

—and Miss Hartwell echoed the regret with a deep sigh.

Arrived once more in my chamber, at the farm-house, I examined the articles which had been received by my table during my absence. There was a reinforcement of albums—four notes requesting lines for friends' tomb-stones—one exquisite affair from a lady, signing herself Mabel May, and expressing the deep, pure love she bore the author of "Cavendish," in no sparing terms. There were ten letters begging my opinion on a notorious city weekly; and thirteen asking the favor of a correspondence! Dear reader, I am not exaggerating, this was my real experience; it has been that of almost every author.

And this was the rest I had promised myself! I paced the chamber-floor in great perturbation. There was the work of a whole month, at least, and that period was beyond the time I had appointed for my stay. What was I to do? I asked the question for the fortieth time since my arrival at Wheatwold.

I stepped into the corridor for fresh air. Lucy Green was just coming up to her room. I went to her, and taking her hand, led her to the door of my chamber, and pointing at the pile of albums, autograph-books and letters, asked her the question—

"What am I to do?"

"Go home —." I looked into the brown eyes to see if they agreed with her voice. They did. I said—

"Well, Lucy, if that is your sincere advice, I will follow it."

"It is, Mr. Brown; for rest you cannot have here. Go home!"

"And you really wish it?"

"I do."

"Then you will bribe me a little, Lucy, will you not?"

"Yes, if you will not go without —."

"My terms are easy. When I am at home, I shall write to you, you must reply. Will you?"

She blushed and looked down. I still held her hand.

"Will you, Lucy? Press my hand for yes, drop it for no."

She held my fingers a little closer, I kissed her forehead and let her go.

The next morning, I and my valise were at the railway station by dawn. I left behind a note to my relatives—explaining my reasons for cutting short my visit, and commissioning Nelly to see the albums returned to their owners.

During the ensuing fall and winter, I had much to attend to, but I always found time to write to Lucy Green; and the sweetest joy of my life was in reading the letters which she sent me in return. She had once said that she did not care for poetry, and she need not, for every thought of hers was a poem in itself.

Early in the spring, I made an errand to Wheatwold, and when I returned to Boston I brought my wife with me. Lucy says she had quite as lief be Brown as Green.

EASE AND COMPETENCE NOT FAVORABLE TO GREAT LITERARY ACHIEVEMENT.

COMPETENCE of fortune, and a mind at ease, have in thousands of instances given the death-blow to literary ambition and success. Except in extraordinary cases, if a person feels himself happy in the enjoyments and elegances of private life, or in the excitation of affairs, he will take small pains to acquire happiness from other sources, especially when it has to be purchased at no less costly a sacrifice than labor of the brain, employed in the walks of solitary contemplation. Swift acknowledged that his efforts at intellectual eminence from boyhood, were but to supply the want of wealth and a title, or to secure such distinction as is usually awarded to the possession of a coach and six. The world, it is probable, would never have been enriched with "Paradise Lost" or "Regained," if the author had not been despoiled of his offices and comforts by the Restoration; nor Defoe have produced his "Robinson Crusoe," and other works of permanent attraction, had he not encountered a similar fate. Even when a prosperous career has not impaired activity of intellect, adversity has commonly rendered it more prolific in lettered results. Lord Bacon wrote a considerable part of his works during the few years that followed his exclusion from public employments; and Machiavel composed his celebrated political treatises, "The Prince" and the "Discourses on Livy," under circumstances of the like description. In countries where plenty is most widely diffused, and a general equality of social condition prevails, few writers of eminence ever arise; as neither the pressure of want, nor the stimulus arising from hope of appreciation or advancement, incites to exertion.

THE true gentleman is always modest. He is more ready to obtain the opinions of others than to parade his own.

Mother's Department.

A BETTER WAY.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"John, shut that drawer!"

The young mother spoke in a tone of authority, and the child, with a sullen countenance, obeyed, leaving the bureau-drawer, where he had gone in his restless desire for employment.

"I never saw such a prying, meddlesome child in my life," she remarked to her visitor, and old friend, who had called in to spend an afternoon. "He is into every thing."

The friend did not reply to this remark, and so the current of their conversation, interrupted for a moment, flowed on again.

"John! How dare you? Get down this instant!"

And the child drew back his hands from the fine French time-piece on the mantle, and crept slowly and reluctantly down from the chair, by means of which he had ascended to the beautiful object that had attracted his attention.

"Did you ever see such a boy?"

The visitor, as before, made no response.

"John, you troublesome fellow! go and sit down in your little chair!"

The child stood still, instead of obeying.

"John! Go this instant!" The mother stamped her foot. "Go, I tell you!"

John moved whimpering toward the chair.

"Can't I go down stairs and see Biddy?"

No, sir, you cannot. I'm not going to have you living in the kitchen. Biddy has spoiled you enough as it is."

Then turning to the visitor, she added—

"These servants spoil more children than they are worth. They indulge them in every thing. It's got to be as much as I can do to keep John out of the kitchen. He'd live there half of his time if I'd let him."

"Poor children!" said the visitor, in a quiet way, "They have a hard time of it."

"It's the mothers who have the hardest time," was the reply to this. And then the conversation went on as before.

John, instead of sitting down in his chair, as directed, turned it over, and stretching himself upon it at full length; managed, by balancing the arms on the floor, to give it a see-sawing motion. He was working, in this way, a portion of surplus animal spirits, when his mother's attention was drawn to him from her pleasant talk.

"Just look at that boy!" she said, laying her hand upon the arm of her friend. "I told him to

go and sit down, and you see how well he minds me! John!"

The child started, for there was an angry imperativeness in the mother's voice which his ear recognized too well as the usual precursor of a blow.

"Do you call that sitting down? If you don't mind me when I speak, I'll punish you, as sure as you are born!"

John righted the chair and sat down in it.

"Now, don't stir from there in five minutes."

"Stop, Anna." And the visitor, whose years were far beyond those of the young mother, laid her hand gently on her arm. "There is a better way than this. Don't require of your child an impossible thing." She spoke in a low tone.

"I must require him to obey me," was answered.

"If you make obedience an impossibility, what then?"

"I don't understand you."

"Do you believe it possible for that restless child, now unduly excited, and with no occupation whatever, to sit still for five minutes? He can no more do so than he can fly!"

"What am I to do? Let him run riot? You don't know him! There'd be no living with him in the house."

"John is not a bad boy," said the friend.

"I know that. He's only troublesome."

"Restless, active, and curious," say rather, and, therefore, claiming a large share of your thoughtful attention. You must find him employment, Anna."

"There wouldn't be much else done in the house, if I were to give myself up to the work of finding employment for a boy like him," said the mother, in a discouraged way. "It would take the time and ingenuity of two persons to keep him fully occupied."

"Anna," said the friend, speaking very earnestly.

"If it be so with the child—if that bright little spirit be already reaching out with such a restless eagerness into the world of facts and things—how momentous the duty that devolves upon you! His spirit is immortal, and must grow in beauty or deformity—develop toward good or evil. He is now the pliant twig, which, if bent from its uprightness, will show the defect in all after time. But, ere I add more, let me ask for John the privilege of going down to see Biddy. We can talk more freely when he is away."

"You can go down and see Biddy for a little while," said the mother.

"May I." The sunshine came back instantly to the child's face. "Oh, you're a good mamma!"

And John, before bounding away, came and kissed his mother.

"He's an affectionate child," said the mother, in a softened tone, as the child went, in gladness, from the room.

"And you must lead him by his love for you, Anna," remarked the friend. "This love is a great power. It works wonders. But your love must be guided by a thoughtful regard to the peculiarities of his disposition. Blind love often works more evil than good. You said just now that it would take the time and ingenuity of two persons to keep John fully employed, meaning to express by this strong language, the unusual activity and restless curiosity of the child's mind. So much greater, then, is the responsibility resting upon you. God has given you this child, that he may grow up under your care, and become an angel in heaven. Let that thought come distinctly into your mind. He was not given merely to fill your mother's heart with gladness, though joy came with his birth; but as the highest trust committed by our Heavenly Father to any of his creatures. No other duty, no other pleasure, no other demand upon your time and attention can be made paramount to maternal duty. Here lies your highest work, and all else must fall into subordination. Do you not see it so, Anna?"

"I do, in the light of your clear thought."

"Shall I go on?"

"Yes—yes. Speak plainly. You cannot offend me."

"I have observed, many times, your way of treating your child. Shall I suggest a better way?"

"Yes."

"Instead of seeking to repress, try and develop all the orderly activities of his mind. Give him a much larger portion of your thought and time; though not so as to make him too dependent on you for his employments. The best way for you to help him, is to find him something to do. Never,

when he comes to you questioning, put him off; for to inform his young mind is of far more importance than any work you may happen to have in hand. If his curiosity makes large demands on you, satisfy it as fully as in your power, and the hunger of curiosity will be appeased. If he knows what a box or a drawer contains, or is told the meaning of some device, picture, or thing by which he is attracted, he has gained a certain amount of information that goes toward his education, and becomes to him mental stamina. There is no better way than this to cure restlessness and strong curiosity in children. Moreover it takes away the temptation to gain forbidden knowledge, that fruitful source of trouble. How much better is it to satisfy a curious child, by showing him some article by which he has been attracted, and explaining to him its properties or use, than to put the temptation of disobedience in his way. In the first case, you have helped him; but, in the latter, you have suffered him to do himself a serious wrong."

"Ah, my friend!" said the young mother, "you convict me of error!—you tear a veil from my eyes. How thoughtless I have been! Hereafter, the mother's duty shall take precedence of all others. I will walk in this better way which you have pointed out to me."

"In so doing," replied the friend, "you will not only secure your child's present happiness and future well being, but your own peace of mind. Dear Anna! let all that I have said be to you only as axioms and texts, from which a thousand illustrations of duty may come. Each day will bring some new aspect of things; will show you this child that you are to educate for usefulness here and hereafter, in some new manifestation of life and quality, that will require thought and patience to enable you rightly to act for his good. But let love for him be your teacher, and by this love God will inspire you with wisdom to see and strength to do the right."

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE LITTLE GIRL AT THE PALINGS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Now, Gerty, don't be afraid; hold on fast with both hands, and you won't fall."

"Oh, but I shall! I shall!" screamed the child, half in exultation, and half in terror, as the swing rose higher into the air.

"There! I'm going now."

"So you are up into the tree," laughed the two boys, her brother, Guy Prescott, and her cousin, Frank Whipple, as they gave, with all their strength, a new impetus to the rope, and it rose up, with its fair, panting occupant, until her golden

head was brushed by the great horse-chestnut leaves.

"Now, tell us what you find up there when you get back, Gerty," shouted Frank Whipple, while his cousin Guy whispered in his ear, "Isn't it fun, though, to see girls swing? They're always such cowards."

"I know it, Guy; but then you can't expect they'd behave like us boys," in a tone of patronizing commiseration.

Gertrude Prescott caught the last words as her swing swept down to the ground.

"Well, if girls haven't courage there are plenty of things they can do better than boys."

She said it in her pert, pretty way, with a toss of her head, and the golden tresses which were the crown thereof.

"Make dolls' bonnets, for instance," laughed Guy.

"Well, that's better than spinning top or playing ball, I say; isn't it, Frank?"

It was a pleasant sight, those three children on the lawn which stretched away from the large manor-looking residence of David Prescott, Esq.

You would have perceived at once that the owner of those stately grounds and that elegant house was a man of wealth and of taste. Grand old fruit and shade trees lifted their green tents all over the lawn, and walks twined their gray threads through the sweet-smelling grass, while just beyond them rose the fine old graystone house, with its broad piazzas and stately pillars half hidden in the midst of fragrant shrubs and vines.

And those three children, the boys and the girl, were in harmony with their elegant surroundings.

You felt at once, by their dress and looks, by their manner and movements, that they were the children of wealthy and refined parents, that outwardly they had been carefully and tenderly reared, and a good man or woman would have hoped, looking at those children, that they did not consist wholly of outward adorning, that their *within* was grace of soul, and truth and beauty of heart.

Frank Whipple did not answer his Cousin Gerty's question, for his head was turned aside and his eyes fastened on a little wistful face which was looking eagerly toward the swing and watching its movements with longing, childish interest.

Guy and Frank were over their twelfth birthdays, Gertrude was a year younger, and that small, pale face at the palings did not look as old as this latter. It was wholly unlike it, too, in expression, sun-browned and sorrowful; and it wore a gingham sun-bonnet and a calico dress, and both were old and faded.

"Do you see that little girl?" whispered Frank.

Guy followed the direction of his cousin's eyes: "Yes, and I think she'd better be in other business than watching us."

"Oh, no! let her stand there," and the boys turned to their play-labor again.

"There! I've swung enough," at last cried Gertrude, and as she bounded from the swing Frank Whipple's eyes once more caught sight of the little girl at the gate. There she stood, still and wistful as ever, her little patient face pressed up against the palings, her large gray-blue eyes fastened on the children.

Somehow, that little pitiful face touched the heart of the boy, Frank Whipple. It was a heart very full of faults, irritable and exacting enough at times, but impulsive and generous at others.

He went toward her. "Do you like to stand there and see us swing?"

A flush ran up into the brown, sallow cheeks, she started back a little and turned her half frightened

gaze on the bright, handsome boy. Something she saw there reassured her.

"Yes, I like to, very much indeed."

They were soft, delicate tones which answered him, not such as Frank had expected from the child's dress and appearance, for like older and wiser people than himself, the boy always associated poverty with coarseness and rudeness.

"I s'pose you'd like to take a swing, wouldn't you?"

The gray soft eyes grew large with wonder and delight, as she turned them on the boy.

"Oh, yes! I should."

"Well, step right in here, and I'll give you one," opening the gate.

She stepped forward quickly, glanced toward the tree, and then drew back.

"Why, now, wont you come?"

"I don't believe they want me to," designating his cousins by a movement of her head.

"Nonsense! I'll take care of you. Come right along with me."

And while this conversation had been going on between Frank Whipple and the little girl at the palings, another had been transpiring between Guy and Gertrude under the horse-chestnut.

"Who in the world is Frank talking to, Guy?"

"A little beggar-girl that's been standing and staring at us a long time."

"I wonder what he wants of her."

"So do I. I wanted to send her off, but he wouldn't let me. I do wish he'd make haste, for we're just going to climb the cherry tree."

"I declare—if he isn't bringing her in!"

So the brother and sister stood still as Frank and the little stranger came toward them: but the faces of the former were full of amazement.

"I say, Frank, what have you brought that girl in here for?" questioned Guy, loud enough for her to hear.

"Going to give her a swing."

"Going to give a beggar a swing? Oh, Frank!" cried Gertrude, darting a glance of contempt on the child.

"I don't know whether she's a beggar or not," cried the boy; "I've promised her a swing, and I never yet broke my word. Come, get in, little girl."

But the child hung back. Many feelings had gone in quick changes over her face, for her quick ears had caught every word the children had spoken.

"Well, Frank Whipple! I thought you was above associating with such folks," said Guy, curling his under lip.

"So did I. Who ever heard of such a thing as asking beggars into one's garden and swinging them?" Gertrude spoke these words betwixt a laugh of scorn and a frown of anger.

The blood flashed over Frank's brow. He was a boy of quick, impulsive feelings, one whom opposition generally stimulated into obstinacy.

"You and Guy may think just what you please

about my associating with beggars. I'm not ashamed to be polite to them, or to swing a little girl, whoever she is, when I take a notion."

"Well, we'll go off and wait under the cherry tree until you get through," said Gertrude, condescendingly.

"Well, I'll come when I get ready," quite as independently as the little lady, who walked away with her brother in dignified contempt.

"There now, you just get in. Why! what is the matter?"

For the child shrank away, buried her face in her hands, and burst into sobs.

"Come now, don't mind what they say, 'tisn't worth caring for." He said it in a kindly, coaxing tone, for all the better impulses of the boy's nature were stirred by the sight of that child's tears and the sound of her sobs.

"I'm not a beggar: I never was one in the world."

"I didn't believe you were; Guy and Gerty ought to be ashamed of themselves; but never mind, it's lucky we don't care. Cheer up, now, and I'll give you a nice swing," and in his pity for the little girl's grief he put up his hand and smoothed away the short brown locks which had fallen round her eyes.

She looked up in his face with a sudden smile through her tears. "I didn't s'pose there was so good a boy as you in all the world," she said.

Frank smiled too, for the sincere, honest praise of that little stranger child, pleased his boyish vanity more than many compliments could have done.

"Well, I'll show you that I'm better still if you'll be a brave little girl and dry up your tears," and taking the small figure in his arms he seated it in the swing.

At the first motion of the swing her head grew dizzy and she was frightened, but gradually she gained courage and steadiness, and Frank was very careful and constantly quieted her alarm, until at last the rope and its little occupant swung out bravely into the air, and the child's laugh gurgled out full of glee and triumph, as the swing rose higher every time of its ascent, until the broad green leaves of the horse-chestnut brushed her hair as they had done Gertrude's. She did not dismount until Frank had swung her half an hour.

"Now, haven't you had a capital swing?"

"Yes. I thank you a great many times."

"You're entirely welcome. How red it's made your cheeks?"

"Has it, though? Oh, what did you do with my bonnet?"

"There 'tis, under that shrub. But you needn't be in such a hurry."

"I'm afraid your cousins won't like it if I keep you any longer."

"Well, that's my business, you know. Sit down here on the grass a minute and tell me your name."

"Alice Lynne. Now what's yours?"

"Frank Whipple."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER: OR OPTICAL AMUSEMENTS.

A CURIOUS AND IMPORTANT EXPERIMENT.

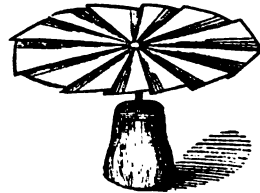
Tie a piece of bladder over one end of an open tube; pour some thick syrup of sugar and water into the tube, and immerse it in water, as shown



in this figure; in the course of half an hour, or even less, the fluid in the tube will have risen several inches above the level of the water in the vessel. Some force must cause the fluid to rise above its natural level; what is this force? the thin fluid, the water, passes more rapidly through the pores of the bladder into the tube, than the thick fluid, the syrup, passes out of it. This curious phenomenon is called *ENDOSMOSE* and *EXOSMOSE*; the former term means to *tend inward*, and the latter to *tend outward*. A great many important effects connected with animal and vegetable life depend upon the principle of endosmose and exosmose.

A LITTLE WIND-WHEEL.

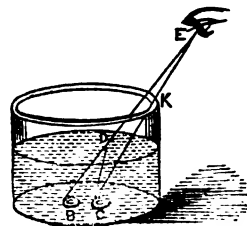
This little wind-wheel is made out of a circular piece of card paper; it turns upon the point of a



pin which is stuck through the end of a cork. When it is placed near to a fire, the current of air rushing toward the fire will cause the paper wheel to turn round constantly in the same direction.

THE SHILLING AND WATER EXPERIMENT.

Place a shilling, c, at the bottom of an empty vessel; bring your eye in a line, *E K C*, with the edge of the vessel and the extreme edge of the



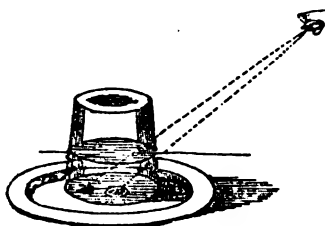
shilling; without shifting your eye, pour some water into the vessel: the whole of the shilling will now be seen, that is, it will be seen if as it were at *a*, in the direction *E D A*. Here the rays of light, *c D*, in passing out of the water, become bent toward the surface of the water into the direction *D A*, and hence the edge of the shilling is seen in the direction *E D A*.

When a ray of light is thus bent in passing from one transparent medium to another, it is said to undergo REFRACTION.

Light is always bent from its straight-lined course when it passes obliquely from one medium to another. But it undergoes no refraction when it passes perpendicularly from the surface of the one medium to that of the other.

TO MAKE A SHILLING APPEAR LIKE A HALF-CROWN.

Throw a shilling into a tumbler containing some water; cover the top of the tumbler with a plate; invert the tumbler with the plate on it; the water will remain suspended by the pressure of the atmosphere, and the shilling will lie flat upon the plate;

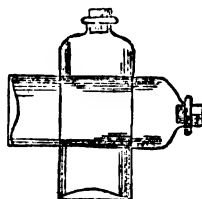


place the plate with the inverted tumbler on the table, and look at the shilling so as to see it through

the top of the water, as well as through the side of the tumbler: the shilling appears of its natural size, when seen through the top of the water, but it has the appearance of a half-crown when seen through the round side of the tumbler. Here the round surface of the tumbler acts as a magnifying glass.

To convince yourself that the tumbler of water acts as a magnifying glass, place the leaf of a book close to one side of the glass; look through the water at the print, and you will see it much enlarged.

TO MAKE A READING-GLASS OUT OF TWO BOTTLES.



Fill two bottles with water; place the one bottle across the other, as shown in this figure; look at some print through the crossed portion, and you will see the reading considerably enlarged.

Hints for Housekeepers.

TO RELIEVE A COUGH.—It is said that a small piece of resin, dipped in the water which is placed in a vessel on the stove, will add a peculiar property to the atmosphere of the room, which will give great relief to persons troubled with cough. The heat of the water is sufficient to throw off the aroma of the resin.

RAISED BERLIN WORK.—There are two ways of doing the raised Berlin work. One is by simply working over a mesh, without crossing the stitch; another, to work over the mesh and cross the stitch; in both cases the mesh should have a knife at the end, so that in drawing it through, the work is drawn tightly, and cut at the same time; it is afterward combed, and cut to the shape of the flowers.

MATERIAL FOR TRACING ON MUSLIN.—Patterns may be traced on muslin with a pen and a little stone blue dissolved in water. A little sugar should be added to prevent the blue running. This answers well, and will readily wash out.

EXETER GINGERBREAD.—One cup butter, one cup sour milk or cream, one cup sugar, two cups syrup (molasses will do), three eggs, five cups flour, one tea-spoonful of saleratus in milk, ginger to your taste.

FRUIT CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—One cup of molasses, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of butter—heat together sufficiently to melt the butter; two tea-spoonfuls of cloves, two of cinnamon, one of nutmeg, one coffee-cupful of raisins (with or without currants), citron; then add one tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in hot water; one cup of sour milk or butter-milk, and one quart of flour; bake one hour.

GOOD PUMPKIN PIE WITHOUT EGGS.—One quart of boiling milk; two soda or Boston crackers rolled fine, put to the boiling milk; two tea-cups of strained boiled pumpkin; little salt; one cup of sugar; extract of lemon; little ginger. If this quantity will not make two pies put in a little cold milk. Bake in a hot oven.

DELICIOUS DROP CAKE.—One pint of cream, three eggs, and salt; thicken with fine rye till a spoon will stand upright in it, and drop on a well buttered iron pan, which must be hot in the oven. They may be made thinner and baked in buttered cups.

WINCHESTER PUDDING.—Half lb. of suet, half lb. of sugar, and half lb. of bread crumbled with four eggs and the rind and juice of one lemon.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

BY GENIO C. SOOTT, OF NEW YORK.

PLATE OF COLORED DESIGNS—LADY ON THE LEFT.

The *dress* is called, by the ladies in Paris (where it was invented), a "*Redingote Magicienne*." The body and skirt are not disconnected by a cut across at the waist, but it is formed to fit at the waist on the back, by three large box-plaits; and at the sides, by taking out two large darts, one under each arm, and one between that and the front edge; the front edge is then shaped to the form of the figure. As this *genre* of cut and make is so similar to the robe called the "*Princesse*"—the most select evening dress in Paris—and just becoming the rage with our *haut ton*, we invite the reader's careful perusal of our description.—

The *Redingote* is surmounted with a collar formed in *demi-pelerine*, enlivened with a little *ruche* edging of the same goods as the robe, being black *taffetas*; the knot under the collar is of *taffetas* ribbon, and the collar and *manchettes* (under-sleeves) are of fine linen, *piquée*; that is, a goods similar to fine white *marseilles*.

The sleeve is cut with an elbow, half large, terminated with a deep cuff, open on the under side, edged like the collar. The front—all the way up—is trimmed with buttons and holes, by which it is closed, and there is a row of back-stitching two inches back of each edge, and five inches above the bottom of the skirt.

On each side of the skirt—fifteen inches below the arm-hole—is a diagonal pocket, covered with a little scalloped lid, closed up the centre with a hole and button, and bordered with a *ruche*, like that on the cuffs and collar.

It is difficult to design a more modest dress than this, and yet there is none more attractive and *recherché* for *demi-toilette*. Gloves of russet kid.

The hair is dressed in flat bands in front, and a rolled knot behind; the back of the head sustained by a *resille* of silk, bordered with two bands of lace and jet buckles, forming near the ears a knot with two ends. *Voyez-vous* a young wife *comme il faut*.

TOILETTE DE PROMENADE.—The lady on the right, clad in a walking or carriage dress, wears a blue crape bonnet, covered with black tulle *point d'esprit*. A narrow black lace edges the border and the curtain.

Under the border, the *bandeau* is composed of a blue *pavot* in the middle of a knot of black lace, and the turn of the face is composed of tulle and black lace, with blue *pavots* disposed at each side, irregularly, as represented. *Brides* (strings) of blue *taffetas*, No. 30.

(124)

Robe of imperial blue velvet, ornamented with black lace. A round waist of the body is trimmed with four lace *choux*, each one formed of four infinitesimal widths of lace.

The front of skirt is ornamented with 8 *choux*, enlarging progressively towards the bottom.

The *ceinture*, cut from imperial velvet, forms a point at front and on the back, with the view to render the appearance of the waist very long. It is *agraffed* at the left side with a knot *écharpé*—meaning square ends—of long *coques*, falling in two lappets, all bordered with a row of stitching and edged with narrow black lace.

Sleeves oval, and short in front, the ends gently rounded, and the sleeve falling straight behind. On each one is a band which parts at the top of the shoulder, at the arm-hole, and descends to the bottom between two little widths of lace. A *chou* trims the top of the cut in front. A white *ruche* trims the under edge of the opening of the sleeve, and a black lace trims the outer edge.

Collar of white lace. Under-sleeves of white tulle, with a little black lace trimming to relieve the cuffs.

Lace-boots of calf-skin, lined with chamois leather; the cut is to lace up in front, and the legs—from the heel to the top—are from 8 to 11 inches long. This style of boot is all the rage at present in New York, its *furor* having been increased by the growing favor with which the exercise of skating is regarded; and though ladies' skirts are still four yards wide for walking, yet they are much shorter. It is truly wonderful what effect Butcher's boots have exerted in favor of shortening ladies' skirts to show them. Thus the genius of man is sometimes the means of neutralizing an eccentricity in woman.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE MODE.

The latest style of bonnet is the soft crown. It is not generally adopted here, but it is coming in. It is our province to keep the readers of the Home Magazine apprised of what is the reigning mode, and—as nearly as we can—to indicate to them the tendency of the fickle goddess, *Fashion*. Many intimations may be very simple, but their results are always more or less important. The indulgence of luxuries by those who can afford it, and the desire for pleasure, are vigilant auxiliaries of charity. In the winter—more especially—is the merchant-prince called on to cultivate the entertainments of the drawing-room circle. To do so, he must incur some expense for furniture and the toilet; but for this he is amply compensated by keeping the wolves from the doors of poor artisans and *cotturiers*. He will enhance the benefits of his mission,

If he will avoid the large establishments of ready-made clothing, where persons of genius are often obliged to hetch for bread; but let him, or her, rather seek out the young milliner and dress-maker just starting business on limited means. They need every order that they can get this inclement season; and besides encouraging them, will give a larger scope to genius, by inducing those of talent, who now work for ready-made establishments, to establish business for themselves. Trimming-houses, and manufactories of trimmings, are now becoming sufficiently numerous to enable persons to select their own trimmings, without depending upon a few large houses, which, until recently, enjoyed the monopoly in this metropolis. A reward of general benefit is sure to follow the encouragement of rising genius.

Of the present style of Bonnet:—Soft crowns, we have stated, are the mode; but many square ones are worn in Broadway, though several colors in a bonnet are indispensable. The first matter to be borne in mind is, to let your strings be of the same color as your hat—not to blend with the trimmings or ornaments. Black velvet is often trimmed with green ribbons and red floral enliveners, with blonde for the frame at the cheeks, and a ribbon, with knot on one side of the temple and flower on the other.

Green velvet *épinglé* is also a fashionable material, trimmed with black velvet edges, with bias over the *passé*, band gathered in at the upper edge of the curtain, and green strings.

A pretty bonnet is one composed of very dark purple velvet, trimmed with pink and white. For instance: The border and curtain are of dark purple velvet, the crown in stripes a half inch wide, of white, pink, and purple, alternating; or of pink and purple, with the stripes of purple edged with a very narrow row of white lace. The whole edged with white lace, even to the strings. A rouleau of cock feathers to encircle the hat at the connection of the border and *passé*. This is a charming full dress *chapeau*.

The very latest style of *dessous* for a velvet bonnet, is a *ruche* of lace and one of Magenta purple, entirely encircling the face; but it is better taste to employ a double *ruche* of white blonde at the ears, and cover the forehead with purple, gathered by three rosettes of black lace.

Capotes for the opera and to wear at marriage receptions, are still very small. Whereas the *bonnet* extends forward and upward from the ears, rather offensively, the *capote* is extremely modest. It is made of pink, blue, or asof, approaches not forward a square line over the head from the back of each ear, and is enlivened by a white lace veil, caught at the edge of the border and thrown back to the crown. The crown is edged with lace, and strawberry point lace covers the upper two-thirds of the curtain. The *capote* fits the head, leaving no room for a *dessous*, except a *ruche*, and roses and pinks from the cheeks to the chin. Flowers of

lilac, rose, and pink shades, are preferred for full dress, not forgetting that emblem of purity, the *camellia-japonica*.

Of dresses, or robes, the latest style is the "*princesse*," not cut across at the waist, but double-breasted in form at the breast, with lapels cut at an angle downward, *à la militaire*. The right skirt has the corner clipped off from 9 inches back of the edge on the bottom of the skirt, and 9 inches up the front edge from the bottom of the skirt, in a straight line. The edges, even across the bottom also, are bound with a black velvet band, (*lisse*) striped with four lines of gold. The material of the dress is a lustrous black *taffetas*. The sleeves are cut a quarter longer than the arm, in *demi-gigot* shape, and a velvet band, like that which edges the dress, starts from under the velvet binding of the neck, and extends over the shoulder and down over the top of the sleeve to the correct length of the sleeve at the wrist, the sleeve being gathered to it in order to shorten the sleeve to its proper length. The end of the sleeve, which nearly fits at the wrist, is bound with an edging of the gold-striped velvet band. The front is closed with holes and buttons of velvet and gold. Some of our belles, who have just returned home from Paris, brought with them samples of this robe, to the real admiration of Fifth Avenue and Murray Hill. It is stated that only two dress-makers in New York know how to make the *robe princesse*. It is indeed a novelty.

Bodies are cut with pointed waists, two points before and one behind, and a piece of lead is fitted to each point, and is inserted between the lining and outside to keep the point down. Full dress skirts are generally plain because the choice silks and brocades are woven with small figures of velvet, and offering much better flow. In fact, trimmings on the skirts would spoil the harmony and disguise the beauty. Of plain silks for full dress, *blondes* and *laces* are the favorite trimmings, in puffs and flounces.

The tight sleeve is gaining favor. The next greatest favorite in cut is the one represented by the colored plate on the figure with a blue dress. It is of the *pagode* genre. Buttons are regarded as the favorite trimming of dresses, this winter; High bodies, even for full dress, are also fashionable, and they are trimmed with a row of buttons and holes up the front of the bust, and then two rows, starting two inches apart at the waist in front, and diverging to the shoulder point and back to the waist behind, two inches apart. The sleeves are also, more or less, trimmed with velvet buttons. These buttons are an inch in diameter, a little convex, and the dress-maker distributes them according to caprice. *Passementerie* is also a fashionable edging this winter for all garments and for all occasions. All overdresses are cut very long, being something within six inches of the carpet. Even those *sorts des bal et de l'opera*, are of white cashmere, with a hood, and extend behind to near the bottom of the dress. Double skirts are losing favor and narrow flounces are gaining.

Children's clothing.—These are all made very plain and without embroidery. A wide hem, closed with a cross-stitch on the wrong side, and a row of back-stitching on the right side, with now and then an open scroll tracery of very fine cord, are the only reliefs to the edges. Another fact is to be borne in mind, viz.:—dress all boys with bare legs, except the hose, until they become five or six years old. The ancient costume of *tunic*, with the modern kilt, or Scottish *fillibeg*, with a Scotch cap—trimmed with a tuft of green cock feathers—is the style preferred for all boys from four to six years old, previously to which age they are dressed like little girls. Both little boys and girls wear stockings, heavy shoes, and high gaiters of cloth. This fashion is not all the most pleasing to young mothers, with whom the weakness is general of desiring to see their boys in trousers. It was said to have been the weakness of our sainted mother to have desired to see us, her oldest offspring, in pantaloons. But the prevalence of this desire induced *fashion* to interfere, and now children are much more appropriately clad. The plainness of make extends to baby's clothing. There is no embroidery, not even on the shawl. Every part of baby's dress is made plain. Some persons make distinctions in caps for babies, and though they be both of velvet, yet that for the boy is a plain scull cap, while the little girl's is worsted, with a border, and more frequently made of silk. In the summer the boy's is made of straw, or white marseilles; but the head dress of the girl is usually silk or straw.

The long black velvet and the black castor-cloth *casacaques*, which appear so airy, graceful and beautiful for *demoiselles*, do not answer for matronly ladies. For them, the cloak represented on last month's colored plate, and the cloak in the large *pelerine mantelet*, or *burnous* style, with a yoke to fit the shoulders, and a three-quarter circular attached to it as far forward as the shoulders, with three large box-plaits on the back, and gathered, or small-plaited the rest of the way, so that the fallings will cover the arms and serve instead of sleeves; and then the front, like a *pelerine*, front of the shoulders, is also gathered to the yoke, and the arms carried over it. Then, the seam at the bottom of the yoke is covered with a row of *passemen-terie* or a row of gimp and jets, thus forming a rich and plain *manteau*. If of velvet, the silk lining is either purple or black, for a black cloak, and that is the favorite color.

Edward Lambert & Co., Adriance, Strang & Co., and A. T. Stuart & Co., are making greater preparations than ever for a large Spring business. We have seen a few of their samples from Lyons and Elboeuf, which are really captivating. Among them we cite the beautiful and *veloutes*, the *moires antiques ragées*, the satins, pekings, the Pompadours on grounds of *taffetas* or satins, the *lampas*, brocates, thin materials in small figures of infinite variety in leaf and flowers; small bouquets, so natural that a person at all absent-minded, detects

herself trying their fragrance. It is the style to plait the tops of the skirts (in walking dresses) to a waistband; but don't make the plaits too large, for it has a bad effect on heavy goods; the skirt is plaited quite full behind, moderately at the sides, and nearly plain at front. The crinoline should be formed of hair cloth, full behind, moderately so at the sides, and nearly plain before. The size of the crinoline has been reduced about one-fourth, and it maintains the pyramidal form instead of the cage or barrel ones. Hoops and steel surroundings are losing favor.

Though double jupes are going into routine, yet many grand dames display them in high regalia. At balls, also, we see many double skirts; the upper one caught up at each side, or festooned with bouquets in natural colors; especially if the upper skirt is of *blonde*, which is very fashionable for the ball-room, either festooned or in *bonillons* or puffs, around the skirt, in small rows from the bottom to the knee. The torsade form is preferred for the head-dress, being a twist of two-colored bands of velvet, laid around the crown and tied over the left ear, with the gold fringe ends falling to the shoulder. Hair-pins are also in favor again. Bracelets are generally of gold, and very large and heavy—appearing like the armlets worn by the ancients. Oval breast-pins for *demi-toilette*, and a plain ribbon tie for full dress of high body. *Décolleté* dresses are worn higher on the shoulders, and the sleeves of three puffs and a ruffle end, reach nearly to the elbow. A berth and shoulder-knots finish the top of the body.

Canezons are again an important article of *lingerie*. Marseilles collar and under-sleeves with turn-up cuffs are also in favor. The insertion collar and sleeves vie with these for morning costume. Breast-pins and ear-drops correspond.

DESSERT BASKET.

Materials.—Half a yard of pink glazed calico; ditto of flannel; three and a half yards of pink satin ribbon one and a half inches wide; and seven reels of Boar's-head crotchet-cotton No. 12. An average worker will use crotchet-hook No. 16.

This elegant novelty for the dessert-table consists of a square of crotchet, edged with lace, which is afterward folded into the form seen in the engraving. It is lined with pink glazed calico and flannel (the former being on the outside); a knot of pink ribbon is placed at each corner, and in order to cover the opening in the centre, a double round of flannel, of the proper dimensions, is quilted with a similar piece of pink calico, and tacked so as to form a lid. It is decorated with bows of pink ribbon, which entirely cover it.

The inner square of the toilet-cover first given would do well for this purpose, working it on a foundation of 262 stitches and with one row of d c, and one of open square crotchet before the pattern is begun.

TOILET COVER IN CROCHET.

Materials.—12 reels *Boar's-head* crochet-cotton No. 12.

The pattern consists of a handsome square, with a rich border on three sides. A foundation chain of 490 stitches must be made, which will allow for a close square at each edge of the toilet. To correspond with this edge, do one row of d c, before beginning to work the pattern from the engraving.

The entire centre square is given, but not the

whole of the front of the border. When the centre of each row is reached, however, it will be very easy to work the remainder backward. The whole cover is done in square crochet. The border may be added all round, if desired; but this form being a perfect square, is not so suited for a toilet-table.

It may be trimmed either with fringe (done like that of the anti-macassars lately given), or with a handsome crochet lace, several designs for which we have furnished in various numbers.

New Publications.

SELF EDUCATION; OR THE MEANS AND ART OF MORAL PROGRESS. Translated from the French of M. Le Baron Degerando. By Elizabeth P. Peabody. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burdham.

The publisher has given us a choice edition of M. Degerando's excellent work on moral and intellectual culture—a work in which thoughtful, earnest men and women will find a rich treasury of experience and suggestion. Among French writers he was one of the purest and the best; while as a man and a citizen he was true to himself and his country. To young men, who are beginning to feel the importance of self-knowledge and self-culture, we would particularly recommend this volume. It will give them the key by which to enter into their own moral consciousness, and furnish the means of progress toward a more intimate acquaintance with themselves. It is a book to take up, and lay down at pleasure, and one that will always give a substantial return for the time spent over its pages.

TWELVE YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE IN INDIA. Being extracts from the Letters of the late Major W. S. R. Hodson, B. A. Including A Personal Narrative of the Siege of Delhi and Capture of the King and Princes. Boston: Ticknor & Field.

This volume has passed to a third edition in England, where a strong interest is naturally felt in all personal details connected with the terrible Indian war of 1857. Major Hodson was the capturer of the King of Delhi, and prominent in other stirring and important events. The book is edited by his brother, Rev. Geo. H. Hodson, and contains much interesting matter touching affairs in India during the twelve years included in the record.

THE OLD BATTLE GROUND. By J. T. Trowbridge, Author of "Father Bright hopes," etc., etc. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Mr. Trowbridge is one of our purest and best writers of moral fiction; and his stories are always attractive and full of incentives to right actions. This last production, suggestive of war and the shock of armies, introduces the reader, not to scenes of bloodshed, but to those "daily struggles of love, and pride, and hatred, and despair, which never cease on earth."

TRUE WOMANHOOD. A Tale. By John Neal. Boston: Ticknor & Field.

Mr. Neal, after leaving the field of authorship for a number of years, now returns to it, with a little flourish of trumpets, and tells us that he has written a book in order to do something worthy of a literary immortality, and of which his children's children may not be ashamed. He thinks that women have souls, and the individual right to dispose of themselves according to their own views of life and duty—and in illustration of his views, gives us "True Womanhood." The novel exhibits all the marked characteristics of the author, who is undoubtedly a man of genius, but does not possess a well-balanced, orderly mind. He has a vigorous imagination, considerable skill in mental analysis, and fine descriptive powers; but something erratic shows itself still, as in "Keep Cool," "Rachel Dyer," "Errata," and the rest of his earlier novels. He is John Neal still, only a little graver, and with the broader observation and riper experience of years.

STORIES OF RAINBOW AND LUCKY. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is, we believe, the beginning of a new series of volumes for young people, by the well-known author of the "Rollo," "Jonas" and "Lucy" books. It is called "Handie," and will find a welcome among children in thousands of homes.

THE PERCY FAMILY. Through Scotland and England. By Daniel C. Eddy. Boston: Andrew F. Graves.

This entertaining little book describes the journey of a family of young people, accompanied by their father, through Scotland and England, and gives pleasant notices of most objects of leading historical and local interest in those countries.

EDITH'S MINISTRY. By Harriet B. McKeever. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blackiston.

Another excellent story by the author of "The Flounced Robe," in which the purifying and ennobling power of patient, hopeful, self-denying, usefulness is shown. It is simple, earnest and direct in its moral purpose, and cannot fail to do good.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We have two editions of this last work by Dickens; one in paper cover, cheap, and the other in a handsomely bound and liberally illustrated volume.

POEMS by Susan Archer Talley. N. York: Rudd & Carleton.

This charming little volume deserves a better notice than we are at this time prepared to give. Many of the poems are exquisite in style and spirit.

STORIES OF HENRY AND HENRIETTA. Translated from the French of Abel Dufresne. With Illustrations from Designs by Billings. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burham.

A book of pleasant and instructive stories for children.

BOOKS ON OUR TABLE.

There are many books on our table, a more extended notice of which must be deferred to a subsequent number.

The Queen of Hearts, by Wilkie Collins, published by the Harpers, is a volume made up of a series of stories of considerable interest. *Mother Goose, for Grown up People*, from the press of Rudd & Carleton, is a capital book. Get it and read it. There is true poetry and fine philosophy in its pages. *The Crusades and the Crusaders*. By Jno. G. Edgar, published by Ticknor & Field, is a book for boys, illustrated, that will find much favor. We have, from the same publishers, Capt. Mayne Reid's new book, *The Boy Tar, or a Voyage in the Dark*, with twelve illustrations; only requiring to be mentioned to the young folks, with whom the Robinson Crusoe style of the author has a strong fascination. Also, from the same publishers, *New Miscellanies*, by Charles Kingsley, a volume that commends itself to thoughtful readers.

From the Messrs. Harper we have, *Preachers and Preachings*, by Rev. Nicholas Murray, D. D. author of "Kirwan's Letters to Bishop Hughes." *The Diary of a Samaritan*, by a Member of the Howard Association of New Orleans; in which personal experiences and incidents connected with the yellow

fever epidemic of 1853 are given. It is a simple, touching narrative, in which truths stranger than fiction appear. Also, from the Harpers, *A Popular History of the United States of America*, in two volumes, by Mary Howitt, covering nearly eight hundred pages of popular history, given in her pleasant style.

Home Dramas for Young People. Compiled by Eliza Follen, from the press of James Monroe & Co., Boston, is a timely book for winter evening amusements. It contains several fine old favorites, which the young people will enjoy. Also, from the same publishers, we have a unique little volume on delicately-tinted paper, entitled *Religious and Moral Sentences culled from the Works of Shakespeare, compared with Sacred Passages drawn from Holy Writ.* From the English Edition, with an Introduction. By Frederick D. Huntington, D. D. On one page, we have passages from Shakespeare, and on the other, passages from the Bible, which show similar ideas or images, and which are supposed to have acted suggestively to the poet. It is a curious and instructive book. *Freaks of Fortune, A Merry Game for Young Friends*, with thirty-two illustrated cards, has been issued by the same publishers.

A History of South Carolina. By William Gilmore Simms, from the press of Redfield, N. York, is evidently a labor of love on the part of the author, who dedicates it to the Youth of his native State. It is a volume embracing a series of stirring events in the history of the state and nation. From the same publisher, we have *The Poetical Works of Winthrop Mackworth Praed*, in two volumes.

The Child's Book of Fairy Tales; The Book of Popular Songs and a volume of parlor dramas, published by G. G. Evans of this city, are handsome volumes, for which there will be a large demand.

Thoughts and Reflections on the Present Position of Europe, and its probable consequences to the United States. By Francis J. Grund, published by Childs & Peterson of this city, will attract the attention of those interested in European politics.

Editor's Department.

"NO USE TRYING."

"There's no use trying," said the wife of a couple of years, shaking her head, while tears of sorrow and disappointment gathered into her eyes. "It's evident enough that Robert and I were never intended for each other, and we made a great mistake when we got married. I've tried again and again to make things move smoothly, to see if he couldn't keep his temper and I my tongue, but there's no use; matters grow worse and worse, and if we get one or two days without jarring or trouble, we're sure to bring up against some beam by the end

of that time. So, for my part, I give it up from this hour; all my old dreams of a life made beautiful with love, and sacred by constant care and tenderness, and sweet with words and deeds of affection, a life that should never be jarred by discord and harshness, are faded now, as the flowers faded with last September, and from this time I shall let things take their own course."

And so, her life was a failure, that married life she had entered on with her young husband, full of sweet and fragrant hopes, as June mornings are with blossoms, and each woke up suddenly to the knowl-

edge of unimagined faults and weaknesses in the other, which an intimate acquaintance with any character must always discover.

And it was very hard to recover from the surprise and the shock of this new knowledge, and though the young wife resolved and re-resolved, she lacked Purpose and Patience, the very foundation of all true life. And so, after a year or two of fitful struggle and failure, she "gave up," and her husband's life and her own—oh, it was the history of ten thousand times ten thousand other lives, darkened and mildewed and rusted by fretful tempers and selfishness, by harsh words and unloving looks, by frequent recriminations, and at last by coldness and indifference.

"No use in it," mutters the drunkard, as he wakes up in the morning to find the tearful face of his wife bending over him, and learns that for her sake he was picked up from the gutter again last night, and brought home, more an animal than the dog they kicked from his door.

"Here I am, fallen again, low as ever, just as I began to hope I had triumphed and got the better of this horrid craving; and I haven't touched a drop for three weeks, and now—well, I give up all hope of ever coming off conqueror, or being a decent man again. There's no sort of sense in saying I will when I wont; I can't save myself any more than a stone can help tumbling down hill when it's once set to rolling. Poor Mary! I've broken her heart, but it's my fate, and I can't help it. I shall never be anything but a poor, drunken dog, anyhow."

And he, too, went down, down, down, laying his broken-hearted wife in the grave first, and following her there, simply because he didn't triumph the first time, or the second time, or the third. As if that three weeks of abstinence from sin wasn't enough to encourage and strengthen him to try again! As if one day, one hour, five minutes of triumph over any evil habit wasn't enough to hold up in the face of any amount of failure, and say, "There! I did that, and God helping me, I'll do it again!"

"Now, there's no sort of use in it," murmurs the youth, as he pauses for a moment to take breath, for it is slow, hard work for a half grown boy to pile up those heavy stones which build the wall around that young orchard. "I shall never be anybody or anything; I've kinder had hopes and dreams all my life that I should make somebody in the world and get an education, and be a man that folks would look up to and respect.

"But I'm nothin' but a poor wood-sawyer's son, who has to tug at it from sunrise to sunset to keep body and soul together, and I shall have to go grubbing through life just as he's done. Here for two years I've been trying to lay up money to get a winter's schooling at the academy, but it's had to go, and al'ays would have to, I see plain as daylight. I shall jest give up all hope now."

And his life, too, was a failure in its best and noblest part, for want of a little stubborn persever-

ance and energy. As if there ever was a man that wanted an education that didn't get it, that *wouldn't have it*, despite of pain, or poverty, or opposition, or any obstacle that is in the power of this world, or sin, or Satan, to raise against him!

"No use whatever," sighs the mother over her disobedient, incorrigible son; "never a mother tried harder in this world to make a child what he should be—never tried to set a better example, never tried in turn more of punishment, and praise, and admonition. But it's done no sort of good. He grows worse every day, more peevish, more lawless, more headstrong generally, and now he'll have to take his own course, and I shall let him have his own way in future, and come out as he may, I've done my duty!"

Poor, foolish mother! and her boy was not yet fourteen years old when she gave him over to his own devices; as if there was not an almost infinite amount of possibilities for good in any character at that age, and long afterward.

No wonder the boy lived to bring shame and sorrow on her gray hairs.

"No use trying." Alas! alas! this is the rock on which is wrecked every life that ever yet was a failure—the mournful epitaph which might be written over the grave of every buried resolution for good which was ever born in the soul of man.

"No use trying!" Did ever a fouler lie enter through the doors of a living heart! Don't believe it, dear reader, don't for an hour, no, not for a moment. No matter how many times you've fallen, get up again—this very fact of your "trying" proves that you have "life" in you, you are only "dead" when you cease "trying."

Have you evil tempers or indolence, selfishness or pride, wrong imaginations or foolish thoughts to conquer, and have you been vanquished again and again in the struggle to overcome?—don't give up. You have gained something whether you know it or not. Get right up and "buckle to" again, for only in despair is defeat.

Look all your losses and failures bravely in the face, and say "I know that you've gotten the victory over me many and many a time. But I'm undaunted yet, and if I fall a thousand times I shall get on my feet and go right at the struggle again. I shall keep trying with God's help so long as there's a breath of life within me!"

And amid all the blessed eternal records to be unsealed by the Hand of God, there shall not be found written the name of one soul who has boldly, earnestly, and reverently said this, and persistently lived it, and every other life has been a wreck and failure.

And I do pray God that these words of my writing, blessed by Him, may blossom in the heart of some man, or woman, or child, and that they may stimulate some weak, flickering Purpose for good into strong, earnest Endeavor, and crown some life with the blessed Reward of Achievement.

V. F. T.

THE DAYS ARE BEGINNING TO LENGTHEN

Everybody says these words in congratulatory tones. The face of the sun is turned toward us once more, and is coming back to us, slow, but surely, day by day, she will take up her long march, as the year will take up its new songs.

The minor tones of December are over—the short, sombre days which looked out on us with pale, wan faces, and dropped down quickly and were covered up in black nights, are over now.

The sun is coming back to us to call softly the flowers from their long, long sleep, as mothers call their children in summer mornings—to the sweet winds that loiter away in the south to the birds whose homesteads hang broken and dishevelled from naked boughs, to leaves, and grasses, and buds, and mosses—to streams locked with keys of ice, and hill-sides closely barred with snow, and meadows wrapped in frosts—to all these the sun is coming back, and shall call to them, and lo! the dead shall rise up from their graves, and stand forth to praise him, living and glorious, and clothed in grace and beauty.

And like flower, and tree, and woodland, and hill-side, may be our resurrections, reader, under the call of the Sun of Righteousness. For us, too, may be the spring of growth, and the summer of bloom, and the autumn of harvest, when the angels are the reapers, gathering the wheat into God's garner.

V. F. T.

READING ALOUD.

There are a few more agreeable accomplishments than that possessed by the good reader; and, therefore, a cultivation of the art of reading should be far more general than it is. We take a few stray hints, made by some one, on the subject. Don't let them discourage you from reading aloud, when you can gratify any one; but let them quicken in your mind a resolution to acquire perfection in an art so elegant and useful. "There is no treat so great as to hear good reading of any kind. Not one gentleman or lady in a hundred can read so as to please the ear, and send the words with gentle force to the heart and understanding. An indistinct utterance, whines, nasal twangs, guttural notes, hesitations, and other vices of elocution, are almost universal. Why it is, no one can say, unless it be that either the pulpit, or the nursery, or the Sunday School, gives the style in these days. Many a lady can sing Italian songs, with considerable execution, but cannot read English passably. Yet reading is by far the most valuable accomplishment of the two. In most drawing-rooms, if anything is to be read, it is discovered that nobody can read; one has weak lungs, another gets hoarse, another chokes, another has an abominable sing-song, evidently a tradition of the way he said Watts' hymns when he was too young to understand them; another rumbles like a broad wheel wagon; another has a way of reading which seems to proclaim that what is read is of no sort of consequence, and had better not be listened to."

NOT BY GOETHE.

The following little poem, three verses of which appeared in our December number, ascribed to Goethe, is really from the pen of an American writer from whom the public has received many choice bits of poetry. Dr. C. C. Cox, of Easton, Maryland, is the author. The compliment to the poem is well deserved, and we take pleasure in giving the true paternity:

WITHOUT HASTE—WITHOUT REST.

By Dr. C. C. Cox.

Without haste—without rest—
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine guard it well;
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom—
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not—let no thoughtless deed
Mar fore'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right,
Onward, then, with all thy might!
Haste not—years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not—life is sweeping by—
Do and dare before thou die!
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time—
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not—rest not—calmly wait—
Meekly bear the storms of fate—
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

"OLIVE PLANTS."

This charming picture, the second in our series of home subjects, will commend itself to all hearts by its sweetness, grace, and beauty.

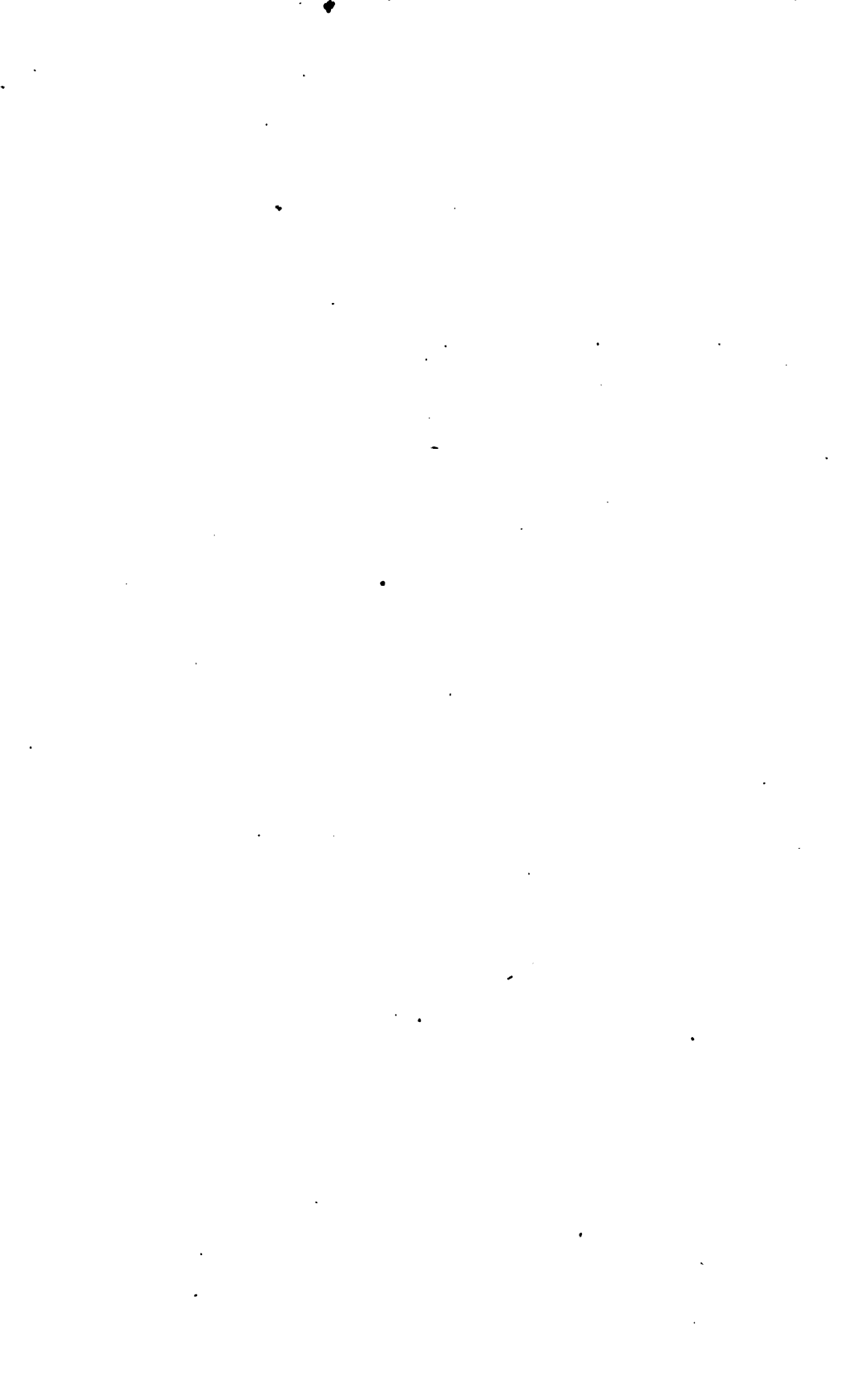
"THE LITTLE PILGRIM."

We must not omit calling attention to Grace Greenwood's *Little Pilgrim*, a monthly magazine for children, of the choicest kind. The number for January is admirable. Send for it. It will cost you only fifty cents a year, and give your little ones a priceless pleasure. Address Leander K. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

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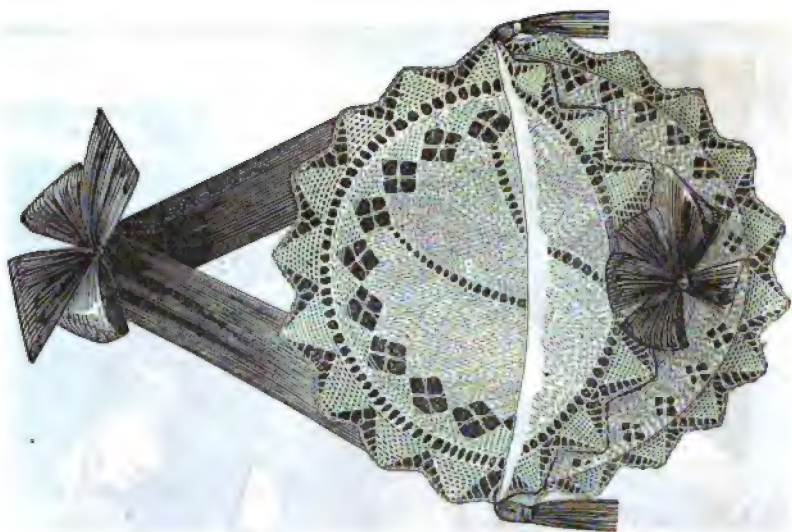


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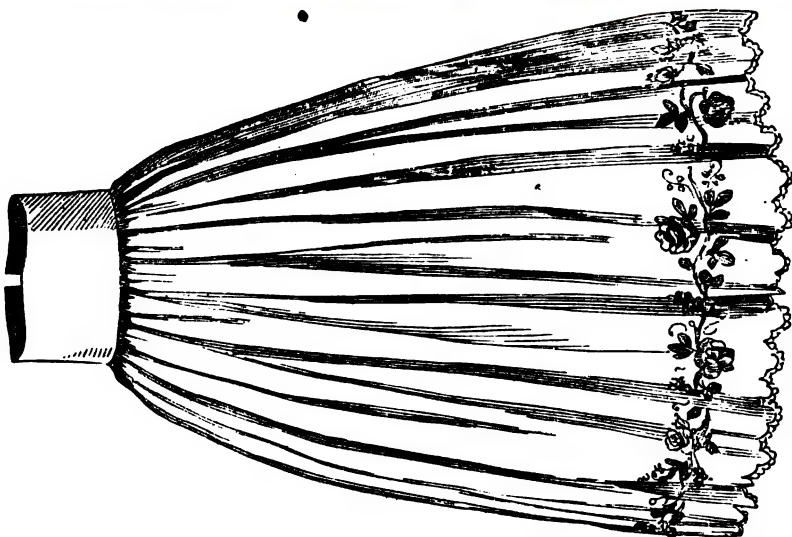
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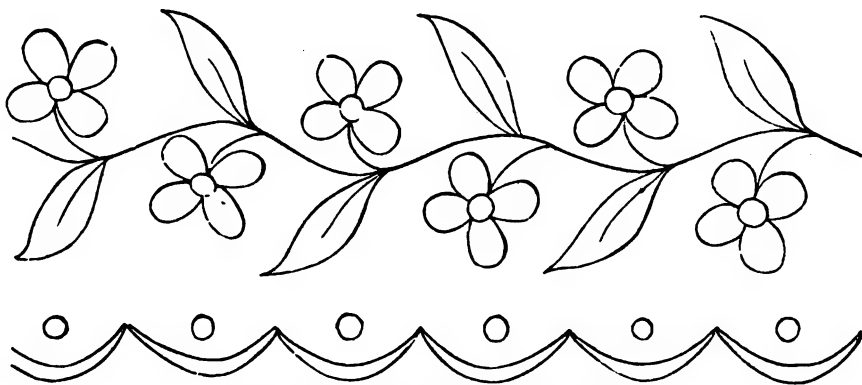




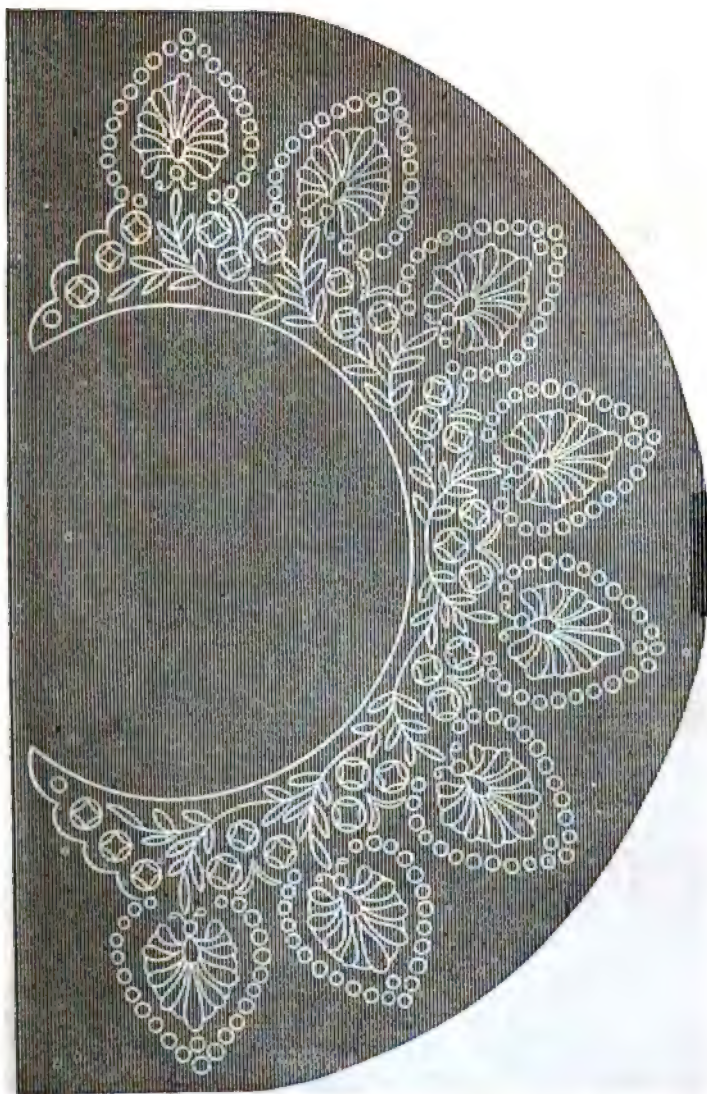
CROCHET WATCH POCKET.



BABY'S SKIRT OF FINE WHITE FLANNEL.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.



COLLAR.



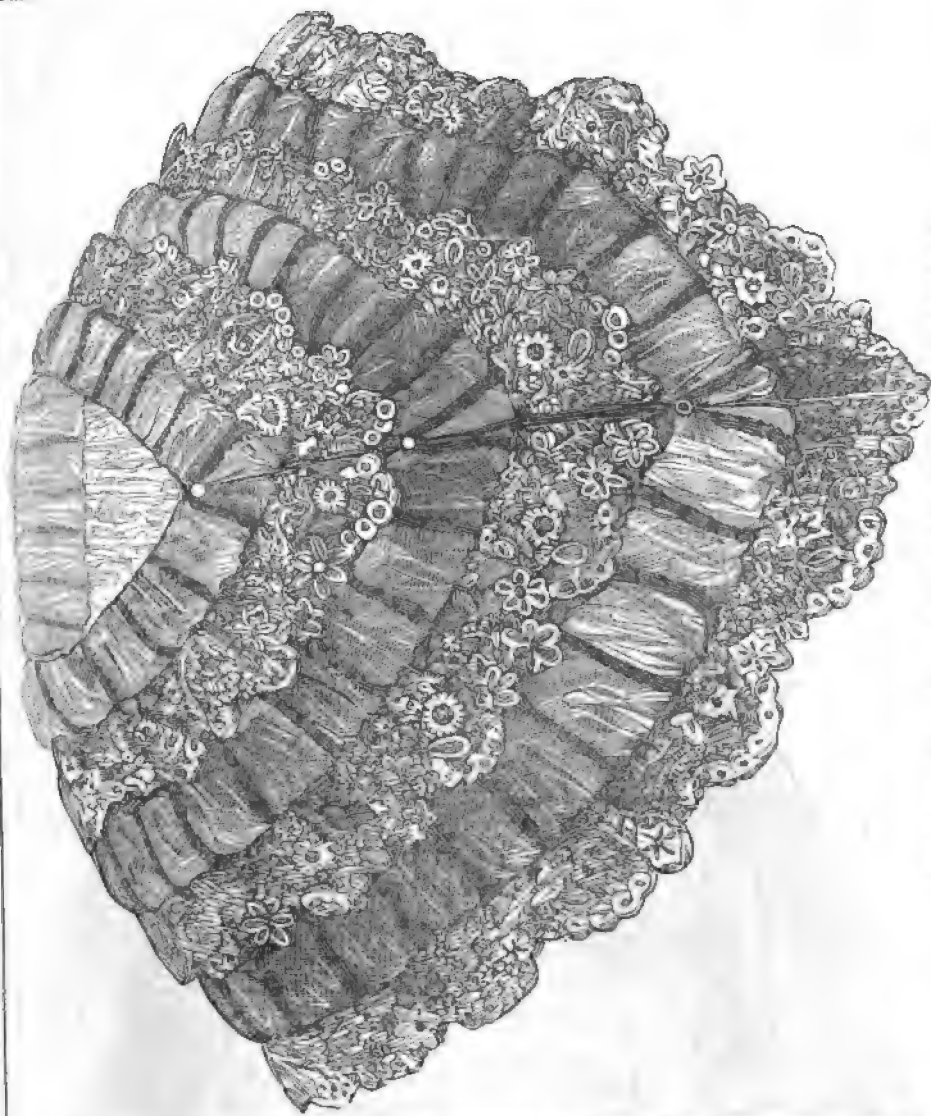
BRAIDING PATTERN



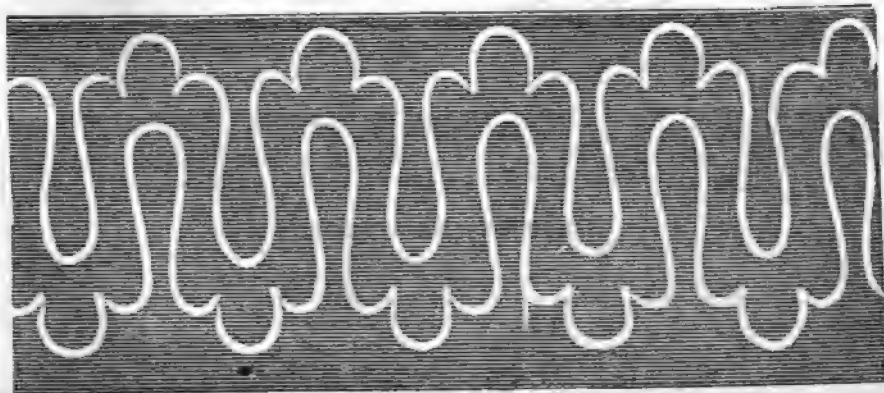
TOILETTE DE VILLE.



PROMENADE DRESS.



ELEGANT CAPE, OF LACE AND NEEDLEWORK.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



CROCHET PURSE, IN COLORED SILKS.

This design is worked in simple crochet, the colored silks, when not required to form the pattern, being worked in at the back. The straight lines which divide the patterns are all done in yellow silk. The pattern, which is composed of the small flower, alternated with three leaves, is done, the flowers in crimson, the leaves in green on a blue ground. The other waving pattern is a yellow, on a scarlet ground. The body of the purse is in blue. These purses are made up in different ways. Sometimes the square end has a deep fringe in steel beads, with a rich tassel at the round end. At other times the square end has a tassel at each corner, similar to the one at the round end. There is at present a very pretty tassel in use, composed of three put together to form one, the pendant part being long. These tassels have a pretty effect.



FRENCH LACE MANTLE.

Furnished by Cooper & Conard, Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia; and engraved from actual costume, by Neville Johnson.

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1860.

"LE MIEN."

BY M. HELEN WHITING.

It was a still evening after a sweet April day. The fickle wind that for weeks had unquietly raged, now from the north, then south, had lulled in slumber the night before, and the whole day, steeped in sunshine, had gone down to rest. I was riding home from a pleasant visit to a neighbor's; a sort of tacit sympathy and insight into a woman's quietly sorrowful heart had been given me, and I had looked in the violet depths of a child's eyes whose upturned face, prescient, laden with intelligence, never failed to waken in me all those vague, mysterious yearnings and fears that we feel instinctively for one who shall some day, if God spares her to earth, walk through womanhood's ways, her path, at best, strewn with—who can tell what? One, perhaps, who as myself should see back of all the gloss and laughter, the weight and the sighing—who might one day walk on stars and the next wail in utter depths.

'Twas a new path I followed, winding brokenly and crookedly over the newly-burned prairie by the high banks of the creek, now straight down and up again through a dry ravine, now hugging close to some rocky bluff, then on a point of bottom-land smooth and black; but the way I left to the discretion of my pony, and my thoughts to their usual freedom. Thus they ran, their burden the mystery of woman's life and being. Wherefore? I asked myself. Mrs. P., once gay and beautiful, still young, fitted to grace a high social position, isolated now in these wilds; their property gone, their family large, nothing to look forward to save a hard-tasked life till the sorrowful end comes; was it this, her wedding-

day sixteen years ago promised her? Again, Mrs. B., with finer uneducated feelings than face, hands, or voice would indicate, left with a thousand cares that would tax manly mind and strength, while her husband toils in golden lands, not yet twenty, tanned and weather-beaten with her numerous out-door and household cares—were she not happier in her father's house, a girl again? And Mrs. L., her sister-in-law, a young bride, domiciled in a rude, mud-daubed cabin. "Poh! 'Love in a cottage!'"

I looked up as this uttered thought broke the stillness, and far at my left, on the white lime-stone cropping out from the bluff stood a raven. The evening had deepened, the sky above was dark, one golden furrow only was turned in the dense strata of cloud, and half-fearful I urged my pony to a quicker step. The raven started up with a shrill cry that shot through my bones like fire, flew toward me with a heavy, dull flapping of his wings that seemed to keep time to my heart-beatings, circled round my head, and was gone. Turning to see where I saw him, Mine was at my side! It was wholly unexpected—I thought him hundreds of miles away, and that the gulf of time and space—of wrong, somewhere, too—had separated us forever, and bowing to Destiny, Providence, I mean, I had accepted the fate with a "so be it," more of pride than submission, that ended every prayer for his welfare. But here he was; God had sent him—Fate was unfriendly to me no longer—these were the thoughts that passed my mind as I involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh! Herbert!"

But the face upturned to mine was not glad,

those haunting, brown eyes that thrilled me even in my dreams of him, were sadder, tenderer. "Yes," he said, "yes, yes! I am come—*through God's grace*," he added earnestly.

"Oh! Herbert, God is good. He has given me peace at last."

"You have prayed for me," he said abruptly, "you will pray; it is only a little while—my years are days!" and he laid his hand on mine that rested on the pommel of the saddle. It was so cold! I looked at it, so thin now—and his face! Out of the tremor of my great delight I saw an untold something that chilled me. "What is it, Herbert, oh! what is it?" I gasped, and the last glow of sunlight fell out of the sky.

"God has permitted me—'tis but for a little time. The promise is beyond, the perfectness of our lives must come in the Hereafter. Pray for me a little time, darling!" and my word of promise was sealed on my lips, ere it passed them, by an icy kiss. The raven flapped his wings before my face, then soaring away, settled down again on the grave-stone-like rocks, but Mine I could see no more, and I knew then that God had taken me at the word of my prayer, half-thoughtless, and that "no more" was written on my life, ready a few moments before to burst into bloom and song.

I looked upward. Through the dark cloud covering all the western sky, there burst a star that seemed to have a mission to me in its glance, and accepting it as a token of my recorded vow I rode on, unstartled by the gloom, thrilling and yearning at the memory of the hand that fell on mine like lead, and the lips so ice-cold. Could it have been an imagination? Ah, no, poor heart! It was then true—he was dying—Herbert Ross! *Mine*, I had called him, and Death was claiming him now. He had not said come to me, else I had hastened there; but I could not stay the commissioned angels' hand; it was only left to me to "pray," and how my soul went up to God's throne in his behalf. Those prayers! God must have answered them!

My pony took a path unknown to me down the steep bank, saving a half mile round a bend, we crossed the creek and I was soon at home. The dog barked a good-evening, and my brother assisted me to alight, while little Lucy plied me with questions that I answered gayly. "Yes, I had had a nice visit: the day was so calm, the pony so good, the flowers so plenty and sweet, marvelous little Jennie as loving and sweet as ever"—thus I talked while the under-current of thought ran, "Pray for

me—my years are days." And as I prayed the vision became clear. My next letters shall say "Herbert Ross is sick," a little while and they will add the fixed end, "dead."

Dead! whose life was worth a thousand of mine! "Lieth down and riseth not up again till the heavens be no more," and I must live! O, Father, take me also. What rebuke I heard in the unceasingly haunting words, "Pray for me: my years are days!"

My outward present went quietly by. I laughed little, my light-hearted gayety was gone—day and night were an endless petition. "Are you home-sick?" they said to me. "No," I replied, but I was frightened at the sorrowful sadness of my reflected eyes. They had looked on death! As I had anticipated, it came. In the margin of a letter sister wrote me "Herbert Ross is said to be sick," and later, "He is dead," with a few words of tribute to his memory. I knew no more, asked no farther. My star was more radiant than ever, I even fancied I could see it in the day time when I shaded my eyes with my hands, so I knew that he had passed from earth forever.

Two years went by as years will go, careful, joyful sometimes. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness," and after the first tide of grief had ebbed away I saw a positive nothing, a blank for my future that I had colored so highly—unless I could find new tints. They said I had grown giddy and careless, or moody and sullen. At times, for days, I would feel conscious of Mine—still *Mine*—near me; of a presence of light enveloping me, screening me; standing between me and the fierce sun or the chill storm-cloud. In quiet hours all alone, sometimes in the midst of a gay crowd, I would be startled by a breath on my cheek and that clasp of my hand; but more often I could not find him. The heavens and God's purposes were then alike impenetrable, the spirit and essence of life were evaporated, gone into thin air; the blank was before me, and rather than its dread suggestions I filled it as I could through those two mortal years.

They are past now. I think of them as one remembers a sick night; tossing, tossing with fevered unrest, thirsting and panting for waters I had not the will to reach my hand after, a long season when I stilled the pleadings of my heart for the past with the husks of the present, and hushed the incessant moaning and crying of a widowed soul with some new opiate of excitement.

But none knew that I suffered. Pity I did not want; it unnerved me for endurance. I

was glad of my power of secretiveness when I overheard my mother say confidentially to my married sister on a visit to us, that she thought I didn't feel Herbert's death very deeply; she was inclined to believe that matters were all ended before we left Berlin; that I never mentioned his name, or, indeed, seemed to care for any one or anything; and that it might yet be my fate to become what I had always said I would be, "the old maid of the family." Eyes of love so blinded—it was well your affection saw no deeper! Years of heart-break and the smile hiding the ashes of desolation—ye shall return no more!

Then I went back again to the familiar town that had once been a home to me. I found many friends with warm greetings, and the first night a twilight walk was proposed. Our party gathered; on our way we called for Sue, everybody's favorite, laughing, out-spoken Sue! I had not yet seen her, and she gave me a hearty kiss, at the same time pinching my cheek, Sue-fashion. "That's for never writing me all these years, three now, almost! Not married yet? You and I are surely booked for old maids!"

We bantered with equal gayety, talked over the news-items, and laughed as if life had turned only its brightest page for both of us—perhaps it had for Sue. We were going out of town, I did not think or care whence, following the leaders indifferently.

"Shall we go into the cemetery?" asked some one, and looking up I found those forward had come to a halt beneath the gates, inscribed "I am the Resurrection and the Life."

There was a clamor. Fanny said "no, she was afraid of ghosts," but was persuaded that if she clung closely to Phil, a substance of two hundred pounds avoirdupois, she would be safe, and all other objections overruled in a similar way, we entered by the light of the full moon and my star, that thrilled and burned for me as I looked at it. I was not glad, nor was I sorry to know that then and thus I should first see his grave—'twas my grave, too, I had buried my heart in it. We all grew insensibly quiet, and Sue tearfully showed me her mother's grave, grass-grown and flower-strewn.

"Sometimes when I laugh loudest and seem gayest," said Sue, "I am wishing all the time that I were sleeping in the grave just as cold and quiet as mother is!"

"Ah! Sue, that wish has been mine many weary times," I answered, adding, a moment after, that if she would come with me I would show her the place I had chosen to sleep in;

and we went on slowly, the others following a little behind.

The spot was in the shaded part of the cemetery, where two grand trees of Nature's own planting formed an arch over the unbroken sod below. It was a place full of memories to me. Herbert Ross and I had often sat there together and walked home in the path through the woods, thinking and talking of the time when we should go to return no more. Ah! he had gone!

The tears were in my eyes, and I could not talk, but went on, led by a magnetic instinct, looking upward to distinguish the arching boughs of the trees, till I stood beneath them and said, "here, Sue," but looking down I saw a grave made where I had chosen to lie.

"Why, this is Herbert Ross' grave; it was his last request to be buried here instead of with the family: we all thought it so strange and thought he might have been deranged," replied Sue, as the others came up speaking of the same singularity, while I leaned on the broken shaft at the head, faint and bewildered, where I had so often stood with him who now slept stillly beneath.

"Do you know what that French phrase, motto—something or other, I can't remember the word,—but that French on the tombstone. Do you know what it means?" asked Fanny.

Phil had "never seen a French book," and Sue appealed to me, adding, "you know my French never did me any good; all I can remember now is *je ne sais pas*, the answer I invariably gave to the whole of Ollendorf."

"I am in the shadow," I murmured; "the moonlight is dim, I cannot see." Fanny spelled some out for me and then proposed going away. "Please leave me here till you wish to return home, I am weary." Sue pressed my hand, tender-hearted Sue! but Fanny shuddered and screamed, trying to dissuade me from the idea, and betraying her abundant curiosity by all sorts of questions when she found I would stay. But they hurried her off, and as I sat alone, caressing the cold turf that hid my dead, I read, through fast-falling tears, in a language that he was passionately fond of, and that we had talked and read together many times, this inscription: "I pray God that thou whom I love wilt come and sleep beside me."

It was his last wish graven in marble, and we whom time and tide, and death at last, had severed for life's years, should come and lie down finally side by side.

As in a kaleidoscope, shifting always, but forming new order and beauty continually, I

saw my life, our past, with God's dear hand unseen ordering the circumstances, guiding the fall of each footstep; where I had murmured I now saw cause for thanks; to that against which I had rebelled I now bowed meekly; above all I heard a voice of tender rebuke, I saw a pair of grieved eyes that looked in mine as might Christ's on Peter who denied Him; they burned into my soul thus chiding: "God has taken me from thee, and when my life went out the rose-color faded from thy sky. It was meant that thou shouldst take up thy life empty and broken as it was, thy heart all bleeding and sore, and lay them at Christ's feet, saying, 'here, Lord,' and with thy aching, bruised feet follow the fire and the cloud till thou shouldst be permitted to sleep beside me. Instead, what hast thou done?" The two years of indolent selfishness, of false show and gayety or inward repining, came up too vividly to my mind.

"Oh! Mine!" I faltered out in agony, as I laid my head on the turf, "the way is so difficult—the void and desolation of my heart are so great!" The pressure and the thrill answered me, and a remembered voice was near whispering of the Comforter, as I there, bowed over his grave, promised to wander no more, to spend the remainder of that life, so useless to all hitherto, for the good of others; then from the grave, from the air, from the old oaks overhead, came responsive flutters and movements as of wings, and words unspoken, yet distinct, were breathed in my ear. It was the "joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

The clock in the old church where we had worshiped together struck ten strokes. I counted them and wondered it was so late; then I heard the voices of our company, and soon they came near, all hushed—all but Fanny, who asked me if I had not seen ghosts, and stated how fabulous a sum "wouldn't hire her to stay alone in a graveyard."

I turned to take a last look—I have never been there since—and Sue put her arm around me so tenderly and sympathizingly that I knew her woman's heart comprehended mine.

We passed out under the arch of the gateway—I shall go beneath it but once more! Will Bennett offered me his arm, one of whom I had never thought as other than pleasant, a ladies' favorite and agreeable company; Sue passed on to the next couple before us, and he at once began to speak of Herbert Ross, not curiously or inquiringly, as if to draw me out, but gently, telling me of his last days and

hours, of his death, and all those things my hungry heart was aching to hear. How it thanked the speaker for his manly words, his intuitive perception of what I most yearned to know! Again we were at home; the rest of the party stood by the gate to say good night quietly, except Sue with a kiss, and Fanny with a loudly expressed wish that I might not dream of ghosts, and a suggestive nudge with her elbow as she whispered in my ear,

"You have certainly made a conquest of Will Bennett: I have been trying these two years to captivate him, and I never *seen* him so devoted to anybody else as he has been to you to-night!" I laughed in spite of myself, the grammar and the speech were so characteristic of Fanny, whom the prospect of a new beau would have consoled for any loss whatever.

The next day I went to Herbert Ross' old home, went to see his infirm mother, whom he had cherished with such tender love, and his proud sister that I had said I should never make the first advances to speak to again; I was proud, too, that is, I had been in the days gone by, and we were repellent to each other.

"Herbert Ross," I said, "it is useless to urge me. I love you better than life itself; I would die for you, but I will never marry you and go to your home to live with your sister. I did not first seek you; you came to me and said you loved me. I believe it; but Sophie chooses to treat me with a haughty contempt, and until she shall show me some sisterly regard I will not again cross your threshold!"

"And will you let your pride and my sister's unfounded dislike, that you could so easily overcome if you would but try, separate us?"

"Yes; it seems better to me that it should be so, and until then you ask me in vain." Thus we had parted, meeting never again till on that sweet April night he had come—standing so suddenly beside me—departing so inexplicably—his angel sent by God to warn me of the coming change.

But my pride was all gone now; after those hours by his grave I could have met Sophie Ross' haughtiest sneer, heard her most cutting insinuation, and, remembering she was Herbert's sister, loved her still.

I rang the door-bell, and the domestic showed me into his mother's room. Looking more feeble than ever, she half rose, with a surprised exclamation, and sank back in her chair again. Tears came unbidden; choked and distressed beyond power of expression I knelt down beside her, rested my head on

the arm of her chair, and clasped her withered, misshapen hand in mine. She caressed me, stroking my hair with the other hand, and pressing her lips upon my forehead, while the sobs and moans that shook both of us attested our unspeakable sorrow for the lost one.

The door opened and Sophie came in, tall and fair as ever I saw her to be when I looked up, the same polished reticence of manner, but her face was much paler, and her glance showed none of her old scornful indifference. I rose, and each looked into the eyes of the other as if to note whether the forgiveness were mutual; and then I lifted her white, cold hand to my lips with the same shudder that I felt when another ice-chill hand had touched my own years before. "For the sake of the dead will you forgive the past and love me, Sophie?"

She could not express deep feeling in words; it was impossible to break the chain of constraint that was nature to her, and speak her forgiveness, but she answered, "Herbert is dead!" and the look of anguish that swept over her proud face told me that she suffered and sorrowed, that she would forgive, and as much as possible love me. So with these words we were sealed friends, and all through that still forenoon the mother talked of one dead, while I sat on an ottoman at her feet and looked into her brown eyes so like his, and Sophie gazed in the coals on the fire—for Mrs. Ross was so much an invalid as to need their warmth even in the summer forenoons—with such a weary look that my heart forgot half its misery in pity for hers, who agonized, and could not speak.

"We live over the trial daily—I believe Sophie's heart was broken when Herbert died. I cannot tarry much longer myself, and then she will be utterly alone," said Mrs. Ross to me, as Sophie glided out of the room for a moment; "you see that she is pale and spiritless; she does not go into society or company of any kind—seeks no friends—and wears always the same sad face. Though she seldom speaks of Herbert I know she never ceases to lament for him; none of us ever dreamed how she was bound up in him till he was gone."

At noon I went away, promising Sophie, who asked it earnestly, and looked her sincerity out of her eyes, that I would return and make my home there while I staid in town, but I found a dispatch waiting me, "your mother is dying," and waiting for no good-byes I sped home as fast as laggard-seeming steam would

take me. She was still living and able to bless me, her "poor daughter;" but two days after my arrival I was standing by her new-made grave on the southern slope of the hill-side where the warm sun should quicken the flowers the lifelong, peaceful year.

"They say she didn't make any fuss at the grave—I don't think she cares much!" that was the charitable conclusion some one drew from my resignation. Why should I weep? Earth-bound as I had been, my treasures were then in Heaven; bruised and broken I saw the joy unspeakable in the Beyond—it but remained for my hands to do and my weary feet to press forward.

One year has passed since then. Sophie Ross is at rest—that white, aching brow is pulseless at last, while her mother, Herbert's mother, still sits waiting and yearning for the end of earth's years. The grass has grown green and the wild roses have once bloomed and fallen on my mother's grave. I see the headstone white in the moonlight, but I go there no more, for my own footsteps have faltered long since. I look through the open window and see earth quiver under the burning August heat. I scent the breath of the hay from the new-mown meadows, and see the stalwart men laboring, all eager in the struggle.

Earth seems no longer desolate and charmless, but beautiful and full of joy, yet willingly I turn from all, and with a sweet faith that my life-mission is almost ended I gladden to know that I shall soon have fulfilled Herbert's last request, "I pray God that thou whom I love wilt come and sleep beside me." "Evangeline" lies open in my hand, and I read there its closing words, as a prophecy of what shall soon be true of me and Mine.

"Side by side the lovers are sleeping,
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey."

IDLENESS is the mother of mischief; the moment a horse is done eating his oats, he turns to, and gnaws down his manger. Substitute labor for oats, and virtue for manger, and what is true of horses is equally true of men.

QUEEN MARGUERITES.

BY M. D. R. E.

[Margaret, sister of Francis the First, was one of the earliest supporters of the Reformation in France. Tenderly loved by her brother, and always called *sa mignonne*, his darling, they seemed to have possessed both the same tastes and acquirements. Beautiful, and captivating all hearts, she appeared like a queen, and the king would often leave affairs of importance to her decision, and yet adorned with such a rare genius, that she delighted especially in literature. These gifts were subsequently enriched by being consecrated to religion. She was frequently denounced to the king, but being tenderly attached to his sister he pretended to believe the allegation false. Seeking in nature the symbols that might express the wants and affections of her soul, she chose for her emblem this flower, the aster, which by its ray-like leaves has some likeness to the sun, and it has ever since borne the name of Queen Marguerite. She added this device:

Non inferiora secutus.

(I seek not things below.)

—*Brantome's Vie Femmes Illustres.*

She stood amid the summer flowers the gifted and the fair,
And bared her lovely brow to meet the fragrant ev'ning air;
With tasteful skill each gathered bud her busy fingers twined,
A coronet of Nature's gems her clustering locks to bind:
Their blended hues how beautiful! but each fair fragile toy,
Was not more beautiful than thou, sweet Marguerite of Valois.

Thou, who didst leave the pomp of courts to join that lonely band,
Who sought from Superstition's night to free their native land;
Thou, who wast born to mate with kings, yet quelled thy heart of pride,
And meekly bowed before the shrine of Him, the Crucified;
And stood prepared, should danger call, thy honors to lay down,
The martyr's fiery path to tread to reach the martyr's crown.

She sought amidst that gay parterre one chosen flower to find,
Meet emblem of the hope and faith that filled her youthful mind;
In vain the lily's snowy bell—the rose with varied hue—

The myrtle and the eglantine—by turns attention drew—

Each pendant kissed the dewy earth, save one whose crown of rays,
Like to the sun, so worshiping, turned ever to his blaze.

This was thy choice then, gentle one, to turn uncharmed away,
From all the glit'ring gauds of earth that round thy pathway lay;
To meet perchance the look of scorn, the proud lip's wreathing smile,
Or find beneath the clustered flowers the tempter's hidden guile;
Yet upward, as the eagle soars to seek her sky-built nest,
So ever still the heaven-born soul speeds onward to its rest.

This was thy stay when tidings came that on the stricken field,
He, whose twin soul thou wast, laid down his kingly sword and shield;
Or he, who in thy heart of love possessed a dearer claim,
A recreant from the battle fled, dishonoring line and fame;
Then life condemned so dearly bought, broken his heart of pride,
Stung by the arrows of remorse, too late repenting, died.*

This was thy stay when on that couch, where lowly all must lie,
The angel of the shady vale with noiseless step drew nigh.
Ah! what to thee that silk and down thy painful limbs caressed,
That canopies of purple state fell o'er thy languid breast!
In that dread hour one hope alone, like star 'mid night of gloom,
Joined with a holy faith dispelled the darkness of the tomb.

Unchronicled thy gentle deeds by trumpet-tongue of fame,
Yet not unnoticed by His eye, who marks the meanest name;
And in that scroll where blazoned stands that band of faithful few
Who valiant for the truth prevailed, one memory is due
To her who left for brighter hopes this world's deceitful joy—
Daughter of fair and sunny France! sweet Marguerite of Valois!

*At the battle of Pavie Francis I. was made prisoner; and the Duke de Alençon, the husband of Marguerite of Valois, the first prince of the blood, fled with the royal guard to Lyons, where he died of shame and grief.

DEBT—ECONOMY—LIVING WITHIN THE MEANS.

[We copy from a new book, called "SELF-HELP," by Samuel Smiles, author of "The Life of George Stephenson," the following excellent article on economy and the right use of money, which we earnestly recommend to the attention of our readers, young and old. The book is from the press of Ticknor & Fields, and is worth its weight in gold to any one who really desires to be independent.]

EVERY man ought so to contrive as to live within his means. This practice is of the very essence of honesty. For if a man do not manage honestly to live within his own means, he must necessarily be living dishonestly upon the means of somebody else. Those who are careless about personal expenditure, and consider merely their own gratification, without regard for the comfort of others, generally find out the real uses of money when it is too late. Though by nature generous, these thriftless persons are often driven in the end to do very shabby things. They dawdle with their money as with their time; draw bills upon the future; anticipate their earnings; and are thus under the necessity of dragging after them a load of debts and obligations which seriously affect their action as free and independent men. The loose cash which many persons throw away uselessly, and worse, would often form a basis of fortune and independence for life. These wasters are their own worst enemies, though generally found amongst the ranks of those who rail at the injustice of "the world." But if a man will not be his own friend, how can he expect that others will? Orderly men of moderate means have always something left in their pockets to help others; whereas your prodigal and careless fellows who spend all, never find an opportunity for helping anybody. It is poor economy, however, to be a scrub. Narrow-mindedness in living and in dealing is generally short-sighted, and leads to failure. The penny soul, it is said, never came to twopence. Generosity and liberality, like honesty, prove the best policy after all. Though Jenkinson, in the "Vicar of Wakefield," cheated his kind-hearted neighbor Flamborough in one way or another every year, "Flamborough," he says, "has been regularly growing in riches, while I have come to poverty and a jail." And practical life abounds in cases of brilliant results from a course of generous, honest policy.

The proverb says that "an empty bag cannot stand upright;" neither can a man who is

in debt. Debt makes everything a temptation. It lowers a man in self-respect, places him at the mercy of his tradesman and his servant, and renders him a slave in many respects, for he can no longer call himself his own master, nor boldly look the world in the face. It is also difficult for a man who is in debt to be truthful; hence it is said that lying rides on debt's back. The debtor has to frame excuses to his creditor for postponing payment of the money he owes him; and probably also to contrive falsehoods. It is easy enough for a man who will exercise a healthy resolution, to avoid incurring the first obligation; but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second; and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood; almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course, debt following debt, as lie follows lie. Haydon, the painter, dated his decline from the day on which he first borrowed money. He realized the truth of the proverb, "Who goes a-borrowing, goes a-sorrowing." The significant entry in his diary is: "Here began debt and obligation, out of which I have never been and never shall be extricated as long as I live." Haydon had long been accustomed to borrow money from his poor father, which, however, he did not include in his obligations. Far different was the noble spirit displayed by Fichte, who said, when struggling with poverty, "For years I have never accepted a farthing from my parents, because I have seven sisters who are all young, and in part uneducated; and because I have a father who, were I to allow it, would in his kindness bestow upon me that which belongs by right to his other children." For the same high-minded reason, Fichte even refused to accept presents from his poor parents.

Dr. Johnson held that early debt is ruin. His words on the subject are weighty, and worthy of being held in remembrance. "Do not," said he, "accustom yourself to consider debt only as an inconvenience; you will find it a calamity. Poverty takes away so many means of doing good, and produces so much inability to resist evil, both natural and moral, that it is by all virtuous means to be avoided. . . . Let it be your first care, then, not to be in any man's debt. Resolve not to be poor; whatever you have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy to human happiness; it certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable and others extremely difficult. Fru-

gality is not only the basis of quiet, but of beneficence. No man can help others that wants help himself; we must have enough before we have to spare."

It is the bounden duty of every man to look his affairs in the face, and to keep an account of his incomings and outgoings in money matters. The exercise of a little simple arithmetic in this way will be found of great value. Prudence requires that we shall pitch our scale of living a degree below our means, rather than up to them; but this can only be done by carrying out faithfully a plan of living by which both ends may be made to meet. John Locke strongly advised this course: "Nothing," said he, "is likelier to keep a man within compass than having constantly before his eyes the state of his affairs in a regular course of account." The Duke of Wellington kept an accurate detailed account of all the moneys received and expended by him. "I make a point," said he, to Mr. Gleig, "of paying my own bills, and I advise every one to do the same; formerly I used to trust a confidential servant to pay them, but I was cured of that folly by receiving one morning, to my great surprise, duns of a year or two's standing. The fellow had speculated with my money, and left my bills unpaid." Talking of debt, his remark was, "It makes a slave of a man. I have often known what it was to be in want of money, but I never got into debt." Washington was as particular as Wellington was, in matters of business detail; and it is a remarkable fact, that he did not disdain to scrutinize the smallest outgoings of his household—determined as he was to live honestly within his means—even while holding the high office of President of the American Union.

Admiral Jervis, Earl St. Vincent, has told the story of his early struggles, and, amongst other things, of his determination to keep out of debt. "My father had a very large family," said he, "with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at the station [at sea] I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at this rebuke, and made a promise, which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trousers out of the ticking of my bed; and having by these means

saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill; and from that time to this I have taken care to keep within my means." Jervis for six years endured pinching privation, but preserved his integrity, studied his profession with success, and gradually and steadily rose by merit and bravery to the highest rank. Samuel Drew's first lesson in economy is thus described by himself: "When I was a boy, I somehow got a few pence, and coming into St. Austell, on a fair-day, laid out all on a purse. My empty purse often reminded me of my folly; and the recollection has since been as useful to me as Franklin's whistle was to him."

It is a great point for young men to begin well; for it is in the beginning of life that that system of conduct is adopted which soon assumes the force of habit. Begin well, and the habit of doing well will become quite as easy as the habit of doing badly. Well begun is half ended, says the proverb; and a good beginning is half the battle. Many promising young men have irretrievably injured themselves by a first false step at the commencement of life; while others, of much less promising talents, have succeeded simply by beginning well, and going onward. The good practical beginning is, to a certain extent, a pledge, a promise, and an assurance, of the ultimate prosperous issue. There is many a poor creature, now crawling through life, miserable himself and the cause of sorrow to others, who might have lifted up his head and prospered, if, instead of merely satisfying himself with resolutions of well-doing, he had actually gone to work and made a good practical beginning.

Too many are, however, impatient of results. They are not satisfied to begin where their fathers did, but where they left off. They think to enjoy the fruits of industry without working for them. They cannot wait for the results of labor and application, but forestall them by too early indulgence. A worthy Scotch couple, when asked how their son had broken down so early in life, gave the following explanation: "When we began life together, we worked hard, and lived upon porridge and such like, gradually adding to our comforts as our means improved, until we were able at length to dine off a bit of roast meat, and sometimes a boiled chuckie (or fowl); but as for Jock, our son, he began where we had left off—he began *wi' the chuckie first*." The same illustration will apply to higher conditions of life than that of this humble pair.

Mr. Hume hit the mark when he once stated in the House of Commons—though his words were followed by “laughter”—that the tone of living in England is altogether too high. Middle class people are too apt to live up to their incomes, if not beyond them; affecting a degree of “style” which is most unhealthy in its effect upon society at large. There is an ambition to bring up boys as gentlemen, or rather “genteel” men; though the result frequently is, only to make them gents. They acquire a taste for dress, style, luxuries, and amusements, which can never form any solid foundation for manly or gentlemanly character; and the result is, that we have a vast number of gingerbread young gentry thrown upon the world, who remind one of the abandoned hulls sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being “genteel.” We keep up appearances, too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be so. We must be “respectable,” though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar outward show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial genteel world of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble self-denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

The late Sir Charles Napier, in taking leave of his command in India, did a bold and honest thing in publishing his strong protest, embodied in his last General Order to the officers of the Indian army, against the “fast” life led by so many young officers in that service, involving them in ignominious obligations. Sir Charles strongly urged, in that famous document—what had almost been lost sight of—that “honesty is inseparable from the charac-

ter of a thorough-bred gentleman;” and that “to drink unpaid-for champagne and unpaid-for beer, and to ride unpaid-for horses, is to be a cheat, and not a gentleman.” Men who lived beyond their means, and were summoned, often by their own servants, before Courts of Requests for debts contracted in extravagant living, might be officers by virtue of their commissions, but they were not gentlemen. The habit of being constantly in debt, the commander-in-chief held, made men grow callous to the proper feelings of a gentlemen. It was not enough that an officer should be able to fight; that any bull-dog could do. But did he hold his word inviolate—did he pay his debts? These were among the points of honor which, he insisted, illuminated the true gentleman’s and soldier’s career. As Bayard was of old, so would Sir Charles Napier have all British officers to be. He knew them to be “without fear,” but he would also have them “without reproach.” There are, however, many gallant young fellows, both in India and at home, capable of mounting a breach on an emergency amidst belching fire, and of performing the most desperate deeds of valor, who nevertheless cannot or will not exercise the moral courage necessary to enable them to resist a petty temptation presented to their senses. They cannot utter their valiant “No,” or “I can’t afford it,” to the invitations of pleasure and self-enjoyment; and they are found ready to brave death rather than the ridicule of their companions.

The young man, as he passes through life, advances through a long line of tempters ranged on either side of him; and the inevitable effect of yielding, is degradation in a greater or less degree. Contact with them tends insensibly to draw away from him some portion of the divine electric element with which his nature is charged; and his only mode of resisting them is to utter and to act out his “No” manfully and resolutely. He must decide at once, not waiting to deliberate and balance reasons; for the youth, like “the woman who deliberates, is lost.” Many deliberate, without deciding; but “not to resolve, is to resolve.” A perfect knowledge of man is in the prayer, “Lead us not into temptation.” But temptation will come to try the young man’s strength; and once yielded to, the power to resist grows weaker and weaker. Yield once, and a portion of virtue has gone. Resist manfully, and the first decision will give strength for life; repeated, it will become a habit. It is in the outworks of the habits formed in early life that

the real strength of the defence must lie; for it has been wisely ordained that the machinery of moral existence should be carried on principally through the medium of the habits, so as to save the wear and tear of the great principles within. It is good habits, which insinuate themselves into the thousand inconsiderable acts of life, that really constitute by far the greater part of man's moral conduct.

Hugh Miller has told how, by an act of youthful decision, he saved himself from one of the strong temptations so peculiar to a life of toil. When employed as a mason, it was usual for his fellow-workmen to have an occasional treat of drink, and one day two glasses of whisky fell to his share, which he swallowed. When he reached home, he found, on opening his favorite book, "Bacon's Essays," that the letters danced before his eyes, and that he could no longer master the sense. "The condition," he says, "into which I had brought myself was, I felt, one of degradation. I had sunk, by my own act, for the time, to a lower level of intelligence than that on which it was my privilege to be placed; and though the state could have been no very favorable one for forming a resolution, I in that hour determined that I should never again sacrifice my capacity of intellectual enjoyment to a drinking usage; and with God's help, I was enabled to hold by the determination." It is such decisions as this that often form the turning-points in a man's life, and furnish the foundation of his future character. And this rock, on which Hugh Miller might have been wrecked, if he had not at the right moment put forth his moral strength to strike away from it, is one that youth and manhood alike need to be constantly on their guard against. It is about one of the worst and most deadly, as well as extravagant, temptations which lie in the way of youth. Sir Walter Scott used to say, "that of all vices drinking is the most incompatible with greatness." Not only so, but it is incompatible with economy, decency, health, and honest living. When a youth cannot restrain, he must abstain. Dr. Johnson's case is the case of many. He said, referring to his own habits, "Sir, I can abstain; but I can't be moderate."

But to wrestle vigorously and successfully with any vicious habit, we must not merely be satisfied with contending on the low ground of worldly prudence, though that is of use, but take stand upon a higher moral elevation. Mechanical aids, such as pledges, may be of service to some, but the great thing is to set up a high standard of thinking and acting,

and endeavor to strengthen and purify the principles, as well as to reform the habits. For this purpose a youth must study himself, watch his steps, and compare his thoughts and acts with his rule. The more knowledge of himself he gains, the humbler will he be, and perhaps the less confident in his own strength. But the discipline will be found most valuable which is acquired by resisting small present gratifications to secure a prospective greater and higher one. It is the noblest work in self-education—for

"Real glory

*Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves,
And without that the conqueror is nought
But the first slave."*

Many popular books have been written for the purpose of communicating to the public the grand secret of making money. But there is no secret whatever about it, as the proverbs of every nation abundantly testify. "Many a little makes a mickle." "Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves." "A penny saved is a penny gained." "Diligence is the mother of good-luck." "No pains no gains." "No sweat no sweet." "Sloth, the key of poverty." "Work, and thou shalt have." "He who will not work, neither shall he eat." "The world is his, who has patience and industry." "It is too late to spare when all is spent." "Better go to bed supperless than rise in debt." "The morning hour has gold in its mouth." "Credit keeps the crown of the causeway." Such are specimens of the proverbial philosophy, embodying the hoarded experience of many generations, as to the best means of thriving in the world. They were current in people's mouths long before books were invented; and like other popular proverbs, they were the first codes of popular morals. Moreover, they have stood the test of time, and the experience of every day still bears witness to their accuracy, force, and soundness. The proverbs of Solomon are full of wisdom, as to the force of industry, and the use and abuse of money: "He that is slothful in work is brother to him that is a great waster." "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise." Poverty, he says, shall come upon the idler "as one that travelth, and want as an armed man;" but of the industrious and upright, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich." "He who will not plough by reason of the cold, shall beg in harvest, and have nothing." "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags." "The

slothful man says there is a lion in the streets." "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." But above all "It is better to get wisdom than gold; for wisdom is better than rubies, and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it."

WHAT ONE HUMBLE WOMAN DID.

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Mrs. Ann Jones, tailoress."

THAT is what a very tiny sign said. It was tacked on to a dilapidated door that in turn swung by questionable hinges, and belonged to a house that in the far off years had been very respectable, but was now anything else, at least in appearance.

Mrs. Ann Jones was a widow, a pretty, Christian woman, and withal, as her employers said in recommending her, a very genteel little person. She had one daughter, pretty, quiet, and modest, like herself, and people had found out that Mrs. Jones liked to have her daughter go out with her, so they generally made some plain sewing for the young girl when they wished to engage her mother. Alice Jones was sixteen, tolerably educated, and bade fair to become an honor to her mother.

One day a very rich woman by the name of Albright sent for Mrs. Jones; she had a long job on hand that would employ her several weeks. Mrs. Albright was a sociable, clever, charitably-disposed lady, and very chatty and communicative.

"One of my sewing-girls tells me that you have a very pretty neighbor, about whom considerable has been published in the papers recently," said Mrs. Albright, one morning.

"You mean the woman with the child, I suppose, who has lately moved into the back chamber," said, or half-questioned, the little tailoress, measuring with her yard tape.

"Yes, and she's got a beautiful baby," exclaimed Alice, looking up from a ruffle she was hemming.

"Her husband left her, didn't he?" resumed Mrs. Albright; "I should think, from what I hear, he was a worthless fellow, and I expect the poor thing has hard work to get along. Just call upon her some time, will you, and report to me?"

"I will," replied the tailoress, wondering in her heart why Mrs. Albright could not herself, with all her superfluous time, ascertain the wants of her destitute neighbor.

But Mrs. Albright was one of her wealthiest

customers, and always paid promptly, so she was not disposed to deny her any reasonable request. That night she went with her daughter up three flights of stairs, (the house inside as well as out seemed hastening to decay from mere sympathy with its impoverished inmates,) and finding the door of the little back chamber with some difficulty, knocked timidly.

"Come in," said a faint voice.

They entered. There was no light save the faint beams of the moon to guide them. The deserted wife sat on a low seat near the window, holding her child, and, it seemed, looking down into the well-lighted street.

"Good evening," said the little tailoress; "I am a neighbor and have called to see you, supposing you would be lonesome. I live down stairs on the first floor."

"I'm glad you've come, here is a chair," replied the occupant of the little room, pushing a seat from where she herself sat. "I'm sorry I haven't a lamp."

"O! it don't matter; the moon is so bright," said the tailoress, looking about her, for she could not help it. The room seemed to be in the most disorderly confusion. Heaps of little clothes lay round—the hearth was unswept—the table unattended to—the shelves cluttered with things belonging elsewhere—and there seemed to be a general dampness of smell and feeling pervading the premises. In strong contrast to this, however, was the woman who sat holding her baby. Her dress was a shabby black silk, with numberless rows of ruffles and flounces—and her hair was what plain-spoken people call "didified to the extremest point of didification," that is, it consisted of a mass of little curls, large curls, and (pardon, reader,) spit curls; so there she sat, in the fourth story of a miserable house, in the midst of dirt and confusion, simply holding her baby, who seemed to be fast asleep.

"I can't much blame the man for leaving her," thought the industrious tailoress, "though to be sure she may be discouraged." Then she spoke aloud in her plain, blunt way:

"Mrs. Albright, one of our rich ladies, and a very generous woman, asked me to call on you, and more than hinted that you were not very well provided for."

"And so I aint," replied the young mother, with a weary sigh, "I don't know what I *shall* do with this great baby to take care of—oh, dear me!" and then followed the twin of the weary sigh.

"I'm sure he's a nice, beautiful great boy," replied the little tailoress, a tear in her eye,

for that wailing tone went straight to her heart. "But can't you get some work to do?"

"O, dear!" said the woman, putting what seemed to be a handkerchief to her eyes—"I don't know—I haven't but little time; what with taking care of this great baby—but I would be willing to do something, provided it wasn't too hard. I aint very strong, and never worked hard."

"Don't you sew?" asked Mrs. Jones, her smile seeming almost contemptuous, for the pathos had degenerated into a whine.

"O! yes, I can do plain work, but then I have to be very slow; this great baby requires so much attention!" replied the woman. It was plain to see that she did not love work, but wished rather for a life of ease and idleness. Before her marriage she had been a ladies' maid, she said, and never having much to do had unfitted her for labor—she shouldn't have thought her husband would have left her—he could get two dollars a day if he'd only keep sober, she snivelled; it was too bad—with that great baby! Poor baby! it was sadly in the way.

After a little urging the tailoress got her to say that she would take some work, and then left the chamber, glad to get out of such an atmosphere into her own neat, cheerful room.

Next day she sent her daughter up with a cheering message and some work—the latter to be kept very neatly and be done by a given time. Opening her door a moment in the afternoon, Mrs. Jones was surprised to meet her flounced friend dressed in a flimsy, showy bonnet and cape, going down stairs. "I'm so used to a walk," said the latter, as if in apology, "that when baby is asleep I generally go out." The tailoress wished that she could enjoy the same privilege, and took up her needle, wondering if the work she had given her would be done. It was *not* finished at the time specified.

"I saw an advertisement that made me think of you, this morning," said the tailoress, as the pretty neighbor sat in her room holding the really beautiful baby. "It was for a seamstress, and you could make a pretty sum of money. Suppose you leave this fine fellow with Alice and I, and go right out and secure it," and she gave her the directions cut from the morning paper.

"Looking as I am? no indeed. I should have to fix my hair and not go in such a trim," was the reply, "and it takes so long."

Mrs. Jones waxed indignant.

"Let me tell you, neighbor," she exclaimed

with all frankness, "it is much better for a poor woman dependent upon her own exertions to get a living, as you are, to go with your hair plain, just as it is. Besides, you look, to tell you the truth, a great deal handsomer than with a thousand curls over your head. I'm afraid people won't think well of you if you don't dress plainer. I tell you folks *will* talk, and we ought to accommodate our appearance to our circumstances, that's *my* logic."

It happened that the silly neighbor took this advice rather kindly, and did go to the store designated without curls and flounces.

"That's sensible," said the tailoress to herself, "I shall make something of her yet." For four or five weeks the little woman (Mrs. Lee was her name) did very well. Under the direction of the tailoress she managed to keep her room in order, and sewed enough to feed herself and pay her rent. But alas! work gave out and so did her energy. Once more she didn't know what she *should* do.

"Why, there's employment enough," said the energetic tailoress, "you can get a place to do sewing and nurse out your baby."

"I should have to pay away all my money," said the woman despondingly.

"But bless my soul and body, Mrs. Lee, wouldn't you have a home and food enough, and haven't you got enough clothes? And then one of these days you may do something better—besides you are working for your child, now—he will work for you by and by."

"I'll see," sighed Mrs. Lee.

"There! I'm at my wit's ends; I don't know what can be done to keep that woman straight," soliloquized the tailoress, a few days afterward "I don't like the looks of that man that goes up stairs sometimes."

Shortly after, down came Mrs. Lee, carefully curled and flounced. Alas, that kind of red and white beauty that pleases at first sight was hers, and the good heart of the tailoress ached as she thought of the temptations surrounding the weak-minded woman.

"O! dear," sighed Mrs. Lee one day, "I've about decided to give my baby away," and she turned very red.

"Do what!" exclaimed the tailoress, in tones that made her start—"give your child away? Woman!" she added sternly, "God gave the child to *you*, and he expects you alone to keep it. The dear, innocent baby! how can you have the heart to think of such a thing? Why, I'd work my hands to the bone to keep it; I'd go out washing from Monday morning

till Saturday night before any one should take my child. Who has advised you to do such a thing?"

She hesitated for some time, and finally told her a cousin of her husband.

"Is it the man I see sometimes going up stairs?"

Mrs. Lee's cheeks turned a deeper scarlet as she answered yes.

"Keep that child, Mrs. Lee, he will be your salvation; give him out of your hands and he may live to curse you," said the widow, with an emphatic gesture. Another moment and she was gone.

Poor Mrs. Lee. One week after that the attic chamber was deserted, and news came to the tailoress that her foolish neighbor had gone off with a red whiskered man—the arch tempter—the cousin of her husband. Mrs. Jones heard it after a hard day's work.

"I declare," she exclaimed, half sorrowfully, half passionately, "that woman sha'n't go to destruction if I can help it. I see jest how it'll be—that fiend will ruin and leave her; then what comes next? Why, perhaps the poor-house, perhaps worse, at any rate a life of shame and a death without hope. I wont rest till I find her. Scripture tells us to bear the burdens of the weak, and I'll make one more effort, a strong one, too."

A month passed before the widow, by dint of hard scratching, and sacrificing a great deal of time, valuable to her, obtained news of the child. It was placed with a woman of scarcely average character, one *he* had chosen, who deluded the foolish mother, and as but a mere song was paid for its board, it was ill-fed, and already looked squalid. It seemed so sad! the child was once such a beautiful, bright babe, it made the widow's heart ache harder. After very great pains she traced the mother to her dwelling, and learned with joy that the one who had lured her away was a sea-faring man, and had left for a voyage on the day she was installed in her new home.

Had a ghost entered the room the thoughtless woman would not have been more shocked, more shamed. She cowed under the calm, sorrowful gaze of the widow.

"Mrs. Lee, I want to try and save you from the path you're treading," she said gravely.

"What is it to you?" asked Mrs. Lee, confused and angry.

"Much to me and more to heaven. Take the first step to ruin, the second may lead to a pit; and oh! my poor friend, I beseech you to

listen to good words. I've been to see that dear baby of yours, and it made me sorrowful to feel the flesh on his little bones growing flabby and sickly. He don't have good treatment, depend upon it; for his sake *do* take him back and be a true and honest woman. Look at my child, oh! how I toiled to bring her up! I have lived upon a crust of bread, day after day, for her sake, despising all offers that would have parted us, and see, now she is my chiefest comfort, my greatest blessing. O! Mrs. Lee, for the sake of that child, for God's sake, and your own, keep honest and respectable. You have been strongly tempted, I fear, but don't yield a moment longer if you want the blessing of heaven, the love of your little child."

The misguided woman burst into tears, and again came the old, helpless wailing, "oh! what shall I do?" while sorrowful angels stood on one side, pityingly waiting the decision of a timid soul, and on the other spirits of evil mockingly said to each other, "the seed is too small in that soul, it will never blossom."

"I'll tell you what you shall do; take your boy and come home with me, come; I'll do better by you than that wicked man would; I'll lead you as far as my own weakness will let me, heavenward; and I'll be a friend to you and the baby too; Alice loves him dearly, and she wants him to be with her. I shall have as much as I can do this winter, and you shall neither of you want. I'll supply you with light work, and we'll be a happy family together, please God."

"But *he'll* find me out."

"And what if he does? I'll attend to him. What right has he to take care of you? None; and he does it for no good purpose, depend upon it. Then that dear baby needs you. Think if it should die in the hands of strangers, no mother to hold its little form, no——"

"O! stop, stop!" cried the woman convulsively, "I'll go with you, don't talk so. I've felt bad since I've been here. I've had nothing to do, but my heart's been heavy, and I've longed for my child, but was ashamed to go. O! *do* care for me till I'm stronger; I'll try, indeed I *will* try to be good, only let me go," and she began gathering her things with nervous haste.

It was not long before she was domiciled in the home of the dear little tailoress, her boy once more bright and blooming, and the pet of the family. She was annoyed more than once by the man who claimed to care for her, but the widow stood by her and she resisted evil.

Year after year she grew stronger in virtuous impulses, year after year her boy grew into more active boyhood, and she directed all her energies to the one purpose of giving him a thorough education. He rewarded all her efforts, and gave promise of great native energy of character and unusual genius. It is a pleasant sight now to see Mrs. Lee sitting in the elegant parlor of her son's handsome house, a cheery, contented, and even beautiful middle-aged woman, her face the index of the pure serenity that reigns within. The little tailoress has gone home, and methinks when we meet her in the city of the angels we shall see her honored above kings, for hath she not led an immortal soul God-ward.

JOHN GRANT AND I.

BY CATHERINE HAMILTON.

TO-MORROW I am going to be married—I, who have been given over as an old maid for an indefinite number of years. The expected event creates quite a commotion in our hitherto quiet household. My mother says, "What can I do without you? Who will make the pastry and cake—and see to the dinners and the children's clothes? And my dear father, whose dark hair begins to be sprinkled with silver, says, mournfully, "I cannot spare my Margaret," though I think he is secretly pleased that his pet "Maggie" is to have such a noble husband after all. My roguish brother Tom goes about the house singing—

"There is no goose however gray but soon or late, She'll find some honest gander for her mate."

And I—all this seems very strange to me. I cannot make it real that the bridal dress of snowy satin, with the gossamer veil and wreath of orange flowers, *can be* for plain Margaret Hudson. But the strangest of all is, that I am to marry "John Grant—John Grant," whom I learned to love years ago, but all thoughts of whom I strove with God's help to put far from me.

It is five years now since that morning in early summer, when we walked together through the green old woods, the leaves stirred by a gentle wind, and the birds singing their morning songs. We were a little apart from the rest of our party, and when we had gathered our hands full of the sweet wild flowers that were scattered in profusion at our feet—we sat down upon a flat rock to wait for them. I was happy on that June morning, as I sat on that mossy rock by the side of John Grant, while he wreathed the buds and blossoms and the

dark green leaves of the trailing arbutus among the braids of my brown hair.

We did not talk much that morning, and we had sat in silence several moments, when John suddenly said, "Margaret, I want to tell you something;" it was not the *words* that made my heart beat so, and the hot blood rush to my cheeks and forehead, for we had known each other for a long time, and he had often made a confidant of me—but it was the low tone, full of new and strange tenderness that thrilled my whole being. I do not know, but perhaps my voice trembled a little, as I said, "Well, what is it, John?" "Maggie, dear," but the sentence was not finished—just then the rest of the party made their appearance and effectually put an end to all confidential conversation.

The next day John Grant left town on business, which required his presence in a distant city for several weeks. I did not see him for some time after his return, and when he called at last, there was a something in his manner, undefinable, but yet a change, a restraint, which told me that those words once on his lips would not be spoken.

Weeks came and went, and again he left home ostensibly for business, but it was rumored that a beautiful young lady of B—, whose acquaintance he had made, was the real cause of his frequent visits to that city.

In a little while it was said, and upon good authority, that John Grant was engaged to be married to Mary Wallace, of B.; and it was also said that she was very young and very beautiful. Never till then, till I knew he was to marry another, was the secret of my own heart revealed to me; but *then* I knew how I had loved him—how all hope, all joy, all earthly happiness, was centered in him—even now I shudder when I think of that fearful time, when life seemed such a heavy burden, and I longed for a time to lay it down in the grave; but I could not; a thorny path opened before me, and I was to walk in it, though my feet were pierced and bleeding at every step. I had hoped before, that I was a Christian, that my will had been subdued to God's will, but *now* my heart was filled with rebellious murmurings, and days passed ere that stubborn spirit obeyed the voice of its Father, *and was still*. But, thank God, the time did come when I looked up through tears and said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

CHAPTER II.

John Grant returned to town soon after his engagement, and in a few weeks Mary Wallace

came to Elm Wood, on a visit to his sister. Soon after her arrival, I was invited to a party to be given for her. I dreaded to go, and yet I could not stay away; how plain I looked as I stood before my dressing-glass that night, in a black silk, with a few scarlet verbenas in my hair. Did I wear them because *he* had said once they contrasted well with my dark hair? I was early, and the rooms were filled when they arrived. O, Mary Wallace! I do not wonder he loved you—you *were* beautiful, as you came floating into the room, in a dress of light blue silk, covered with a cloud of gossamer lace, your golden curls falling over your sweet childish face, and your blue eyes running over with happiness, and he—but I dared not look at him long, for I was not *very* strong.

In the course of the evening I was introduced to her, and, strange as it was, from that moment she seemed to cling to me; she was a child in artlessness, and soon commenced talking of "John," asking if I knew him, etc. "How strange he never mentioned you, he told me of so many of his friends." "John—John," she called as he passed us, "why didn't you tell me about Miss Hudson, you spoke of so many others?" Our eyes met for an instant, and then I said, pitying his embarrassment, "He has so many friends, it isn't at all singular that he should have forgotten one,"—but I knew *then*, as I do *now*, that he had *not* forgotten me.

Just then, looking up, I saw in a mirror opposite the reflection of our little group—and—John Grant!—when I saw the contrast between Mary Wallace and myself, I forgave you fully, if I had not before; not that I was so *very* plain—I do not think I was—but she was so beautiful, so confiding and loving, no one could help being charmed with her, and I could not blame him, for he had always been a great admirer of the beautiful.

Mary Wallace came to see me frequently while she stayed in town, sometimes, not often, accompanied by John. It was an autumn afternoon, full of clouds and sunshine, when she came to pay her farewell call. He was with her, watching her every movement with loving pride, and yet it seemed to me that he regarded her somewhat as a beautiful plaything, winding her yellow curls around his fingers, and calling her pet names. We went out into the garden to gather bouquets of the bright-hued fall flowers, and as she ran about, laughing and talking, picking flowers and wreathing them in her hair, or decorating John's hat with garlands, she seemed a lovely and bewitching

child. John had gradually lost his constrained and embarrassed manner when with me, and, excepting that we never approached personalities in our conversation, our intercourse was getting to be something as it once was.

Our tastes in many things were similar, we had read the same books and admired the same authors, and upon most of the important subjects connected with human life, our thoughts were alike. We were speaking of some work we had lately read, and were quite interested in discussing its merits, when Mary suddenly checked her happy play, and with a grave face, walked silently for a few moments at John's side. At last she said, "You never talk in that way to *me*, John, but it's because I don't know enough." "You know enough for me, dear," he answered; but she went on, "I am a second 'Dora,' John, and shall be another 'child-wife.' Margaret is just like 'Agnes,' she would suit you much better than I." "Allowing you to be judge," I said, laughingly, for I saw John could not answer readily. We said no more on that subject, but I think John asked himself more than once that day, "Is Mary right?"

When she bade me "good-by," she wound her white arms around my neck and kissed me, saying, in her gentle voice, "Write to me often, Margaret, and teach me to be worthy of him." And she went away through the avenue leaning on his arm, the warm autumn sunlight falling on her golden hair, making her very beautiful.

CHAPTER III.

Soon after this, John Grant left Elm Wood, to engage in business in a western city. I seldom heard and never mentioned his name. Mary Wallace wrote me frequently during the winter; her letters were like herself, graceful and charming, full of love and confidence. She wrote much of John—"how proud she was of him, what letters he wrote, so much better than hers, and wasn't it strange he should love such a child as she was?" She went on writing in this way for several months, but at length there was a change in her manner of speaking of John; it seemed as though she were not quite as happy as she had been; she said she began to be discouraged about ever knowing any more, and hinted that John was getting dissatisfied with her—generally ending her letters with a disquisition on her favorite *cat* or *canary*. It was not long after this, when she began to speak of a certain "Harry Smith," a sort of cousin, who was so agreeable, who

made the funniest faces, and who didn't know a bit more than she did. A month or two after this, I was not much surprised when she wrote that her engagement was broken by mutual consent—"they were not at all suited to each other, and no doubt would both be happier," she said, "he knew so much and she so little." She concluded with a long account of her new black kitten "Topsy," who was the "most knowing cat, and had *such pretty features*."

CHAPTER IV.

Two years passed, and I seldom heard John Grant's name mentioned, and if I thought of him at all, I believed I had conquered my old attachment—my life flowed on quietly and serenely. I tried to be useful to others, and in regular employment and recreation I was content. Was there a capacity for higher happiness unemployed?—a craving of my woman's nature unsupplied?

One year ago—how well I remember the day—I was sitting quietly reading in the fading light of an October day, when hearing a rustling among the golden autumn leaves, that lay thick upon the gravel stones, I looked up and saw approaching through the avenue—John Grant!

When he last walked there, *she* was with him, but he was *alone now*, and my heart's quick throbbing told me his errand.

Was I weak and wanting in self-respect, when, after he had told me *all*, told me that although he was fascinated with a beautiful and loving child, deep down in his heart had always lain a love for me—though in "the first glow of his passion for Mary he was hardly conscious of it—how he had thought from the calm indifference of my manner, that I had never cared for him—how, since he had been again free, he had been afraid to make known his love for me—feeling that he had acted dishonorably in the past."

Was I weak-minded and lacking in womanly pride, when, after he had told me all this, and asked in trembling tones, "Could I forget the past and be his own Margaret?"—all my old love came back to me, and with more confidence than I could have felt four years before—I laid my hands in his, and said, "John Grant, I will be yours"—when, as my head lay on his breast, he said, "Am I forgiven, Margaret?" I answered, "even as I hope to be forgiven of my Father in Heaven, so do I forgive you. . ."

And so, as I have said before, to-morrow, "God willing," will be my wedding-day. We do not give each other, the wild, unthinking

passion of early youth, but a deep and strong affection, purified and made strong by the experience of years—a *love* that we can ask the blessing of our Father upon—that we feel will be immortal, and perfected in the Great Hereafter—and when my lips at the altar utter the solemn words, "I, Margaret, take thee, John, . . . to love honor and obey," in my inmost soul they will be joyfully repeated—"to love, honor and obey."

And as we commence walking together over the smooth paths and rough places of life, it will be with the calm and happy assurance that "God has joined us together," and that neither in time nor eternity shall we be put asunder.

OLD MEN AND LOVE.

It is very dangerous, at any social period of the world, for an old man to pretend to write on love, except by way of giving a reflected summary of his own past personal experiences. We seldom find the frosty face of December made eloquent by the young blooming flowers of June, nor an old mind willing or capable of suitably writing about the sweet vagaries and primrose excursions of a young and sensitive heart. It is something pleasant enough to think silently upon the history of our own affections, whether it be one of ruin or prosperity, but never to write and publish it to the world. Kindred spirits are too few and far between in life to convert the sacred interior of our souls into a public looking-glass, or to let the sacred fires of our own affections burst forth upon those whose icy natures are doomed to eternal congealment.—*Crayon*.

SEVENTY-YEAR CLOCKS.

OUR brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads.

KNOWLEDGE may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. VII.

Yes, what did it mean? Christmas Eve, and Hartley still absent!

Twilight was falling when Irene came down from her room and joined her father in the library. Mr. Delancy looked into her face narrowly as she entered. The dim light of the closing day was not strong enough to give him its true expression; but he was not deceived as to its troubled aspect.

"And so Hartley will not be here to-day," he said, in a tone that expressed both disappointment and concern.

"No. I looked for him confidently. It is strange!"

There was a constraint, a forced calmness, in Irene's voice that did not escape her father's notice.

"I hope he is not sick," said Mr. Delancy.

"Oh no!" Irene spoke with a sudden earnestness. Then, with failing tones, added—

"He should have been here to-day."

She sat down near the open grate, shading her face with a hand-screen, and remained silent and abstracted for some time.

"There is scarcely a possibility of his arrival to-night," said Mr. Delancy. He could not get his thoughts away from the fact of his son-in-law's absence.

"He will not be here to-night," replied Irene, a cold dead level in her voice, that Mr. Delancy well understood to be only a blind thrown up to conceal her deeply disturbed feelings.

"Do you expect him to-morrow, my daughter?" asked Mr. Delancy, a few moments afterward, speaking as if from a sudden thought, or a sudden purpose. There was a meaning in his tones that showed his mind to be in a state not prepared to brook evasion.

"I do," was the unhesitating answer; and she turned and looked calmly at her father, whose eyes rested with a fixed, inquiring gaze upon her countenance. But half her face was lit by a reflection from the glowing grate, while half lay in shadow. His reading, therefore, was not clear.

If Irene had shown surprise at the question, her father would have felt better satisfied. He meant it as a probe. But, if a tender spot was reached, she had the self-control not to give a sign of pain. At the tea-table, Irene rallied her spirits, and talked away lightly to her father; but it was only by an effort that he

could respond with even apparent cheerfulness.

Complaining of a headache, Irene retired, soon after tea, to her room, and did not come down again during the evening.

The next day was Christmas. It rose clear and mild as a day in October. When Irene came down to breakfast, her pale, almost haggard face, showed too plainly that she had passed a night of sleeplessness and suffering. She said, "a merry Christmas," to her father, on meeting him; but there was no heart in the words. It was impossible to disguise the pain that almost stifled respiration. Neither of them did more than make a feint at eating. As Mr. Delancy arose from the table, he said to Irene—

"I would like to see you in the library, my daughter."

She followed him, passively, closing the door behind her as she entered.

"Sit down. There." And Mr. Delancy placed a chair for her, a little way from the grate.

Irene dropped into the chair, like one who moved by another's volition.

"Now, daughter," said Mr. Delancy, taking a chair, and drawing it in front of the one in which she was seated. "I am going to ask a plain question, and I want a direct answer."

Irene rallied herself on the instant.

"Did you leave New York with the knowledge and consent of your husband?"

The blood mounted to her face, and stained it a deep crimson.

"I left without his knowledge. Consent I never ask."

The old, proud spirit was in her tones.

"I feared as much!" replied Mr. Delancy, his voice falling. "Then you do not expect Hartley to-day?"

"I expected him yesterday. He may be here to-day. I am almost sure he will come."

"Does he know you are here?"

"Yes."

"Why did you leave without his knowledge?"

"To punish him."

"Irene!"

"I have answered without evasion. It was to punish him."

"I do not remember, in the marriage vows you took upon yourselves, anything relating to punishments," said Mr. Delancy. "There were explicit things said of love and duty; but I do not recall a sentence that referred to the right of one party to punish the other."

Mr. Delancy paused for a few moments, but

there was no reply to this rather novel and unexpected view of the case.

"Did you, by anything in the rite, acquire authority to punish your husband, when his conduct didn't just suit your fancy?"

Mr. Delancy pressed the question.

"It is idle, father," said Irene, with some sharpness of tone, "to make an issue like this. It does not touch the case. Away back of marriage contracts lie individual rights, which are never surrendered. The right of self-protection is one of these; and if retaliation is needed as a guarantee of future peace, then the right to punish is included in the right of self-protection."

"A peace gained through coercion of any kind, is not worth having. It is but the semblance of peace. Is war in bonds," replied Mr. Delancy. "The moment two married partners begin the work of coercion and punishment, that moment love begins to fail. If love gives not to their hearts a common beat, no other power is strong enough to do the work. Irene! I did hope that the painful experiences already passed through would have made you wiser. It seems not, however. It seems that self-will, passion, and a spirit of retaliation, are to govern your actions, instead of patience and love. Well, my child, if you go on sowing this seed in your garden, now in the spring-time of life, you must not murmur when autumn gives you a harvest of thorns and thistles. If you sow tares in your field, you must not expect to find corn there when you put in your sickle to reap. You can take back your morning's salutation. It is not a 'merry Christmas' to you or to me. And I think we are both done with merry Christmases."

"Father!"

The tone in which this word was uttered was almost a cry of pain.

"It is even so, my child—even so!" replied Mr. Delancy, in a voice of irrepressible sadness. "You have left your husband a second time. It is not every man who would forgive the first offence; not one in twenty who would pardon the second. You are in great peril, Irene. This storm that you have conjured up may drive you to hopeless shipwreck. You need not expect Hartley to-day. He will not come. I have studied his character well; and know that he will not pass this conduct over lightly."

Even while this was said, a servant who had been over to the village brought in a letter, and handed it to Mr. Delancy, who, recognizing in the superscription the handwriting of

his daughter's husband, broke the seal hurriedly. The letter was in these words:

"MY DEAR SIR,—As your daughter has left me, no doubt with the purpose of finally abandoning the effort to live in that harmony so essential to happiness in married life, I shall be glad if you will choose some judicious friend to represent her in consultation with a friend whom I will select, with a view to the arrangement of a separation, as favorable to her in its provisions as it can possibly be made. In view of the peculiarity of our temperaments, we made a great error in this experiment. My hope was, that love would be counsellor to us both. That the law of mutual forbearance would have rule. But we are both too impulsive, too self-willed, too undisciplined. I do not pretend to throw all the blame on Irene. We are as flint and steel. But she has taken the responsibility of separation, and I am left without alternative. May God lighten the burden of pain her heart will have to bear in the ordeal through which she has elected to pass.

Your unhappy son,

HARTLEY EMBERSON."

Mr. Delancy's hand shook so violently before he had finished reading, that the paper rattled in the air. On finishing the last sentence, he passed it, without a word, to his daughter. It was some moments before the strong agitation produced by the sight of this letter, and its effect upon her father, could be subdued enough to enable her to read a line.

"What does it mean, father? I don't understand it!" she said, in a hoarse, deep whisper, and with pale, quivering lips.

"It means," said Mr. Delancy, "that your husband has taken you at your word."

"At my word! What word?"

"You have left the home he provided for you, I believe."

"Father!"

Her eyes stood out staringly.

"Let me read the letter for you. And he took it from her hand. After reading it aloud and slowly, he said—

"That is plain talk, Irene. I do not think any one can misunderstand it. You have, in his view, left him finally, and he now asks me to name a judicious friend, to meet his friend, and arrange a basis of separation as favorable to you in its provisions as it can possibly be made."

"A separation, father! Oh, no! He cannot mean that!" And she pressed her hands strongly against her temples.

"Yes, my daughter, that is the simple meaning."

"Oh no, no, no! He never meant that!"

"You left him?"

"But not in that way! Not in earnest. It was only in fitful anger—half sport—half serious."

"Then, in Heaven's name, sit down and write him so, and that without the delay of an instant. He has put another meaning on your conduct. He believes that you have abandoned him."

"Abandoned him! Madness!" And Irene, who had risen from her chair, commenced moving about the room in a wild, irresolute kind of way, something like an actress under tragic excitement.

"This is meant to punish me!" she said, stopping suddenly, and speaking in a voice slightly touched with indignation. "I understand it all, and see it as a great outrage. Hartley knows as well as I do, that I left as much in sport as in earnest. But this is carrying the joke too far. To write such a letter to you! Why didn't he write to me? Why didn't he ask me to appoint a friend to represent me in the arrangement proposed?"

"He understood himself and the case entirely," replied Mr. Delancy. "Believing that you had abandoned him—"

"He didn't believe any such thing!" exclaimed Irene, in strong excitement.

"You are deceiving yourself, my daughter. His letter is calm and deliberate. It was not written, as you can see by the date, until yesterday. He has taken time to let passion cool. Three days were permitted to elapse, that you might be heard from in case any change of purpose occurred. But you remained silent. You abandoned him."

"Oh, father! why will you talk in this way? I tell you that Hartley is only doing this to punish me. That he has no more thought of an actual separation than he has of dying."

"Admit this to be so, which I only do in the argument," said Mr. Delancy, "and what better aspect does it present?"

"The better aspect of sport as compared with earnest," replied Irene.

"At which both will continue to play until earnest is reached—and a worse earnest than the present. Take the case as you will, and it is one of the saddest and least hopeful that I have seen."

Irene did not reply.

"You must elect some course of action, and that with the least possible delay," said Mr.

Delancy. "This letter requires an early answer. Go to your room, and in communion with God and your own heart, come to some quick decision."

Irene turned away, without speaking, and left her father alone in the library.

CHAPTER VIII.

We will not speak of the cause that led to this serious rupture between Mr. and Mrs. Emerson. It was light as vanity—an airy nothing in itself—a spark that would have gone out on a baby's cheek without leaving a sign of its existence. On the day that Irene left the home of her husband, he had parted from her silent, moody and with ill-concealed anger. Hard words, reproaches, and accusations had passed between them on the night previous; and both felt unusually disturbed. The cause of all this, as we have said, was light as vanity. During the day Mr. Emerson, who was always first to come to his senses, saw the folly of what had occurred, and when he turned his face homeward, after three o'clock, it was with the purpose of ending the unhappy state by recalling a word to which he had given thoughtless utterance.

The moment our young husband came to this sensible conclusion, his heart beat with a freer motion, and his spirits rose again into a region of tranquillity. He felt the old tenderness toward his wife returning—dwelt on her beauty, accomplishments, virtues and high mental endowments with a glow of pride; and called her defects of character light in comparison.

"If I were more a man, and less a child of feeling and impulse," he said to himself, "I would be more worthy to hold the place of husband to a woman like Irene. She has strong peculiarities—who has not peculiarities? Am I free from them? She is no ordinary woman, and must not be trammelled by ordinary tame routine. She has quick impulses; therefore, if I love her, should I not guard them, lest they leap from her feebly restraining hand in the wrong direction? She is sensitive to control; why, then, let her see the hand that must lead her, sometimes, aside from the way she would walk through the promptings of her own will. Do I not know that she loves me? And is she not dear to me as my own life. What folly to strive with each other! What madness to let angry feelings shadow for an instant our lives!"

It was in this state of mind that Emerson returned home. There were a few misgivings in his heart as he entered, for he was not sure

as to the kind of reception Irene would offer his overtures for peace. But there was no failing of his purpose to sue for peace and obtain it. With a quick step he passed through the hall, and after glancing into the parlors to see if his wife were there, went up stairs with two or three light bounds. A hurried glance through the chambers showed him that they had no occupant. He was turning to leave them when a letter, placed upright on a bureau, attracted his attention. He caught it up. It was addressed to him in the well-known hand of his wife. He opened it and read:

"I leave for Ivy Cliff to-day. IRENE."

Two or three times Emerson read the line—"I leave for Ivy Cliff to-day"—and looked at the signature, before its meaning came fully into his thought.

"Gone to Ivy Cliff!" he said at last, in a low, hoarse voice. "Gone, and without a word of intimation or explanation! Gone, and in the heat of anger! Has it come to this, and so soon! God help us!" And the unhappy man sunk into a chair, heart-stricken and weak as a child.

For nearly the whole of the night that followed he walked the floor of his room, and the next day found him in a feverish condition of both mind and body. Not once did the thought of following his wife to Ivy Cliff, if it came into his mind, rest there for a moment. She had gone home to her father with only an announcement of the fact. He would wait some intimation of her further purpose; but, if they met again, she must come back to him. This was his first, spontaneous conclusion; and it was not questioned in his thought, nor did he waver from it an instant. She must come back of her own free will, if she came back at all.

It was on the twentieth day of December that Irene left New York. Not until the twenty-second could a letter from her reach Hartley, if, on reflection, or after conference with her father, she desired to make a communication. But the twenty-second came and departed without a word from the absent one. So did the twenty-third. By this time Hartley had grown very calm, self-adjusted, and resolute. He had gone over and over again the history of their lives since marriage bound them together, and in this history he could see nothing hopeful as bearing on the future. He was never certain of Irene. Things said and done in moments of thoughtlessness or excitement, and not meant to hurt or offend, were constantly disturbing their peace. It was clouds, and rain, and fitful sunshine, all the

while. There were no long seasons of serene delight.

"Why," he said to himself, "seek to prolong this effort to blend into one two lives that seem hopelessly antagonistic. Better stand as far apart as the antipodes than live in perpetual strife. If I should go to Irene, and through concession, or entreaty, win her back again, what guarantee would I have for the future? None! none whatever! Sooner or later we must be driven asunder by the violence of our ungovernable passions, never to draw again together. We are apart now, and it is well. I shall not take the first step toward a reconciliation."

Hartley Emerson was a young man of cool purpose and strong will; for all that he was quick tempered and undisciplined. It was from the possession of these qualities that he was steadily advancing in his profession, and securing a practice at the bar which promised to give him a high position in the future. Persistence was another element of his character. If he adopted any course of conduct it was a difficult thing to turn him aside. When he laid his hand upon the plough, he was of those who rarely look back. Unfortunate qualities, these, for a crisis in life such as now existed.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth of December, no word having come from his wife, Emerson coolly penned the letter to Mr. Delancy which is given in the preceding chapter, and mailed it so that it would reach him on Christmas day. He was in earnest—sternly in earnest, as Mr. Delancy, on reading his letter, felt him to be. The honey-moon flight was one thing; this abandonment of a husband's home, another thing. Emerson gave to them a different weight and quality. Of the first act he could never think without a burning cheek—a sense of mortification—a pang of wounded pride; and long ere this he had made up his mind that if Irene ever left him again it would be forever, so far as perpetuity depended on his action in the case. He would never follow her, nor seek to win her back.

Yes, he was in earnest. He had made his mind up for the worst, and was acting with a desperate coolness only faintly imagined by Irene, on receipt of his letter to her father. Mr. Delancy, who understood Emerson's character better, was not deceived. He took the communication in its literal meaning, and felt appalled at the ruin which impended.

Emerson passed the whole of Christmas day alone in his house. At meal times he went to the table, and forced himself to partake lightly

of food, in order to blind the servants, whose curiosity in regard to the absence of Mrs. Emerson was, of course, all on the alert. After tea he went out.

His purpose was to call upon a friend in whom he had great confidence, and confide to him the unhappy state of his affairs. For an hour he walked the streets in debate on the propriety of this course. Unable, however, to see the matter clearly, he returned home with the secret of his domestic trouble still locked in his own bosom.

It was past eight o'clock when he entered his dwelling. A light was burning in one of the parlors, and he stepped into the room. After walking, for two or three times, the length of the apartment, Mr. Emerson threw himself on a sofa, a deep sigh escaping his lips as he did so. At the same moment he heard a step in the passage, and the rustling of a woman's garments, which caused him to start again to his feet. In moving, his eyes met the form of Irene, who advanced toward him, and throwing her arms around his neck, sobbed:

"Dear husband! can you, will you forgive my childish folly?"

His first impulse was to push her away, and he even grasped her arms and attempted to draw them from his neck. She perceived this, and clung to him more eagerly.

"Dear Hartley!" she said, "will you not speak to me?"

"Irene!" His voice was cold and deep, and as he pronounced her name he withdrew himself from her embrace. At this she grew calm and stepped a pace back from him.

"Irene! we are not children," he said, in the same cold, deep voice, the tones of which were even and measured. "That time is past. Nor foolish young lovers, who fall out and make up again twice or thrice in a fortnight; but man and wife, with the world and its sober realities before us.

"Oh, Hartley!" exclaimed Irene, as he paused; "don't talk to me in this way! Don't look at me so! It will kill me. I have done wrong. I have acted like a foolish child. But I am penitent. It was half in sport that I went away, and I was so sure of seeing you at Ivy Cliff yesterday, that I told father you were coming."

"Irene; sit down." And Emerson took the hand of his wife and led her to a sofa. Then, after closing the parlor door, he drew a chair and seated himself directly in front of her. There was a coldness and self-possession about him that chilled Irene.

"It is a serious thing," he said, looking steadily in her face, "for a wife to leave, in anger, her husband's house for that of her father."

She tried to make some reply, and moved her lips in attempted utterance; but the organs of speech refused to perform their office.

"You left me once before in anger, and I went after you. But it was clearly understood with myself then, that if you repeated the act it would be final in all that appertained to me; that, unless you returned, it would be a lifelong separation. You have repeated the act; and, knowing your pride and tenacity of will, I did not anticipate your return. And so, I was looking the sad, stern future in the face as steadily as possible, and preparing to meet it as a man conscious of right should be prepared to meet whatever trouble lies in store for him. I went out this evening, after passing the Christmas day alone, with the purpose of consulting an old and discreet friend as to the wisest course of action. But, the thing was too painful to speak of yet. So I came back—and you are here!"

She looked at him steadily while he spoke, her face white as marble, and her colorless lips drawn back from her teeth.

"Irene," he continued, "it is folly for us to keep on in the way we have been going. I am wearied out, and you cannot be happy in a relation that is forever reminding you that your own will and thought are no longer sole arbiters of action; that there is another will and another thought that must, at times, be consulted, and even obeyed. I am a man, and a husband; you a woman, and a wife,—we are equal as to rights and duties—equal in the eyes of God—but to the man and husband appertains a certain precedence in action; consent, co-operation, and approval, if he be a thoughtful and judicious man, appertaining to the wife."

As Emerson spoke thus, he noticed a sign of returning warmth in her pale face, and a dim, distant flash in her eyes. Her proud spirit did not accept this view of their relation to each other. He went on:

"If a wife has no confidence in her husband's manly judgment; if she cannot even respect him, then the case is altered. She must be understanding and will to herself; must lead both him and herself, if he be weak enough to consent. But the relation is not a true one; and marriage, under this condition of things, is only a semblance."

"And that is your doctrine?" said Irene.

There was a shade of surprise in her voice that lingered huskily in her throat.

"That is my doctrine," was Emerson's firmly spoken answer.

Irene sighed heavily. Both were silent for some moments. At length Irene said, lifting her hands and bringing them down with an action of despair:

"In bonds! in bonds!"

"No—no!" Her husband replied quickly and earnestly. "Not in bonds, but in true freedom, if you will—the freedom of reciprocal action."

"Like bat and ball," she answered, with bitterness in her tones.

"No, like heart and lungs," he returned calmly. "Irene! Dear wife! Why misunderstand me? I have no wish to rule; and you know I have never sought to place you in bonds. I have had only one desire, and that is to be your husband in the highest and truest sense. But, I am a man—you a woman. There are two wills, and two understandings that must act in the same direction. Now, in the nature of things, the mind of one must, helped by the mind of the other to see right, take, as a general thing, the initiative where action is concerned. Unless this be so, constant collisions will occur. And this takes us back to the question that lies at the basis of all order and happiness—which of the two minds shall lead?"

"A man and his wife are equal," said Irene firmly. The strong individuality of her character was asserting its claims, even in this hour of severe mental pain.

"Equal in the eyes of God, as I have said before, but where action is concerned one must take precedence of the other, for it cannot be, seeing that their office and duties are different, that their judgment in the general affairs of life can be equally clear. A man's work takes him out into the world, and throws him into sharp collision with other men. He learns, as a consequence, to think carefully and with deliberation, and to decide with caution, knowing that action, based on erroneous conclusions, may ruin his prospects in an hour. Thus, like the oak, which grows up exposed to all elemental changes, his judgment gains strength; while his perceptions, constantly trained, acquire clearness. But, a woman's duties lie almost wholly within this region of strife and action, and she remains, for the most part, in a tranquil atmosphere. Allowing nothing for a radical difference in mental constitution, this difference of training must give a difference of

mental power. The man's judgment, in affairs generally, must be superior to the woman's, and she must acquiesce in its decisions, or there can be no right union in marriage."

"Must lose herself in him," said Irene, coldly. "Become a cypher, a slave. That will not suit me, Hartley!" And she looked at him with firmly compressed mouth and steady eyes.

It came to his lips to reply—"Then you had better return to your father;" but he caught the words back ere they leaped forth into sound, and rising, walked the floor for the space of more than five minutes, Irene not stirring from the sofa. Pausing, at length, he said, in a voice which had lost its steadiness:

"You had better go up to your room, Irene. We are not in a condition to help each other now."

Mrs. Emerson did not answer, but rising, left the parlor and went as her husband had suggested. He stood still, listening, until the sound of her steps and the rustle of her garments had died away into silence, when he commenced slowly walking the parlor floor, with his head bent down, and continued thus, as if he had forgotten time and place, for over an hour. Then, awakened to consciousness by a sense of dizziness and exhaustion, he laid himself upon a sofa, and, shutting his eyes, tried to arrest the current of his troubled thoughts, and sink into sleep and forgetfulness.

CHAPTER IX.

For such a reception the young wife was wholly unprepared. Suddenly her husband had put on a new character and assumed a right of control against which her sensitive pride and native love of freedom arose in strong rebellion. That she had done wrong in going away she acknowledged to herself, and had acknowledged to him. But, he had met confession in a spirit so different from what was anticipated, and showed an aspect so cold, stern, and exacting, that she was bewildered. She did not, however, mistake the meaning of his language. It was plain that he understood the man's position to be one of dictation and control—we use the stronger aspect in which it was presented to her mind. As to submission, it was not in all her thoughts. Wrung to agony as her heart was, and appalled as she looked, trembling and shrinking, into the future, did not yield a moment to weakness.

Midnight found Irene alone in her chamber. She had flung herself upon a bed when she came up from the parlor, and fallen asleep after

an hour of fruitless beating about in her mind. Awakening from a maze of troubled dreams, she started up and gazed, half fearfully, around the dimly lighted room.

"Where am I?" she asked herself. Some moments elapsed before the painful events of the past few days began to reveal themselves to her consciousness.

"And where is Hartley?" This question followed, as soon as all grew clear. Sleep had tranquilized her state, and restored a measure of just perception. Stepping from the bed, she went from the room and passed silently down stairs. A light still burned in the parlor where she had left her husband some hours before, and streamed out through the partly opened door. She stood for some moments, listening; but there was no sound of life within. A sudden fear crept into her heart. Her hand shook as she laid it upon the door and pressed it open. Stepping within, she glanced around with a frightened air.

On the sofa lay Hartley, with his face toward the light. It was wan, and troubled, and the brows were contracted as if from intense pain. For some moments Irene stood looking at him; but his eyes were shut and he lay perfectly still. She drew nearer, and bent down over him. He was sleeping; but his breath came so faintly, and there was so little motion of his chest, that the thought flashed through her with an electric thrill that he might be dying! Only by a strong effort at self-control, did she repress a cry of fear, or keep back her hands from clasping his neck. In what a strong tide did love rush back upon her soul! Her heart overflowed with tenderness, was oppressed with yearning.

"Oh Hartley, my husband, my dear husband!" she cried out, love, fear, grief, and anguish blending wildly in her voice, as she caught him in her arms, and awoke him with a rain of tears and kisses.

"Irene! Love! Darling! What ails you? Where are we?" were the confusedly uttered sentences of Mr. Emerson, as he started from the sofa, and holding his young wife from him, looked into her weeping face.

"Call me again 'love' and 'darling,' and I care not where we are!" she answered, in tones of passionate entreaty. Oh, Hartley! my dear, dear husband! A desert island, with you, would be a paradise; a paradise without you a weary desert! Say the words again! Call me 'darling!'" And she let her head fall upon his bosom.

"God bless you!" he said, laying his hand

upon her head. He was awake and clearly conscious of place and position. His voice was distinct, but tremulous and solemn. "God bless you, Irene, my wife!"

"And make me worthy of your love," she responded, faintly.

"Mutually worthy of each other," said he. "Wiser—better—more patient and forbearing. Oh, Irene!" and his voice grew deep and tender—"why may we not be to each other all that our hearts desire?"

"We can—we must—we will!" she answered, lifting her hidden face from his bosom, and turning it up fondly to his. "God helping me, I will be to you a better wife in the future."

"And I a more patient, loving, and forbearing husband," he replied. "Oh, that our hearts might beat together as one heart!"

For a little while, Irene continued to gaze into her husband's countenance with looks of the tenderest love; and then hid her face on his bosom again.

And thus were they again reconciled.

CHAPTER X.

After the storm! And they were reconciled! The clouds rolled back; the sun came out again into his radiant smiles and genial warmth. But, was nothing broken? nothing lost? Did each flower in the garden of love lift its head as bravely as before? In every storm of passion something is lost. Anger is a blind Fury, who tramples, ruthlessly, on tenderest and holiest things. Alas for the ruin that waits upon her footsteps!

The day that followed this night of reconciliation, had many hours of sober introversion of thought for both Emerson and his wife; hours in which memory reproduced language, conduct and sentiments that could not be dwelt upon without painful misgivings for the future. They understood each other too well, to make light account of things said and done, even in anger.

In going over, as Irene did, many times, the language used by her husband on the night before, touching their relation as man and wife, and his prerogative, she felt the old spirit of revolt arising. She tried to let her thought fall into his rational presentation of the question involving precedence; and even said to herself that he was right—but, pride was strong, and kept lifting itself in her mind. She saw, most clearly, the hardest aspect of the case. It was, in her view, command and obedience. And she knew that submission was, for her, impossible.

On the part of Emerson, the day's sober thought left his mind in no more hopeful condition than that of his wife. The pain suffered in consequence of her temporary flight from home, though lessened by her return, had not subsided. A portion of confidence in her was lost. He felt that he had no guarantee for the future,—that at any moment, in the heat of passion, she might leave him again. He remembered, too distinctly, her words on the night before, when he tried to make her comprehend his view of the relation between man and wife—"That will not suit me, Hartley!" And he felt that she was in earnest; that she would resist every effort he might make to lead and control as a man in certain things, just as she had done from the beginning.

In matrimonial quarrels you cannot kiss and make up again, as children do; forgetting all the stormy past in the sunshiny present. And this was painfully clear to both Hartley and Irene, as she, alone in her chamber, and he, alone in his office, pondered, on that day of reconciliation, the past and the future. Yet, each resolved to be more forbearing, and less exacting. To be emulous of concession, rather than exaction. To let love, uniting with reason, hold pride and self-will in close submission.

Their meeting, on Hartley's return home, at his usual late hour in the afternoon, was tender, but not full of the joyous warmth of feeling that often showed itself. Their hearts were not light enough for ecstasy. But they were marked in their attentions to each other; emulous of affectionate words and actions; yielding and considerate. And yet, this mutual, almost formal recognition of a recent state of painful antagonism, left on each mind a feeling of embarrassment; checked words and sentences ere they came to utterance, and threw amid their pleasant talks many intermittent pauses.

Often, through the day, had Mr. Emerson, as he dwelt on the unhappy relation existing between himself and his wife, made up his mind to renew the subject of their true position to each other, as briefly touched upon in their meeting of the night before; and as often changed his purpose, in fear of another rupture. Yet, to him it seemed of the first importance, that this matter, as a basis of future peace, should be settled between them, and settled at once. If he held one view and she another, and both were sensitive, quick tempered, and tenacious of individual freedom, force antagonism might occur at any moment.

He had come home, inclined to the affirmative side of the question, and, many times during the evening, it was on his lips to introduce the subject. But, he was so sure that it would prove a theme of sharp discussion, that he had not the courage to risk the consequences.

There was peace again, after this conflict. But it was not, by any means, a hopeful peace. It had no well considered basis. The causes which had produced a struggle were still in existence, and liable to become active, by provocation, at any moment. No change had taken place in the characters, dispositions, temperaments, or general views of life in either of the parties. Strife had ceased between them only in consequence of the pain it involved. A deep conviction of this fact so sobered the mind of Mr. Emerson and altered, in consequence, his manner toward Irene, that she felt its reserve and coldness as a rebuke that chilled the warmth of her tender impulses.

And this manner did not greatly change, as the days and weeks moved onward. Memory kept too vividly in the mind of Emerson that one act, and the danger of its repetition on some sudden provocation. He could not feel safe and at ease with his temple of peace built close to a slumbering volcano, which was liable at any moment to blaze forth and bury its fair proportions in lava and ashes.

Irene did not comprehend her husband's state of mind. She felt, painfully, the change in his manner; but failed in reaching the true cause. Sometimes she attributed his coldness to resentment; sometimes to defect of love; and sometimes to a settled determination on his part to inflict punishment. Sometimes she spent hours, alone, weeping over these sad ruins of her peace; and sometimes, in a spirit of revolt, she laid down for herself a line of conduct intended to react against her husband. But, something in his calm, kind, self-reliant manner, when she looked into his face, broke down her purpose. She was afraid of throwing herself against a rock, which, while standing immovable, might bruise her tender limbs, or extinguish life in the strong concussion.

CHAPTER XI.

Both Emerson and his wife came up from this experience changed in themselves and toward each other. A few days had matured them beyond what might have been looked for in as many years. Life suddenly put on more sober hues, and the future laid off its smiles, and beckonings onward to greener fields and mountain-heights of felicity. There was a

certain air of manly self-confidence; a firmer, more deliberate way of expressing himself on all subjects, and an evidence of mental clearness and strength, which gave to Irene the impression of power and superiority not wholly agreeable to her self-love, yet awakening emotions of pride in her husband, when she contrasted him with other men. As a man among men, he was, as he had ever been, her beau ideal, but as her husband, she felt a daily increasing spirit of resistance and antagonism, and it required constant watchfulness over herself to prevent this feeling from exhibiting itself in act.

On the part of Emerson, the more he thought about this subject of the husband's relative duties and prerogatives—thought as a man and as a lawyer—the more strongly did he feel about it, and the more tenacious of his assumed rights did he become. Matters which seemed, in the beginning, of such light importance as scarcely to attract his attention, now loomed up before him as things of moment. Thus, if he spoke of their doing some particular thing in a certain way, and Irene suggested a different way, instead of yielding to her view, he would insist upon his own. If she tried to show him a reason why her way was best, he would give no weight to her argument or representation. On the other hand, it is but just to say, that he rarely opposed her independent suggestions, or interfered with her freedom; and if she had been as considerate toward him, the danger of trouble would have been lessened.

It is the little foxes that spoil the tender grapes, and so it is the little reactions of two spirits against each other, that spoil the tender buddings of love, and destroy the promised vintage. Steadily, day by day and week by week, were these light reactions marring the happiness of our undisciplined young friends, and destroying in them germ after germ, and bud after bud, which, if left to growth and development, would have brought forth ripe, luscious fruit in the later summer of their lives. Trifles, light as air, were noticed, and their importance magnified. Words, looks, tones, actions, insignificant in themselves, were regarded as indices, and made to represent states of will or antagonism which really had no existences.

Unhappily for their peace. Irene had a brooding disposition. She held in her memory utterances and actions, forgotten by her husband, and, by dwelling upon, magnified, and gave them an importance to which they were

not entitled. Still more unhappily for their peace, Irene met, about this time, and became attached to a lady of fine intellectual attainments, and fascinating manners, who was an extremist in opinion on the subject of sexual equality. She was married, but to a man greatly her inferior, though possessing some literary talent, which he managed to turn to better account than she did her finer powers. He had been attracted by her brilliant qualities, and in approaching her scorched his wings, and ever after lay at her feet. She had no very high respect for him, but found a husband on many accounts a convenient thing, and so held on to the appendage. If he had been man enough to remain silent on the themes she was so fond of discussing on all occasions, people of common sense and common perception would have respected him for what he was worth. But he gloried in his bondage, and rattled his chains as gleefully as if he were discoursing sweet music. What she announced oracularly, he attempted to demonstrate by bald and feeble arguments. He was the false understanding to her perverted will.

The name of this lady was Mrs. Talbot. Irene met her soon after her marriage and removal to New York, and was charmed with her from the beginning. Mr. Emerson, on the contrary, liked neither her nor her sentiments, and considered her a dangerous friend for his wife. He expressed himself freely in regard to her at the commencement of the intimacy; but Irene took her part so warmly, and used such strong language in her favor, that Emerson deemed it wisest not to create new sentiments in her favor out of opposition to himself.

Within a week from that memorable Christmas day on which Irene came back from Ivy Cliff, Mrs. Talbot, who had taken a fancy to the spirited, independent, undisciplined wife of Emerson, called in to see her new friend. Irene received her cordially. She was, in fact, of all her acquaintances, the one she most desired to meet.

"I'm right glad you thought of making me a call," said Mrs. Emerson, as they sat down together. "I've felt as dull, all the morning, as an anchorite."

"You dull!" Mrs. Talbot affected surprise, as she glanced round the tasteful room in which they were sitting. "What is there to cloud your mind? With such a home and such a husband as you possess, life ought to be one long, bright holiday."

"Good things in their way," replied Mrs. Emerson. "But not everything."

She said this in a kind of thoughtless deference to Mrs. Talbot's known views on the subject of homes and husbands, which she had not hesitated to call women's prisons and women's jailers.

"Indeed! And have you made that discovery?" Mrs. Talbot laughed a low, gurgling sort of laugh, leaning, at the same time, in a confidential kind of way, closer to Mrs. Emerson.

"Discovery!"

"Yes."

"It is no discovery," said Mrs. Emerson.

"The fact is self-evident. There is much that a woman needs for happiness besides a home and a husband."

"Right, my young friend, right!" Mrs. Talbot's manner grew earnest. "No truer words were ever spoken. Yes—yes—a woman needs a great deal more than these to fill the measure of her happiness; and it is through the attempt to restrict and limit her to such poor substitutes for a world-wide range and freedom, that she has been so dwarfed in mental stature, and made the unhappy creature and slave of man's hard ambition and indomitable love of power. There were Amazons of old—as the early Greeks knew to their cost—strong, self-reliant, courageous women, who acknowledged no human superiority. Is the Amazonian spirit dead in the earth? Not so! It is alive, and clothing itself with will, power and persistence. Already it is grasping the rein, and the mettled steed stands impatient to feel the rider's impulse in the saddle. The cycle of woman's degradation and humiliation is completed. A new era in the world's social history has dawned for her, and the mountains are golden with the coming day."

Irene listened with delight, and even enthusiasm, to these sentiments, uttered with ardor and eloquence.

"It is not woman's fault, taking her in the aggregate, that she is so weak in body and mind, and such a passive slave to man's will," continued Mrs. Talbot. "In the retrocession of races toward barbarism, mere muscle, in which alone man is superior to woman, prevailed. Physical strength set itself up as master. Might made right. And so, unhappy woman was degraded below man, and held to the earth, until nearly all independent life has been crushed out of her. As civilization has lifted nation after nation out of the dark depths of barbarism; the condition of woman, physically, has been improved. For the sake of his children, if from no better motive, man has

come to treat his wife with a more considerate kindness. If she is still but the hewer of his wood and the drawer of his water, he has, in many cases, elevated her to the position of dictatrix in these humble affairs. He allows her 'help!' But, mentally and socially, he continues to degrade her. In law she is scarcely recognized, except as a criminal. She is punished if she does wrong, but has no legal protection in her rights as an independent human being. She is only man's shadow. The public opinion that affects her is made by him. The earliest literature of a country is man's expression; and in this man's view of woman is always apparent. The sentiment is repeated generation after generation, and age after age, until the barbarous idea comes down, scarcely questioned, to the days of high civilization, culture, and refinement.

"Here, my young friend, you have the simple story of woman's degradation in this age of the world. Now, so long as she submits, man will hold her in fetters. Power and dominion are sweet. If a man cannot govern a state, he will be content to govern a household—but govern he will, if he can find any where submissive subjects."

"He is born a tyrant; that I have always felt," said Mrs. Emerson. "You see it in a family of sisters and brothers. The boys always attempt to rule their sisters, and if the latter do not submit, then comes discord and contention."

"I have seen this in hundreds of instances," replied Mrs. Talbot. "It was fully illustrated in my own case. I had two brothers, who undertook to exercise their love of domineering on me. But they did not find a passive subject—no, not by any means. I was never obedient to their will, for I had one of my own. We made the house often a bedlam for our poor mother; but I never gave way—no, not for an instant, come what might. I had different stuff in me from that which makes up common girls, and in time the boys were glad to let me alone."

"Are your brothers living?" asked Mrs. Emerson.

"Yes. One resides in New York, and the other in Boston. One is a merchant, the other a physician."

"How was it as you grew older?"

"About the same. They are like nearly all men—despisers of woman's intellect."

Irene sighed, and letting her eyes fall to the floor, sat lost in thought for some moments. The suggestions of her friend were not producing agreeable states of mind.

"They reject the doctrine of an equality in the sexes?" said Mrs. Emerson.

"Of course. All men do that," replied Mrs. Talbot.

"Your husband among the rest?"

"Talbot! Oh, he's well enough in his way!"

The lady spoke lightly, tossing her head in a manner that involved both indifference and contempt. "I never take him into account when discussing these matters. That point was settled between us long and long ago. We jog on without trouble. Talbot thinks as I do about women—or pretends that he does, which is all the same."

"A rare exception to the general run of husbands," said Irene, thinking, at the same time, how immeasurably superior Mr. Emerson was to this weakling, and despising him in her heart for submitting to be ruled by a woman. Thus nature and true perception spoke in her, even while she was seeking to blind herself by false reasonings.

"Yes; he's a rare exception; and it's well for us both that it is so. If he were like your husband, for instance, one of us would have been before the legislature for a divorce within twelve months of our marriage night."

"Like my husband! What do you mean?" Mrs. Emerson drew herself up, with half real and half affected surprise.

"Oh, he's one of your men who have positive qualities about them. Strong of intellect and strong of will."

Irene felt pleased with the compliment bestowed upon her husband.

"But wrong in his ideas of woman."

"How do you know?" asked Irene.

"How do I know? As I know all men with whom I come in contact. I probe them."

"And you have probed my husband?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And do not regard him as sound on this subject?"

"No sounder than other men of his class. He regards woman as man's inferior."

"I think you state the case too strongly," said Mrs. Emerson, a red spot burning on her cheek. "He thinks them mentally different."

"Of course he does."

"But not different as to superiority and inferiority," replied Irene.

"Mere hair-splitting, my child. If they are mentally different, one must be more highly organized than the other, and, of course, superior. Mr. Emerson thinks a man's rational powers stronger than a woman's, and that, therefore, he must direct in affairs generally,

and she follow his lead. I know. I've talked with and drawn him out on this subject."

Mrs. Emerson sighed again, faintly, while her eyes dropped from the face of her visitor and sunk to the floor. A shadow was falling on her spirit; a weight coming down with a gradually increasing pressure upon her heart. She remembered the night of her return from Ivy Cliff, and the language then used by her husband, on this very subject, which was mainly in agreement with the range of opinions attributed to him by Mrs. Talbot.

"Marriage, to a spirited woman," she remarked, in a pensive undertone, "is a doubtful experiment."

"Always," returned her friend. "As woman stands now in the estimate of man, her chances for happiness are almost wholly on the side of old maidism. Still, freedom is the price of struggle and combat; and woman will first have to show, in actual strife, that she is the equal of her present lord."

"Then you would turn every home into a battle-field?" said Mrs. Emerson.

"Every home in which there is a tyrant and an oppressor," was the prompt answer. "Many fair lands, in all ages, have been trampled down ruthlessly by the iron feet of war. And that were better as the price of freedom than slavery."

Irene sighed again, and was again silent.

"What," she asked, "if the oppressor is so much stronger than the oppressed, that successful resistance is impossible? That with every struggle the links of the chain that binds her sink deeper into her quivering flesh?"

"Every age and every land have seen noble martyrs in the cause of freedom. It is better to die for liberty than live an ignoble slave," answered the tempter.

"And I will die a free woman!" This Irene said in her heart.

CHAPTER XII.

Sentiments like these, coming to Irene as they did while she was yet chafing under a recent collision with her husband, and while the question of submission was yet an open one, were near proving a quick match to a slumbering mine in her spirit, and had not her husband been in a more passive state than usual, there might have been an explosion which would have driven them asunder with such terrific force that re-union must have been next to impossible.

It would have been well if their effects had died with the passing away of that immediate

danger. But as we think so we incline to act. Our sentiments are our governors. And of all imperious tyrants, false sentiments are the most ruthless. The beautiful, the true, the good, they trample out of the heart with a fiery malignity that knows no touch of pity—for the false is the bitter enemy of the true, and makes with it no terms of amity.

The coldness which had followed their reconciliation might have gradually given way before the warmth of genuine love, if Irene had been left to the councils of her own heart; if there had been no enemy to her peace, like Mrs. Talbot, to throw in wild, vague thoughts of oppression and freedom among the half developed opinions which were forming in her mind. As it was, a jealous scrutiny of words and actions took the place of that tender confidence which was coming back to Irene's heart, and she became watchfully on the alert; not, as she might have been, lovingly ministrant.

Only a few days were permitted to elapse after the call of this unsafe friend, before Irene returned the visit, and spent two hours with her, conning over the subject of woman's rights and woman's wrongs. Mrs. Talbot introduced her to writers on the vexed question, who had touched the theme with argument, sarcasm, invective, and bold, brilliant, specious generalities; read to her from their books; commented on their deductions, and uttered sentiments on the subject of reform and resistance as radical as the most extreme.

"We must agitate—we must act—we must do good deeds of valor and self-sacrifice for our sex," she said, in her enthusiastic way. "Every woman, whether of high or low condition, of humble powers or vigorous intellect, has a duty to perform, and she is false to the honor and rights of her sex if she do not array herself on the side of freedom. You have great responsibilities resting upon you, my young friend! I say it soberly—even solemnly. Responsibilities which may not be disregarded without evil consequences to yourself and others. You are young, clear-thoughted, and resolute—have will, purpose and endurance. You are married to a young man, destined, I think, to make his mark in the world; but, as I have said before, a false education has given him erroneous ideas on this great and important subject. Now, what is your duty?"

The lady paused as if for an answer.

"What is your duty, my dear young friend?" she repeated.

"I will answer for you," she continued.

"Your duty is to be true to yourself and to your sisters in bonds."

"In bonds! I in bonds!" Mrs. Talbot touched her to the quick.

"Are you a free woman?" The inquiry was calmly made.

Irene started to the floor, and moved across the room; then turned and came back again. Her cheeks burned, and her eyes flashed. She stood before Mrs. Talbot, and looked at her steadily.

"The question has disturbed you," said the lady.

"It has," was the brief answer.

"Why should it disturb you?"

Irene did not answer.

"I can tell you."

"Say on."

"You are in bonds, and feel the fetters!"

"Mrs. Talbot!"

"It is so, my poor child; and you know it as well as I do. From the beginning of our acquaintance I have seen this; and more than once, in our various conversations, you have admitted the fact."

"I?"

"Yes, you."

Irene let her thoughts run back through the sentiments and opinions which she had permitted herself to utter in the presence of her friend, to see if she had so fully betrayed herself. She could not recall the distinct language, but it was plain that Mrs. Talbot had her secret, and therefore reserve on the subject was useless.

"Well," she said, after standing for some time before Mrs. Talbot, "if I am in bonds, it is not because I do not worship freedom."

"I know that," was the quickly spoken answer. "And it is because I wish to see you a free woman, that I point to your bonds. Now is the time to break them—now, before years have increased their strength—now, before habit has made tyranny a part of your husband's nature. He is your ruler, because the social sentiment is in favor of manly domination. There is hope for you now, and now only. You must begin the work of re-action while both are young. Let your husband understand, from this time, that you are his equal. It may go a little hard at first. He will, without doubt, hold on to the reins, for power is sweet. But, if there be true love for you in his heart, he will yield in the struggle, and make you his companion and equal, as you should be. If his love be not genuine, why—"

She checked herself. It might be going a step too far with her young friend, to utter the thought that was coming to her lips. Irene did not question her as to what more she was about to say. There was stimulus enough in the words already spoken. She felt all the strength of her nature rising into opposition.

"Yes, I will be free," she said in her heart. "I will be his equal, not his slave."

"It may cost you some pain in the beginning," resumed the tempter.

"I am not afraid of pain," said Irene.

"A brave heart spoke there. I wish we had more on our side with the stuff you are made of. There would be hope of a speedier reform than is now promised."

"Heaven send the reform right early! It cannot come a day too soon." Irene spoke with rising ardor.

"It will be our own fault," said Mrs. Talbot, "if we longer bow our necks to the yoke, or move obedient to our task-masters. Let us lay the axe to the very root of this evil, and hew it down."

"Even if we are crushed by the tree in falling," responded Irene, in the spirit of a martyr.

From this interview our wrong-directed young friend went home with more clearly defined purposes touching her conduct toward her husband, than she had hitherto entertained. She saw him in a new aspect, and in a character more definitely outlined. He loomed up in more colossal proportions, and put on sterner features. All disguises were thrown away, and he stood forth—not a loving husband—but the tyrant of her home. Weak, jealous, passion-tost child! how this strong, self-willed, false woman of the world had bewildered her thoughts, and pushed her forth into an arena of strife where she could only beat about blindly, and hurt herself and others, yet accomplish no good.

From her interview with Mrs. Talbot, Irene went home, bearing more distinct ideas of resistance in her mind. In this great crisis of her life, she felt that she needed just such a friend, who could give direction to her striving spirit, and clothe for her in thoughts, the native impulses that she knew only as a love of freedom. She believed, now, that she understood herself better than before; and comprehended more clearly her duties and responsibilities.

It was in this mood of mind that she met her husband when he returned in the afternoon from his office. Happily for them, he was in a quiet, non-resistant state, and in a special

good humor with himself and the world. Professional matters had shaped themselves to his wishes, and left his mind at peace. Irene had, in consequence, everything pretty much her own way. Hartley did not fail to notice a certain sharpness of manner about her, and a certain spiciness of sentiment, when the subject of their intermittent talks verged on themes relating to women; but he felt no inclination whatever for argument or opposition, and so her arrows struck a polished shield, and went gracefully and harmlessly aside.

"Shall we go and have a merry laugh with Matthews to-night?" said Hartley, as they sat at the tea-table. "I feel just in the humor."

"No, I thank you," replied Irene, curtly. "I don't incline to the laughing mood, just now."

"Laughing is contagious," suggested Hartley.

"I shall not take the infection to-night." And she balanced her little head with the perpendicularity of a plumb-line.

"Can't I persuade you?" He was in a real good humor, and smiled as he said this.

"No sir. You may wave both argument and persuasion. I am in earnest."

"And when a woman is in earnest you might as well essay to move the Pillars of Hercules."

"You might as well in my case," answered Irene, without any softening of tone or features.

"Then I shall not attempt, after a hard day's work, a task so difficult. I am in a mood for rest and quiet," said the young husband.

"Perhaps," he resumed, after a little pause, "you may feel something musical. There is to be a vocal and instrumental concert to-night. What say you to going there? I think I could enjoy some good singing mightily."

Irene closed her lips firmly and shook her head.

"Not musically inclined this evening?"

"No," she replied.

"Got a regular stay-at-home feeling."

"Yes."

"Enough," said Hartley, with unshadowed good humor, "we will stay at home."

And he sung a snatch of the familiar song—"There's no place like home," rising, as he did so, from the table, and offering Irene his arm. She could do no less than accept the courtesy, and so they went up to their cosy sitting-room arm in arm—he chatty, and she almost silent.

"What's the matter, petty?" he asked, in a fond way, after trying for some time, but in

vain, to draw her out into pleasant conversation. "Aint you well to-night?"

Now, so far as her bodily state was concerned. Irene never felt better in her life. So, she could not plead indisposition.

"I feel well," she replied, glancing up into her husband's face in a cold, embarrassed kind of way.

"Then your looks belie your condition—that's all. If it isn't the body it must be the mind. What's gone wrong, darling?"

The tenderness in Hartley's tones was genuine; and the heart of Irene leaped to his voice with a responsive throe. But, was he not her master and tyrant? How that thought chilled the sweet impulse.

"Nothing wrong," she answered, with a sadness of tone which she was unable to conceal. "But, I feel dull, and cannot help it."

"You should have gone with me to laugh with Matthews. He would have shaken all these cobwebs from your brain. Come! it is not yet too late."

But, the rebel spirit was in her heart; and to have acceded to her husband's wishes, would have been to submit herself to his control.

"You must excuse me," she replied. "I feel as if homewere the better place for me to-night."

An impatient answer was on her tongue; but she checked its utterance, and spoke from a better spirit.

Not even as a lover had Hartley shown more considerate tenderness than marked all his conduct toward Irene this evening. His mind was in a clear-seeing region, and his feelings tranquil. The sphere of her antagonism failed to reach him. He did not understand the meaning of her opposition to his wishes, and so pride, self-love, and self-will remained quiescent. How peacefully unconscious was he of the fact that his feet were standing over a mine, and that a single spark of passion struck from him, would have sprung that mine in fierce explosion! He read to Irene from a volume which he knew to be a favorite; talked to her about Ivy Cliff and her father; suggested an early visit to the pleasant old river home; and thus charmed away the evil spirits which had found a lodgment in her bosom.

But, how different it might have been!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LORD BACON beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows that he is a citizen of the world, and his heart is no island, cut off from other islands, but a continent that joins them"

TO MINNIE.

BY CAROLLA H. CRISWELL

DEAR Minnie, shall I sing for thee?
The moon is ling'ring o'er the sea—

The soft Spring night

With stars is bright,
And light-winged clouds of snowy white
Are sailing through yon canopy—
Dear Minnie, shall I sing for thee?

Dost thou not love the early Spring,
When birds with Heaven-taught voices sing?

When fair young flowers,

In garden bowers,

With bursting blossoms court the showers
Of changing skies—then call thou me,
And I will sing love songs for thee.

Around, above, and everywhere,
There's music in the balmy air—

The genial Spring

Doth music bring;

It gladdens every earthly thing—

'Tis lingering o'er the mighty sea—

Dear Minnie, has it charms for thee?

There's music in the scented breeze
That whispers softly through the trees—

A voice of love,

Around, above—

'Tis thrilling through the waving grove;

Like angel tones it comes to me,

Dear Minnie, while I sing for thee!

Brooklyn, L. I.

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

NO. III.

THOSE were beautiful flowers you were embroidering with the bright worsteds this morning, and the stem of currants your busy fingers half hid amid the green leaves flashed out as brightly as some you can still see, that you plucked one fair June morning long ago. Your mother led your little, tottering feet adown the gravel walk in her father's garden, and lifted you up in her arms that you might reach the crimson berries; and you can still hear your ringing laugh of glee as the rounded drops of dew fell from the leaves and chased each other over your fat, dimpled hands. Perhaps you were thinking of those very currants as you leaned over your work and moulded the graceful stem, and leaf, and half sighed that the sunshine and dew alone were wanting to make them perfect. It is so far back on time's path, that you cannot see grandpa's white hair, nor hear his soft, tremulous tones, as he says, "God bless little Mary, and bring her at last

to Heaven." All is forgotten except the sunshine, the dew-drops and the currants, trembling in and out from their drapery of leaves. Sometimes you almost think you hear the warbling of the birds, but the sounds are so very faint that you cannot tell whether you have not mixed up some dream, where an angel sister nestled on your pillow, and sung such happy melodies as brought the smiles to your baby lips, with that bright morning in June. It is the first picture memory painted for you, and every time you have turned back the glimpse of it has given you sweet pleasure, and there would be a great void in life, if you could never see it more. It was a little thing that your mother clasped your hand and led you down the walk that morning; she has forgotten it long ago, even forgotten the pang of self-denial as she turned from the pages of a book, where each sentence yielded sweets for thought, at your pleading "come mamma," and denied herself to give you happiness—for life.

The flowers you embroidered this morning looked very beautiful, but your busy fingers, while working them, crushed down some brighter ones, even flowers for memory in your little brother's heart. You need not start so impatiently, and say it was nothing but a trifling sail he wanted made for his boat. I know it as well as you. The morning hours to-day were like a dream of Paradise. The sunlight stole down into the broad maple that shaded a glassy pool, and the ferns trembling in the breeze dipped their plumes in the water, and showered it back in pearly drops. A few lilies, white as the falling snow, with drapery of broad green leaves, floated on the water, and a trailing vine, flashing with ripe and unripe berries of crimson and gold, crept from bank to bank, and mirrored itself a double beauty to the eye. A little brook from the pool went singing off among the bushes, and the happy birds twittered amid the branches of the maple, and sent out a chorus sweet as the first lisps of your baby brother! This was the picture memory *might* have given him: it *did* give him this—a dreary, comfortless outhouse, and a little boy in an abandonment of grief, thrown down on some lumber, weeping as if his heart would break. The ship, that needed but a sail to complete it, cast on one side, and the heavy sobs from his childish breast the sad music. A bitter, angry feeling swelling against his sister with every thought, and hardening it against all future good influences. He remembers how his feet ached one night when he had rambled off to the south side of the hill to find

some violets that always blossomed early in that sunny spot, and the task it was to sit up late to steal into your room after you were asleep, and leave them where they would greet your first waking sight; and again, how he picked up every little stick in the front yard, and raked it off nicely, to please you; only yesterday, he left his ship to run down to the store to match some of those very worsteds; and then to think, after working so hard to finish his boat, and dreaming about it at night, and rising before the sun to make the rudder and mast, to have you spoil all his pleasure by refusing to make a sail.

I know it was a trifling thing, but, O sister! the inner life of your brother is going on day by day—accomplished little by little. Father is busy providing food and raiment—mother has a thousand cares, but you have leisure; see that you use it well; speak a kind, soothing word for the grieved spirit; implant the germ of some good principle, by moulding it in fascinating words in childish story—lay by sometimes the fashionable music for the simple melodies that enchain children's ears, and often wander up and down their whole lives, like an ever-present good spirit, saying "Cling to the pure and holy." Children understand much by intuition—not so much by formal words of good advice as by little acts of kindness, the self-denial of laying by a favorite employment to help twist the needed cord, the wanted paste for making kites, the fixing to them of the invaluable sail, and by and by, sister, when your brother grows up, and temptations surround him—as they surely will—and his feet are ready to slip, your influence, which you so long have been building up, and his great love for you may uphold him, when every other power proves a broken reed. Then, oh the rich reward! to save a brother from death!

CONVERSATION.

THE art of conversation is the finest of the fine arts; it is not the art of saying much, but of saying well. There are preaching men who talk, but listen not, or who speechify in private; or gossiping men, who think little and are never still, and yet they are not conversable men. The real art of conversation consists not only in expressing your own thoughts freely, but in drawing out by encouragement the thoughts of others. You will never be liked for long talking by anybody; but you are sure to be liked if, by your talking, you encourage and stimulate others to think and talk in response to your thoughts.

TRUST IN GOD; OR THE MANIAC PASSENGER.

"I NEVER looked death in the face but once," said Aunt Mary, "and that was some years ago, while riding in a stage coach in one of the Northern States."

"O tell us about it," said Ellen, "how did it happen?"

"Get your work, dear, and sit down, and I'll tell you the story. You may, perchance, learn a lesson from it, as I did."

I had been spending some time in a Northern State, when I was informed that a dear friend lay at the point of death. I therefore returned home with all possible speed, that I might once more listen to that loved voice before it should be forever lost in death. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when I arrived at the hotel where I was to take the stage for home. It was the usual hour for starting, and I had feared that I should be late; but no: the coach was not there. Hour after hour passed, but still it did not appear. The landlord said it was certain some accident had happened, and such we found to be the fact. A wheel had been broken, and while it was being repaired, the driver had spent the time with some boon companions at the tavern. On his arrival at the hotel, about five o'clock in the afternoon, he again drank of the "maddening cup," and placed a further supply in his pocket. I did not know this at the time, or I should not have dared to start with him. As it was, I entered the carriage without the least apprehension of coming evil, or the slightest presentiment of approaching danger.

There was but one passenger beside myself, a gentleman some thirty-five years of age, whose whole demeanor and personal appearance at once gave me the idea of great strength of intellect, a well cultivated mind, and a heart full of generous sentiments and noble impulses. I was at first well pleased with my traveling companion. Never have I met an individual who possessed such wonderful conversational powers as he displayed during the first hour of our ride. He not only talked himself, but he actually made me talk with him. I was charmed with the surpassing ability with which he drew forth, one after another, the treasures of his richly furnished mind, and astonished at the consummate tact with which he contrived to make me express my own thoughts and feelings. Still there was something in the flash of his dark eye that made me feel ill at ease. I was not afraid, for I saw nothing

to fear. Yet, as his remarks became still more brilliant, and in his eye burned a brighter light, I involuntarily wished myself at home. A vague, undefinable feeling came over me, and I shuddered as I gazed at his animated countenance, and listened to language which I could not but admire. To my excited imagination he seemed something more than mortal, and the thought of Satan transformed into "an angel of light," was more than once suggested to my mind.

Glancing out at the window, I perceived that we were just commencing the descent of what was then called "the dug way." It was upon the side of a steep hill, where the road, for some distance, was dug out of the hill-side, and rising obliquely from a deep river at the bottom, wound upward amid a thick forest, where, at that time, no human habitation could be found. The shadows of evening were falling around us, and soon after we entered the wood, it became so dark, the driver was obliged to stop and light his lamps. To my utter dismay, I saw that his step was unsteady, and he more than once caught by the carriage to keep from falling. He managed, however, to regain his seat, but, judge of my feelings, if you can, when I saw him draw from his pocket a pint bottle and apply it to his lips.

"Ha-ha, friend!" exclaimed my companion, "don't be selfish now, pass your bottle this way, if you please."

The driver turned and handed down the bottle. Just at that moment the horses started, and the gentleman, who had risen from his seat, was suddenly pitched forward, and the bottle fell to the bottom of the coach. In an instant my foot was upon it, and with all my strength I strove to crush it. Failing in this, I caught it, and would have hurled it from the window, but a strong hand arrested the movement. By this time the driver had stopped his horses, and looking down, demanded his bottle. Up to this moment the idea of insanity had not occurred to me. But the fiendish look upon the man's face, as he refused to give up the brandy, convinced me that I had now to deal with a maniac as well as a drunkard. The driver became angry, and with oaths and imprecations demanded an instant surrender of his property. With a frown befitting a demon, it was again refused. "I'll just see about that, sir," exclaimed the driver, now perfectly beside himself with passion. Shaking his fist in impotent wrath, he again dismounted, and proceeded with tottering step to open the door, to reclaim his precious treasure. Meanwhile,

the frenzied man quickly placed it in the breast pocket of his coat, and the moment the door was opened, he sprang upon the driver, hurled him to the ground, leaped to his seat, gathered up the reins, and ere I had recovered from my surprise we were dashing down the hill at a fearful rate.

"O, what a ride was that! To add to the terror of the scene, the sky, as the sun went down, became overcast with huge masses of black clouds, bearing hastily to some field of aerial warfare the "dread artillery of the skies." "The rising wind moaned fitfully among the tree-tops, and in the distance frequent peals of thunder announced the coming storm." Deep darkness settled down upon the forest, save when, for a moment, the vivid flashes of lightning lit up the gloom with a brilliance that seemed almost supernatural. Is it strange that I was agitated? That my heart beat wildly as I thought of the probable result of this strange ride? On, on we sped. On the narrow pathway, the carriage bounded from side to side, and I every moment expected it would be hurled off the bank, and dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Gradually, however, I collected my scattered senses, and cried to the Strong One for help. Was that cry ever uttered in vain? No, O no! Jehovah himself hath declared it; and, though "the foundations of the earth be removed, the word of the Lord abideth forever." How precious, amid the darkness of that fearful moment, was the life-giving message that came like a ray of light from on high to my terror-stricken soul. "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." Borne upward upon the wings of that mighty thought, my faith gathered strength to repose in peace and confidence upon the solid basis of eternal truth. Still, the danger was every moment increasing. As we drew near the foot of the hill, the road suddenly turned to the right, over a rude log bridge, beneath which rolled a deep and rapid stream, now swollen by recent rains, and dashing furiously over the rocks. This was the place of greatest peril. Here the solemn question of life or death was to be decided. If we passed the bridge in safety, I might, perchance, escape unhurt. But at the rate we were going, this seemed impossible. As we drew near the turn, I tightened my grasp upon the carriage, involuntarily closed my eyes, and prepared to meet the worst. O then, sweeter than angel's harp, came to my spirit the blessed assurance, "Whether life or death, all is yours."

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Suddenly, however, directly in the road before us, uprose a chorus of voices, exclaiming, "Whoa! there! whoa! What are you driving at this rate for?" A strong hand grasped the bridle. The horses were stopped, and I was saved. The impromptu driver sprang to the ground, cast one frightened glance around, as the rapid tread of a horse sounded in his ear. Then, as he leaped over rocks and logs in his effort to escape, the alarm was given, "Catch him! catch him! he's a maniac from the hospital of ———."

"But the lesson Aunt Mary?"

"*Trust in God in the darkest hour.*"

This story is no fiction. Aunt Mary is yet living to attest its truth.

ONE ANGRY MOMENT.

"No," said Mr. Bray, looking up from the newspaper he was reading, and speaking with unusual sharpness of tone.

A young man, one of his clerks, stood before him.

"Do you understand me! No—I said no! Send Mr. Carlton word that I neither borrow nor lend."

The clerk had hesitated about sending back the rough refusal of Mr. Bray to accommodate a neighbor with a loan of a couple of hundred dollars, within an hour of bank closing, even on the explanation that he was "short on a note." But, at this emphatic confirmation of the first refusal, he turned from his employer, and went forward to where the messenger of Mr. Carlton awaited an answer.

"I'm tired of this eternal borrowing," said Mr. Bray to himself, in justification of his angry refusal to accommodate a neighbor. "Why don't he make timely provision for his notes as I do, and not go money-hunting at the eleventh hour? I'm not going to reduce my bank balance to meet his careless deficiencies. There is too much of this idle dependence among traders to suit my notions of things."

But these words of justification did not bring the mind of Mr. Bray into a state of calm self-satisfaction. Reason did not approve his hastily uttered denial; and self-respect was hurt by this sudden ebullition of anger.

"Send Mr. Carlton word that I neither borrow nor lend."

"I needn't have just said that!" Mr. Bray was already in a repentant mood. "I could have refused on any decent pretext. There was no call for an insulting denial."

Ah me! How blinding is sudden anger! For awhile, Mr. Bray sat communing with him-

self, and then taking up his pen drew a check for two hundred dollars. Calling to his clerk, he said—

"Here, Thomas, run in with this to Mr. Carlton."

The young man took the check and went out hurriedly. He came back in a few minutes with the check still in his hand.

"Why didn't he take it?" asked Mr. Bray, his face deepening in color as he put the question.

"He said he was much obliged to you, but Mr. Agnew had accommodated him."

Mr. Bray, in a very quiet manner, tore the check into small fragments. He felt badly. Mr. Agnew had the reputation of being the roughest, most unaccommodating man in the neighborhood; while he took pride in the thought of being held in very different estimation. Even Mr. Agnew had exceeded him in amiable compliance and prompt business courtesy! He felt rebuked and humbled.

"O dear! I wish I had a little decent self-control!" he said, sharply to himself. "This quick feeling, and hasty action therefrom, are always getting me into some kind of trouble."

As Mr. Bray walked homeward, after leaving his store that afternoon, he saw Mr. Carlton approaching at the distance of half a block ahead of him. He was conveniently near the corner of a street, and so taking the flag-stones, he crossed over, and thus avoided meeting his neighbor.

"I don't like this," he said in some humiliation to himself, as he breathed a little more freely. "Skulking like a criminal don't suit me at all! Why should I fear to look any man in the face?"

Mr. Bray was, usually, a cheerful man at home; though he sometimes darkened the home-light for a season, through fits of sudden anger that soon subsided. But even the briefly ruling tempest leaves, usually, some mighty traces of its course that require many days of sunshine, gentle rains, and refreshing dews to obliterate. It was so with the tempest of Mr. Bray's too easily awakened anger. It never darkened the sky, nor swept fiercely along the earth, without leaving its ugly marks behind.

But, usually, he was cheerful in his family, bringing home with him the bright, warm sunshine. It was not so, however, on the present occasion. This little act of discourtesy to Mr. Carlton, had not only shadowed his feelings, but left his mind disturbed. He was just in a state to be annoyed by the merest trifles.

Two little boys were playing in the passage

as he came in from the street. At the very moment of his entrance one of them hurt the other by accident. The latter screamed out, and, under the passionate impulse of the moment, charged his brother with striking him. In a different state of mind Mr. Bray would have tried a little moral suasion in the case, or, at least, withheld punishment until he saw clearly that duty to his child required its administration. But now, obeying an unhappy impulse, he caught up the child who was charged with the offence of striking, and punished him with smarting strokes. At the moment of his doing so the mother of the children, who had seen all that passed between them, called out earnestly—

"Stop! stop, Henry! He didn't strike his brother on purpose. It was all an accident!"

But this appeal came too late. The wrong had been done.

"It's a shame!" said the mother, who felt every painful blow the child had received, and who spoke from the moment's indignant impulse.

Mr. Bray did not feel any better. Setting the child down without venturing a reply to his wife's remark, he strode up stairs to the sitting-room, and threw himself into the great arm-chair. No one ventured to come near him for some time; so he had fair opportunity for self-communion. At last, a toddling little curly-head, who generally hailed her father's return with joy, came sideling into the room, and with a half timid air made her way, by almost stealthy approaches, to the side of the moody man. Curiously she lifted her eyes to his clouded countenance; stood for a moment or too, as if in doubt, and then clambered up and laid her golden tresses against his bosom. As she did so, the father's arm was drawn around her. But little curly-head was not, in her unselfish innocence, content with the sunshine of favor for herself alone.

"Papa!" Her voice had in it something of doubt.

"What is it, my little pet?" And Mr. Bray, who was penetrated by the child's sphere of tenderness, kissed her pure lips.

"Willy didn't hurt Eddy a-purpose. He didn't strike him."

"But Eddy said that Willy struck him." The father sought to justify himself in the eyes of his child.

"Eddy only thought so," replied little curly-head. "Willy didn't strike him at all."

Mr. Bray said nothing more; but he felt very uncomfortable. When the tea-bell rung,

he went, with little curly-head, to the dining-room. All the rest of the family had kept away from him. Mrs. Bray looked particularly sober; and Willy, who had been set all right as to his conduct by his mother's declaration that he had not been guilty of striking, put on, to the life, an air of injured innocence. Mr. Bray did not speak once during the meal, but sat in silence, with a heavily clouded brow.

For that evening the accustomed pleasant talks, cheerful, smiling faces, and merry laughter, were banished from the home of Mr. Henry Bray. A single moment of anger had done this unhappy work. It was something better at the family re-union on the next morning. Sleep had wrought its usual work of restoring the mind to its better states, and calming its pulses to an even beat.

As Mr. Bray left his house something earlier than usual, and was walking along with his eyes cast down, thinking over certain matters of business that would require his attention, a man came to his side, and, in a pleasant voice, said—

"Good morning, Mr. Bray!"

The merchant glanced up, with a heightening color, into the face of this person who had overtaken him in his rather deliberate walk. He knew the voice. It was that of Mr. Carlton.

"Good morning." The response was not hearty. How could it be?

"I was sorry to trouble you yesterday," said Mr. Carlton, speaking in a frank, cheerful way. "But a friend, to whom I had loaned a sum of money, disappointed me at the last moment, and I was compelled to borrow at an unseasonable hour. Your kind effort to serve me was none the less appreciated because I had no need for the check when you were so obliging as to send it in. Mr. Agnew had already supplied my trifling deficiency."

Now, what answer could Mr. Bray make to this? Was Mr. Carlton actually in earnest? Was he really so dull as not to have appreciated his rough, insulting message of the day before? Or, was this courteous acknowledgment of an almost extorted favor a rebuking piece of irony?

"It would have gratified me if you had used the check," replied Mr. Bray, his voice a little below its usual firmness of tone. "It was tendered in all sincerity."

"I never doubted that for an instant," said Mr. Carlton, as if surprised that his neighbor should intimate, even remotely, a question of his right appreciation of the favor. Mr. Bray's reputation as a courteous, gentlemanly

merchant, and a kind-hearted man, forbid any other inference."

Now this, Mr. Bray felt, was crowding him a little too hard; and he was considerably annoyed. "Tell Mr. Carlton that I neither borrow nor lend." Could he forget that rough answer to his neighbor's request for a couple of hundred dollars, at a late hour in the day, when his bank account was still short? No. He could not forget it; and that neighbor's compliments upon his mercantile and manly virtue, sounded too much like covert rebuke to be in the smallest measure agreeable. So he changed the subject by referring to some general topic, and managed to appear interested, until, their ways diverging, they parted with courteous forms of speech.

"I don't like that," said Mr. Bray to himself, as he walked on alone. "All this is mere hypocritical assumption; and, under the circumstances, I can scarcely regard it as less than insulting; and if he talks again to me after this fashion, I will tell him so."

The opportunity soon occurred. It was, perhaps, about twelve, when the merchant saw Mr. Carlton enter his store, and come back to where he was sitting at his desk. There was a familiar smile upon his countenance, and he looked altogether self-possessed.

"Good morning again," said he, with much apparent frankness of manner.

"Good morning." Mr. Bray tried to look pleasant, and tried to assume a perfectly composed exterior, but the elements of excitement were moving within him. There was always a point beyond which self-control was impossible, and he felt that Mr. Carlton was pressing him beyond that point. In his uncourteous refusal to lend him two hundred dollars he had done wrong; but to the best of his ability he had endeavored to repair that wrong, and Mr. Carlton should have accepted his tender of repentance, and not insulted him by throwing Mr. Agnew in his face along with his rejected loan. Mr. Agnew! Known throughout the trade as one of the most uncourteous and obliging of men! In that act he had given a sufficient rebuke; and there, in Mr. Bray's opinion, he should be willing to let the matter rest.

But it seemed that Mr. Carlton felt differently, as he had shown in his ironical reference to the matter at their meeting on the street; and it was plain to Mr. Bray, from the manner of his neighbor, that he had come to annoy him again with some reference to a circumstance that he desired to forget as quickly as possible.

He was not altogether mistaken. Following the "good morning again," of Mr. Carlton, succeeded this sentence, as spoken with all the cheerful frankness of a man in earnest.

"Your kindness yesterday makes me a little presuming to-day. I will take that check now if you have it to spare. My friend has disappointed me again, and I have several payments to make."

The smile had faded from Mr. Carlton's face ere this sentence was finished, for, instead of meeting a countenance of kind compliance—stern, almost flashing eyes, looked steadily into his, and compressed lips gave warning of a refusal.

"There has been enough of this already!" said Mr. Bray, with repressed excitement.

"Enough of what?" Mr. Carlton looked surprised.

"Enough of insulting reference to my act of yesterday!" answered Mr. Bray.

"Insulting! What do you mean?" And Mr. Carlton drew himself up and looked quite as indignant as his neighbor.

"My words are very plain. You understand the king's English, I presume?"

"I had supposed so. But yours is a dialect with which I am not familiar, and I must beg you to supply the glossary."

"Let me do that," said the clerk of Mr. Bray, stepping forward at this juncture.

"Do so, if you please, and I will be a thousand times obliged." And Mr. Carlton moved back a pace or two, awaiting the clerk's explanation.

"Permit me?" the clerk looked at Mr. Bray.

"Say on, Thomas," was answered.

"When Mr. Carlton sent in for the two hundred dollars yesterday you were annoyed about something, and returned rather an uncourteous refusal—one altogether so unlike yourself that I could not do you the injustice of letting it pass to our neighbor unqualified. So I softened the refusal to make it sound as much like a regret for not complying as I possibly could. I knew that you would think and feel differently in a few moments, and I was not mistaken, as the offered check proved. That is the glossary, Mr. Carlton, which you asked, and I trust that it will make all clear. Did I do right, or wrong, Mr. Bray?" The young man turned, with a half-timid look, to his rather passionate employer, whose moods were of so uncertain a character that it was hard to calculate the direction of their impulse. A moment of silence passed, and then Mr. Bray said, with feeling—

"Right, Thomas, right! And I thank you for such judicious conduct."

The young man bowed, and retired to wait upon a customer.

For a little while the two men stood looking at each other, each so impressed with a sense of the ludicrous that the muscles of risibility were all in play.

"You have the glossary," said Mr. Bray at length, a broad smile covering his face.

"Giving the clearest meaning to your words, a moment ago so full of mystery," was answered, with as broad a smile in return.

"You won't refuse my check, I presume," and Mr. Bray turned to his desk.

"Just try me," said Mr. Carlton, in a voice that left no doubt of his meaning.

"Will two hundred be sufficient?"

"You can make it three if you are over to-day."

"Three hundred it is, Mr. Carlton," said the merchant, the thermometer of whose feelings had risen from zero to summer heat, and whenever I can accommodate you in matters of this kind, don't fail to command me. If, as it may happen sometimes, I should be a little unamiable, my clerk there will act as a cushion, and prevent you feeling the shock of my temporary ill-nature. I didn't know, before, that I had so discreet an assistant."

There was a warmer atmosphere in the home of Mr. Bray on the evening that succeeded this rather clouded morning, than on the one which preceded, when the shadow of a single angry moment was large and dense enough to cover the whole household with a leaden pall. Little curly-head leaped into her father's arms almost upon the instant of his return, and hugged him with all the outgushing love of her innocent heart; and Eddy and Willy, the trouble of the past evening forgotten, were ready for their game of romps, and enjoyed it to their hearts' content. The mother, too, was smiling and happy. That evening was marked as one of the green places in their home-life; and, but for the impulsive act of a single angry moment, the previous evening would have left with every heart as sweet a remembrance.

T. S. A.

It is just as possible to keep a calm house as a clean or a cheerful house; an orderly house as a furnished house, if the heads set themselves to do so. Where is the difficulty of consulting each other's weakness, as well as each other's wants; each other's tempers, as well as each other's health?

MANAGEMENT OF THE HAIR.

CURLING the hair in strong and hard paper has a very injurious effect; and twisting, plaiting, and tying it tightly in knots at the back of the head, prevents the circulation of the fluid, strains the scalp, and necessarily injures the roots, besides contributing to induce headache and cause irritation of the brain. The more loosely the hair can be folded or twisted, and the less it is artificially crisped, the better is it for its free and luxuriant growth.

Ladies who curl the hair should use for the purpose soft paper or silk, which will prevent the hair cracking, and other injuries that might result from hard *papillottes*. Those who simply wear the hair in bands or braids, ought to twist or fold it very loosely at night, when retiring to rest. It should then always be liberated from forced constraints and plaits. It must be well combed and thoroughly brushed every morning, and afterwards nicely smoothed with the palm of the hand, which gives it a high gloss, after oil has been applied. In order to add to its length and strength, the ends should be tipped at least once a month, to prevent the hair splitting.

M. Cazenave, physician to the hospital of St. Louis, Paris, in his treatise, translated by Dr. Burgess, gives the following general directions for the management of the hair:—

Pass a fine-tooth comb, at regular intervals, every twenty-four hours, through the hair, in order to keep it from matting or entangling; separate the hairs carefully and repeatedly, so as to allow the air to pass through them for several minutes; use a brush that will serve the double purpose of cleansing the scalp and gently stimulating the hair-bulbs. Before going to bed it will be desirable to part the hair evenly, so as to avoid false folds, or what is commonly called turning against the grain, which might even cause the hairs to break. Such are the usual and ordinary requirements as to the management of the hair. There is, on the other hand, a class of persons who carry to excess the dressing and adornment of the hair, especially those who are gifted with hair of the finest quality. Thus, for example, females who are in the habit, during the ordinary operations of the toilette, of dragging and twisting the hair, so as almost to draw the skin with it: the effect of which is, in the first instance, to break the hairs and fatigue the scalp, and finally to alter the bulb itself.

The fine-tooth comb is also too freely used, especially when the hair is divided—a part that the most particular attention seems to be be-

stowed upon. These separations and the back of the neck, whence the hair is drawn, in females, toward the crown of the head, are the parts which first show sign of decay or falling off of the hair.

FADED BRIGHTNESS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE shadows tangle green with gold,
And soft the west winds sigh—
I tarry as they kiss my cheek,
And bear their fragrance by;
While sleepless memory wanders back
To blessed days of yore,
Ere hope, and joy, and youthful fire
Were fled forevermore.

Oh, gorgeous were the Summer skies!
And perfect were the flowers—
And every breath awoke a thrill
In those delightful hours!
The earth was rich and beautiful,
Fresh from the hand of God!
And lightly pressed my happy feet
The green enamelled sod.

I had of friends a generous share,
Red lipped, and full of life,
And, hand in hand, we vowed to tread
The road of worldly strife!
We'd e'en support each other's steps—
Each other's burdens bear—
And soothe with smiles the weary heart
Bowed down by carking care.

To-day I'm sad; the world is dark;
A score of wrinkles plow
My once fair cheek, and age has set
Its seal upon my brow;
I look around for those dear ones
To help me bear my pain—
I call—the chillness of the tomb
But echoes back again!

I stand upon a lonely strand,
Stand silent, and alone,
While the great solemn sea of Death
Utters its mighty moan!
I see a boat with snow-white sails,
And pilot stern and pale—
His garments flowing gray and sad
Out on the languid gale.

Grim sailor, to thy beck and nod
I yield my hapless fate—
For thy right hand upholds the key
That opens Heaven's gate!
Safe with the throng forever young,
I shall no more look back,
Upon the happiness that fled
And left a blighted track!

A MEMORY OF THE PAST.

BY ANNIE.

In my dear childhood home there is an old garret, and wandering dreamily through it the other day, I found (among many articles once useful, but now, their "occupation gone," fallen into decay, and consigned to that usual depository of useless, worn-out things) a strange relic of the past—a little red trundle-bed!

My childhood lies far off, and between then and now are many years of care and trial; many graves in which lie buried hopes and loves, and over which I have wept bitter tears; my heart sometimes seems strangely old and weary; still *I can remember when I slept in that little trundle-bed.*

I was laid in it nightly by my mother's hand, and her lips kissed me "good-night," ere I went to the land of dreams. That mother's kiss! Sometimes now, on Sabbath evenings, when dusky twilight falls, and I sit alone among the shadows, I seem to feel that kiss upon my lips, and the soft pressure of that mother's hand upon my brow, and though the lips have long been silent, and the hands folded over a pulseless heart, their presence is as real as it was long years ago, when I was a child.

When I first slept in that little bed, a darling, dark-eyed brother shared my couch. There was but a year between our ages, and we loved each other dearly. Every night we knelt by our mother's side and said an evening prayer, (it sometimes haunts me now, and I cannot sleep until I have repeated it with the old child-faith); then she would place us side by side in that little bed, and we nestled close together, cheek to cheek, our brown locks mingling, while she told us sweet, childish stories until we fell asleep.

At last, a dark day came to our fire-side; that brother's spirit went home to the angels, and they closed his dark eyes, folded his tiny hands upon his breast, and laid him under the violets.

Then, O how desolate was each room! We missed his "bright presence," his laugh and shout; but, most of all, when at night I lay down alone in my little bed, did I feel that he was gone. Often that darling mother would take me in her arms and fold me to her bosom, until I forgot my sorrow in slumber; but before I slept I always felt her tears upon my brow, and knew they were shed for her other treasure, pillowed dreamlessly within a little grave.

Sometimes I woke in tears and strange affright, at some vision of sleep, and calling for the one friend who was to me everything,

always heard her answer, "What is it, darling?" And with her sweet tones, and the clasp of her hand, all sense of fear vanished, and I felt that nothing could harm me, *for mother was near!*

Often now, when the spectres of Doubt and Dread haunt my slumbers in fearful shape, I wake, shuddering, from a troubled sleep, and long to feel the sense of protection that in childhood that mother's presence imparted. But, alas! no kind hand takes my own, no gentle voice speaks of peace and love, but I feel bitterly that my earnest friend has passed away!

Strange that "so slight a thing" can carry us back to the returnless Past, wakening memories which long have slumbered, "the changed, the far away, the dead!"

Cherry Valley, Ohio.

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE."

"Yes, I suppose He will," said I, "but where the money is coming from to pay for a pair of spectacles, is more than I can tell. I only know that I can work no longer without them."

Thus, giving utterance to the doubts of an unbelieving heart, I folded up my work, and laid it aside. It was highly important that the dress should be finished by two o'clock the next day, for the lady who owned it was to take the evening train for New York. If disappointed, she would, very likely, withhold her custom in future. But my eyes had given out. A pair of spectacles I must have, or I could not do it.

That night I spent in restless, anxious solicitude for the future. Must I break my resolve never to run in debt? I saw no other way. Meantime, my sister lay at my side in quiet, peaceful slumber. Sorrow and suffering had been hers, such as few are called to endure; but now, all her cares and troubles were laid aside, and with a soul at peace with itself and its God, she enjoyed a deep, untroubled repose. As the moonbeams fell upon her placid features, I thought, "So he giveth his beloved sleep."

Then the question arose, "Why this difference between us? We both profess to serve the same God, and her trials are surely as hard to bear as mine." Then, amid the darkness of my tempest-tost soul, like a ray of light streaming down from heaven, came the recollection of her remark at twilight, "*The Lord will provide.*" Yes, thought I, this is the secret. This child-like trust, this taking God at His word, casting all her care on him who careth for her; and the prayer of my soul went up to heaven, "Lord increase my faith."

Next morning I had occasion to open a

drawer, where things not often used were deposited. A spectacle-case met my eye. They were a pair which sister had used in years gone by, and laid aside. Long forgotten, they proved to be just what I needed. The promise was verified. The Lord did provide.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY ELIZABETH.

"Why this longing, this forever sighing
For the far off unattained and dim?"

Something had come over Mary's spirit that made her feel sad, and more than usually full of soul-yearning. "What is it?" she asked herself; nothing of very great importance, she was sure; some little hopes had been fashed away, and disappointed feelings had taken their place.

Mary and her husband had a new home to pay for, children to educate, and family expenses to defray; to accomplish this they toiled early and late, and blessings followed their labors. The earth brought forth abundantly; the cattle in their pastures were all thriving; their butter and cheese as good as was in the market. Their treasures were increasing here, and they knew they ought to lay up treasures in Heaven; but we are apt to forget, in our eagerness for the things of this life, that they are only of short duration. We cannot fathom the meaning of Eternity, and it seems a long way off. Thus it was with Mary; while she often desired to possess eternal riches she was most intent upon gathering wealth here. But she did not find that contentment she longed after. Earthly possessions and the struggling for them never can give it. Still, she kept striving. But the lessons that teach the heart the instability of earth were being taught to Mary. Sometimes they came in the guise of sickness, little vexations, or greater sorrow. To-day she had a head-ache, the children were not well and were fretful, and husband came in so tired. A friend called to tea. Her table, though neat, and amply provided with wholesome food, lacked one or two little delicacies her industrious hand usually provided. She ran into the cheese-room and cut a new cheese—that would be nice, and make up for other deficits; but Mary's taste was very acute to-night. "This cheese," she said to herself, "how dry and tasteless; I wonder if it is a sample of the whole dairy—then I shall only get half-price and lose my reputation too. How my labor is all lost—dear me! and I have tried so hard—milk, cream, and all! Well, no matter, it is the first cheese of the season, likely the rest will be better." A

check, however, had come over Mary's ardent cheese-making expectations, and her spirit, careful and troubled about this life as Martha's of old, felt dissatisfied with itself and everything around her.

Were Mary's vexations trivial and unworthy her better nature? Dear reader, look into thy own heart, and seek out all the little hiding-places where air-castles have fallen—bright hopes died and been wept over, and thou wilt acknowledge thyself weak and mortal like her. Ah! yes, this life fails to fulfil all thy desires. Dost thou know how happy a thing it is, that it is so, and that there is a constant desire in the soul for something this world cannot give? If the fruition of all our hopes were granted us here, we should lose our aspirations after a full and complete state of being in another world.

We do not look upon this life aright—we forget that it is only a lodging place for the night—a place where we may pitch our pilgrim tent to rest us on our toilsome journey. Did we thus look upon this existence—did we always desire that every vexation and disappointment might prove a means to the great desirable end, we should learn very thoroughly the hard lesson—

"For all I bless, but most for the severe."

THE MOTHER'S TRIAL

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

He was a fair-haired child, with eyes blue as the summer heavens. I sat and looked at him, so slight and fragile—so like some pictured angel—with his golden hair floating in a mass of yellow light over the snowy pillow. The fever burned a crimson spot upon either cheek, and turned his lips to the fervid scarlet of the meadow strawberry. His eyes gleamed with unwonted brilliancy, and his hands, pale and transparent as white rose-leaves, were hot and parched.

His mother bent over him—her beautiful face clouded by the agony of her feelings—her eyes moist with tears, wrung from the depths of her pure, deep love.

Charlie, her little playful, prattling boy!—her child—the child of her love, must not die! The doctor *must* save him! What to her would be the splendor of her palace-home, without Charlie? No, no, she could not give him up! They could not make him so happy in Heaven as could she with her strong love—her maternal care!

Her boy's face to lie in the grave-mold! his forehead, so like polished marble, to be pressed by the earth-worm! the thought was agony!

And she would go to his grave, and call upon his name, "Charlie! Charlie!" and he would not hear her! the cold coffin-lid would be sealed over his eyes—the dank grave-sods would close his ears against his mother's voice—the grim hand of Death laid upon his lips, would place there the sentence of eternal silence! So lay him away from sight forever—out in the cold and darkness—to know that the November rain, and the winter snow, alike, would pelt upon his grave, and no warm, soft, loving arms to fold around him a shelter!

Oh, merciful God! she could not submit! Her heart would break in the trial—she asked not to live to lay Charlie in the tomb. But the Bible said, that God was merciful and kind, surely He would not be so cruel—so unjust—as to take from her her boy! There were legions of angels in Heaven around His throne, could not He spare her one—her only one—out of His abundance?

The door of the rich chamber unclosed—and there glided in a dark shadow. A pale hand was laid upon the bowed head of the young mother, and the soft voice of the stranger visitant broke the silence.

"My sister, you know not what you say—else you would not dare dispute the wisdom of Almighty God! To weep for your child is well—Jesus wept at the tomb of his friend—but to murmur against Infinite Justice is a sin. Listen to me. Twenty years ago, I sat as you now sit, beside the cradle of my only child. His white hands were tossing in the delirium of fever—his cheeks glowed—and his eyes flashed, just as do those of your Charlie. Oh, he was beautiful above the common lot of children—I thought there was nothing so perfect out of Paradise! He was good and generous—my heart was bound up in his love. He came between me and my God! I raised an altar in my bosom—gilded and garnished with the best gifts of my affection—and upon this altar I enthroned my child—my idol. Every day I made offerings at this worshiped shrine, and burnt incense in the censers of my love.

"How, then, could I bear the rending of the image? How could I lift my head in sincerity and say—'Thy will be done!'"

"In my sinful idolatry, I called God an unmerciful iconoclast, breaking my images, wrecking my life, ruining my soul! I prayed a prayer—'God spare him! spare him to me! only spare his precious life to bless me—it is all I ask! I am willing to yield up for him all but his existence!'"

"My boy lived. He regained his health; he

grew up strong, and brave, and handsome. I idolized him—I gloried in him! I said to myself, 'There is no child like mine! my noble! my beautiful!'

"Well, he lived; he grew to man's estate; he fell, as many another has done, into bad company; designing and evil men enticed him, until he lost his hold on the white hand of Virtue, and slipped from the pathway of peace. He had no strength to hurl down the Tempter beneath his feet—to grind him into the dust; and he suffered himself to be led on—on—ah, whither?

"He committed a crime; the blood of a fellow-being cried red and angry from the ground against him. A soul sent unsummoned into eternity, called for retribution. The strong arms of the law writhed about him. This time a mother's prayer could not save! Two years ago, with these eyes, I saw my boy die a felon's death upon the gallows; a spectacle of curiosity to a vulgar and jeering crowd.

"Madam, your child is innocent, and he is in the hands of One whose thoughts are Mercy and Wisdom. There be content to let him rest; satisfied that all will be well."

She glided out as she had come, noiselessly and quietly, and the young mother rose from her knees and looked on the face of her child.

Her voice was low and broken, but the strong, pure tones of faith, new-born and vigorous, thrilled through the trembling words, "God forgive me, if I have erred!" she said.

"To Thy decree I submit! No longer do I question Thy wisdom—no longer distrust Thy justice. Father in Heaven, as thou wilt!"

The morning sun shone upon the colorless face of little Charlie, finished and perfected for his Father's Kingdom. No purer was the white water-lily upon his breast than the hand which unconsciously grasped it! No statuary, fresh from the genius of the sculptor, could rival the heavenly purity of that sleeping forehead. The majesty, the awe, the solemnity—aye, the beauty of Death was there!

And the bereaved mother, leaning on the Everlasting Arm, kissed, for the last time, the pale lips of her Charlie, and then the black boards of the coffin shut him out from her sight. But an angel with white wings held a scroll before her mental vision, and engraven upon it, in letters of gold, were these words—

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME, AND FORBID THEM NOT; FOR OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

Farmington, N. H.

Health Department.

THE NECESSITY OF PROPER VENTILATION TO SECURE HEALTH AND SUSTAIN LIFE.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

For lack of physiological knowledge among the people, nearly all our dwelling-houses and public edifices are built without regard to ventilation, or supplying the human system with pure air, without which no breathing animal can retain health, or even life, if long deprived of a due supply of oxygen.

A person of ordinary size, breathes twenty times in a minute; and every time he breathes takes into his lungs fifteen cubic inches of atmospheric air, which ought to contain three cubic inches of oxygen gas; but, unless a supply of atmospheric air is constantly admitted into the apartment of breathing animals, they suffer in health and strength in proportion to the deficiency of oxygen, as the lungs constantly emit carbon, a poisonous gas, destructive to the life and health of all breathing animals. We mention animals, because people are as ignorant of their need of pure air as of their own. Animals confined in stables, without exercise and proper ventilation, suffer in health, as much as human beings.

It is not the requisite quantity of air in volume, but the requisite quantity in *purity*, that promotes healthful activity of body and mind. A pure atmosphere alone supplies this requisite quantity. Exhaled air has parted with its oxygen, and become impure and unfit to be again inhaled, and should find a place of escape from the dwelling; and for that purpose it first rises toward the top of the room (the place where fresh air should be admitted); but if it finds no place of escape it sinks to the bottom, and if it cannot escape there, it remains, as it does in unventilated apartments, to be breathed over again, at the expense of health and life. Thousands die annually from this very cause, who might have lived to bless the world with the light of their minds, or the labor of their hands, had they breathed pure air instead of impure.

How disheartening to one who understands the necessity and utility of pure air, to reflect on the indifference and ignorance of many of the otherwise learned, in relation to its healthful and necessary effects. Would people consent to be shut up in unventilated apartments, or assemble in crowded unventilated rooms, with nothing to breathe but the deadly carbon thrown from the lungs of all there congregated, did they understand the injurious effects of breathing such an atmosphere? Would it not be a philanthropic scheme for some inventive genius to devise a mode of ventilation, by which impure air might be constantly ejected

and pure air constantly admitted, in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of taking cold, which so many fear in cold weather, and during the night? But necessity should wait for no such invention, as pure air is as necessary to life and health as pure food and drink, and much more so, for we can live much longer without food than without air. The one hundred and forty-six Englishmen confined at Calcutta, in a room eighteen feet square, with only two small windows, would have lived a long time without food, but without sufficient air, only twenty-three, of them survived their imprisonment ten hours, and they were those who got nearest to the small windows, where they obtained a little air, but not enough to sustain them in health.

Formerly dwellings were built with open fire-places, which formed an ingress for pure air, and an egress for impure, and people did not suffer so much for lack of knowledge on this subject, as now that stoves have taken the place of the fire-place, so that they are not constructed in new dwellings, and are removed or closed in the old. The fire-place not only warmed but ventilated the room in which it was constructed, and in such a manner that no fear of taking cold, by night or in winter, was entertained; for it did its ventilating work unconsciously to thousands. When stoves were first introduced, people felt headache, stupidity, and many unpleasant symptoms, but knew not wherein the difference consisted, as they imparted more warmth, and warmth was what they sought; but warmth without ventilation will *not secure health*. Many who die, by that insatiate destroyer Consumption, attribute the cause to colds, when if they could trace nature's process of purifying the blood by pure air inhaled into the lungs, so that it may become invigorating to the whole system—and, at the same time realize how few lungs were furnished pure air by night and by day, in winter as well as summer, they would see that the true cause arose from breathing an impure air, which did not impart sufficient purification to the blood to render it capable of strengthening the system, or preserve its healthful activity.

An All-wise Architect has formed the lungs of all breathing animals to imbibe pure air, as a sponge imbibes water, and if every breathing animal constantly breathed pure air, so as to expand every air cell of the lungs, consumption would be unknown.

All dwellings and public edifices should be constructed with flues or apertures, for the ingress of pure air, and the egress of impure; but where this has not been done, windows may be so arranged, in a few moments, as to drop more or less from the top, which is necessary in every occupied dwelling, to furnish its inmates by day and by night with

sufficient pure air to secure a tolerable degree of health and comfort.

The breathing of impure air has slain thousands of the young, the gifted and the fair, in every rank and station, and will continue to do so, so long as it is breathed by these and others. When we reflect how much pure air each person needs to sustain healthful respiration, or even life, for a few hours, need we wonder that one half the human race die before attaining the age of five years, or that among the living, we see on every hand the evidence of premature decay, disease and suffering?

A general diffusion of physiological knowledge

would save thousands of human lives annually, by revolutionizing many of the most absurd and unhealthful customs that now exist, and instituting more healthful and rational ones. To diffuse light on the subject of health, point out the cause of disease, and its consequent suffering, is a work that humanity demands, and God approves.

Horace Mann, who, in early life, like thousands of others, had suffered in health, so as to lessen his days and usefulness in the world, deplored, as all who are properly informed on the subject of life and health, the lack of practical hygienic instruction in the education of youth.

Mother's Department.

A FEW WORDS TO MOTHERS.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANÇOIS.

One great trial, and source of depression, to a married woman, surrounded with a family of little children, is the small amount she can do; it seems literally, as month after month rolls by, as if she accomplished nothing. No paintings, the embodiment of her soul's beautiful visions, adorn the walls; no rich stores, garnered from studies but just commenced in girlhood, fill her mind; no delicate tracteries in needlework beautify her home; life seems a blank, only filled up with petty cares, that wear out, and corrode, and canker, the frail tenement of flesh, but leave no trace behind.

"Oh! if I could only live for something! I could cheerfully bear all the burdens time brings to me!" is the despairing cry of many a mother; but, mother, look back on your own childhood, and then tell me if you do not live for something! Years ago, tired, hungry, from your out-door play, who brought you the nice bowl, brimming with milk, that tasted sweeter to you than the rarest dish to the epicure? Who folded you in her arms, and rocked you to sleep as gently as the bee is rocked in its bed of roses? Who gave bright smiles and kisses, when your little heart was quivering with pain, from the harsh, unfeeling words of some playmate? Whose soft step, and light touch, and whispered words of prayer, drove away the images of fear, that darkness to the child is too often peopled with, and left brightness in the belief of a protecting, sleepless care over all? Who fanned your fevered brow, and held the cooling draught, that dripped from the gray rocks in the woods, which you had dreamed of all night, to your lips, and talked pleasantly of Heaven, when your little feet seemed almost ready to step into Death's dark river, and you shrank trembling back from the hurrying waters? Who gave you the pleasant memories of childhood, that have stolen to your heart as gently as the dew to the flower, through

the long, long years, and brought light and joy to the darkest hour of your life? Name your price for these memories, and then I can tell you what you are accomplishing! What if God had said to your youngest, that pet one, with soft silken ringlets and rosy dimpled fat hand, who is cateching at the buttons on your dress, "He is a little thing, I will not mind about his sight." Think of those laughing, sparkling, "pretty, pretty eyes," as you have said a hundred times, as sightless orbs; never again turning to his little crib, to find him watching you from under the soft lace; never starting from sleep, at his clasping arms around your neck, and raising your head from the pillow, to catch a view in the clear moonlight of his loving eyes; never again joying at glimpses of baby's soul, through the soul's windows.

What if God had said, "He is a little thing, I will not mind about his intellect?" Just look at your sweet baby, laughing, cooing, forever touching some chord of pride and joy, and then clasp a soulless casket in your arms. His cheek is fair and delicately tinted, his hair golden as a sunbeam, but his poor little mouth and eyes! No answering smile, no grieved look, no wondering glance, nothing but a vacant stare. Think of watching and yearning so for one look of intelligence, and when you catch your breath with joy, to think it is yours, have it end in a smile of mere muscle, a contortion of the lips. Oh, the disappointment! death of a loved one brings no sorrow like that!

God, who said, "Let there be light, and there was light," has great and stupendous things before Him, but not a sparrow falls to the ground without His notice; and if a bird is worthy of His care, need mothers complain that time, talents, strength, must be given for the comfort and training of the little ones, who each have a soul, undying as eternity. Perhaps when time passes, and those loved children go out from the maternal nest, and their hearts grow hard and callous in the battle of life, some—what you now think trifling, valueless—act

may come back to them as a sweet memory, that will permeate the hard crust, which is closing around them, and leave it open to all kind, pure influences. We cannot see the end from the beginning, so let us trust Him who can, and accept our work cheerfully, if it does debar us from entering into the achievement of what—we are often tempted to think—the great deeds of life.

Berea, Ohio.

PARENTAL SYMPATHY.

Parents express too little sympathy for their children; the effect of this is lamentable. "How your children love you! I would give the world to have my children so devoted to me!" said a mother to one who did not regard the time given to her children as so much capital wasted. Parents err fatally when they grudge the time necessary for their children's amusement and instruction; for no investment brings so sure and so rich returns.

The child's love is holy; and if the parent does not fix that love upon himself, he deserves to lose it, and in after-life to bewail his poverty of heart.

The child's heart is full of love, and it must gush

out toward somebody or something. If the parent is worthy of it, and possesses it, he is blest; and the child is safe. When the child loves worthy persons, and receives their sympathy, he is less liable to be influenced by the undeserving; for in his soul are models of excellence, with which he compares others.

Any parent can descend from his chilling dignity, and freely answer the child's questions, talking familiarly and tenderly with him; and when the little one wishes help, the parent should come out of his abstractions and cheerfully help him. Then his mind will return to his speculations elastic, and it will act with force. All parents can find a few minutes occasionally, during the day, to read little stories to the children, and to illustrate the respective tendencies of good and bad feelings. They can talk to them about flowers, birds, trees, about angels, and about God.

They can show interest in their sports, determining the character of them. What is a surer way than this of binding the child to the heart of the parent. When you have made a friend of a child, you may congratulate yourself you have a friend for life.

Hints for Housekeepers.

ARTICLES OF DIET.—The useful articles of diet are numerous, and the commonest we have. As to the quantity required, the prize-fighter, who requires most, has thirty-six ounces per day, besides the in-nutritious portion which everybody swallows at every meal. For women, twenty ounces may suffice, though a larger allowance is better. Healthy working men ought to have from twenty-five to thirty ounces. The greatest amount of nourishment of both kinds is contained in flour, meat, potatoes and peas; milk, cheese, rice, and other grains, and sugar: while tea, coffee, and cocoa are of great value in their way. Such are the materials; but they may be so treated in the cooking as to waste what is most valuable, and preserve what is of the least consequence. It is possible to manage the making of a stew, so as to wash away the best qualities of the meat, and leave the vegetables hard, and drain away the thickening, causing a predominant taste of smoke and salt. When Miss Nightingale and her assistants undertook to cook in the Eastern hospitals, they made a pint of thick arrowroot from one ounce of the powder, while in the general kitchen it took two ounces to make a pint of thin arrowroot. It was the proper boiling of the water that made the difference here. Again, two ounces of rice were saved on every four puddings, when the nurse made the puddings. Such incidents show that it is not enough to have the best materials for

nourishment; they must be husbanded in the preparation.

A BOILED DISH.—Almost every family has a dinner, as often as once a week, of what is popularly called a "boiled dish," and which, properly cooked, is one of the best dishes in the world; but all cooks do not know the best way to boil corned beef. The common method, in order to make it tender, being to put it in cold water, and let beef and water come gradually to a boil. This certainly makes beef tender, but it also extracts all the strength and juices. A better way is to wait till the water *boils*, before putting in the beef; it will then be equally tender, and will retain all its strengthening and juicy properties. Many housekeepers suppose that putting meat in hot water inevitably renders it hard and tough; and so it will if the water is only *hot*; but if it boils the effect will be the reverse. Just as putting a discolored table-cloth in hot water will set the stains; but put it in boiling water and it takes them clean out. The same rule applies to all boiled meats. Hams, after boiling four or five hours, according to size, should be taken out, the skins taken off, and cracker or bread crumbs grated over them, then baked in a brisk oven for one hour. A leg of mutton can be treated in the same way, only it does not require to be boiled so long. Of course, the boiling process should always be gentle.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE LITTLE GIRL AT THE PALINGS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Continued.)

"It is a very pretty name," said Frank Whipple, looking up and smiling in the thin, sunbrowned face.

"Do you think so?" with a pleased light in her brown eyes.

"Yes; where do you live?"

"In the big yellow house just beyond the creek; haven't you seen it?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of times; and that great boy who tried to set his dog on us the other day, when Guy and I went over to the mill, is your brother?"

"Oh, no; that's Hugh Deming. I haven't any brothers?" She said the words with a little touch of mournfulness that made Frank sorry for her.

"Well, then, you've got sisters to make up for them?"

"No."

"Dear me, you must be very lonely with nobody but your father and mother."

The tears strained themselves into the child's eyes, and stood still on her cheeks. "I haven't any father or mother," she said, in such a pitiful way, that it went right to Frank Whipple's heart. "I haven't anybody in the world."

"Poor little thing!" yielding to the impulse of pity which came over him, and drawing his arm around the child's waist—"I am real sorry for you."

"Are you, really?" and she nestled up closer to him, and slid her little, hard, thin hand into his soft, white one.

"Yes, I am, that's a fact; such a little timid bit of a dobbie to be all alone in the world. I say it's too bad." After a pause—"who are those people you live with?"

"I live with *Miss* Deming just to run of errands and do chores. You see, her husband's a farmer, and she took me after mamma died; that's three years ago."

"And she isn't very good to you, I see," glancing over her dress.

"No; she says I don't earn the salt to my porridge, and it's a dreadful hard thing to have other folk's brats to take care of anyhow; but you know I'm a little girl yet, and I haven't got strength to work very hard."

"Of course you haven't," growing very red in the face; "I wish I could catch her talking to you after that fashion, and I'd just give her a piece of my mind."

"I don't mind that, though, half so much as I do Hugh—oh, he's a dreadful boy," and she shuddered.

"Why, what does he do?"

"Oh, he tries to scare me every day, and makes Tartar bark at me, and he plagues me about the dark till the very sight of him frightens me."

"It's a burning shame. If I could only get hold of him now!"

"Oh! then he'd know I'd been telling you, and he'd kill me, I do believe. When I get to be a bigger girl, though, I shall run away," and there went over the small face a flash of determination which much suffering only gives to a child.

"Good—you ought not to stay with such people, anyhow!"

"But I haven't anywhere to go!"

"I wish I knew of some place for you. If mamma was only here she'd take you, I'm sure."

"Would she? Oh, how I wish I could go to her!"

"Yes, I'm certain she would; for I heard her say the other day she'd give anything to find a little American girl with whom she could trust Annie."

"Who is Annie?"

"She's my little sister, only three years old, and I know you'd just answer to wait on her."

"Is it a great ways from here?"

"Oh, yes! it's in the city; a hundred miles off, and I'm got to go back day after to-morrow."

She drew close up to him and whispered the words in his ear, as though her very life hung upon them:

"Can't you take me with you?"

"How in the world can I!" answering his own thoughts more than Alice's question. "Mother would think it was very strange indeed, and how Guy and Gertrude would laugh at me! If it could only be managed without their knowing it now"—unconsciously pulling up the spires of grass, and twisting them around his fingers.

"Frank! Frank! do come here!" the voices of the brother and sister wound past the trees and over the long reaches of grass, until they found the boy and girl sitting thoughtfully under the chestnut tree!

"There! my cousins are calling me!" said Frank, regretfully.

Alice sprang up. "I don't know what *Miss* Deming will say, because I've been gone so long, for she sent me to *Miss* Stevens's to see about getting some wool dyed."

They walked together to the gate. Frank stopped a moment to gather the little girl a handful of the ripe raspberries which hung like thickly strung rubies and opals on the vines.

"Alice," he said, taking her hand at the gate, don't feel bad any more; I shall try and do something for you before I go home."

"Thank you, very much. Good bye."

"Good bye."

"Why, Frank, my son, whom have you brought home with you?"

Mrs. Whipple asked this question with a voice and face full of amazement, as soon as her gaze fell upon the little girl, who followed Frank into the sitting-room on his return.

She wore an old-fashioned straw bonnet trimmed with faded blue ribbon, and a brown gingham dress which must have previously done service for a person much larger than herself.

And she stood there, twisting her brown ungloved fingers in and out of each other, and shy blushes running back and forth in her face, while her eyes were fastened, with a kind of mute appeal, on the sweet, matronly face of the lady, who had risen from her chair by the window in such haste that her sewing had fallen to the floor.

Frank looked at his protegee and really felt that her appearance required some apology.

"Mother," he stammered, "this is Alice Lynne, a little girl who lives very near uncle's, and she hadn't any father or mother, or brother or sister in the world; and the people where she lived were coarse, and hard, and unkind. So I told her she could come home with me, and Mrs. Deming said she would spare her a few days provided there was a chance of your paying something and taking her off their hands; and so Alice met me at the cars this morning, (you know I came all the way alone,) and Guy and Gertrude didn't know anything about it, and I thought when you saw Alice maybe you'd like her to take care of Annie."

Mrs. Whipple was greatly amused and interested at her son's epitome of Alice Lynne's history, and she called the child to her and removed her straw bonnet, and smoothed, with her soft hand, the short, thick locks of hair which fell over Alice's forehead; and she drew from the little girl the sad story of her lonely orphan childhood, and of all the suffering and misery which had fallen to her, from the time when her mother went unto "Our Father who is in Heaven!"

And the heart of the gentle lady was touched, and she said, "if you like to stay with us, Alice, and prove yourself a good and obedient girl, you need not return any more to those harsh, unkind people."

And the tears stood for joy in the eyes of Alice Lynne, and Frank clapped his hands and shouted with boyish glee—"didn't I tell you she'd say so, Alice—didn't I tell you my mother was a good woman?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LUTHER HEDDING AND HIS SISTER.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

"LUTHER, will you dig up some ground in the yard to plant flowers in, to-day? Hettie Wilcox gave me some nice seeds yesterday."

"I guess so; I promised Ned Somers that I'd go fishing with him this forenoon. But after I get home there will be time enough."

"Oh! I'm so afraid you'll forget it, and it is late now. Hettie said her plants were all up, and her cypress vine would need stringing next week. Don't you remember how pretty it was last summer, running all over Mrs. Wilcox's parlor window, and twining its tendrils round the jessamine leaves? I know one day there were six little cypress and jessamine blossoms, exactly like tiny red and blue stars, peeping through one pane of glass, and you can't think how pretty they looked! I want mine planted this very day! Couldn't you hurry and dig up the ground before you go?"

"Pooh, Lizzie, don't fret! I'll be back in time, and a few hours will not make a bit of difference. I have got to twist a string and hunt up some bait, and mother wants a tubful of water brought from the brook; so you see, I cannot possibly do it until night. If I don't hurry Ned and I won't have a bit of fun. Do help me look for my hat, Lizzy, and, too, will you feed my rabbits? I guess they are hungry enough by this time. Be sure and give them a good plateful!" he shouted back from the kitchen, as he started on the run for the water.

Lizzie fed the rabbits, and then leaned her thin, pale face against the window, and thoughtfully gazed out into the yard. It was small, and neatly fenced in, and a pretty maple, set out by her oldest brother when she was a wee bit of a thing, stood in each corner of the yard. She smiled now as she recalled to mind her clambering down the door steps, and gazing with staring eyes at the strange performance of spading up the ground and planting in it a branching stick; and the great wonder that filled her childish mind as he told her it would grow and become tall like the great elm she swung under, in his arms, the day before. The maples now were as high as the house, but not a vine, or rose, or anything else beautiful kept them company, for her true, loving brother had left home long before for one of his own, and had another wee bit Lizzy to follow him around; and her father with his farming and politics, and her mother with her dairy and hundred other duties, had no time to bestow on such trifles.

Luther was old and strong enough, but he never was ready; and her hopes grew fainter and fainter every time she asked him. Hettie Wilcox and she had been very intimate the previous summer, and the picture of their softly shaded parlor, with the sunshine stealing in through the green leaves, and pretty flowers, had awakened images of beauty in her soul that nothing but the reality around her own home could satisfy. She, herself, had tried two or three times to dig up the hard ground, but it brought on such a pain in her side that after a few moments of work she would have to desist, and lay on the lounge the rest of the day.

Sometimes she would doze an hour and dream about a beautiful place where every bit of ground

was covered with violets and mosses, and clear white lilies rested on the bosom of the blue water of dimpled lakes, and trailing vines starred with flowers clung from one tree to another, and made delicious bowers for little children in white, snowy garments to play in. She knew it was Heaven she was dreaming about, and often would cry when she waked up, and wish she could go there.

If her mother had not been so busy and so occupied with, to her, more important cares, she would have seen that the angels were talking with Lizzie, and giving her longings, and thirstings, that were but preparations for the ever undreamed-of loveliness of Paradise, and would have tried to use some means to clip the wings of her child, already plumed for Heaven.

But, as it was, the insidious disease was left unchecked, while the mother worked on, and only wondered why "Lizzie moped so?" and hoped when strawberries got ripe she would be tempted to go beyond the orchard gate."

The dull, weary day slowly dragged along, and the mapleshadows from the west tree reached clear across the yard, but Luther did not return; and disappointed and completely discouraged, Lizzie took a spade and went to work. She soon succeeded in digging up a small space, a foot square, and pulverizing it, and after carefully dropping a few seeds of cypress and amaranth, and covering them up, she went to the other side to prepare a similar spot. But the sun came down hot and sickening, and her little arm grew weary, and wishing for the twentieth time "that brother would come," she rested her heated cheek upon the maple shadows, and all was dark.

An hour later, Luther, hurrying home with his fishpole to do the night's chores, almost stumbled over her, and finding his earnest shake, and "wake up, Lizzie," in vain to arouse her, he called his mother from the kitchen, and she laid her on her little bed. Perceiving all efforts to awake her useless, a physician was sent for, and to their many anxious inquiries briefly replied, "while there is life there is hope," and prepared to use the usual restoratives. He said it was one of those strange inward diseases that often bring a person to the verge of the grave before noticed.

It was a sad, sleepless night with the whole household, and once, when the doctor abruptly inquired if Lizzie had overtasked herself that day, Luther, remembering the newly dug ground, burst into loud sobs, and thought "that he would give all the world if he had only stayed at home from fishing and made the beds she had partly finished."

Toward morning Lizzie moaned in her sleep, and wished brother would come, and said her arm ached so hard; and then she smiled and whispered about the angels making her a garden in Heaven, with flowers that never would fade or die.

It was very pitiful seeing her lie there so pale and still, with her father and mother and the kind physician bending over her; and Luther, almost heart broken, stole out into the yard and knelt by

the little bed dug up that day, and promised God if he would only let his sister live he would try to be good, and never be selfish any more. But it was too late! The angels were already waiting to carry her home.

When the bright sunbeams stole in through the window, and lay amid her wavy hair, she opened her eyes for the first time that night, and reached out her arms to clasp them around Luther's neck, and after kissing him and her father and mother, and asking them to bury her under the maple, she closed them again, and softly whispering "Jesus saith suffer little children," her fingers unclasped, and the angels bore her spirit to heaven.

They buried her under the maple, and Luther covered her grave with the softest mold, and Hettie brought slips of jessamine and planted all around it, and dotted it with cypress plants; but the tears came every time all summer that Luther passed Lizzie's flower bed, and he almost felt happy when the first soft mantle of snow hid it from his sight.

Many years have passed away and he is a tall man now, but he can never think of that day's fishing without mentally saying, "perhaps I might have had a sister now if I had not selfishly preferred my own pleasure to pleasing her."

Berea, Ohio.

For the Children of the Home Magazine.

MOSES.

BY ALMA GREY.

SEE that gentle mother weeping,
Clasping close her baby warm,
As if none but she could keep him
From some fearful threatening storm.
Close and closer still she holds him,
While his sister sits beside,
Grieving too, as if she fancied
That the baby dear had died!

Why art weeping, gentle mother?
Why so sad, thou sister dear?
See how sweet the babe is sleeping
Without restlessness or tear!
Ah! a wicked king has warned them
They must drown the baby soon,
And as long as they could hide him
They have kept the precious one.

They can hide him now no longer,
And his mother's hand has laid
In a basket made of rushes
Her dear little sleeping babe.
To the river bank she bears it,
Lays it by the water's edge,
And with many a tearful prayer,
Leaves it 'mid the flags and sedge.
Sister Miriam lingers, watchful
If should any harm befall,
Till she hears the merry voices
Of a troop of maidens call.

Laughing, talking, leaping, playing,
 Skipping to the river shore,
 Till they come upon the basket
 Which the precious baby bore.
 One was Egypt's gentle princess,
 Wicked Pharaoh's darling child,
 And the others were her servants,
 Girlish, loving, kind, and mild.

"Hark," said she—the lady princess—
 "See—what's that upon the tide?
 Run, my maids, and bring the treasure
 Which those braided rushes hide!"
 So they brought the basket cradle,
 Flung the covering quick away,
 And they oped their eyes in wonder,
There a sobbing baby lay!

Then the princess whispered softly—
 "This is some poor Hebrew's son,
 Which my father makes to perish—
 But I'll save him, for my own!"

Then came Miriam, softly stepping,
 And she said, in accents low,
 "Shall I call some Hebrew woman?"
 And the princess answered—"Go!"

So she called her weeping mother
 Down to see the lady fair,
 As she tried to soothe the baby,
 Smoothing back his silken hair.
 And, said Pharaoh's gentle daughter
 "Woman, take this child away—
 Take good care, and nurse him for me,
 And I'll give thee ample pay."

O, how happy was that mother
 As she clasped her darling boy,
 And with flying footsteps hastened
 Homeward with her thankful joy!
 How, think you, her warm heart trembled
 As she called her household round,
 All to kneel in grateful prayer
 For the baby lost and found.

Religious Thoughts.

USE OF SORROW AND MISFORTUNE.

It is but rarely, in the present day, that a separation takes place in the mind between the things which are of the world, and the things which are of heaven, except by means of sorrow or misfortune. Grief and trouble on account of natural things—as for the loss of friends, wealth or a good reputation—turn the thoughts despairingly away from earth, and hopefully toward heaven. If, then, divine truths from the Word, or by instruction from parents, preachers and teachers, have been stored up in the memory from childhood, the Lord, by means of these can lift the suffering soul out of its natural trouble up into a region of spiritual peace, and thus bring to it a living consciousness of heavenly joy.

While in the enjoyment of natural good things, we cannot be made to comprehend the higher delights attendant on the possession of spiritual riches. We do not rise into their apprehension. And so, in order to draw heavenward his beloved children, the good Father of us all, lays upon us, in love, the rod of chastening; and in the pain that follows, comes to us with "healing on his wings."

T-O-D-A-Y'S WORK.

We are perpetually struggling to get away from that condition in life in which the providence of the Lord has placed us, instead of doing in it faithfully, day by day, our appointed work. This is why we make so little progress toward either natural or spiritual peace. It is what we have that we

may enjoy; not what is yet in the future of our hopes. It is to-day's work that secures the future "Well done, good and faithful servant"—to-day's work, in the common sphere of our daily lives. Until we come to a full and practical realization of this, our steps will be feeble, and our progress slow. It is all in vain for us to dream, that if we were in what imagination paints as more favorable circumstances, we could better grow in the graces of spiritual life. Only by doing our duty where God has placed us, can we grow better and happier.

OBDIENCE TO RIGHT.

If we were only prompt to obey the common convictions of right which come to every mind, how much trouble would we save ourselves. If we made rational truth the rule of our conduct, we should so bring our natural lives into an orderly subordination, that the higher subordination of all things to spiritual laws would be easy. But, setting as we do the teachings of reason at naught, how hard is it for us to bend ourselves in obedience to a stricter requirement! Only through great tribulation can we pass upward.

ANXIETY ABOUT WORLDLY THINGS.

Anxiety in regard to worldly affairs, involves distrust of Providence, and separates us in the degree that it is indulged, from tranquilizing spiritual influences. If we thus turn ourselves away from God, how can our hearts be otherwise than in shadow and darkness? By indulging in this anxiety, we are unjust to ourselves: for it in no

way alters the result. Prudent forecast is right; for, by this, Providence acts with us. But anxious care is folly. In no case do events occur just as we desire or plan them, and yet they usually come out better than all our fears. Let us patiently persevere in well doing, day by day, and give ourselves no troubled concern in regard to the future; for we may be sure that all will come out best for our eternal good.

NEVER DO WRONG.

Never, under any pressure of circumstances, do what reason or conscience tells you is wrong—no, not though good to another be the end in view; for all acts set consequences in motion, and you will at some time, earlier or later, have to meet face to face the consequences, and suffer their re-action. Moreover, such acts weaken the moral sense, and take away a measure of spiritual strength. "Is it right?" That is the question to be asked when the mind is in doubt. And if you cannot give a hearty affirmative, do not take a single step forward, for,

so sure as you do, there will come suffering and repentance.

WORSHIP.

Men worship God more acceptably in that life of charity which regards, from a religious principle, the neighbor's well being, than in any Sabbath services; for He does not regard the lip-confession of men, no matter with what external devoutness it may be given, if there be not honesty and neighborly good will in the heart. But when the daily walk in life is measured by the law—"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—the Sabbath worship rounds into completeness, and the Sanctuary of God becomes, as it were, the gate of heaven to the aspiring human soul.

Knowing precedes obedience. Truth leads to good. How important, then, that our knowledge should be sound, and what we regard as truth, of heavenly origin.

New Publications.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD. By Hon. Robert Dale Owen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

In this ably written, and very comprehensive volume, the author has gathered from all available sources the records of phenomena that indicate the mundane nearness of spiritual beings, and their immediate influence upon men and things. He has gone back to the earliest accounts of these singular facts, and traced their occurrence down to the present age, and done this with a candor and fairness that will make his book valuable as a magazine of facts on a subject that few approach without suffering some intellectual disturbance, or becoming pledged to some erroneous theory. The book has cost him from two to three years of labor in collecting his materials and getting them into their present imposing form; and we think he has done a good work. He is puzzled by what he has discovered, and shows, at times, some bewilderment of thought. He finds phenomena so amply verified that he cannot deny them; but the cause is in a region to which he is unable to ascend. Once or twice he approaches the source at which the true exposition is alone to be found; but, he does not inquire there, and so goes on, beating about amid baffling winds. He has given a mass of strange, startling, imposing facts; but not the key that unlocks the mystery.

THE MAN IN BLACK, AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN ANNE. By G. P. R. James. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

One of Mr. James' attractive historical novels, which continue to have a large circle of readers.

SELF-HELP; WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHARACTER AND CONDUCT. By Samuel Smiles, Author of "The Life of George Stephenson." Boston: Ticknor & Fields. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The fact of two editions of this book by two leading publishers, is alone evidence of more than common merit or interest. We have already expressed, briefly, our high appreciation of the volume in making from it an extract in this number of the Home Magazine. For young men just entering upon life, its suggestions, illustrations, and examples, will be of incalculable benefit. It teaches self-reliance, industry, economy, and manly independence in a way to sink deeply into the convictions, and cannot, we think, be read by any one without some good effects on the life and character.

NEW METHOD FOR THE MELODEON, HARMONIUM, AND OTHER INSTRUMENTS OF THE ORGAN CLASS. Selected mainly from Zundel's Melodeon Instructor. To which are added a Collection of the most popular Songs of the Day, and a variety of Psalm and Hymn Tunes. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.

There has been, in the last few years, quite an extensive introduction of Melodeons and Parlor Organs, rendering a good instruction book, and a fair assortment of music, a really desirable thing. The volume now before us contains eighty-eight pages, and gives a well selected variety. It cannot but prove acceptable.

MISREPRESENTATION. A Novel. By Anna H. Drury, Author of "Friends and Fortune," "Easter Lury," &c. New York: Harper & Bros.

An excellent novel of English life.

COMPENSATION; OR, ALWAYS A FUTURE. By Anne M. H. Brewster. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The reader of fiction who looks only for excitement, will not find this an attractive volume; but the reader of cultivated tastes, and thoughtful estimates of character, will linger over its pages with a deep and refined pleasure. Miss Brewster has given to the public a book that will rank her with our best authors; not as a plotter of labarynthine life scenes, nor as a describer of the startling and exciting, but as a clear-seeing, quiet, philosophic observer, as well as an artist in composition.

HISTORY AND PROGRESS OF EDUCATION. FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT. Intended as a Manual for Teachers and Students. By Philobibulus. With an Introduction by Henry Barnard, L. L. D., Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

We have here condensed, in about three hundred pages, a large amount of valuable information touching the condition and progress of education, from the earliest periods of which we have authentic records, down to the present time. Teachers and students will find much to attract them in this volume.

THE RIVALS: A TALE OF THE TIMES OF AARON BURN AND ALEXANDER HAMILTON. By Jere. Clemens, Author of "Bernard Lisle" and "Mustang Gray." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The "Rivals" is written with considerable ability, and as an historical romance will add to the author's reputation as a skillful delineator of character and a graphic sketcher of life and action. But, the public generally will hardly agree with him in his estimate either of Burr or Hamilton.

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE; WITH THE STORY OF IRIS. By O. W. Holmes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The fine taste, reading, observation, wit, and philosophy embraced in this series of papers from the Atlantic Monthly, as well as in the "Autocrat" series by which it was preceded, have won for Dr. Holmes the reputation of being the most genial and attractive essayist in the country.

HISTORY OF PETER THE GREAT, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA. By Jacob Abbott. With engravings. New York: Harper & Bros.

Another volume of Abbott's excellent series of family histories. They are always interesting to both young and old.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. By Charles Dickens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. Cheap edition.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD, A Sequel to the "School Days at Rugby." Part II. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

If the anxiety with which our young folks have looked for the second part of "Tom Brown at Oxford," be any indication of its special attraction for juvenile minds, it will be, when completed, a very popular book.

VOL. XV.—14

POEMS. By the Author of a "Life for a Life," "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c., &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A volume that will do no discredit to the high literary reputation of Miss Mulock. Get it, all ye who have delighted to linger over the pages of "John Halifax," and you will learn to know the author better, and to regard her with a new and deeper interest. Many of the sweet and pure things in this volume have been floating around as waifs on the sea of periodical literature, for years, singing to thousands of charmed hearts, while none knew from what pen they had come. The fair author has done herself justice in thus reclaiming them.

SEVEN YEARS. By Julia Kavanagh. Author of "Nathalie," "Adele," &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This sterling novel is the first in the "Library of Standard Fiction," just commenced by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and issued at fifty cents a volume.

THE DOOMED CHIEF; OR, TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO. By the Author of "The Green Mountain Boys," "Gant Gurley; or, the Trappers of Umbagog," &c., &c. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley.

This is a story of King Philip's wars, written with marked ability. The writer is entirely at home in his subject, and has given a tale of absorbing interest. Some of the descriptive scenes are intensely vivid.

We have a copy of the book from Mr. G. G. Evans of this city, who also published an edition.

THE PLANTER'S DAUGHTER. A Tale of Louisiana. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A natural and well written story of Southern life.

THE ADOPTED HEIR. By Miss Pardoe. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A handsomely printed edition of one of Miss Pardoe's excellent novels.

POEMS BY SIDNEY DOBELL. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A new poet to American readers, whom the American publishers have deemed worthy of a place in their "blue and gold" series. In England, Mr. Dobell has stood the ordeal of that severe criticism which always attends the advent of genius. He has been warmly praised by the Athenæum, and severely handled by other reviews and newspapers. But, all this is indicative of merit above the common order. The two principal poems in the volume are "The Roman, a Dramatic Poem," and "Balder." They are productions of great merit, and show the author to possess the poetic element in a high degree. His name will soon take rank in literature with those which are familiar to our ears as "household words."

TWENTY YEARS AGO AND NOW. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley.

This is the latest volume from the author's pen. Of its merits or defects it is not, of course, for us to speak. We give the fact of its publication, and trust it will not be found either deficient in interest, or lacking in moral power.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

First Toilet.—Robe of *taffetas tourterelle*, clear; skirt ornamented on each seam with a narrow ribbon *tuyauté penché*, and one row of *taffetas penché* buttons. Body plain, trimmed like the skirt; sleeves very large, with imitation cuff, as shown on the top side of left arm, with buttons and ribbon edging on the imitation cuff and ribbon end of sleeve. Sleeve-lining of white sarsenet. *Ceinture* with knot and long ends, of the same stuff as the robe, edged in keeping; cravat-knot, instead of a brooch, edged like the *ceinture* (waist-ribbon). Sleeves and collar of muslin, embroidered with application. Muslin and application cap, ornamented with tufts of violets. Straw-colored kid gloves.

Lady on the right.—Robe of Havana *taffetas*; deep flounce *d l'Anglaise*, surmounted either by five puffs (*bouillonnes*), or five narrow flounces. This robe is equally fashionable, of black silk. End of sleeve trimmed with one deep flounce and two puffs or little flounces; shoulder-knot, a double-bow and ends. Plain body, with long *ceinture*.

Bonnet of cherry-colored crape, with an *apprit* of black lace. Sides of *passé* ornamented with flowers and cherries mixt with lace; under the border, flowers and lace, white cheeks; cherry-colored strings. Collar and under-sleeves of embroidered muslin. Russet kid gloves.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Just at this moment, the ladies of London and New York are greatly excited upon the question of the further maintenance of the crinoline. Of course we shall keep the readers *au courant* comme un *calendrier* of everything that menaces any favorite mode.

A popular writer in Paris, on ladies' fashions, says—"We are perfectly convinced that the reign of crinoline is finished; and as we are asked whether the reform is serious, we reply that its use is not entirely abandoned by the elegants of the fashionable world who make or influence the French styles, by giving the world the examples for their change or maintenance. In the meantime, the puffed skirts are at present in great favor. They are even ornamented with numerous garnitures to augment them, and persevere in multiplying skirts (of the tulle and blonde *genre*, for ball-dresses), so that when inflations from all sources touch the extreme, we shall abandon them altogether, and return to plain lines of perfect simplicity."

The editor of the *Lady's Newspaper*, published in London, states—"Whatever may have been said

to the contrary, the rage for expanded skirts is not yet on the decline."

Our own opinion is—judging from the views expressed by the ladies of fashion in this metropolis—that hooped skirts are losing favor very fast, superseded by those of *crinoline* (hair-cloth) and of various elastic combinations of woven materials, made in the pyramidal form; that is, large at the bottom and tapering gradually to the waist, without roundness in longitudinal lines. We have observed this tendency of taste for the past year, and have so expressed ourself in this Magazine and in the *Home Journal*. Perhaps the best skirts now made in the city are those of Thompson & Co. and Mad. Damarest. The skirt is cut to favor the demi-train in spring off behind, and nearly perpendicular at front.

The present fashion of skirt is quite full behind, moderately so at the sides, and nearly plain at front. The skirt is plaited to a waistband, in large box-plaits behind, smaller ones at the sides, and small, shallow plaits at front. For evening wear, the skirt is nearly as full as it was last fall, and about as long; but for morning wear, it is much shorter.

There seems to be a growing conservatism with some of our most fashionable ladies, evinced in the *décolleté* dresses for the ball-room not being cut so low in the neck, and wearing over the neck a white guipure cape, closed at the neck with a large oval brooch; the cape entirely covers the shoulders. At the two most fashionable reunions of the city, the most attractive dresses were of *Magenta* purple and *moire Française*, made entirely plain in the skirt, and surmounted with the white guipure cape.

The *demi-gigot* sleeve—half large—fitting at the wrist and six inches above, over which is worn a lace turn-back wristband, from four to six inches deep.

Fine lambs-wool net under-sleeves, in all patterns, are very common on our promenades.

Pointed waists are still in vogue for full dress; and for *demi-toilette*, the front of the body terminates in two plain points—long and sharp—and the back in three points, as follows:—the seamless back terminates at the waist in a diamond form, and each side-body is pointed; and then the side-body and back are closed down to the upper point of the diamond, leaving the lower point and the point of each side separate.

The front of bodies for promenade wear are cut in the vest form, with very long points, but the buttons with which it is closed in front extend from the chin to the most hollow part of the waist only.

The *pagode* sleeve is now turned up on the upper side to shorten the seam and disclose the pink or blue lining in relief to the dress and the under-sleeve. The sleeve, from the arm-hole to six inches below, is ornamented with a beautiful *passementerie* epaulette of *guipure* pattern. Collar of *Valenciennes*, and under-sleeves formed of large puffs of figured net, with turn-up cuffs of *Valenciennes*. *Cambrai* lace, similar in appearance to Chantilly, is gaining favor. It is both cheap and beautiful. The cottage bonnet is again reviving under the auspices of a new composition and a new mode of trimming it. One composed of blue velvet and blue crape of another shade, is slightly pointed at front over the forehead. The crown is of velvet and the front of drawn crape, edged with a *roleau* of crape. On one side it is decorated with three blue camellias, and with two on the other. The lower part of the curtain is velvet, and the upper half crape. The strings are of blue velvet edged with blonde. The tour of the face is formed of white *blonde* for the cheeks, with a *ruche* of white blond and a *plissé* of black lace over the forehead, with a single blue camellia over the centre of the forehead. The plain style of bonnet with soft crown and distinguished in form, is also in vogue. It is large and plain in the border all round; but it has a *cache* of elegance, owing to the flat appearance of the plaited crown.

Velvet buttons and *passementerie* trim morning dresses, and silk buttons encircled with black lace, and black lace, trim dinner dresses.

Head dresses are very plain, consisting of a *cache-peigne* of a couple of roses each side of the knot of hair, far back on the head, or a simple garland of spring flowers. White narcissas and rosebuds are in favor.

Of perfumes, the *fleurs de mai* of delicious freshness and fragrance, and the *violettes des bois* of extreme *suavité* are preferred. The perfumes of the celebrated house of *Violet* in Paris are now successfully duplicated by Mr. Phalon of this city, and he is adding new ones, which some of our ladies assert are preferable for delicacy of fragrance.

Fur capes and muffs have not been so fashionable as usual the past winter, neither have fur edgings and linings. They have been partially superseded by the beautiful worsted under-sleeves and net *bodice*, called the *Sontag*. But the small sable muff is still carried by most of our *dames elegantes*.

The most beautiful carriage dress of the season is a red *taffetas* robe, in the style of Louis XV., with the lower half of the skirt trimmed with four pinked and scalloped flounces in front, and six behind, leaving a space at each side to give the front the appearance of an apron, and at the end of each flounce up the side, a knot of black velvet ribbon, with which each flounce is headed. Plain body and black velvet waist ribbon, with knot and long lapet ends. Over this is worn a mantilla of the same goods as the dress, with square front ends, and round over the back, all trimmed with three

rows of pinked flounces, like the skirt of the dress, with bindings also of black velvet, and the top edge and hood of the mantilla edged with velvet ribbon. Spring materials and modes with the next number.

PROMENADE DRESS.

Casaque of black velvet, beaver cloth, or castor, ornamented with velvet buttons and a tracery of rich *passementerie*.

Waist rather short, and the front of body closed with eight buttons.

Body and skirt in one piece, made to trace the figure easily by taking darts out up the sides.

Pagode sleeve, very long behind.

The traceries of the trimming are usually in arabesque design, starting on the shoulder and extending down the front and across the bottom; also across the ends of sleeves.

Robe of green *taffetas*, high body, waist round. Sleeves tight, with two *bouffants* or puffs at the head; but we advise flounces instead, in keeping with the skirt.

Skirt trimmed with five flounces. Flounces should always be in odd numbers.

Toilette de Ville.—The robe is intended for wear on almost all occasions; but it is eminently adapted for wear at home on reception mornings. The material is known as *moire Française gris tourterelle*; it is trimmed with buttons of green silk and *plissé* of *taffetas pensée*, with a border of green silk.

High body and square at the waist, encircled with a *ceinture* to match the dress, closed with two steel agraffes.

Sleeves plain and bias, without a seam in front, and the seam behind stops at the elbow, from whence it is buttoned to the wrist by a row of green silk buttons. The wristband is of white lace, which turns back over the end of sleeve.

Skirt formed in large box-plaits at the waist, much the fullest behind. The bottom is faced with a narrow band of velvet, which represents a binding on the bottom of only a fourth inch wide, to protect the edge and give substance to it.

Little green cravat encircles the neck under the collar and brooch. Collar of lace, lace-edged kerchief, bright russet kid gloves.



Editors' Department.

"NOT APPRECIATED."

"Never appreciated in any thing I say or do," murmured the young wife, as she sat with a clouded brow at her breakfast-table, just after her husband had left her for the day. "The truth is, Harry and I are entirely unlike in taste and temperament, and it's a great misfortune that the blind fates ever brought us together. He doesn't understand in the smallest degree the finest and best part of me, and he's quite satisfied if I'll only suit him in his coffee, and sew on his buttons. It's a solemn fact that he hasn't any more poetry in him than his dog has, and he's perfectly prosy and practical on all occasions, and I see that I am really a very unfortunate, mismatched, much abused woman!"

And the poor, foolish, mistaken woman, leaned her face on her hands, and sobbed over her imaginary griefs, as braver hearts would not over real ones.

For her husband was a good, true-hearted, indulgent man: if he was neither sentimental nor poetical, only brave and manful and practical—somewhat too blunt and outspoken, it is true, and not in all respects comprehending, or doing justice to the finer and æsthetical part of his wife's character.

But, dear me! what if he did not appreciate the beauties of a sunset, or the sweetness of a poem, as she did—this was no reason why she should turn into sighing and sullenness, conceive herself the victim of misfortune and lack of sympathy, and general misappreciation.

For, as is most frequently the case, nine-tenths of her discontent sprang out of vanity and selfishness, of looking simply to her own needs and tastes, and not regarding those of others.

She forgot that her husband had something to bear and forbear with her also—she forgot how much there was in his character to respect and admire, which she misunderstood and ignored, and she forgot that she had duties, as well as he, and that the demands should not be all on one side.

For no two people ever yet lived together, where there was not constant need of mutual forbearance and generosity, especially in the vast range of one's tastes and fancies, where it is probable there will often be shock and collision.

But a little common sense—above all, a true Christian principle will shield one from the worst effects of these. If others cannot enjoy or appreciate grace and beauty as we do, very well! let us be self-reliant and self-sustained, and enjoy it for its own sake alone—as the birds sing in summer mornings out of their own gladness and fullness of soul—sing in the still heart of the woodlands, and away up on the mountains, where the sweet drops

of sound never trickle down on human ears, or fall in precious showers upon human hearts.

"NEVER APPRECIATED," gloomily repeats the man who has done a generous, self-denying deed. "I don't care for the trouble, or the sacrifice it's cost me, but to have it so little appreciated—to meet simply with carelessness and ingratitude—why, it's enough to chill anybody's efforts in doing good."

No it isn't either, not if it be done from a right heart; and it is the testimony of those who have spent their lives in doing good, those to whom it has become a habit and a joy to benefit and bless others, that the reward must come of themselves, and not from the recipients.

The cases where gratitude is true and lasting are the exceptional ones, and one must find the sweetness of giving, the blessedness of doing, in their own hearts; for otherwise the heaven of selfishness will poison even the sweet flowing fountains of charity; and as the sun, out of its own royal heart, pours its springs of gladness where no flowers will rise up, and be born into beauty and fragrance at its call—where no birds will lift up their sweet service of songs at its coming, but where there are only waste tracks of sand, so must the soul of man ray out its good deeds, simply because it cannot help it, because it is life and joy to do good.

"NOT APPRECIATED," sighs another. "I'm wearing my life out in drudgery, amid uncongenial environments and natures."

"If I could only indulge my longings after something higher and nobler, if I could mate with congenial spirits, and my best powers and faculties could be stimulated by sympathy and appreciation, I should be very different from what I am."

"But this low, grubbing, everyday life frets and chafes me so: it can never kindle me into anything good or noble to associate with souls of common grade. If I was only understood and appreciated."

And so the changes ring; and so men and women blind their eyes and harden their hearts with sophistries.

As if any character ever grew into graciousness, and strength, and symmetry, by grumbling over its lot, and sulking over its environments. The better you are, the less probability there may be of your being appreciated; but no matter about that! Do your work wherever it is set you, certain that in God's great "Exhibition Day" it will receive its due acknowledgment and appreciation.

Leave all that in trust, and patience, only bearing or doing what you can for God and man, certain that the time is short, and the shadows of life deepening with every hour.

Were they understood in their day and generation, the great Preachers and Prophets—the Poets and Teachers of Humanity? Were not scorn and reproach, imprisonment, and even death, the gifts which the world gave to its benefactors? And though we shall not “drink the cup which they drank,” still our souls must love goodness for its own sake, not for the applause of others, if they would find happiness in sacrifices.

Alas! alas! it is easier to say this than to do it, because of the leaven of selfishness which permeates every faculty of our souls.

But it is the only way; and though there are many souls which are like untilled soils, which only need cultivation to blossom into fruits and flowers, though there are many rich and loving natures who need the sunshine and the dews of sympathy and healing about the roots of their character, before they can bear leaves and blossoms, it is yet a melancholy fact that a great portion of this sighing and bemoaning over lack of sympathy from others, arises from one's own faults and weaknesses. And there it is again. This very feeling, indulged, petted, believed in, does make one's character weaker, it relaxes its moral energies, and enervates its highest purposes, it sours, and corrodes, and miledews the soul! So, don't, dear reader, pass your time moaning and sentimentalizing because others don't appreciate you.

What if they don't? It won't be any worse for you in the end, if you have the true grain and fibre in you. Do your work and let the rest go, and as every night opens over the earth that wondrous blue page, filled with its golden handwriting of stars, so shall the night of death open over you that sky, wherein are set the eternal stars of your work, and faith, and obedience! V. F. T.

MARCH.

Our Anniversary Month, reader. We always had a kind of affection for it, because the days it gathered up out of the year, held their faces longer in the sunlight, and because its loud trumpet tones stirred our heart with the voice of a prophet.

We loved the cold, raw, blustering month, because its triumphant winds shouted in our ears, “The winter is ended!” “The spring is begun!” and though the earth still wore the white linen wrappers of February, we knew the voice and believed it; and that the timid April, which calls to the grasses, unlocks the streams, was following noiseless and tremulous behind, and that in a little while she would come, and, standing by his side, lift up her shy, sweet face, and lay her small hand in his hard one.

For all these things have we loved the March: but now it has another claim on us. It is the fourth Anniversary of our Editorial inauguration. For four years have we come, month by month, to talk with you, to nestle down in your homes and hearts, and our little “pen sermons” have had for their

text the “lilies of the field” and the grass of the meadows, the rising and the setting of the sun, and the service of the seasons.

We have gathered our texts too from the stories and scenes of everyday life, from the joys and sorrows of home, from its sacred tenderness and its yearning cares; and we have gone down into the locked doors and closets of the human soul, and struck its “strange weird chords,” and found texts among its hopes and fears, its needs and weaknesses, its love and hatred, its good and evil.

So our texts have been gathered among the things which all eyes might see and all hearts might feel—texts gathered oftenest in pain and weakness and doubt, but we hope that your hearts will bear witness, that sometimes in sorrow our words have soothed, sometimes in dark hours gladdened, sometimes strengthened and refreshed, and healed your souls! And may God grant, that if we come to you with the dawn of every month of another year, we may come with the glad tidings of the gospel of peace! V. F. T.

“THE TWIN SLEEPERS.”

This charming plate we copy, by permission, from an engraving published by Messrs. Goupil & Co., of New York. It will win its way to every mother's heart.

Referring to Messrs. Goupil & Co., we would call attention to their large collection of engravings, the most extensive, we believe, in the country. In their establishment the lover of art will find the rarest and choicest things which pencil and graver can produce. Persons visiting New York, who are desirous of adding to their collections, should by all means call at No. 366 Broadway.

THE HOURS OF PERIL.

There are in a couple of paragraphs, from an essay by George S. Hilliard, some words of warning to young men in our large cities, so well and earnestly said, that we give them a place here, and hope they will speak effectively to many.

“To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in a great city, the hours of peril are between sunset and bed-time; for the moon and the stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in his whole day's circuit; the poet's visions are all composed of tender and soothing images. It brings the wanderer to his home, the child to its mother's arms, the ox to its stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth, who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands homeless amid a thousand homes, the approach of evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation, which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth.

“In this mood, his best impulses become a snare to him, and he is led astray, because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic, and warm-hearted. If there be a young man thus circumstanced within the sound of my voice, let me say to him that books are the friends of the friendless, and that a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always carry you into the best possible company, and enable you to converse with men who

will instruct you by their wisdom, and charm you by their wit; who will soothe you when fretted, refresh you when weary, counsel you when perplexed, and sympathize with you at all times. Evil spirits, in the middle ages, were exorcised and driven away by the bell, book and candle—you want but two of these agents—the book and the candle.”

REV. THOMAS H. STOCKTON.

This singularly eloquent preacher, who has been for many years endeavoring to inaugurate an independent religious movement in Philadelphia, and establish a church called by no sectarian name; and who in pursuit of his object has used the press as well as the pulpit with an industry, zeal and perseverance which has won the admiration, if not the entire sympathy, of large numbers of people in all denominations, has at last given up his struggle for success in this direction. In a valedictory which announced the cessation of his “Bible Times,” a small periodical, he writes in this sad strain. His words have touched us deeply.

“It seems hard, in the midst of daily struggles with sickness and death, without private means, without regular pastoral position or support, in a condition far poorer than that of simple poverty, toiling, though unable to toil, and steadily sinking, notwithstanding all toils; we repeat it, it is hard to be driven to one’s wits’ end, hemmed in, crushed out from the very centre of a great Christian public, a vast, mighty, wealthy, and exultant brotherhood, yet callous as statues and careless as stones. Had it not been that Divine Providence has supplied us with two sons, still minors, who for the last two or three years have brought home to their mother their weekly wages, we might have starved to death among hundreds of churches and myriads of Christians, for any one or all of whom, according to our opportunity or ability, we have always been ready, in earnest love, to perform a brother’s part.”

Thirty years ago, we listened with eager delight to the singularly graceful, picturesque, and at times impassioned eloquence of Mr. Stockton. He swayed, even then, immense audiences at will. In the denomination to which he belonged, he was exceedingly popular. As he grew older, the limitations of a single sect in the Christian Church seemed too small for his broadly reaching charity, and he conceived the idea of a union of all sects. In his efforts to awaken an interest in this direction, he has devoted the best years of his life; and the sad result, so far as he is concerned, we read in the above extract.

Mr. Stockton has never enjoyed good health. When, as quite a young man, he first attracted attention by an imposing style of oratory, he looked like one whose days were numbered. But his active mind still clings to the infirm body. In stature he is tall and thin. No one can look upon his pale, wasted, melancholy face, or into his large, sad eyes, without the consciousness of beholding a remarkable man. We have noticed him in our walks about the city for years past, and always with a feeling of sympathy and interest. There is but one testimony as to his life. He is a pure and good

man. And yet his usefulness has not, to all appearance, been equal to his efforts or his ability. The reason of this seems to lie in a want of practical ideas, as well as in the mistake that sectarian distinctions are the chief obstacles in the way of religious progress. But whatever be the cause of his disappointments, the spectacle of a man so gifted, so good, and so untiring in his efforts to be useful to his fellows, thus giving up the struggle, is sad to contemplate. We hope that the cry of pain which has been wrung from his lips has reached the ears of some who know and honor him, and that they will speak new words of encouragement, and again hold up his hands.

BOOKS BY MAIL.

We will send the following books by mail, postage paid, on receipt of the price:

Steps Toward Heaven.	By T. S. Arthur,	\$1.00
The Hand but not the Heart.	do.	1.00
Three Eras in Woman’s Life.	do.	1.00
Tales of Married Life.	do.	1.00
The Withered Heart.	do.	1.00
The Old Man’s Bride.	do.	1.00
Heart Histories.	do.	1.00
The Angel and the Demon.	do.	1.00
Twenty Years Ago and Now.	do.	1.00

THE BEST LEGACY.

It has been truly said, that the best legacy which a man can give his children, is the ability to take care of themselves. Fit them for active, responsible business, and they have at once an income: but this income is as much greater in value to them than the same income left in money, as activity and useful employment are better than idleness and lounging and dissipation. A fortune left to your child may be lost in a week, a month, or a year. But the ability to take care of himself is a life-annuity, of which no misfortune can rob him.

SMALL FAULTS.

A writer thus speaks of the fatal influence of small faults on the peace of households. “Homes are more often darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude; yet it is easier to grapple with the one than the other. The Eastern traveler can combine his forces, and hunt down the tiger that prowls upon his path; but he finds it scarcely possible to escape the mosquitoes that infest the air he breathes, or the fleas that swarm in the sand he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice: the slave to dress and extravagance her besetting sin; but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, the rude dogmatic manner, and the hundred nameless negligences, that spoil the beauty of association, have rarely done other than proceed, till the action of disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the currents of affection from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track, over which the mere skeleton of companionship stalks alone.”





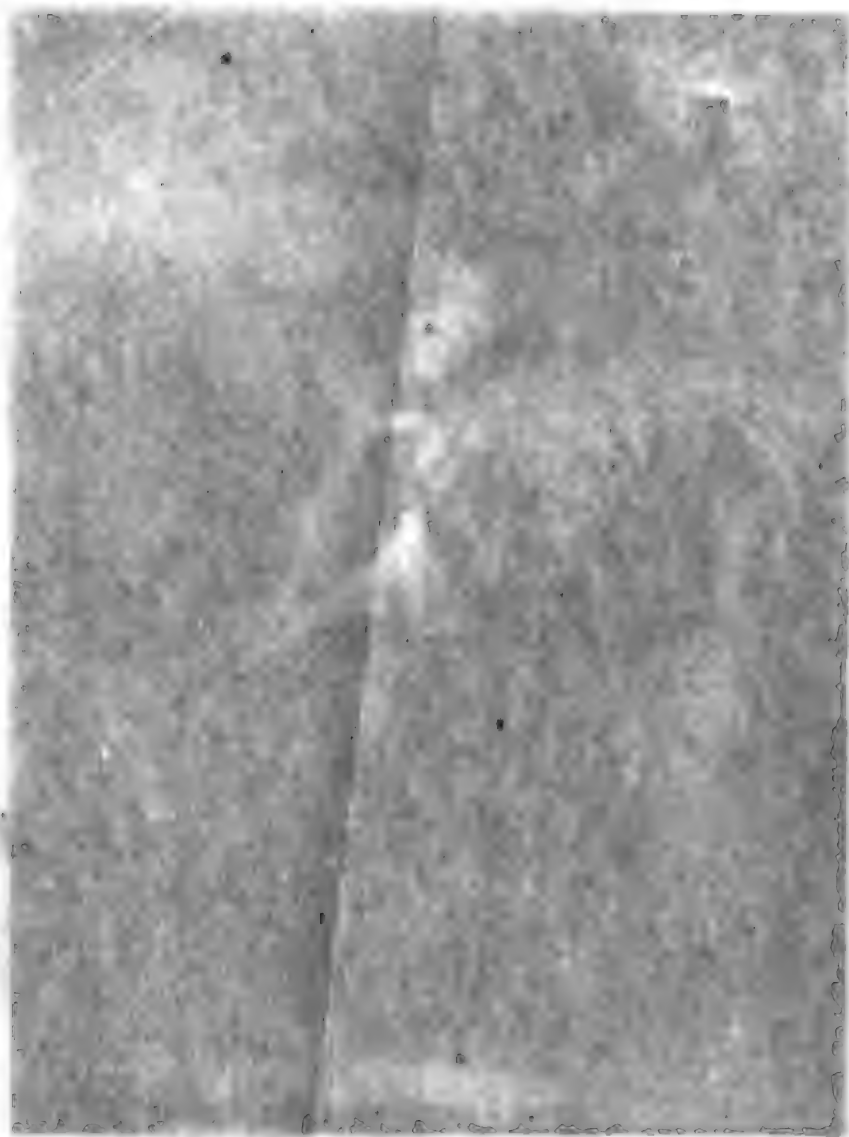
THE WILDER'S COTTAGE.

AN ORIGINAL COMPOSITION BY HENRY W. H. W.



Cappell & Parnall Co.

HOME MAGAZINE APRIL 1880.



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HOME MAGAZINE APRIL 1860.





PROMENADE CLOAK.

Furnished by COOPER & CONARD, Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, and engraved from actual costume, by Neville Johnson.

Stripes and plaids, in plain and fancy colors, are in much request for Spring wear. Our illustration is of striped cloth, of subdued colors, with but little trimming beyond a neat *pompante* binding and tassels of Lama wool resembling the cotton pod.



DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.



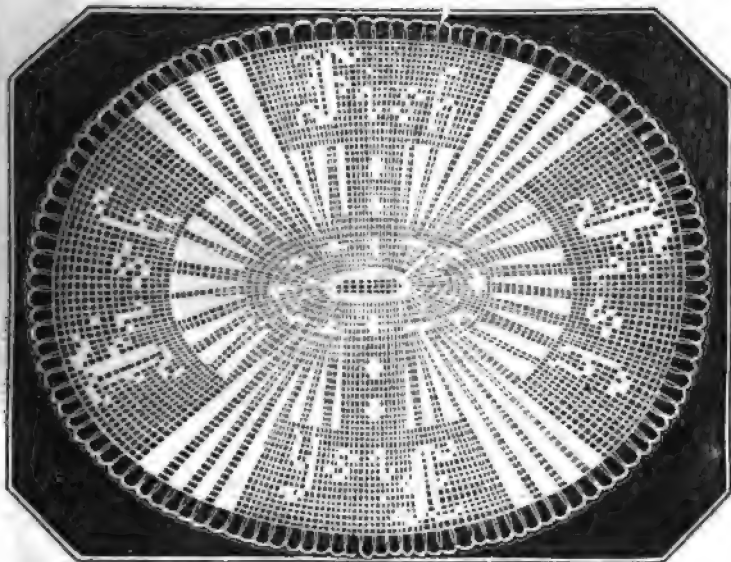
INITIALS FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



CHEESE CLOTH, IN CROCHET.



FISH SERVIETTE, IN CROCHET.

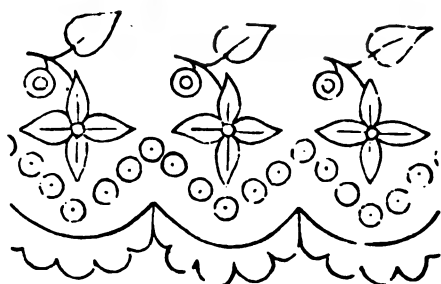
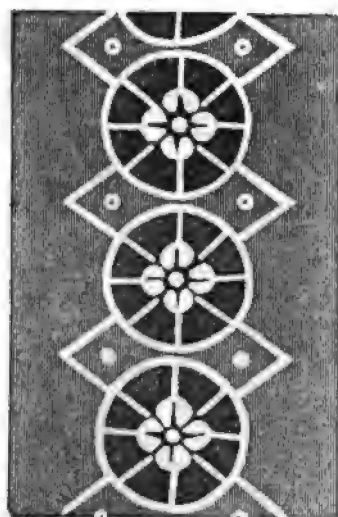
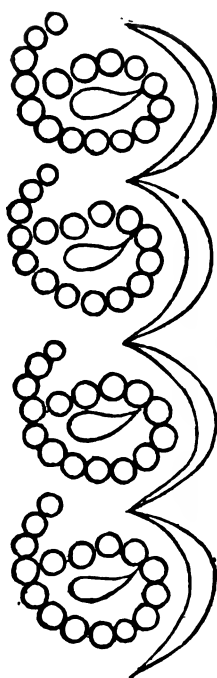
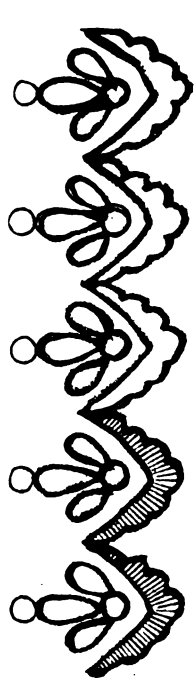
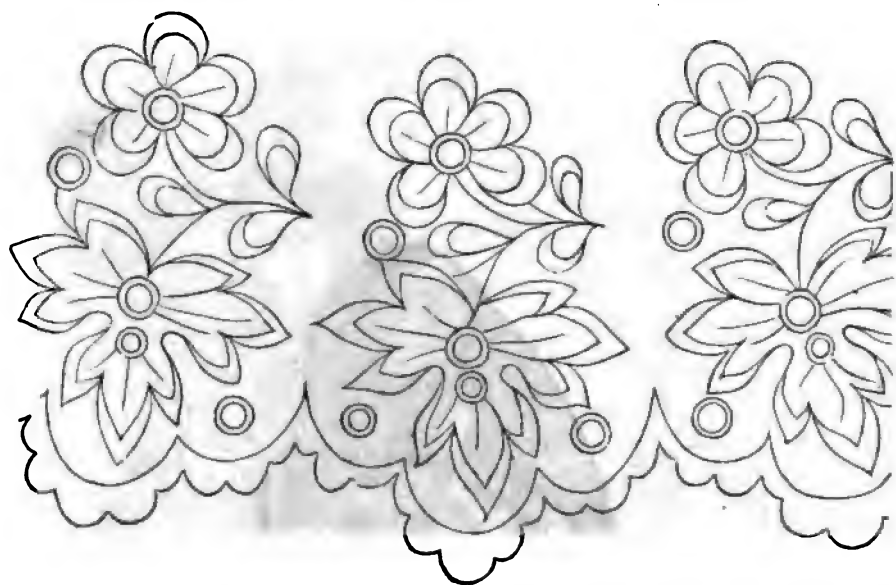


MOTHER AND CHILD.

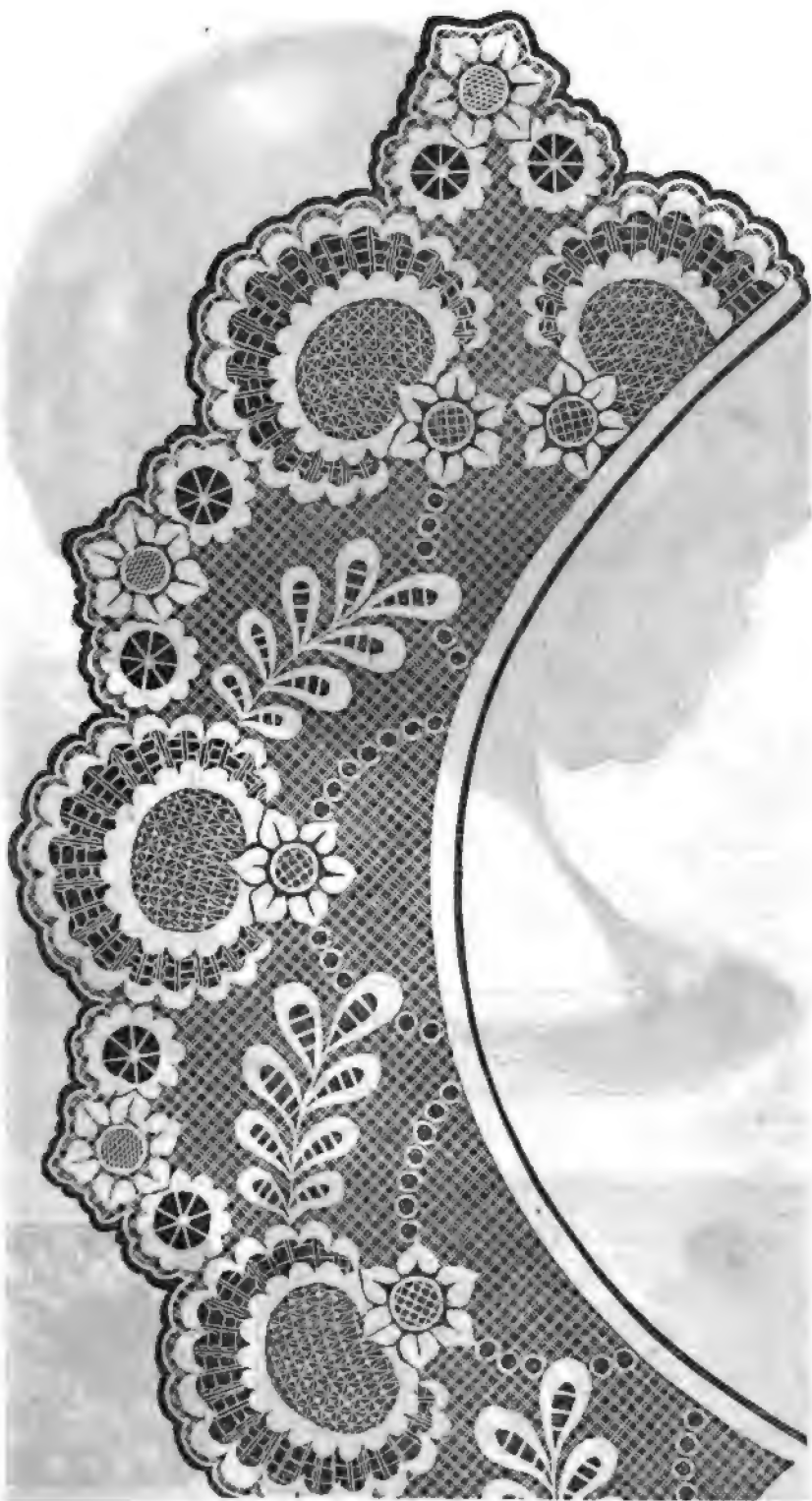


DRESS—LATEST STYLE.

PATTERNS FOR NEEDLEWORK.



COLLAR.





HEAD DRESS.



THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1860.

ELDRIDGE MAURE.

BY H. A. I.

"At evening time there shall be light."

I was just eighteen, and life until now had been one long summer day, with scarce a cloud, light as the passing zephyr, to mar its brightness. The only child of an indulgent father, I had grown to womanhood in an atmosphere of love and tenderness; although I never knew a mother's love, I never felt her loss. But on that day a cloud, heavy and dark, had fallen upon me; thoughts of bitterness filled my heart as I rapidly paced the elegant parlors, from whence, a few hours before, the form of him upon whom I had lavished the wealth of my soul's love, had departed forever. To think that he should be so base! Gradually had my eyes been opened to see his real character, but I had clung to my idol until it was shivered to atoms; my own hand crushed it resolutely, but its fragments fell within and lacerated my heart.

For long hours I had been occupied thus, when wearied at length with the storm of passion that was raging in my breast, I threw myself upon a sofa, and with hands clasped tightly upon my burning brow, I laid communing with my own stricken, yet rebellious spirit, until I was roused by a hand laid gently upon my head.

"I have been looking for you, daughter; are you not well?"

"I am perfectly well, father dear," said I, rising, I did not think it was so late, and I spoke with a calmness that surprised myself, for I could not bear that other eyes than my own should see my misery.

"I have sad news to tell you, darling," and

absorbed as I was in my own grief, I noticed the tone of deep sorrow in my father's voice, while another thought of bitterness passed through my heart as I mentally exclaimed, "more sorrow for my poor heart!" But I said nothing; and then he told me that he was bankrupt; all that he possessed would barely satisfy his creditors. He had been struggling against this tide of misfortune for some time, but without avail, and now, all was swept away. "For his own sake," he told me, "this was nothing," but for me, his cherished child, he grieved. I loved my father deeply, and with my usual impulsiveness I told him I did not care, and throwing my arms around his neck, exclaimed,

"You are left to me, dearest father, and I care not for all the world beside!"

"My own daughter!" and my father folded me close in his arms, while he whispered words of consolation and resignation, which fell almost unheeded upon my heart; for, although outwardly calm, my spirit was full of wretchedness, rebellion, and passion. My father was a Christian, his life was a constant exemplification of the truths which he, from my earliest days, had sought to instill into my heart; but hitherto they had only fallen upon fallow ground. I wondered not to see him so calm, so cheerful, in this hour of darkness. How the contrast between his cheerful and resigned spirit, and mine, so full of bitterness, struck me, but the contrast only made me more wretched.

"Come, Eldridge, love, and sing my favorite

anthem, it will soothe us both," said my father, rising and opening the piano.

"To ask me to sing when my very soul was crushed within me!" but hushing its bitter cries, I took my seat and sang,

"Come, ye disconsolate; where'er ye languish,
Come to the shrine of God, fervently kneel;
Bring here your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;

Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

"Joy to the comfortless, light to the straying;
Hope to the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

Silently I arose, and kissing my father good-night, hurried to my own room, unable any longer to control my pent-up feelings, and throwing myself upon the floor, the fountains of tears were broken up, and tempest like was the gush of sorrow that then broke forth; long, long I laid there, my whole frame convulsed with sobs and grief, all the more violent from being so long pent up. But at length I grew calm; the baptism of tears had relieved my surcharged heart, and the poignant agony of its agony had passed away. I took my seat at the window, and raising the sash, looked out into the night. It was a lovely night, calm, clear, and flooded with moonlight; and as I gazed into the mild face of the heavens, a calm also stole over me; all feelings of bitterness and rebellion against God passed away; the holy eyes of the stars seemed to rebuke me for my sinfulness; almost unconsciously I knelt before the window, and with my face turned upward gazing into the heavens, poured out my soul in prayer; such a prayer as I had never breathed before. Long I knelt there, my heart continuing her fervent supplications after my lips ceased to move; and as I knelt a new spirit seemed formed within me. Earthly hope had fled, but in her place a heavenly spirit had come. *Resignation*, with her glorious attendant, *Faith*, took up her abode in my heart; and gathering the fragments of my idol, I buried them in a deep grave, and from the tears which fell upon it all bitterness was taken away. Calmly I laid myself down to sleep as the clock struck the hour of three.

When I awoke in the morning the same feeling of peace filled my soul. I seemed moving in a dark place, yet a halo of glorious light surrounded me. At breakfast I met my father, whose countenance was serene. He was pleased to see me looking so cheerful, and we conversed over our affairs, laying our plans for the future without one expression of regret over our loss.

But as I wandered over the house that day, I will not deny that feelings of regret stole over me. My home was elegant and beautiful, every desire of my heart had been gratified by a loving father, and a passion for the beautiful had led me to the purchase of everything I fancied; and with statues, pictures, birds, and flowers, rare and beautiful, I had filled the house, and I loved them. A pang shot through my heart as my eyes rested upon these special favorites. But no expression of regret fell from my lips.

In a week all was sold, and we left forever the home of my childhood, and turning our faces westward, my father and I, we began our journey to a far country, to seek among its beautiful wilds a home.

We traveled by water principally; this was my request, and absorbed by the beauties of nature and the novelty of my position, I almost lost sight of the fact that I was a homeless wanderer. There were few passengers on the boat, and I made none of those pleasant acquaintances which so frequently enliven a long journey. The only person who attracted my attention at all was a young man, whose constant employment seemed writing and dreaming. Very quiet, very thoughtful, and sometimes very sad, he was an object of curiosity to me. One evening after he had retired to rest, I took it. A slip of paper lying upon the table arrested my attention, and picking it up before I thought of any impropriety in doing so, the following, which seemed to be a written expression of his thoughts:

"I am twenty-one to day. Hitherto my life has been one scene of struggle with poverty and sorrow. It is well it has been thus. It has taught me the hollowness of earthly things, while it has brought into exercise those faculties of my soul which might otherwise have lain dormant. I have succeeded in obtaining what from earliest youth I coveted, an education. I now desire to devote my future life to the benefit of my fellow men and the glory of my God. But I stand in doubt, I know not what course to pursue——"

Taking a pencil from my pocket, and scarcely thinking of what I was doing, I wrote beneath.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth laborers unto his harvest." And placing the paper upon the seat, I went to my state-room and thought over the incident.

All men were not alike base. I was beginning to think that they were; but here was one, young as he was, whose soul was filled with loftiest aspirations. I did not know whether the paper fell into his hands or not, and soon the incident passed from my mind.

We reached our destination, and ere long were settled in a lovely spot, not far from a flourishing town. And now life began in earnest. I had only lived in dreams; but now, as I looked upon the bare floors and uncouth walls of our log cabin, and performed the household duties so new, and, I must confess, so disagreeable to me, I felt that life would be only a stern reality. Visions of my own beautiful home often arose before me, and many a sigh was wafted for its ease and elegance. But resolutely I turned from these pictures. My father's society cheered and soothed me, and in ministering to his comfort I found peace, and a degree of happiness. I also found that in the valley of adversity the most fragrant flowers of life are placed.

Here, all the energies of my nature were called forth; here, I learned lessons of submission and confidence in Him who meteth unto us our lot. My spirit grew strong within me; I was made better and holier by the baptism of sorrow through which I had passed. Thus two years glided away, years that left nobler records upon the calendar of my life than any previous ones, when another sorrow fell upon me; my father was taken to the heavenly home he had so loved to think and speak of, and I was left *alone, alone!* Oh, who can tell the feeling of utter desolation that took possession of me. Ye who are surrounded by friends, who dwell at *home*, forget not the stranger; cherish the lone one upon whose weary heart your words may fall like evening dew upon the drooping flowers, or, should they be words of unkindness, may sink them still lower beneath the weight of burdens already too heavy to be borne.

Faith for a time wavered, and the old feeling of rebellion stole into my heart; but this was only for a season. Though she bent beneath the blow, and for a time lay fluttering upon the earth, she spread once more her heavenly wings, and raised my drooping spirit, and tenderly bore it to Him who bindeth up the broken hearted. Once more I sought the circles of wealth and fashion, but not as formerly, a petted child, but an orphan in search of a livelihood. I became a governess in a family of great wealth. How congenial to me was the air of refinement and elegance once more, yet

oh, how I longed for the lowly log cabin and the society of my loving father. I had now to meet what never could have reached me there, the impertinence of those baser minds that see no merit save in wealth, and whose friendship never extends beyond their own circle. But still I found some warm hearts and true, and for those, whose friendship cheered my darkest hours, I keep a green spot in my heart. Friends of childhood are dear friends, who shared our joys and made our pleasures doubly pleasant with their smiles, are also dear; but friends of misfortune, who cling to us when the storms of adversity shook our hearts, oh, these are doubly dear.

I had been a resident in the family of Col. Clinton about two months, when one of the children told me that her cousin, Edgar Jamieson, was coming to spend a few weeks with them. I had frequently heard the children speak of Cousin Edgar. I learned that he was a minister; they were all very much attached to him; with Ellen Clinton he seemed to be a special favorite.

"He is not our own cousin, but we all think as much of him as if he were; brother Charlie became acquainted with him at college, and then they discovered that they were slightly related, and they became great friends. Charlie says it is a shame for such a fine fellow to bury himself in the ministry; I was afraid of him when he first came, but he is so good, so pleasant, we all love him, and I believe," she added, speaking lower, "that sister Julia really loves him."

I scarcely noticed the remarks of the children, but when he came, and I saw him, I did not wonder that the children were attracted by his gentle and winning manner. He was not handsome, nor at all striking in appearance, but his eyes, and his smile, these were his charm; few indeed could resist their magic influence. To me he looked strangely familiar, yet I could not account for the impression. I soon also saw that Julia Clinton loved him. I wondered much at this, for hers was a nature essentially different. She was considered a beauty, and she was really beautiful; sunny ringlets shaded a face of exquisite fairness, in which the lily and rose blended; her eyes of brightest azure seemed to look from a soul of purity and love, but, alas, it was only a mockery! Perfectly heartless, as a successful coquette always must be, her chief ambition was to shine. Every female of her own age was a rival. I often wondered that she should consider me in this light, poor and unknown

as I was, and possessed of none of those attractions which please the general eye. And *she* was seeking to win the love of Edgar Jamison. How sad the thought made me—why I could not tell. I felt she was not worthy of him.

One evening we were sitting in the parlor; Julia was looking more than usually charming. She was exerting to the utmost all her powers of fascination upon her companion, Edgar Jamison. He was soon to leave, and she had not yet succeeded in bringing him to her feet. I was sitting by the window, partially concealed by the curtains, apparently absorbed in a book, but in reality engaged in a far more exciting study. I was watching the enchantress as she wove her spells around her victim, with a painful feeling at my heart.

"Tell me, Mr. Jamison, how it was that you turned your attention to the ministry? Brother Charlie was always saying you would be a lawyer." And Julia bent her beautiful eyes upon him, with such an earnest expression, mingled with childlike reverence and love, that I could not wonder at the look of admiration that stole over the face of her companion, as he bent over her, nor at the tenderness in his voice as he answered her.

"It is rather a strange story, and one that I have seldom confided to others, but as you wish to know, I will tell you. About three years ago, just after finishing my college course, I was traveling down the Ohio; one evening I was sitting deeply absorbed in meditation; my thoughts took their usual turn—my future. I was hesitating what course to pursue. As your brother has told you, the study of law was always nearest my heart; friends had prophesied a brilliant career for me in that profession. But still, thoughts of the ministry often filled my mind, and having a pencil in my hand, I wrote upon a slip of paper the thoughts that engaged my attention, an old habit of mine, and, leaving my seat, I suppose I dropped it. After a while, I bethought me of it, and, unwilling that any one should see it, hastened back to secure it. I found it lying upon the seat, and the following lines added to it:

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into his harvest."

"These lines, so mysteriously placed before me, decided me at once."

Here he was interrupted in his story, for, overcome by astonishment, the book I was

holding in my hand dropped to the floor, and it was with difficulty I could keep myself from falling. I suppose I must have looked strangely, for in a moment Julia and Mr. Jamison were at my side.

"Are you ill, Miss Maure?" and the tone of concern in Edgar Jamison's voice thrilled me with a new joy.

"I am better now," said I, rising. "I will walk out on the balcony."

The reader may imagine the feelings that moved me as I stood with my hand pressed on my beating heart, eager to hear the end of the narrative, which, not without cause, affected me so strangely.

"And did you never know who wrote them?" asked Julia, after a pause.

"Not positively. The only persons on the boat, to whom I could impute it, was a young lady or an elderly gentleman, apparently her father. I think it must have been the young lady, for the writing was in a fine and elegant hand. I was deeply impressed by her appearance. Hers was one of those faces which, without beauty, attract and impress one forever."

I listened to hear no more, but hastened to my own room, my heart in a strange tumult of bliss. I seated myself by the open window; it was just such a night as when, on that memorable one, nearly three years before, I sat in my own room, bowed down with grief at the loss of one whom I then thought I loved; and as I looked within the casket, which I had so long considered despoiled of its brightest jewels, I discovered that they were all there, only refined and purified by the furnace into which they had been cast, and which I in my blindness thought had consumed them. But, had I only found my ideal to see him another's? No, I could not believe it. He was my soul's true mate; he would not fail to recognize his bride, and take her home to his heart. How deeply were the wells of gratitude moved as I knelt that night and poured out my thanksgiving to Him who had so tenderly led me until this hour. The next day, after the duties of the day were over, I stole away from the house to my favorite resort among the rocks, where a laughing stream made sweetest music, and seated myself to enjoy fully the blissful thoughts that filled my mind. I generally took a book with me, but it now lay unopened in my lap. So deeply was I absorbed, that I did not notice approaching footsteps, and did not see Edgar Jamison until his shadow fell upon me. I felt no start of surprise at seeing him there. With-

out speaking, he took a seat beside me. I could not speak; a strange feeling stole over me; I felt that the hour of my destiny had come. Taking the book from my lap, he opened it at the fly leaf, and read my name. For some time he held it in his hand and gazed upon it as if spell bound. At length he drew a paper from his pocket-book and laid it beside the volume. I felt that it was *the* paper, and I trembled universally. Without speaking, he took both my hands within his own, a glorious light broke over his face; I felt its warmth and glory deep in my own spirit, and it shone from my eyes as they met his own, and there was no need for words; yet he whispered, as he drew me close to his heart, "Eldridge Maure! my Eldridge! for whose coming I have waited so long!"

And thus we met—this was our betrothal. Need I say that when Edgar Jamison left the house of Col. Clinton he took me with him, his own, forever. My life since that hour has abounded in blessedness; and, as I recall the scenes of my earlier life, with new beauty those beautiful words of divine origin, arise from a heart overflowing with gratitude, "It shall come to pass, that at evening time there shall be light."

When shadows gathered thickly around my heart, and night seemed about to envelop me, then, light more glorious than earth's noonday radiance broke upon me—Christian faith and holy resignation, which opened into a midday of love, undimmed in its hallowed glory, which fills our hearts and home, and from which we hope to pass, my husband and I, and the children whom God hath given us, into the more glorious light of heaven, where "there is no night," and where "we shall go no more out forever."

Independence, Mo.

AUNT NABBY.

BY ROSELLA.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR,—Did you have time to sit by the glowing fire in the grate, in dressing-gown and slippers, and read "CLARA LAKE'S DREAM," that strange weird story? The old tale of the most pitiful thing that could befall a wife, the blackest cloud that could come up into her sky—her idolized husband loving another; and she, the winner, unprincipled and utterly heartless. I can conceive of nothing worse. Oh, I never, never could stand that!

Poor wife! so desolate! so wholly disconsolate! How I should hate, abhor myself, if I

were the cause of any poor wife's tears, and heart-burnings, and nights of agony and prayer.

I will never let Sammy Graham lift me from a carriage again, or Solomon Gladden carry me across a mud-puddle, or Willie Shehand take my hand to help me over a stile—their wives *might* have misgivings, or little pangs of heartache, or angry blood *might* flash up into their cheeks, for fear their gallant husbands were a little more considerate concerning my comfort than theirs!

An olden memory came back to me, when I read the story I speak of, and has staid with me and haunted me like a shadow ever since. Last night, when I was almost asleep, my lips moved, and whispered, "poor Aunt Nabby!"

It will leave me, perhaps, if I tell it over, as I heard and saw it.

In one of the loveliest nooky hill-and-valley retreats in New England, lives Aunt Nabby, in a great high and wide roomy white cottage—a charming structure, framed in so sweetly by sloping hill-sides, all covered with pines and hemlocks and luxuriant vines. It is a rocky, rough place, but to me, fresh from the Buckeye State, it was so new and novel, I never could have grown weary! The stone fences, all covered with mosses and lichens, and little trimmings of creeping vines running through, like dainty embroidery, were very strange, and nice to scamper over when we went to gather the sweet apples in the gnarly old orchard.

But I was going to tell about Aunt Nabby. I had never heard of her even, and I started when I was introduced to a little old woman with pretty blue eyes, and brownish hair, bearing my own name.

She took my hand, smiling pleasantly, and spoke so kindly that I felt drawn toward her that instant.

In the three weeks in which I was an inmate of her home, she told me of the shadow that had fallen across her path in the early years of wifehood.

A young widow, witty and dashing, and dangerous, with bewitching curls and sparkling black eyes, and winsome ways, gradually won her husband away from her. Poor wife! she felt his affections loosing their tendrils one by one away from her. She wept, and struggled, and strove to make herself yet worthier of his love. She redoubled her exertions to please him, and sometimes fondly hoped that his alienation was only imaginary.

But at last the blow fell.

They eloped in the night, and she was left

with her beautiful babe, neither a wife nor widow.

He went to New York and settled in a thriving village. And the sequel?

He lived there until he had a family of grown sons and daughters about him—then troubles came; sore trials of thankless children, poverty, and a broken household, and at last—the almshouse opened its doors and received him.

She, Aunt Nabby, the Christian wife, the true mother, heard of it and sent her son, then grown to man's estate, and the owner of the beautiful homestead, to look upon his father's face. He brought him home with him; but the old love was gone forever—and so was the lovely faith and trust the girl-wife had laid at his feet—and, alas! my heart aches as I tell it—*no new love grew up from the dead ashes of the old.*

For a few evenings they sat together, moody and silent, by the same fire-side, frozen and estranged ones, few their words and very cold.

But in mercy the end came soon, and they made him, the wanderer, a grave in the old church-yard, away in one corner, alone, under the trailing willows and the waving plumes of the pines. A neat white tablet of marble marks the spot; very simple the inscription, with no words of love or sorrow—one would almost know that there stood nowhere a vacant arm-chair, and that the pallid lips were put away unkind of the pale sleeper beneath.

Alas—alas—to die thus!

I often wonder if poor Aunt Nabby will not wish to lie there, too, when her journey is over—when the brighter dawning begins to break upon her darkened vision if she will not see with a clearer perception, and sweetly, and softly, and forgivingly, say—"Let me lie beside him, the husband of my youth, the father of my child."

Surely she will if the beautiful tenderness of true womanhood is not *all* dead in her bosom.

And now, may God in mercy withhold from the lives of my sister-women this greatest of all earthly sorrows—seeing the light of a husband's love die away forever from them.

SELF-RELIANCE.

THERE is nothing like courage in misfortune. Next to faith in God, and in his overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation. It is the secret of all power and success. It makes a man strong as the pillar of iron, or elastic as the spring steel.

THE MOCKING FOUNTAIN.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

ALL night in a restless slumber,
Moaning, I strove with pain;
While the fires of a fierce volcano
Seemed pent in my throbbing brain;
And dreamed of the long cool shadows
That curtain the morning gray,
And the dews, with which kind Heaven
Baptizes the new-born day.

I thought, for it was not dreaming,
But rather a troubled whirl
Of the mind, that I saw the ravine
Where crystal waters purrl;
So merrily through their bankings,
With richest verdure drest,
Happily, hopefully, seeking
Their way to the Ocean's breast.

And then I stood where a fountain
Fresh in the woodlands sprang,
Where the dark green mosses clustered
And birds in the thick boughs sang:
But, as I knelt on the fringing
Of violets, for a draught,
It was sand! and the scorching pebbles
Tauntingly at me laughed.

And the flowers, for there were blossoms
Rare as in Araby's vale,
As I grasped them, fell from my fingers
Scentless, and fearfully pale.

—'Twere well if such mocking visions
Came only with troubled sleep:
If there were no human sufferers
To kneel on life's sands and weep.
If there were no aching spirits
To wrestle with want and pain,
No hearts to yearn for the waters
Of finite love, in vain.

O, Earth hath its fitful fever,
Its fountains of mocking sands,
And the treasures that most we covet
Are first to fade in our hands.
But God, in his tender pity,
Hath smitten the "Rock of strife,"
And the thirsty and yearning spirit
May quaff the waters of life.

GROWING OLD.—It is painful to grow old, to lose by degrees the suppleness, strength, and activity of the body; to perceive each day our organs growing weaker; but when we feel that the soul, constantly exercised, becomes daily more reflective, more mistress of herself, more skillful to avoid, more strong to sustain, without yielding to the shock of all accidents, gaining on the one hand what we lose on the other, we are no longer sensible of growing old.

OBEYING ORDERS.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

I.

"Well, Captain Mount, Cameron has won the prize."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked the young captain, with an air intended to be entirely free from constraint.

"Why! you have certainly heard that he and Emily Page are to be married next month," said the senior commander, walking from the window of the hotel toward a table filled with papers over which his brother officer had been glancing.

The young captain gave the pile of envelopes at his feet an angry toss, and his face had changed to a dark and heavy frown. Then his lips grew white, his chest labored; he brushed the dark hair hurriedly and repeatedly from his forehead, but did not reply. Had not his friend been walking to and fro, immersed in his own thoughts, he would have noticed the pallor and agitation of the young man, but he did not.

"Yes, Emily Page will be Mrs. Cameron, and Fred's a lucky man. Emily is not only beautiful, but the rarest woman in the world for native good sense and womanly wisdom. The fellow looked as radiant as the morning when I wished him joy an hour ago. He deserves his good fortune."

Still young Mount said not a word—he, alas! was a rejected suitor of Emily Page; he, the superior of Fred Cameron in position, wealth, everything but good looks and reputation, had been kindly, but decidedly repulsed. His pride was mortified as well as his love wounded; he was not generous—he could not be magnanimous, and this blow struck heavily and wounded sorely. A hate sprung up in his heart toward the brave and generous Cameron, and he said in an undertone, with an air of exultation that made his ghastly face look fearful, "he is under my orders." Then, conquering his emotion, he turned again to his letters, and busied himself with their contents, while his friend still walked to and fro, humming a song.

"When do you return to the barracks?" asked the latter, as Captain Mount sprang up from the table and looked at his watch.

"To-morrow," was the reply.

"I suppose Cameron will have his quarters put in military order," continued the other. "I envy you officers when you get Emily in your society—she would shine anywhere; let me

see, you have three ladies beside the commandant's wife. You ought to enjoy yourselves."

"Humph!" replied Captain Mount.

"It strikes me you don't receive the news of this intended marriage very graciously," persisted the elder captain, as they prepared to leave the hotel.

"It is nothing to me who Cameron marries," was the answer; "he has nothing to do with me but to obey orders, and I have nothing to do but to enforce them; he has come near being cashiered twice."

"What! Cameron? Why, I thought he had the reputation of being the most exemplary officer in the army."

"Reputation is not always honestly earned," was the sneering reply.

They passed from the steps to the sidewalk. A beautiful young lady, gracefully dressed, bowed as she went by, but there was a blush on her cheeks, and her eyes were cast down. Both officers lifted their hats in salutation, but Mount bit his lip hard and his eye flashed fire, for it was Cameron's intended, Emily Page.

II.

"You will love Mrs. Jessup and Mrs. Ames, Emily, they are very superior women; both are well-bred and accomplished. Of Mrs. Allen I cannot say, for I am hardly acquainted with her; but Allen would not choose an indifferent wife."

So said Lieutenant Cameron to his affianced bride. They stood together in a little room leading from the parlor. Mrs. Page was watering her jessamines outside of the window, and she smiled as she raised her head and caught sight of the bright young faces.

"And what do you think of Captain Mount?" asked Emily, smoothing out the leaves of the rose she was holding.

"The best fellow in the world, but a tremendous disciplinarian," replied Cameron; "things go straight under his supervision, I can tell you; his men work under wet jackets. But if one does not cross him he is really quite a superior officer; he has a tow and tender temper, though."

"So I thought," replied Emily; "I should rather be his friend than his enemy. Is he generous?"

"Well, really, I—that is, I should think he was on the whole—I have not yet had an opportunity of testing that quality," replied the young man, who, generous himself to a fault, overlooked the faults of others, if they were not constantly and glaringly conspicuous.

"By the way, Emily, suppose you get your bonnet; the afternoon is delightful for a drive, and we will go out to the barracks and take a look at our future apartments."

With a little blush the fair girl assented, and they were soon on their way. The yard was pleasantly situated, the house, half of which was assigned to Lieutenant Cameron, surrounded by luxuriant shrubbery, and commanding a fine prospect on nearly all sides. The furniture was good and nearly new, but Emily, with the instinctive perception of the beautiful, natural to a refined and cultivated taste, suggested some alterations and needed improvements.

"O! these are so lovely!" she exclaimed, going toward a window before which stood a small collection of rare plants. I think you must love flowers as well as I do."

"I like everything innocent and beautiful," he said, his dark eyes bending on hers—"but come out and look at my garden; it is small, but choice. I am here hard at work every morning, and it is astonishing how many flowers you can manage to grow in a small space."

So thought Emily as she moved through the tiny walk bordered with moss, and shook the dew-drops from the honeysuckles. A child came and looked through the palings with eager eyes. "Who is it?" questioned Emily; "what a very odd, old-looking child"

"He is one of the little drummers," Lieutenant Cameron, pausing a moment and shaking his head at the boy, who for a moment longer maintained his position, then crept round to the garden gate.

"That bit of a thing! why, he looks as if the slightest burden would bear him to the earth. How old is he pray? Only eight! poor little fellow; do you love the flowers, sir?" she asked, turning toward him.

"You must keep him at a distance," said Cameron, looking over toward the boy; "I never allow him to come in; he would pick all the flowers in a twinkling."

"Just because you men don't know how to train him," replied Emily, laughing. "You wouldn't take the flowers without permission, would you, little fellow, if we told you not to?"

"Don't know," replied the child, keeping his black, bright eyes upon her face.

"O! yes you do—when you are told not to you know it would be wrong. Shall I gather you some posies?"

"Yes," said the child, with a broad smile; and the lovely girl picked a tiny bunch and handed it to him. He took it, laughed, and

backed out of the yard as if in the presence of royalty, though, as he moved slyly with one hand behind him he abstracted one of the finest flowers in the garden. But nobody noticed it, and the little thief, once outside the gate, gave a whoop and bounded away.

III.

Emily was married. A wedding is not so rare a thing that I should describe its ceremonies, its robes, its smiles and its blushes, minutely, though I never yet knew one to turn away from the pleasant details, or weary of their repetition. Captain Mount did not grace the little company with his presence for reasons the reader will understand. Ever since his knowledge of the engagement he had sedulously avoided his first lieutenant, and he only deigned to look in for a few moments when the young couple were settled in their pleasant home. Emily brought with her her piano and guitar, and Fred played alike well the violin and the flute. Often as Captain Mount passed on through the barrack grounds he heard the blending of the flute and the piano, or the sweeter music of Emily's voice—and he gnashed his teeth at the sound, and walked with a harsher tread, and hatred in his heart.

Several pleasant little parties among themselves were made up by the wives of the officers, and among all the ladies, Emily, by her beauty and talents, shone conspicuous. She had the happy faculty of charming all she met. Sometimes Captain Mount was present, but he seemed no longer joyous and hilarious, as of old. When he addressed his first lieutenant some latent sneer lurked in his voice, and there was a repulsion in his manner perceived by none, probably, but the keen eyes of Emily herself. Certainly, Fred was too inately noble to suppose his superior officer capable of any petty meanness of character, and too unsuspecting to believe his pleasantry was anything more than harmless jesting. But Emily had a better insight into character, and besides, she knew that he had experienced what no man bears with an altogether good grace, and it occurred to her that the captain looked with an evil eye upon the noble form and handsome features of her husband. Captain Mount was eminently handsome, but his form was not good, and unfortunately for his own happiness his hair and mustache were red. But his manner was extremely urbane when he was disposed to civility, and this was just when it suited his pleasure or his interest.

Not long after young Cameron's marriage

an orderly called over early in the morning with the captain's commands.

"This is very strange," said Fred to his wife, "here it is raining great guns, and it is Captain Mount's pleasure that I shall wear full uniform. He is disposed to be exacting."

"Well, but I should think you need not wear it," said Emily, innocently; "you are your own master."

"My own master," repeated Fred, laughing heartily, "that's a good one; why, don't you know that if the captain commanded me to march twelve miles through the rain and back again I should be obliged to obey?"

"Are your rules so strict as that?" asked Emily.

"Certainly they are, and I must ask no questions," replied the husband. "Well, I will go and dress, though it certainly is, as it seems to you, a most unreasonable demand."

"Are you on guard to-night?" asked Emily, a few evenings afterward, with some anxiety in her voice.

"Yes, my love, such are the orders," replied Fred, stooping to kiss her as he buckled on his sword.

"And will it be right for me to lock myself in?" ventured Emily, hesitating as she spoke, "because——"

"Lock yourself in! why, pray? because what?" he asked in astonishment, pausing as he looked full in her face.

"Captain Mount was here last evening, and I fear he will come again to-night," replied Emily, with burning cheeks, "and I had rather not receive his visits unless my husband is here."

"But, my dear love, what possible harm was there in the captain's visit? he often drops into the quarters—he used to frequently before our marriage. I suppose it seems like home to him—like old times," replied the unsuspecting Fred.

"I don't like his manner, Fred; besides, I thought he had been taking wine, in plain language, last night—so, if you say so, I will lock the door and admit no one."

"Do as you please, my love, but it seems so dreary—a happy thought! go into Mrs. Jessup's room."

"Her babe is sick."

"O! well, you can help her take care of it," said thoughtless Fred; "do go in, or else over to Mrs. Ames; come, I'll escort you if you're ready; as to leaving you at home, locked in, that's out of the question."

Emily went, therefore, over to Mrs. Ames,

and there her husband left her. A brother of Mrs. Ames, a cousin, and her father, were present, and at a late hour, when the little company were conversing gayly, Captain Mount was announced.

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Ames, as he entered, "now we shall have some of those capital songs, and Mrs. Cameron will play; will you not, my dear?"

"I thank you, but I do not care to play this evening," replied Emily.

"Mrs. Cameron will not need urging, I am sure, said Captain Mount, gallantly; "I never heard her excuse herself before; are you not as fond of music as formerly?" he asked, taking a seat beside her.

"If you passed our house frequently," said Emily with dignity, "you would not, I think, ask the question. However, I am very willing to play if it will afford pleasure to *Mrs. Ames*," she added, rising from her seat and going toward the piano, while the captain's cheek flushed; but he was soon beside her selecting songs, and those which he felt must be especially annoying he sang purposely, and with passion. Never had he been more applauded, and as he repeated song after song the evening wore away.

"It is very late!" exclaimed Emily, glancing at the clock.

"The lieutenant is on duty to-night; permit me to escort you home."

"Thank you," replied Emily, with ready presence of mind; "I have not yet made up my mind to go home. If Mrs. Ames will keep me, I don't know but I shall stay all night."

"Keep you, why to be sure, and glad of the chance," responded the good lady, though she looked a little surprised; and the captain, with forced composure, took his leave.

"I don't know now but I had better go home," said Emily, when a half hour had passed; "it is not Fred's regular duty to-night, and he will return at two and be frightened at my absence, perhaps."

"He will, of course, know you are here."

"Yes, but I think I'll run over; it is bright moonlight, you know. I shall feel more contented, after all."

"You are capricious," said Mrs. Ames, smilingly.

"Perhaps I am," replied Emily; "but home is so near, it is not strange that I should change my mind. I can go alone—the way is all clear, and I left a light burning. Good night," and she was away.

It was but a few steps across the wide yard;

the moon shone gloriously, yet Emily's heart beat with fear as she hurried along. Gaining her door she tried the key, but her hand trembled so that she could not turn it.

"Let me assist you," said a pleasant voice, and the malicious face of Captain Mount was directly beside her. The sight gave her nerve; with a sudden movement she unlocked the door, sprang in, and locked it on the inside, and fled affrighted to her chamber.

Of this she said not a word to Lieutenant Cameron; she saw with a nice penetration that it was the object of this revengeful man to disgrace her husband, and that he would stop short of no meanness to accomplish his design. So when, on the next day, Fred came in all dismay, to say that some one had put a pig in his flower garden, and it had made woful waste of the beautiful spot in which he had taken so much pleasure, she soothed him by every word of tenderness, and even went down into the ruined parterre and transplanted every root that was unbroken. But the next day the pig was in there again, and the garden was given up as a hopeless task.

"Poor Fred, you had such a good time digging," said Emily, as he stood with her looking at the confusion dire, "I don't wonder you feel bad, but I wouldn't mind it."

"Mind it! I wonder who could help it! I'd like to find out who has done that dirty trick, I'd report him quick."

"Have you no enemies among the privates?" asked Emily.

"Not a soul of them but loves me," returned Fred, "not one. I'd stake my life that not a man in the yard would do me such despoite."

"How does Captain Mount treat you?" Emily asked abruptly.

"Well enough," replied Fred, moodily.

At this moment little Algy, the drummer boy, came up, an impish look in his strange old face. He marched directly toward Lieutenant Cameron, and gazing squarely in his face, exclaimed, "hallo, daddy!"

"Be off with you, boy!" said Fred, in tones not the most amiable. "What do you mean?"

"I say, daddy!" reiterated the child.

"Be off, I say!" exclaimed Fred, lifting his cane.

"Don't touch him, husband," said Emily, laying her hand on his arm, "he don't mean any harm. Come here, bub."

The boy was won in spite of himself by her sweet face, so he came toward her. "Come now, my little man," said Emily, kindly, "tell me who put the pig in our pretty garden?"

"O! that's telling," said the boy, cunningly.

"If I thought you did it," said Fred, looking as savage as his sunny face would allow, "I'd whip you round the whole barracks."

"O! no you wouldn't, husband; not quite so bad as that," said Emily, pleasantly; "come sonny, can't you tell us? we'll give you some money."

"How much?" asked precocity, pertly.

"O! here, a whole shilling."

"Is that all," said the little imp, with a sneering lip. "I gets more than that for something else."

In vain they coaxed and threatened, though evidently knowing all about it, perhaps the instrument of the trouble under some person's direction, he would not give a sign, but running back a little, out of reach of Cameron's cane, he cried out, "he's my daddy, he is; he's my daddy!" and then scampered off.

IV.

"I'll find out; I'll see if I'm going to be trifled with in this manner!" exclaimed Fred, with quivering lip, as he walked with his wife into the house. A new misfortune awaited them there; their choicest flowers had been cut near the root, and there they laid strewing the carpet. Fred turned pale, and Emily, for a moment, was speechless. Some one had stood on the outside at the window while they were talking in their poor garden, and thus cruelly destroyed the beautiful flowers.

"Stop, Fred," said Emily firmly, as a strong, passionate expression passed his lips, "command yourself; I have something to tell you; you must be on your guard, and I know you will for my sake. Come up stairs."

"All this is the work of Captain Mount," she said, slowly and decidedly, as they sat down together.

"Captain Mount!" exclaimed Fred, "Captain Mount! why, what in the world does he want to spite me for?"

"Hush! don't speak so loud, he may be near; for a man so meanly revengeful could not scruple to listen—yes, I repeat, this is the work of Captain Mount. I have never told you, because I have never seen any particular reason for so doing, but Captain Mount sought my hand before you did, and I refused him—indeed—I refused him twice."

"Is it possible!" said Fred slowly.

"And he is little, mean, ungentlemanly enough, as you see, to injure you because of my preference for you. I see, and probably you do now, that he wishes to goad you to re-

sistance; then he will have cause of complaint, send to the department, and have you cashiered."

"The villain!" muttered Fred—"but," he added, a moment after, "I cannot believe it."

"It is so, nevertheless," and she related his manner toward her on the preceding night, and added, "now, my husband, here is an opportunity for you to show your courage that the tented field will never give you. Prove worthy of your name; let him do his worst—do not reply to him, do not disobey, do not in one thing show the least falling off of respect, and this trial will bring you out pure gold, purified by a fire heated seven times in the furnace of envy. Will you do this, my dear husband?"

"If it is my duty, most certainly will I," replied Fred—"but still, I cannot associate actions of such baseness with the name of Captain Mount; I have always thought him the soul of honor."

"Which you see now, with your own eyes, he is not. I have no doubt he instigated that poor little child to come, while we were together, and call you daddy, and believe me, he will not stop there. For myself, I am at liberty; he cannot cashier me, and I shall treat him as he deserves. But think how eager he must be to disgrace you, and having the power of a tyrant he will do it, unless you are on your guard."

"My darling wife, I will take your counsel," said Fred, kissing her clear brow, "for you are goodness itself."

"God teaches us to return good for evil, you know," said Emily with cheerfulness.

"I know—but oh! Emily, can I love my enemy?"

"Time will solve that question," replied Emily, smiling. "Now to repair the evil; give up the garden, and let us have a dear little wilderness of sweets in the spare chamber up stairs; get all the flower pots you can, and all the choicest flowers; he cannot touch them there without passing through my room, and you can enjoy them as much as you would your garden."

"Capital, wife! what a thought! I will buy them to-day."

—
V.

"You are getting a good many roses, lieutenant," said the guard, as Cameron passed and repassed, followed by porters loaded down with flower-pots, great and small.

"Yes," replied Fred, "and putting them out of the reach of pigs, too."

"Good," replied the guard, smiling.

By night the chamber was half full of flowers; Fred had bought one small shop clean out, and the vender never ceased staring till the last plant was gone. He had rifled the conservatory, also, of some of its choicest ornaments, and the house was full of perfume. What pains he took to sort them, and arrange them like a garden, with walks between!

"Really, this is more beautiful than the other was, a great deal," said Emily, after she had laughed till she was tired at the quaintness of the idea.

"Yes, if Mount don't get a pipe and blast them all with vitriol, or some such thing," replied Fred.

"He'll never think of it; oh! if we only had a glass roof."

"One want gratified introduces two more," said Fred, smiling.

"Yes, but tea is ready."

An orderly stood waiting at the door down stairs.

"Well, William?"

"Didn't your honor make an asparagus bed this spring, sir?" asked the man, after a military salute.

"Certainly I did, the finest asparagus bed in the country," replied Fred, vivaciously, never dreaming of what was to come next.

"I saw the captain's orderly digging it up, that's all," said the man.

"Digging it up—digging up my asparagus bed? what in creation will they do next? Hand me my cap, wife," exclaimed Fred, his face turning crimson—"let me see if there is not some mistake."

"Remember your promise," said his wife gently, as she handed down his fatigue cap.

"Yes, yes, never fear; digging up my asparagus bed! By all that isn't in the waters beneath, or the earth, or the heavens, I'll know what this means!"

Fred had time to reflect going toward the asparagus bed. Sure enough, it was all dug over, or nearly all.

"Stop! what are you about?" he cried to the man employed.

"Dagging it over, sir," said the man, who was an Irishman.

"Who gave you the orders?"

"The *captin*, sir, he's giv' me the orthers."

Fred stood for a moment, almost in despair. His beautiful asparagus bed, that he had taken so much pains with, given to him for the purpose, too; it was too hard. For a moment he felt impelled to spring upon the Irishman and

knock him over; but then it was not his fault, he was obeying orders. He stood there pensively regarding the shovel as the Irishman's sturdy foot ploughed it under, then, without saying a word, he turned and walked slowly home.

"We must do without the asparagus, dear," he said quietly to his wife—"it is all dug up."

"Do without it! why, husband mine, will there be no asparagus in town besides what you had planted?"

He laughed at her cheerful face, and dismissed his chagrin. All through the summer season poor Cameron had trials sufficient to test his patience to the utmost. The cow was turned into his neat yard every night; he was put to all manner of inconvenience in the matter of receiving his rations, and in a thousand ways trifled with—but Emily was his good angel—to her he looked for comfort and advice. He had borne his lot bravely; not once had he by any unofficial-like language, or manner, laid himself liable to report, and, best of all, he had learned that difficult lesson, self-control.

It was early in the autumn, and Emily, like a good housewife, had superintended the pickling and preserving for the ensuing winter. The peaches, red and rich, swam in a sea of sweets—the plums were tucked away in broad-mouthed jars, the cranberries and crab-apples were enough to make one's mouth water—and never did pickles look fresher and greener. The cellars under the house had compartments, and each officer occupied his own portion, which was always under lock and key. Thither, then, to the place set apart by Fred, were these choice sweetmeats carried, and safely deposited on shelves and in nooks. The day after came the captain's orderly with a request for Lieut. Cameron's cellar key.

"He can't have it," exclaimed Emily, with more indignation than she had ever displayed before.

"Stop, Emily! would you undo the good work you have done?" asked Fred, mildly—"give me the key, love, you know I must obey orders."

"But this is right down meanness, Fred, does he mean to steal our preserves?" continued Emily, indignantly.

"O no, my dear! he only intends that we shall call for the key whenever we want to get at them."

"I will never ask him for the key, be sure of that," replied Emily.

"What will you do for the preserves?" asked her husband.

"Go without them, as you did without your asparagus bed," she answered, laughing a little.

"So be it then," replied Fred, and gave the key up to the orderly—adding, "tell Captain Mount that we have no further use for the key."

VI.

The sun poured hotly upon the barracks, and the men went through their drill like automata, for the heat was as that of a furnace. It was pitiful to see them standing or marching with the great drops of sweat dripping from their brows—it was more pitiful to see the little drummer boys bearing their heavy drums, and tottering almost under their weight and the close oppressive atmosphere. It was mid October; there had been no rain for weeks, except now and then a few drops that men called a shower, and there was much sickness in the yard. At the doors of the barracks sat pale and haggard marines, just recovering, or sometimes, as a curtain moved faintly, a pale form might be seen stretched on the bed of disease, gasping for breath, and praying for water. As yet, the form of fever had not been malignant—but the weather was so sultry, and so unnatural for that late month, that many predicted the scourge that soon followed.

Captain Mount sat in his handsome sitting-room, reading and writing. Now he would answer a letter from the department of war, now fall back upon his newspaper.

"It is very strange, this confounded dizziness!" he suddenly exclaimed, throwing aside the sheet he was perusing and dropping his head on his hands—"ever since I got up I have stumbled about like a blind kitten," and lifting himself again, he rang a small bell beside him on the table.

An orderly answered the summons.

"Well, Graves, how is the sickness now?" he asked.

"Worse, I'm sorry to say, sir," replied the man, after his usual military salute. "John Greer is dead, sir, and Bill Grooves we expect is going fast. There are six new cases."

"The deuce there are," muttered Captain Mount, springing from his seat and essaying to move to the window. "Graves, did you ever feel dizzy?"

"I don't know but I have, sir, some time of my life," replied the man, with some hesita-

tion. "I believe that's the way the fever commences, sir."

"How do you know?" exclaimed Captain Mount, turning almost fiercely upon him.

The orderly started back a pace, and well he might be alarmed. The captain's eyes were red and heavy, and his face appeared swollen; the look of ferocity which he had assumed, added to the feverish purple of his face, altered his aspect completely. But observing the look of fixed surprise with which the man regarded him, he said more softly—"I don't know but you're right, Graves—send my secretary here, and go for the doctor; tell him to bring a nurse along. Here, Graves, take the key of Cameron's cellar back to him—I—I forgot it before."

The man obeyed, and started from the room. Another moment, and a young man entering moved toward the table at which the captain sat with his head on his hands.

"Captain Mount," he said, and stood awaiting a movement. "Sir—you sent for me—Captain Mount—what are your orders for me?"

The young commander raised his head slowly and looked about him, as if he did not comprehend.

"O, yes! I see—you, you have come," he said at last, raising himself. "Mack, I'm afraid I'm going to be sick, very sick; I want you to answer these letters immediately"—pointing to the pile that lay opened on his right hand; "I wish you also to write to my mother as I shall dictate, and then I shall be ready to lie by. If I should have this fever that is going the rounds, I shall depend upon you, Mack, to attend to business. You shall be well paid for standing by me in my need. O, this blinding pain! give me your arm, Mack, I will go back to my chamber."

The young man, with seeming reluctance, lent his aid, holding his face away from the feverish breath of the captain, who had been fighting with the symptoms of the fever for nearly a week, trying to "brave it out." The young commander sank exhausted on his bed, and was found by the barracks' physician in a stupor.

VII.

"Here comes the captain's orderly, with some new insult, I suppose," said Emily, looking from the window as she spoke; "I should think the sad state of the man would soften his heart if it is not adamant."

"Graves looks very serious," said Fred, go-

ing toward the open door—"Well, my man, what does the captain want now?"

"He has sent back your cellar-key, sir; says he forgot it before."

Emily and Fred glanced at each other—it was the first concession the vindictive Mount had ever made.

"What does it mean?" whispered Emily.

"The captain's not very well this morning," said the orderly, retreating slowly. A light broke over Fred's handsome face—and then a quiet, thoughtful look succeeded. "I hope," he said slowly, "I hope he isn't going to have the fever."

"I ain't no doubt of it, sir," replied Graves; "he's a pretty sick man a'ready; I've just sent the doctor over."

"Is he so bad as that?" asked Emily, her sweet face growing sad—"poor fellow! and no wife to nurse him—no sister; scarcely no—she would have added "friend"—but she forbore. After Graves had gone, Emily threw on a light sun-bonnet, and accompanied by Algy, the little drummer, whom she had quite won over by kindness, she moved along toward the habitations occupied by the soldiers and their wives. A murmur of pleasure greeted her as she entered the first—and with her soft voice inquired after the sufferers.

"Tim's better, thank you," said the soldier's wife, the bright tears springing to her eyes as she spoke—"but oh! in the night, I did be so fearful he would die."

Tim was notorious for drunkenness and abuse of his wife, but here shone the woman's heart and woman's love. She moved about his bed so softly—drew the curtain where the light fell upon the feeble face—kept the babe as quiet as a mouse—doing a hundred little offices of affection for one who in his strong, rugged health had seemed to consider her as only a drudge, to keep his clothes in order, to clean his gun and adjust his knapsack.

In the next door, was a mournful tableaux. A woman sat in the middle of the floor, her head and face crouching low, and covered with her hands—a little child hung mutely upon her lap, now stroking her long unbound locks, now crying piteously, and by the side of the room stood a bed, covered with a white sheet, under which were defined sharply the rigid lineaments of a corpse. Daring not to disturb this piteous grief, the gentle woman moved noiselessly away, wiping the tears from her own eyes, and entered the next place. There was no sickness there, but as she went from one room to another, she noted the heavy eyes

and listless movements, telling that the destroyer was on their track.

Two days after, Captain Mount's orderly came in great haste to Lieutenant Cameron, with a sad story. The secretary had left, afraid of infection; the nurse herself had been taken sick, and Capt. Mount was dangerously ill, with no one but himself to stay beside him. The commandant was away, the people outside were too much frightened to assist, and he did not know what he should do.

"I must go there," said Fred, with decision.

"Yes, we must go there," added his wife, meeting his glance.

"Not you, Emily," said Cameron.

"Not you, Fred, without me," replied Emily.

"I shan't let you go," said Cameron, in some alarm.

"We are only wasting time," was the answer, as Emily put on her bonnet, "come, husband, you know when I will, I will;" and so they walked off together.

VIII.

The captain's fine mansion wore a deserted look. It was as still as the grave, for the servants had nearly all gone. Emily looked about at the beautiful furniture, undusted, the chairs in disorder, the curtains unlooped—a general air of neglect visible over all. Graves led them to the captain's room. The young man lay muttering, with his eyes fixed on the wall, his arms thrown above his head, his eyes glazed with fever, his cheeks bright with burning crimson. Emily and her husband looked mournfully on. As they smoothed his pillow, and Emily placed her cool hand on his forehead—oh! how hot it was—he looked from one to the other, but with no signs of consciousness. For days he raved, and Fred and his gentle wife kept their watch beside him. He would beg for water—oh! so piteously—he would talk of his mother, of his childhood, and of Emily sometimes. He often laid plans for tormenting the Camerons; and some of them were so ludicrous that the watchers, sad though they felt, could not forbear their laughter.

"Take these turkey's claws," he would say, "and stuff them in Cameron's key-hole—ha! what a time he'll have getting the door open. Here, you little imp, go over and set Cameron's house on fire, only be sure and don't burn up Emily. Tell Cameron to go and walk across the river—pitch dark and no bridge—the fellow 'll do it," he would add savagely.

One morning when the pale dawn streamed

in through the half-opened shutters, the young captain opened his eyes and gazed intently at his watcher. Cameron sat there, wan and almost ill himself. A lamp burning near shed an uncertain, flickering light upon the neatly kept apartment. Emily slept in the adjoining room, but she was now moving, preparing to take her husband's watch.

"Mack," said the sick man faintly.

"It is not Mack, captain," replied Cameron, bending over the wasted form before him.

"Who then? it cannot be—"

"Cameron," said the other, quietly.

The sick man looked, closed his eyes, opened them again, and gazed steadily at his first officer.

"Where then is Mack? he was here yesterday."

"Mack has been gone just fourteen days; you have been very sick, and unconscious," said Cameron.

"Have I?" murmured the captain, vaguely, and then lay still for some time.

"Cameron," again the pallid object spoke.

"Well, captain."

"Is that your wife standing there?"

"Yes, that is Emily."

"What are you and she here for?"

"To take care of and nurse you," replied Cameron.

The captain's lip began to quiver and tremble, and the tears ran down the hollow sockets of his eyes. Cameron bent over and wiped them away, with the touch of a woman, saying softly—"don't feel bad about the past, it is all forgotten."

"By you perhaps—but not by me," he replied, chokingly. "One word more, Cameron—I am very weak—how long have you and your wife been nursing me?"

"Nearly a fortnight," replied Cameron—"but I am afraid if you do not control this emotion you may be thrown back. Try to sleep now, and Emily will prepare you some nourishment."

The sick man obeyed, closed his eyes, but the lips kept grieving, and the tears came slowly through from under his closed lids. Every day he mended a little, until he could at last be placed in his sick-chair and wheeled to the window. The first time he sat there, he exclaimed, looking out upon the parade-ground, "how often I have walked there devising some plan by which to provoke you to resistance. Cameron, you have proved yourself to be what I never was till now, a man!"

"Emily gave me lessons," replied the lieutenant, smiling.

"And I, if I had possessed a spark of magnanimity, might have had the friendship of this noble woman; instead of that, I have made her despise me; I have disgraced myself in her eyes."

"O! no," said Cameron, quietly, "Emily never despised any one; you provoked her often enough, to be sure; but let by-gones be by-gones; let us not talk of it any more."

"Yes, let us talk of it till I learn to look upon myself as I am—oh! Cameron, with all my soul I ask you to forgive me."

"And with all my soul I do forgive you," replied the young lieutenant, moved to tears.

"You have risked infection—you have lost rest and health, to nurse into life the viper that would have stung you"—and in his weakness he bowed his head on his hand and wept.

"No more of this, captain," exclaimed Cameron, with decision, "or I shall have a sick man on my hands again—here comes Emily—come, wife, let us have some music; sit down to your guitar, and sing the merriest song you can think of;" and by the time the song was finished Captain Mount was himself again.

Never were there more faithful friends, forever after, than Cameron and Mount. The latter was indefatigable in his exertions, till he had obtained a captain's commission for the lieutenant. Mount married, several years after, a lady who was the counterpart of Emily in manners and accomplishments, and possibly a trifle more beautiful. To see the two captains sometimes, arm in arm, talking like brothers, it would not be thought that one of them, taking advantage of his position as chief, and his absolute authority in times of peace or war, once followed the other with a petty but determined system of persecution, that he might send him from the army in disgrace. He looks back upon that unmanly trial with feelings of sorrow and humiliation.

Avoid Deception.—Persons who practice deceit and artifice always deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They may feel great complacency in view of the success of their doings; but they are in reality casting a mist before their own eyes. Such persons not only make a false estimate of their own character, but they estimate falsely the opinions and conduct of others. No person is obliged to tell all he thinks; but both duty and self-interest forbid him ever to make false pretences.

POOR TIM!

BY E. A. KINGSBURY.

Yes, he *was* poor, decidedly so. Poor in body, poor in mind, and poor in estate. Can you imagine deeper poverty than this? Forty years before my first remembrance of him, a young and thrifty farmer, married a neat, sprightly, and blooming girl of his acquaintance, and took her to his snug New England home. Contentment and Peace sat at the hearth-stone, and Love and Happiness fluttered among the hop-vines, and in the branches of the old elm-trees. The husband went whistling to his work in the morning, and the wife sang gayly to the music of her little Dutch wheel, or hastened to prepare the bean porridge, and rye and Indian bread, against his return. Those were the good old days of frugality and simplicity, both in food and attire, and the housewife labored with the pleasant conviction that the linen she was weaving, and the sheets she was making, would descend at least to her grandchildren.

But soon, a shadow obscured the sunlight of their pleasant home, and a vague, yet terrible foreboding of evil, weighed down the spirit of the young wife. By degrees, this shadow grew dark, and yet darker, assuming a form and substance.

One day Mr. Allen went, with others, to assist a neighbor in raising a barn. He tarried till long after sunset, and when at length his foot crossed the threshold of the door, an arrow, barbed with a thousand points, seemed to pierce the spirit of his wife. The flushed face, unsteady gait, and indistinct articulation, too clearly verified the terrible tale she had striven to disbelieve. On the next morning, her gentle, loving looks of sadness were to him a keen reproof, and he solemnly promised he would never thus be led astray again. But in vain were his struggles to stem the current that was fast bearing him to destruction. Weaker and weaker they became, until, with a final shudder, he passively yielded to its power, and was borne rapidly round and round in the devouring vortex.

Meanwhile Mrs. Allen, having ceased in her efforts for his reformation, looked on with the direst anguish, and despondency. Where were now the bright hopes and beautiful anticipations, that like birds of Paradise, had nestled in her bosom, thrilling it as with the music of Heaven? Gone! Forever gone! And in their place the black raven of despair croaked dismally the livelong day and night.

One morning, while hunting in the barn for

eggs, she found a jug, concealed in the farthest corner of the capacious "bay." Too well she knew its contents, even before removing the cork. At that moment, a demon of darkness suggested to her something like this—"Drink! Drink yourself, and drown your troubles in forgetfulness. There is no use in your trying to be anything good, or happy, so if there is any exhilaration, or artificial enjoyment to be experienced by this means, you had better avail yourself of it, for you will never have any other."

She complied; and on the return of Mr. Allen, at night, he was shocked into sobriety, at perceiving the silly smile and unmeaning gibberish of an inebriate wife. Expostulations, reproaches, and recriminations followed, but month after month, as it passed away, saw them both only farther and farther in the fearful descent.

At length, on one bright and sunny day in spring, Tim, poor Tim, opened his eyes to its blessed beams. No rejoicing was there at his birth, for Discord and Gloom, interrupted only by the reckless revels of intoxication, bore sway in the house.

Puny and pale, stunted and deformed, both in body and mind, he grew up, a disgrace even to his degraded parents.

A fence only divided the possessions of his father from those of mine, and many a time and oft have I been startled by his appearance in our kitchen, sent by his mother on some errand which he scarcely had the intellect to comprehend and perform; or, I have crossed to the other side of the street as I saw him approaching. With a countenance vacant and distorted, a dress ragged and mean, and a gait almost always staggering under the influence of New England rum, which he imbibed *naturally* and habitually, he was one of the terrors of my childhood. I thought of him in the day, dreamed of him at night, and when darkness enshrouded the land, would as soon have met one of the ghosts with which my fancy peopled the adjoining grave-yard, as to have encountered him.

Alas for poor Tim! A drunkard's grave received his body shortly after I left the town. Was it any wonder that his whole being was thus blighted? Was *he* to blame for becoming a terror to children, and a nuisance to the neighborhood? How fearfully and completely were the sins of the parents visited upon the offspring!

This is an extreme case; and yet how many there are around us, who are, to a certain de-

gree, living as did the parents of Poor Tim. How many are acquiring habits of body and mind, which they would be far from preferring for their children. How few there are that comprehend the important truth, that they fashion their children after their own image and likeness, morally and mentally, as well as physically; and, therefore, just so far as they are pure and good—free from evil habits and passions, or the reverse, just so far will their offspring be a blessing, or a curse to themselves and Humanity.

When people come to assume the parental office, deliberately, understandingly, conscientiously, duly realizing the fearful responsibility they incur, then shall we find them abstaining, as far as possible, from every evil thought, word, and action; and then, as a natural consequence, and then only, shall we perceive a radical reformation among the children of men.

Philadelphia, 1860.

MEALS.

THE practice of eating at certain conventional periods of the day is never attended by any bad consequences, and is actually necessary in the present state of society. Habit exercises the greatest influence in the matter, and the man who has been in the practice of taking food at a certain hour of the day, will always, whilst in good health, feel hungry at that hour. Indeed, it sometimes happens that the stomach will only work at those hours to which it has been long accustomed, and infirmity has frequently been traced to a change in the hour of taking a meal, more especially dinner, which, with most people, is the chief meal of the day. The habit of eating to repletion, which many are too apt to indulge in, should be carefully avoided, as more evils result from it than is generally imagined.

BIRD LAMPS.

THE birds that build hanging nests are at Cape Cormorin numerous. At night each of their little habitations is lighted up, as if to see company. The sagacious little bird fastens a bit of clay to the top of the nest, and then picks up a fire-fly and sticks it on the clay, to illuminate the dwelling, which consists of two rooms. Sometimes there are three or four fire-flies, and their blaze of light in the little cell dazzles the eyes of the bats, which often kill the young of these birds.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. XIII.

SOCIAL theories, that favor our passions, peculiarities, defects of character, or weaknesses, are readily adopted, and, with minds of an ardent temper, often become hobbies. There is a class of persons who are never content with riding their own hobbies; they must have others mount with them. All the world is going wrong, because it moves past them—trotting, pacing, or galloping, as it may be, upon its own hobbies. And so they try to arrest this movement or that; or, gathering a company of aimless people, they galvanize them with their own wild purposes, and start them forth into the world on Quixotic errands.

These persons are never content to wait for the slow changes that are included in all orderly developments. Because a thing seems right to them in the abstract, it must be done now. They cannot wait for old things to pass away, as preliminary to the inauguration of what is new.

"If I had the power," we have heard one of this class say, "evil, and sorrow, and pain should cease from the earth in a moment." And in saying this, the thought was not concealed that God had this power, but failed to exercise it. With them, no questions of expediency, no regard for time-endowed prejudices, no weak spirit of waiting, no looking for the fullness of time—could have any influence. What they wished to be done, must be done now; and they were impatient and angry at every one who stood in their way, or opposed their theories.

In most cases, you will find these "reformers," as they generally style themselves, influenced more by a love of ruling and influencing others, than by a spirit of humanity. They are one-sided people, and can only see one side of a subject in clear light. It matters little to them what is destroyed, so that they can build. If they possess the gift of language, either as writers or talkers—have wit, brilliancy and sarcasm—they make disciples of the less gifted, and influence larger or smaller circles of men and women. Flattered by this homage to their talents, they grow more ardent in the cause which they have espoused, and see, or affect to see, little else of any importance in the world. They do some good, and much harm. Good, in drawing general attention to social evils that need reforming—evil, in causing weak

people to forget common duties in their ambition to set the world right.

There is always danger in breaking suddenly away from the regular progression of things, and taking the lead in some new and antagonistic movement. Such things must and will be; but they who set up for social reformers must be men and women of pure hearts, clear minds, and the broadest human sympathies. They must be lovers of their kind; not lovers of themselves. Brave as patriots—not as soldiers of fortune, who seek for booty and renown.

Not many of these true reformers—all honor to them!—are found among the noisy coteries that infest the land, and turn so many foolish people away from real duties.

One of the dangers attendant on association with the class to which we refer, lies in the fact that they draw around them certain free thinking, sensual personages, of no very stable morality, who are ready for any thing that gives excitement to their morbid conditions of mind. Social disasters, of the saddest kind, are constantly occurring through this cause. Men and women become, at first, unsettled in their opinions, then unsettled in their conduct, and finally throw off all virtuous restraint.

Mrs. Talbot, the new friend of Mrs. Emerson, belonged to the better sort of reformers in one respect. She was a pure-minded woman. But this did not keep her out of the circle of those who were of freer thought and action. Being an extremist on the subject of woman's social position, she met and assimilated with others on the basis of a common sentiment. This threw her in contact with many from whom she would have shrunk with instinctive aversion, had she known their true quality. Still, the evil to her was a gradual wearing away, by the power of steady attrition, of old, true, conservative ideas in regard to the binding force of marriage. There was always a great deal said on this subject, in a light way, by persons for whose opinions on other subjects she had the highest respect, and this had its influence. Insensibly, her views and feelings changed, until she found herself, in some cases, the advocate of sentiments that once would have been rejected with instinctive repugnance.

This was the woman who was about acquiring a strong influence over the undisciplined, self-willed, and too self-reliant young wife of Hartley Emerson; and this was the class of personages among whom her dangerous friend was about introducing her. At the house of

Mrs. Talbot, where Irene became a frequent visitor, she met a great many brilliant, talented, and fascinating people, of whom she often spoke to her husband; for she was too independent to have any concealments. She knew that he did not like Mrs. Talbot, but this rather inclined her to a favorable estimation, and really led to a more frequent intercourse than would otherwise have been the case.

Once a week Mrs. Talbot held a kind of conversations, at which brilliant people, and people with hobbies, met to hear themselves talk. Mr. and Mrs. Emerson had a standing invitation to be present at these re-unions, and as Irene wished to go, her husband saw it best not to interpose obstacles. Besides, as he knew that she went to Mrs. Talbot's often in the day-time, and met a good many people there, he wished to see for himself who they were, and judge for himself as to their quality. Of the men who frequented the parlors of Mrs. Talbot, the larger number had some prefix to their names, as Professor, Doctor, Major or Colonel. Most of the ladies were of a decidedly literary turn—some had written books; some were magazine contributors; one was a physician, and one a public lecturer. Nothing against them in all this; but much to their honor, if their talents and acquirements were used for the common good.

The themes of conversation at these weekly gatherings were varied, but social relations and social reform were in most cases the leading topics. Two or three evenings at Mrs. Talbot's were enough to satisfy Mr. Emerson that the people who met there were not of a character to exercise a good influence upon his wife. But how was he to keep her from associations that evidently presented strong attractions. Direct opposition he feared to make, for the experience of a few months had been sufficient to show him that she would resist all attempts on his part to exercise a controlling influence.

He tried at first to keep her away by feigning slight indisposition, or weariness, or disinclination to go out; and so lead her to exercise some self-denial for his sake. But her mind was too firmly bent on going to be turned so easily from its purpose. She did not consider trifles like these of sufficient importance to interfere with the pleasures of an evening at one of Mrs. Talbot's conversations. Mr. Emerson felt hurt at his wife's plain disregard of his comfort and wishes, and said, within himself, with some bitterness of feeling, that she was heartless.

One day, at dinner-time, he said to her—

"I shall not be able to go to Mrs. Talbot's to-night."

"Why?" Irene looked at her husband in surprise, and with a shade of disappointment on her countenance.

"I have business of importance with a gentleman who resides in Brooklyn, and have promised to meet him at his house this evening."

"You might call for me on your return," said Irene.

"The time of my return will be uncertain. I cannot now tell how late I may be detained in Brooklyn."

"I'm sorry." And Irene bent down her eyes in a thoughtful way. "I promised Mrs. Talbot to be there to-night," she added.

"Mrs. Talbot will excuse you when she knows why you were absent."

"I don't know about that," said Irene.

"She must be a very unreasonable woman," remarked Emerson.

"That doesn't follow. You could take me there, and Mrs. Talbot find me an escort home."

"Who?" Emerson knit his brows, and glanced sharply at his wife. The suggestion struck him unpleasantly.

"Major Willard, for instance," and she smiled in a half amused, half mischievous way.

"You cannot be in earnest, surely!" said Emerson.

"Why not?" queried his wife, looking at her husband with calm, searching eyes.

"You would not, in the first place, be present there, unaccompanied by your husband; and, in the second place, I hardly think my wife would be seen in the street, at night, on the arm of Major Willard!"

Mr. Emerson spoke like a man who was in earnest.

"Do you know any thing wrong of Major Willard?" asked Irene.

"I know nothing about him—right or wrong," was replied. "But, if I have any skill in reading men, he is very far from being a fine specimen."

"Why, Hartley! You have let some prejudice come in to warp your estimation."

"No. I have mixed some with men, and though my opportunity for observation has not been large, I have met two or three of your Major Willards. They are polished and attractive on the surface, but unprincipled and corrupt."

"I cannot believe this of Major Willard," said Irene.

"It might be safer for you to believe it," replied Hartley.

"Safer! I don't understand you! You talk in riddles? How safer?"

Irene showed some irritation.

"Safer as to your good name," replied her husband.

"My good name is in my own keeping," said the young wife, proudly.

"Then, for heaven's sake, remain its safe custodian," replied Emerson. "Don't let even the shadow of such a man as Major Willard fall upon it."

"I am sorry to see you so prejudiced," said Irene, coldly, "and sorry, still further, that you have so poor an opinion of your wife."

"You misapprehend me," returned Hartley.

"I am neither prejudiced nor suspicious. But seeing danger in your way, as a prudent man I lift a voice of warning. I am out in the world more than you are, and see more of its worst side. My profession naturally opens to me doors of observation that are shut to many. I see the inside of character, where others look only upon the fair outside."

"And so learn to be suspicious of everybody," said Irene.

"No; only to read indices that to many others are unintelligible."

"I must learn to read them also."

"It would be well, if your sex and place in the world gave the right opportunity," replied Hartley.

"Truly said. And that touches the main question. Women, immured as they now are, and never suffered to go out into the world, unless guarded by husband, brother, or discreet managing friend, will continue as weak and undiscriminating as the great mass of them now are. But, so far as I am concerned, this system is destined to change. I must be permitted a larger liberty; and opportunities for independent observation. I wish to read character for myself, and make up my own mind in regard to the people I meet."

"I am only sorry," rejoined her husband, "that your first effort at reading character, and making up independent opinions in regard to men and principles, had not found scope in another direction. I am afraid that, in trying to get close enough to the people you meet at Mrs. Talbot's, for accurate observation, you will draw so near to dangerous fires as to scorch your garments."

"Complimentary to Mrs. Talbot!"

"The remark simply gives you my estimate of some of her favored visitors."

"And complimentary to your wife," added Irene.

"My wife," said Hartley, in a serious voice, "is, like myself, young and inexperienced, and should be particularly cautious in regard to all new acquaintances—men or women—particularly if they be some years her senior; and particularly if they show any marked desire to cultivate her acquaintance. People with a large worldly experience, like most of those we have met at Mrs. Talbot's, take you and I at disadvantage. They read us through at a single sitting, while it may take us months, even years, to penetrate the disguises they know so well how to assume."

"Nearly all of which, touching the pleasant people we meet at Mrs. Talbot's, is assumed," replied Irene, not at all moved by her husband's earnestness.

"You may learn, to your sorrow, when the knowledge comes too late," he responded, "that, even more than I have assumed is true."

"I am not in fear of the sorrow," was answered lightly.

As Irene, against all argument, persuasion, and remonstrance on the part of her husband, persisted in her determination to go to Mrs. Talbot's, he engaged a carriage to take her there, and to call for her at eleven o'clock.

"Come away alone," he said, with impressive earnestness, as he parted from her. "Don't let any courteous offer induce you to accept an attendant when you return home."

CHAPTER XIV.

Mrs. Emerson did not feel altogether comfortable in mind, as she rode away from her door alone. She was going, unattended by her husband, and against his warmly spoken remonstrance, to pass an evening with people of whom she knew but little, and against whom he had strong prejudices.

"It were better to have remained at home," she said to herself, more than once, before her arrival at Mrs. Talbot's. The marked attentions she received, as well from Mrs. Talbot as from several of her guests, soon brought her spirits up to the old elevation. Among those who seemed most attracted by her was Major Willard, to whom reference has already been made.

"Where is your husband?" was almost his first inquiry, on meeting her. "I do not see him in the room."

"He had to meet a gentleman on business over in Brooklyn this evening," replied Irene.

"Ah, business!" said the major, with a shrug, a movement of the eyebrows, and a motion in the corners of his mouth, which were not intelligible signs to Mrs. Emerson. That they meant something more than he was prepared to utter in words, she was satisfied, but whether of favorable or unfavorable import touching her absent husband, she could not tell. The impression on her mind was not agreeable, and she could not help remembering what Hartley had said about the major.

"I notice," remarked the latter, "that we have several ladies here who come, usually, without their husbands. Gentlemen are not always attracted by the feast of reason and the flow of soul. They require something more substantial. Oysters and terrapin are nearer to their fancy."

"Not more to my husband's fancy," replied Mrs. Emerson, in a tone of vindication, as well as rebuke at such freedom of speech.

"Beg your pardon a thousand times, madam!" returned Major Willard, "if I have even seemed to speak lightly of one who holds the honored position of your husband. Nothing could have been further from my thought. I was only trifling."

Mrs. Emerson smiled her forgiveness, and the major became more polite and attentive than before. But his attentions were not wholly agreeable. Something in the expression of his eyes, as he looked at her, produced an unpleasant repulsion. She was constantly remembering some of the cautions spoken by Hartley, in reference to this man, and she wished, scores of times, that he would turn his attentions to some one else. But the major seemed to have no eyes for any other lady in the room.

In spite of the innate repulsion to which we have referred, Mrs. Emerson was flattered by the polished major's devotion of himself almost wholly to her during the evening, and she could do no less, in return, than make herself as agreeable as possible.

At eleven o'clock she had notice that her carriage was at the door. The major was by, and heard the communication. So, when she came down from the dressing-room, he was waiting for her in the hall, ready cloaked and gloved.

"No, Major Willard, I thank you," she said, on his making a movement to accompany her. She spoke very positively.

"I cannot see you go home unattended." And the major bowed with graceful politeness.

"Oh no," said Mrs. Talbot. "You must not

leave my house alone. Major, I shall expect you to attend my young friend."

It was in vain that Mrs. Emerson objected and remonstrated, the gallant major would listen to nothing; and so, per force, she had to yield. After handing her into the carriage, he spoke a word or two, in an undertone, to the driver, and then entering took his place by her side.

Mrs. Emerson felt strangely uncomfortable and embarrassed, and shrunk as far from her companion as the narrow space they occupied would permit; while he, it seemed to her, approached as she receded. There was a different tone in his voice, when he spoke as the carriage moved away, from any she had noticed heretofore. He drew his face near to hers in speaking; but the rattling of the wheels made hearing difficult. He had, during the evening, referred to a star actress, then occupying public attention, of whom some scandalous things had been said, and declared his belief in her innocence. To Mrs. Emerson's surprise—almost disgust—his first remark, after they were seated in the carriage, was about this actress. Irene did not respond to his remark.

"Did you ever meet her in private circles?" he next inquired.

"No, sir," she answered coldly.

"I have had that pleasure," said Major Willard.

There was no responsive word.

"She is a most fascinating woman," continued the major. "That Juno-like beauty which so distinguishes her on the stage, scarcely shows itself in the drawing-room. On the stage, she is queenly—in private, soft, voluptuous, and winning as a Hourii. I don't wonder that she has crowds of admirers."

The major's face was close to that of his companion, who felt a wild sense of repugnance, so strong as to be almost suffocating. The carriage bounded, as the wheels struck an inequality in the street, throwing them together with a slight concussion. The major laid his hand upon that of Mrs. Emerson, as if to support her. But she instantly withdrew the hand he had presumed to touch. He attempted the same familiarity again, but she placed both hands beyond the possibility of accidental or designed contact with his, and shrunk still closer into the corner of the carriage, while her heart fluttered, and a tremor ran through her frame.

Major Willard spoke again of the actress; but Mrs. Emerson made no reply.

"Where are we going?" she asked, after the

lapse of some ten minutes, glancing from the window, and seeing, instead of the tall rows of stately houses which lined the streets along the whole distance between Mrs. Talbot's residence and her own house, mean looking tenements.

"The driver knows his route, I presume," was answered.

"This is not the way, I am sure," said Mrs. Emerson, a slight quiver of alarm in her voice. "Our drivers know the shortest cuts," replied the major, "and these do not always lead through the most attractive quarters of the town."

Mrs. Emerson shrunk back again in her seat and was silent. Her heart was throbbing with a vague fear. Suddenly the carriage stopped, and the driver alighted.

"This is not my home," said Mrs. Emerson, as the driver opened the door, and the major stepped out upon the pavement.

"Oh yes. This is number 240 L—— street."

"Yes, ma'am," added the driver, "this is the number that the gentleman told me."

"What gentleman?" asked Mrs. Emerson.

"This gentleman, if you please, ma'am."

"Drive me home instantly, or this may cost you dear!" said Mrs. Emerson, in as stern a voice as surprise and fear would permit her to assume.

"Madam—" Major Willard commenced speaking.

"Silence, sir! Shut the door, driver, and take me home instantly!"

The major made a movement as if he were about to enter the carriage, when Mrs. Emerson said, in a low, steady, threatening voice,

"At your peril, remain outside! Driver, shut the door. If you permit that man to enter, my husband will hold you to a strict account."

"Stand back!" exclaimed the driver, in a resolute voice.

But the major was not to be put off in this way. He did not move from the open door of the carriage. In the next moment the driver's vigorous arm had hurled him across the pavement. The door was shut, the box mounted, and the carriage whirled away, before the astonished man could rise, half stunned, from the place where he fell. A few low, bitter, impotent curses fell from his lips, and then he walked slowly away, muttering threats of vengeance.

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Irene reached home.

"You are late," said her husband, as she came in.

"Yes," she replied, "later than I intended."

"What's the matter?" he inquired, looking at her narrowly.

"Why do you ask?" She tried to put on an air of indifference.

"You look pale, and your voice is disturbed."

"The driver went through parts of the town, in returning, that made me feel nervous, as I thought of my lonely and unprotected situation."

"Why did he do that?"

"It wasn't to make the way shorter, for the directest route would have brought me home ten minutes ago. I declare! The fellow's conduct made me right nervous. I thought a dozen improbable things."

"It is the last time I will employ him," said Hartley. "How dare he go a single block away from a direct course, at this late hour?" He spoke with rising indignation.

At first, Irene resolved to inform her husband of Major Willard's conduct, but it will be seen by this conversation that she had changed her mind, at least for the present. Two or three things caused her to hesitate, until she could turn the matter over in her thoughts more carefully. Pride had its influence. She did not care to admit that she had been in error, and Hartley right, as to Major Willard. But there was a more sober aspect of the case. Hartley was excitable, brave and strong-willed. She feared the consequences that might follow if he were informed of Major Willard's outrageous conduct. A personal collision she saw to be almost inevitable, in this event. Mortifying publicity, if not the shedding of blood, would ensue.

So, for the present at least, she resolved to keep her own secret, and evaded the close queries of her husband, who was considerably disturbed by the alleged conduct of the driver.

One good result followed this rather startling experience. Irene said no more about attending the conversations of Mrs. Talbot. She did not care to meet Major Willard again, and as he was a regular visitor at Mrs. Talbot's, she couldn't go there without encountering him. Her absence on the next social evening was remarked by her new friend, who called on the next day.

"I didn't see you last night," said the agreeable Mrs. Talbot.

"No, I remained at home," replied Mrs. Emerson, the smile with which she had received her friend fading partly away.

"Not indisposed, I hope?"

"No."

"But your husband was! Talk it right out, my pretty one!" said Mrs. Talbot, in a gay, bantering tone. "Indisposed in mind. He don't like the class of people one meets at my house. Men of his stamp never do."

It was on the lips of Mrs. Emerson to say, that there might be ground for his dislike of some who were met there. But she repressed even a remote reference to an affair that, for the gravest of reasons, she still desired to keep as her own secret. So she merely answered—

"The indisposition of mind was on my part."

"On your part? O dear! That alters the case. And, pray, what occasioned this indisposition? Not a previous mental surfeit, I hope."

"O no. I never get a surfeit in good company. But people's states vary, as you are aware. I had a stay-at-home feeling last night, and indulged myself."

"Very prettily said, my dear. I understand you entirely, and like your frank, outspoken way. This is always best with friends. I desire all of mine to enjoy the largest liberty. To come and see me when they feel like it, and to stay away when they don't feel like coming. We had a delightful time. Major Willard was there. He's a charming man! Several times through the evening he asked for you. I really think your absence worried him. Now, don't blush! A handsome, accomplished man may admire a handsome and accomplished woman, without anything wrong being involved. Because one has a husband, is she not to be spoken to or admired by other men. Nonsense! That is the world's weak prudery, or rather the common social sentiment based on man's tyranny over woman."

As Mrs. Talbot ran on in this strain, Mrs. Emerson had time to reflect and school her exterior. Toward Major Willard her feelings were those of disgust and detestation. The utterance of his name shocked her womanly delicacy, but when it was coupled with a sentiment of admiration for her, and an intimation of the probable existence of something reciprocal on her part, it was with difficulty that she could restrain a burst of indignant feeling. But her strong will helped her, and she gave no intelligible sign of what was really passing in her thoughts. The subject being altogether disagreeable, she changed it as soon as possible.

In this interview with Mrs. Talbot, a new impression in regard to her was made on the mind of Mrs. Emerson. Something impure

seemed to pervade the mental atmosphere with which she was surrounded, and there seemed to be things involved in what she said, that shadowed a latitude in morals wholly outside of Christian duty. When they separated, much of the enthusiasm which Irene had felt for this specious, unsafe acquaintance was gone, and her power over her was in the same measure lessened.

CHAPTER XV.

But, it is not so easily escaping from a woman like Mrs. Talbot, when an acquaintanceship is once formed. In less than a week she called again, and this time in company with another lady, a Mrs. Lloyd, whom she introduced as a very dear friend. Mrs. Lloyd was a tall, spare woman, with an intellectual face, bright, restless, penetrating eyes, a clear, musical voice, subdued, but winning manners. She was a little past thirty, though sickness of body or mind had stolen the bloom of early womanhood, and carried her forward, apparently, to the verge of forty. Mrs. Emerson had never before heard of this lady. But half an hour's conversation completely captivated her. Mrs. Lloyd had traveled through Europe, and spoke in a familiar way of the celebrated personages whom she had met abroad,—talked of art, music, and architecture, literature, artists and literary men—displayed such high culture and easy acquaintance with themes quite above the range usually met with among ordinary people, that Mrs. Emerson felt really flattered with the compliment of a visit.

"My good friend Mrs. Talbot," said Mrs. Lloyd, during their conversation, "has spoken of you so warmly, that I could do no less than make overtures for an acquaintance, which I trust may prove agreeable. I anticipated the pleasure of seeing you at her house last week, but was disappointed."

"The interview of to-day," remarked Mrs. Talbot, coming in adroitly, "will only make pleasanter your meeting on to-morrow night."

"At your house," said Mrs. Lloyd.

"Yes." And Mrs. Talbot threw a winning smile upon Mrs. Emerson. "You will be there?"

"I think not," was replied.

"Oh, but you must come, my dear Mrs. Emerson! We cannot do without you."

"I have promised my husband to go out with him."

"Your husband!" The voice of Mrs. Talbot betrayed, almost too plainly, her contempt of husbands.

"Yes, my husband." Mrs. Emerson let her voice dwell with meaning on the word.

The other ladies looked at each other for a moment or two with meaning glances; then Mrs. Talbot remarked, in a quiet way, but with a little pleasantry in her voice, as if she were not right clear in regard to her young friend's state of feeling.

"O dear! These husbands are dreadfully in the way sometimes. Haven't you found it so, Mrs. Lloyd?"

The eyes of Mrs. Emerson were turned, instantly, to the face of her new acquaintance. She saw a slight change of expression in her pale face that took something from its agreeable aspect. And yet, Mrs. Lloyd smiled, as she answered, in a way meant to be pleasant, "They are very good in their place."

"The trouble," remarked Mrs. Talbot, in reply, "is to make them keep their place."

"At our feet!" Mrs. Emerson laughed as she said this.

"No," answered Mrs. Lloyd, "at our side, as equals."

"And beyond that," said Mrs. Talbot, "we want them to give us as much freedom in the world as they take for themselves. They come in and go out when they please, and submit to no questioning on our part. Very well. I don't object. Only I claim the same right for myself. 'I will ask my husband.' Don't you hear this said every day? Pah! I'm always tempted to cut the acquaintance of a woman when I hear these words from her lips. Does a man, when a friend asks him to do anything, or go anywhere, say 'I'll ask my wife?' Not he! A lady who comes, occasionally, to our weekly re-unions, but whose husband is too much of a man to put himself down to the level of our set, is permitted the enjoyment of an evening with us, now and then, on one condition."

"Condition!" There was a throb of indignant feeling in the voice of Mrs. Lloyd.

"Yes, on condition that no male visitor at my house shall accompany her home. A carriage is sent for her precisely at ten o'clock, when she must leave, and alone!"

"Humiliating!" ejaculated Mrs. Lloyd.

"Isn't it! I can scarcely have patience with her. Major Willard has, at my instance, several times made an effort to accompany her; and once actually entered her carriage. But, the lady commanded him to retire, or she would leave the carriage herself. Of course, when she took that position, the gallant major had to leave the field."

"Such a restriction would scarce have suited my fancy," said Mrs. Lloyd.

"Nor mine. What do you think of that?" And Mrs. Talbot looked into the face of Mrs. Emerson, whose color had risen quite beyond its usual tone.

"Circumstances alter cases," replied the latter, crushing out all feeling from her voice, and letting it fall into a dead level of indifference.

"But circumstances don't alter facts, my dear! There are the hard facts of restrictions and conditions, made by a man, and applied to his equal, woman. Does she say to him you can't go to your club unless you return, alone, in your carriage, and leave the Club House precisely at ten o'clock! O no! He would laugh in her face, or, perhaps, consult the family physician touching her sanity."

This mode of putting the question rather bewildered the mind of our young wife, and she dropped her eyes from those of Mrs. Talbot, and sat looking upon the floor in silence.

"Can't you get your husband to release you from this engagement of which you have spoken?" asked Mrs. Lloyd. "I should like above all things to meet you to-morrow evening."

Mrs. Emerson smiled, as she answered, "Husbands have rights, you know, as well as wives. We must consult their pleasure, sometimes, as well as our own."

"Certainly—certainly!" Mrs. Lloyd spoke with visible impatience.

"I promised to go with my husband to-morrow night," said Mrs. Emerson, "and much as I may desire to meet you at Mrs. Talbot's, I am not at liberty to go there."

"In bonds! Ah me! Poor wives!" sighed Mrs. Talbot, in affected pity. "Not at liberty! The sad admission which comes to us from all sides."

She laughed in her gurgling, hollow way, as she said this.

"Not bound to my husband, but to my word of promise," replied Mrs. Emerson, as pleasantly as her disturbed feelings would permit her to speak. The ladies were pressing her a little too closely, and she both saw and felt this. They were stepping beyond the bounds of reason and delicacy.

Mrs. Lloyd saw the state of mind which had been produced, and at once changed the subject.

"May I flatter myself with the prospect of having this call returned?" she said, nancing

Mrs. Emerson her card as she was about leaving.

"It will give me great pleasure to know you better; and you may look to seeing me right early," was the bland reply. And yet, Mrs. Emerson was not really attracted by this woman, but, on the contrary, repelled. There was something in her keen, searching eyes, which seemed to be looking right into the thoughts, that gave her a feeling of doubt.

"Thank you! The favor will all be on my side," said Mrs. Lloyd, as she held the hand of Mrs. Emerson, and gave it a warm pressure.

The visit of these ladies did not leave the mind of Irene in a very satisfactory state. Some things that were said she rejected; while other things lingered and occasioned suggestions which were not favorable to her husband. While she had no wish to be present at Mrs. Talbot's, on account of Major Willard, she was annoyed by the thought that Hartley's fixing on the next evening for her to go out with him, was to prevent her attendance at the weekly conversazione.

Irene did not mention to her husband the fact that she had received a visit from Mrs. Talbot, in company with a pleasant stranger—Mrs. Lloyd. It would have been far better for her if she had done so. Many times it was on her lips to mention the call; but, as often, she kept silent; one or the other of two considerations having influence. Hartley did not like Mrs. Talbot, and, therefore, the mention of her name, and the fact of her calling, would not be a pleasant theme. The other consideration had reference to a woman's independence. "He doesn't tell me of every man he meets through the day; and why should I feel under obligation to speak of every lady who calls?" So she thought. "As to Mrs. Lloyd, he would have a hundred prying questions to ask, as if I were not competent to judge of the character of my own friends and acquaintances."

Within a week the call of Mrs. Lloyd was reciprocated by Mrs. Emerson. Not in consequence of feeling drawn toward that lady, but she had promised to return the friendly visit, and must keep her word. She found her domiciliated in a fashionable boarding house, and was received in the common parlor, in which were two or three ladies and a gentleman, besides Mrs. Lloyd. The greeting she received was warm, almost affectionate. In spite of the prejudice that was creeping into her mind in consequence of an unfavorable

first impression, Mrs. Emerson was flattered by her reception, and before the termination of her visit she was satisfied that she had not, in the beginning, formed a right estimate of this really fascinating woman.

"I hope to see you right soon," she said, as she bade Mrs. Lloyd good morning. "It will not be my fault if we do not soon know each other better."

"Nor mine either," replied Mrs. Lloyd. "I think I shall find you just after my own heart."

The voice of Mrs. Lloyd was a little raised as she said this, and Mrs. Emerson noticed that a gentleman who was in the parlor when she entered, but to whom she had not been introduced, turned and looked at her with a steady, curious gaze, which struck her at the time as being on the verge of impertinence.

Only two or three days passed before Mrs. Lloyd returned this visit. Irene found her more interesting than ever. She had seen a great deal of society, and had met, according to her own story, with most of the distinguished men and women of the country, about whom she talked in a very agreeable manner. She described their personal appearance, habits, peculiarities, and manners, and related pleasant anecdotes about them. On authors and books she was entirely at home.

But, there was an undercurrent of feeling in all she said, that a wiser and more experienced woman than Irene would have noted. It was not a feeling of admiration for moral, but for intellectual beauty. She could dissect a character with wonderful skill, but always passed the quality of goodness as not taken into account. In her view this quality did not seem to be a positive element.

When Mrs. Lloyd went away she left the mind of Irene stimulated, restless, and fluttering with vague fancies. She felt envious of her new friend's accomplishments, and ambitious to move in as wide a sphere as she had compassed. The visit was returned at an early period, and as before, Mrs. Emerson met Mrs. Lloyd in the public parlor of her boarding house. The same gentleman, whose manner had a little annoyed her, was present, and she noticed, several times, on glancing toward him, that his eyes were fixed upon her, and with an expression that she did not understand.

After this the two ladies met every day or two, and sometimes walked Broadway together. The only information that Mrs. Emerson had in regard to her attractive friend, she received from Mrs. Talbot. According to her state-

ment, she was a widow whose married life had not been a happy one. The husband, like most husbands, was an overbearing tyrant, and the wife having a spirit of her own, resisted his authority. Trouble was the consequence, and Mrs. Talbot thought, though she was not certain, that a separation took place before Mr. Lloyd's death. She had a moderate income, which came from her husband's estate, on which she lived in a kind of idle independence. So, she had plenty of time to read, visit, and enjoy herself in the ways her fancy or inclination might prompt.

CHAPTER XVI.

Time moved on, and Mrs. Emerson's intimate city friends were those to whom she had been introduced, directly or indirectly, through Mrs. Talbot. Of these, the one who had most influence over her, was Mrs. Lloyd, and that influence was not of the right kind. Singularly enough, it so happened that Mr. Emerson never met this lady at his house, though she spent hours there every week; and more singular still, Irene had never spoken about her to her husband. She had often been on the point of doing so, but an impression that Hartley would take up an unreasonable prejudice against her, kept the name of this friend back from her lips.

Months now succeeded each other, without the occurrence of events marked by special interest. Mr. Emerson grew more absorbed in his profession as cases multiplied on his hands, and Irene, interested in her circle of bright-minded, independent-thoughted women, found the days and weeks gliding on pleasantly enough. But, habits of estimating things a little differently from the common sentiment, and views of life not by any means consonant with those prevailing among the larger numbers of her sex, were gradually taking root.

Young, inexperienced, self-willed, and active in mind, Mrs. Emerson had, most unfortunately, been introduced among a class of persons whose influence upon her could not fail to be hurtful. Their conversation was mainly of art, literature, social progress, and development, the drama, music, public sentiment on leading topics of the day, the advancement of liberal ideas, the necessity of a larger liberty and a wider sphere of action for woman, and the equality of the sexes. All well enough, all to be commended when viewed in their just relation to other themes and interests, but actually pernicious when separated from the homely and useful things of daily life, and

made so to overshadow these as to warp them into comparative insignificance. Here lay the evil. It was this elevation of her ideas above the region of use and duty into the mere æsthetic and reformatory, that was hurtful to one like Irene—that is, in fact, hurtful to any woman, for it is always hurtful to take away from the mind its interest in common life; the life, we mean, of daily and useful work.

Work! We know the word has not a pleasant sound to many ears. That it seems to include degradation, and a kind of social slavery, and lies away down in a region to which your fine, cultivated, intellectual woman cannot descend without, in her view, soiling her garments. But for all this, it is alone in daily, useful work, of mind or hands, work in which service and benefits to others are involved, that a woman (or a man) gains any true perfection of character. And this work must be her own, must lie within the sphere of her own relations to others, and she must engage in it from a sense of duty that takes its promptings from her own consciousness of right. No other woman can judge of her relation to this work, and she who dares to interfere, or turn her aside, should be considered an enemy—not a friend.

No wonder, if this be true, that we have so many women of taste, cultivation, and, often, brilliant intellectual powers, blazing about like comets or shooting stars, in our social firmament. They attract admiring attention, excite our wonder, give us themes for conversation and criticism; but as guides and indicators while we sail over the dangerous sea of life, what are they in comparison with some humble star of the sixth magnitude, that ever keeps its true place in the heavens, shining on, with its small but steady ray, a perpetual blessing? And so, the patient, thoughtful, loving wife and mother, doing her daily work for human souls and bodies, though her intellectual powers be humble, and her taste but poorly cultivated, fills more honorably her sphere than any of her more brilliant sisters, who cast off what they consider the shackles by which custom and tyranny have bound them down to mere home duties and the drudgery of household care. If down into these they would bring their superior powers, their cultivated tastes, their larger knowledge, how quickly would some desert homes in our land put on refreshing greenness, and desolate gardens blossom like the rose. We should have, instead of vast, imaginary Utopias in the future, model homes in the present, the light and beauty of which

shining abroad, would give higher types of social life for common emulation.

Ah, if the Genius of Social Reform would only take her stand centrally! If she would make the regeneration of homes the great achievement of our day, then would she indeed come with promise and blessing. But, alas! she is so far, vagrant in her habits—a fortune-telling gipsy, not a true, loving, useful woman.

Unhappily for Mrs. Emerson, it was the weird-eyed, fortune-telling gipsy whose Delphic utterances had bewildered her mind.

The reconciliation which followed the Christmas-time troubles of Irene and her husband, had given both more prudent self-control. They guarded themselves with a care that threw around the manner of each a certain reserve which was often felt by the other as coldness. To both this was, in a degree, painful. There was tender love in their hearts, but it was overshadowed by self-will and false ideas of independence on the one side, and by a brooding spirit of accusation and unaccountable restraint on the other. Many times, each day of their lives, did words and sentiments, just about to be uttered by Hartley Emerson, die unspoken, lest in them something might appear which would stir the quick feelings of Irene into antagonism.

There was no guarantee of happiness in such a state of things. Mutual forbearance existed, not from self-discipline and tender love, but from fear of consequences. They were burnt children, and dreaded, as well they might, the fire.

With little change in their relations to each other, and few events worthy of notice, a year went by. Mr. Delancy came down to New York several times during this period, spending a few days at each visit, while Irene went frequently to Ivy Cliff, and staid there, occasionally, as long as two or three weeks. Hartley always came up from the city while Irene was at her father's, but never staid longer than a single day, business requiring him to be at his office, or in court. Mr. Delancy never saw them together without closely observing their manner, tone of speaking, and language. Both, he could see, were maturing rapidly. Irene had changed most. There was a style of thinking, a familiarity with popular themes, and a womanly confidence in her expression of opinions, that at times surprised him. With her views on some subjects his own mind was far from being in agreement, and they often had warm arguments. Occasionally, when her husband was at Ivy Cliff, a difference of sen-

timent would arise between them. Mr. Delancy noticed, when this was the case, that Irene always passed her view with ardor, and that her husband, after a brief, but pleasant combat, retired from the field. He also noticed that, in most cases, after this giving up of the contest by Hartley, he was more than usually quiet, and seemed to be pondering things not wholly agreeable.

Mr. Delancy was gratified to see that there was no jarring between them. But he failed not, at the same time, to notice something else that gave him uneasiness. The warmth of feeling, the tenderness, the lover-like ardor which displayed itself in the beginning, no longer existed. They did not even show that fondness for each other which is so beautiful a trait in young married partners. And yet, he could trace no signs of alienation. The truth was, the action of their lives had been inharmonious. Deep down in their hearts there was no defect of love. But this love was compelled to hide itself away; and so, for the most part, it lay concealed from even their own consciousness.

During the second year of their married life there came a change of state in both Irene and her husband. They had each grown weary of constraint when together. It was irksome to be always on guard, lest some word, tone, or act should be misunderstood. In consequence, old collisions were renewed, and Hartley often grew impatient, and even contemptuous toward his wife, when she ventured to speak of social progress, woman's rights, or any of the kindred themes in which she still took a warm interest. Angry retort usually followed, on these occasions, and periods of coldness ensued, the effect of which was to produce states of alienation.

If a babe had come to soften the heart of Irene, to turn thought and feeling in a new direction, to awaken a mother's love with all its holy tenderness, how different would all have been. Different with her, and different with him. There would then have been an object on which both could centre interest and affection, and thus draw lovingly together again, and feel, as in the beginning, heart beating to heart in sweet accordings. They would have learned their love-lessons over again, and understood their meanings better. Alas for them that the angels of infancy found no place in their dwelling!

With no central attraction at home, her thoughts stimulated by association with a class of intellectual, restless women, who were wan-

dering on life's broad desert in search of green places and refreshing springs, each day's journey bearing them farther and farther away from landscapes of perpetual verdure, Irene grew more and more interested in subjects that lay, for the most part, entirely out of the range of her husband's sympathies; while he was becoming more deeply absorbed in a profession that required close application of thought, intellectual force and clearness, and cold, practical modes of looking at all questions that came up for consideration. The consequence was that they were, in all their common interests, modes of thinking, and habits of regarding the affairs of life, steadily receding from each other. Their evenings were now less frequently spent together. If home had been a pleasant place to him, Mr. Emerson would have usually remained at home after the day's duties were over; or, if he went abroad, it would have been, usually, in company with his wife. But home was getting to be dull, if not positively disagreeable. If a conversation was started it soon involved disagreement in sentiment, and then came argument, and, perhaps, ungentle words, followed by silence and a mutual writing down in the mind of bitter things. If there was no conversation Irene buried herself in a book—some absorbing novel, usually, of the heroic school.

Naturally, under this state of things, Mr. Emerson, who was social in disposition, sought companionship elsewhere, and with his own sex. Brought into contact with men of different tastes, feelings, and habits of thinking, he gradually selected a few as intimate friends, and in association with these, formed, as his wife was doing, a social point of interest outside of his home—thus widening, still further, the space between them.

The home duties involved in housekeeping, indifferently as they had always been discharged by Irene, were now becoming more and more distasteful to her. This daily care about mere eating and drinking seemed unworthy of a woman who had noble aspirations, such as burned in her breast. That was work for women-drudges who had no higher ambition; "and heaven knows," she would often say to herself, "there are enough and to spare of these!"

"What's the use of keeping up an establishment like this, just for two people?" she would often remark to her husband, and he would usually reply,

"For the sake of having a home, into

which one may retire and shut out the world."

Irene would sometimes suggest the lighter expense of boarding.

"If it cost twice as much I would prefer to live in my own house," was the invariable answer.

"But see what a burden of care it lays on my shoulders."

Now, Hartley could only with difficulty repress a word of impatient rebuke, when this argument was used. He thought of his own daily devotion to business, prolonged often into the night, when an important case was on hand, and mentally charged his wife with a selfish love of ease. On the other hand, it seemed to Irene that her husband was selfish in wishing her to bear the burdens of house-keeping, just for his pleasure or convenience, when they might live as comfortably in a hotel or boarding-house.

On this subject Hartley would not enter into a discussion. "It's no use talking, Irene," he would say, when she grew in earnest. "You cannot tempt me to give up my home. It includes many things that with me are essential to comfort. I detest boarding-houses. They are only places for sojourning, not living."

As agreement on this question was out of the question, Irene did not usually urge considerations in favor of abandoning their pleasant home.

CHAPTER XVII.

One evening, it was nearly three years from the date of their marriage, Hartley Emerson and his wife were sitting opposite to each other at the centre-table, in the evening. She had a book in her hand, and he held a newspaper before his face; but his eyes were not on the printed columns. He had spoken only a few words since he came in, and his wife noticed that he had the manner of one whose mind is in doubt or perplexity.

Letting the newspaper fall upon the table, at length, Hartley looked over at his wife, and said, in a quiet tone,

"Irene, did you ever meet a lady by the name of Mrs. Lloyd?"

The color mounted to the face of Mrs. Emerson, as she replied,

"Yes, I have met her often."

"Since when?"

"I have known her, intimately, for the past two years."

"What!"

Emerson started to his feet, and looked, for

some moments, steadily at his wife, his countenance expressing the profoundest astonishment.

"And never once mentioned to me her name! Has she ever called here?"

"Yes."

"Often?"

"As often as two or three times a week."

"Irene!"

Mrs. Emerson, bewildered, at first, by her husband's manner of interrogating her, now recovered her self-possession, and rising, looked steadily at him across the table.

"I am wholly at a loss to understand you," she now said, calmly.

"Have you ever visited that person at her boarding-house?" demanded Hartley.

"I have, often."

"And walked Broadway with her?"

"Certainly."

"Good heavens! Can it be possible!" exclaimed the excited man.

"Pray, sir," said Irene, "who is Mrs. Lloyd?"

"An infamous woman!" was answered, passionately.

"That is false," said Irene, her eyes flashing, as she spoke. "I don't care who says so, I pronounce the words false!"

Hartley stood still and gazed at his wife for some moments, without speaking. Then he sat down at the table from which he had arisen, and shading his face with his hands, remained motionless for a long time. He seemed like a man utterly confounded.

"Did you ever hear of Jane Beaufort?" he asked, at length, looking up at his wife.

"O, yes! Everybody has heard of her."

"Would you visit Jane Beaufort?"

"Yes, if I believed her innocent of what the world charges against her."

"You are aware, then, that Mrs. Lloyd and Jane Beaufort are the same person?"

"No, sir, I am not aware of any such thing."

"It is true."

"I do not believe it. Mrs. Lloyd I have known intimately for over two years, and can verify her character."

"I am sorry for you, then, for a viler character it would be difficult to find outside the haunts of infamy," said Emerson.

Contempt and anger were suddenly blended in his manner.

"I cannot hear one to whom I am warmly attached, thus assailed. You must not speak in that style of my friends, Hartley Emerson!"

"Your friends!" There was a look of intense scorn on his face. "Precious friends, if she represent them, truly! Major Willard is another, mayhap!"

The face of Irene turned deadly pale at the mention of this name.

"Ha!"

Emerson bent eagerly toward his wife.

"And is that true, also?"

"What? Speak out sir!" Irene caught her breath, and grasped the rein of self-control which had dropped, a moment, from her hands.

"It is said that Major Willard bears you company, at times, in your rides home from evening calls upon your precious friends."

"And you believe the story!"

"I didn't believe it," said Hartley, but in a tone that showed doubt.

"But have changed your mind?"

"If you say it is not true; that Major Willard never entered your carriage, I will take your word in opposition to the whole world's adverse testimony."

But, Irene could not answer. Major Willard, as the reader knows, had ridden with her at night, and alone. But once, and only once. A few times since then she had encountered, but never deigned to recognize him. In her pure heart the man was held in utter detestation.

Now was the time for a full explanation: but pride was aroused, strong, stubborn pride. She knew herself to stand triple-mailed in innocence; to be free from weakness or taint. And the thought that a mean, base suspicion had entered the mind of her husband, aroused her indignation, and put a seal upon her lips as to all explanatory utterances.

"Then I am to believe the worst," said Hartley, seeing that his wife did not answer.

"The worst, and of you!"

"The tone in which this was said, as well as the words themselves, sent a strong throb to the heart of Irene. "The worst, and of you!" This from her husband! and involving far more in tone and manner than in uttered language. "Then I am to believe the worst!" She turned the sentences over in her mind. Pride, wounded self-love, a smothered sense of indignation, blind anger—began to gather their gloomy forces in her mind. "The worst, and of you!" How the echoes of these words came back in constant repetitions! "The worst, and of you!"

"How often has Major Willard ridden with you at night?" asked Hartley, in a cold, resolute way.

No answer.

"And did you always come directly home?"

Hartley Emerson was looking steadily into the face of his wife, from which he saw the color fall away, until it became of an ashen hue.

"You do not care to answer. Well, silence is significative," said the husband, closing his lips firmly. There was a blending of anger, perplexity, pain, sorrow, and scorn in his face, all of which Irene read distinctly, as she fixed her eyes steadily upon him. He tried to gaze back until her eyes should sink beneath his steady look; but the effort was lost, for not a single instant did they waver. He was about turning away, when she arrested the movement by saying:

"Go on, Hartley Emerson! Speak of all that is in your mind. You have, now, an opportunity that may never come again."

There was a dead level in her voice that a little puzzled her husband.

"It is for you to speak," he answered. "I have put my interrogatories."

Unhappily, there was a shade of imperiousness in his voice.

"I never answer insulting interrogatories; not even from the man who calls himself my husband," replied Irene, haughtily.

"It may be best for you to answer," said Hartley. There was just the shadow of menace in his tones.

"Best!" The lip of Irene curled slightly. "On whose account, pray?"

"Best for each of us. Whatever affects one injuriously must affect both."

"Humph! So we are equals!" Irene tossed her head impatiently, and laughed a short, mocking laugh.

"Nothing of that, if you please!" was the husband's impatient retort. The sudden change in his wife's manner threw him off of his guard.

"Nothing of what?" demanded Irene.

"Of that weak, silly nonsense. We have graver matters in hand for consideration, now."

"Ah?" She threw up her eyebrows; then contracted them again with an angry severity.

"Irene," said Mr. Emerson, his voice falling into a calm, but severe tone. "All this is but weakness and folly. I have heard things touching your good name——"

"And believe them," broke in Irene, with angry impatience.

"I have said nothing as to belief or disbelief. The fact is grave enough."

"And you have illustrated your faith in the slander—beautifully, becomingly, generously!"

"Irene!"

"Generously, as a man who knew his wife. Ah, well!" This last ejaculation was made almost lightly, but it involved great bitterness of spirit.

"Do not speak any longer after this fashion," said Hartley, with considerable irritation of manner; "it doesn't suit my present temper. I want something in a very different spirit. The matter is of too serious import. So, pray, lay aside your trifling. I came to you as I had a right to come, and made inquiries touching your associations when not in my company. Your answers are not satisfactory, but tend, rather, to con——"

"Sir!" Irene interrupted him in a stern, deep voice, which came so suddenly that the word remained unspoken. Then, raising her finger in a warning manner, she said, with menace,

"Beware!"

For some moments they stood looking at each other, more like two animals at bay, than as husband and wife.

"Touching my associations when not in your company?" said Irene, at length, repeating his language slowly.

"Yes," answered the husband.

"Touching my associations? Well, Mr. Emerson—so far, I say well." She was collected in manner, and her voice steady. "But, what touching *your* associations when not in *my* company?"

The very novelty of this interrogation caused Emerson to start and change color.

"Ha!" The blood leaped to the forehead of Irene, and her eyes, dilating suddenly, almost glared upon the face of her husband.

"Well sir?" Irene drew her slender form to its utmost height. There was an impatient, demanding tone in her voice. "Speak!" she added, without change of manner. "What touching *your* associations when not in *my* company? As a wife, I have some interest in this matter. Away from home, often until the brief hours, have I no right to put the question—where, and with whom? It would seem so, if we are equal. But, if I am the slave and dependant—the creature of your will and pleasure—why, that alters the case!"

"Have you done?"

Emerson was recovering from his surprise, but not gaining clear sight, or prudent self-possession.

"You have not answered," said Irene, look-

ing coldly, but with glittering eyes, into his face. "Come! If there is to be a mutual relation of acts and associations outside of this, our home, let us begin. Sit down, Hartley, and compose yourself. You are the man, and claim precedence. I yield the prerogative. So, let me have your confession. After you have ended I will give as faithful a narrative as if on my death-bed. What more can you ask? There now, lead the way!"

This coolness, which but thinly veiled a contemptuous air, irritated Hartley almost beyond the bounds of decent self-control.

"Bravely carried off! Well acted!" he retorted, with a sneer.

"You do not accept the proposal," said Irene, growing a little sterner of aspect. "Very well. I scarcely hoped that you would meet me on this even ground. Why should I have hoped it? Were the antecedents encouraging? No! But, I am sorry. Ah, well! Husbands are free to go and come at their own sweet will; to associate with anybody and everybody. But wives—O dear!"

She tossed her head in a wild, scornful way, as if on the verge of being swept from her feet by some whirlwind of passion.

"And so," said her husband, after a long silence, "you do not choose to answer my questions as to Major Willard?"

That was unwisely pressed. In her heart of hearts Irene loathed this man. His name was an offence to her. Never, since the night he had forced himself into her carriage, had she even looked into his face. If he appeared in the room where she happened to be, she did not permit her eyes to rest upon his detested countenance. If he drew near to her she did not seem to notice his presence. If he spoke to her, as he had ventured several times to do, she paid no regard to him whatever. So far as any response, or manifestation of feeling on her part, was concerned, it was as if his voice had not reached her ears. The very thought of this man was a foul thing in her mind. No wonder that the repeated reference by her husband was felt as a stinging insult.

"If you dare to mention that name again in connection with mine," she said, turning almost fiercely upon him, "I will——"

She caught the words and held them back in the silence of her wildly reeling thoughts.

"Say on!"

Emerson was cool, but not sane. It was madness to press his excited young wife now. Had he lost sense and discrimination? Could

he not see, in her strong, womanly indignation, the signs of innocence? Fool! fool! to thrust sharply at her now!

"My father!" came in a sudden gush of strong feeling from the lips of Irene, as the thought of him whose name was thus ejaculated, came into her mind. She struck her hands together, and stood like one in wild bewilderment. "My father!" she added, almost mournfully, "Oh, that I had never left you!"

"It would have been better for you and better for me." No, he was not sane, else would no such words have fallen from his lips.

Irene, with a slight start, and a slight change in the expression of her countenance, looked up at her husband.

"You think so?" Emerson was a little surprised at the way in which Irene put this interrogation. He looked for a different reply.

"I have said it," was his cold answer.

"Well." She said no more, but looked down and sat thinking for the space of more than a minute.

"I will go back to Ivy Cliff." She looked up, with something strange in the expression of her face. It was a blank, unfeeling, almost unmeaning expression.

"Well." It was Emerson's only response.

"Well; and that is all?" Her tones were so chilling that they came over the spirit of her husband, like the low waves of an icy wind.

"No, that is not all." What evil spirit was blinding his perceptions? What evil influence pressing him on to the brink of ruin?

"Say on." How strangely cold and calm she remained. "Say on," she repeated. Was there none to warn him of danger?

"If you go a third time to your father——" He paused.

"Well?" There was not a quiver in her low, clear, icy tone.

"You must do it with your eyes open, and in full view of the consequences."

"What are the consequences?"

Beware, rash man! Put a seal on your lips! Do not let the thought so sternly held, find even a shadow of utterance!

"Speak, Hartley Emerson. What are the consequences?"

"You cannot return!" It was said without a quiver of feeling.

"Well." She looked at him with an unchanged countenance, steadily, coldly, piercingly.

"I have said the words, Irene; and they are no idle utterances. Twice you have left me; but you cannot do it a third time, and leave a

way open between us. Go, then, if you will; but, if we part here, it must be forever!"

The eyes of Irene dropped slowly. There was a slight change in the expression of her face. Her hands moved one within the other, nervously.

Forever! The word is rarely uttered without leaving on the mind a shade of thought. Forever! It brought more than a simple shadow to the mind of Irene. A sudden darkness fell upon her soul, and for a little while she groped about like one who had lost her way. But her husband's threat of consequences—his cold, imperious manner—his assumed superiority—all acted as sharp spurs to pride, and she stood up, strong again, in full mental stature, with every power of her being in full force for action and endurance.

"I go." There was no sign of weakness in her voice. She had raised her eyes from the floor, and turned them full upon her husband. Her face was not so pale as it had been a little while before. Warmth had come back to the delicate skin, flushing it with beauty. She did not stand before him an impersonation of anger, dislike, or rebellion. There was not a repulsive attitude or expression. No flashing of the eyes, nor even the cold, diamond-glitter seen a little while before. Slowly turning away, she left the room. But, to her husband, she seemed still standing there, a lovely vision. There had fallen, in that instant of time, a sunbeam which fixed the image upon his memory in imperishable colors. What though he parted company here, with the vital form, that effigy would be, through all time, his inseparable companion!

"Gone!" Hartley Emerson held his breath as the word came into mental utterance. There was a motion of regret in his heart; a wish that he had not spoken quite so sternly; that he had kept back a part of the hard saying. But, it was too late now. He could not, after all that had just passed between them—after she had refused to answer his questions touching Major Willard—make any concessions. Come what would, there was to be no retracing of steps now.

"And it may be as well," said he, rallying himself, "that we part here. Our experiment has proved a sad failure. We grow colder and more repellant each day, instead of drawing closer together, and becoming more lovingly assimilated. It is not good—this life—for either of us. We struggle in our bonds, and hurt each other. Better apart! better apart! Moreover"—his face darkened—"she has fal-

len into dangerous companionship, and will not be advised or governed. I have heard her name fall lightly from lips that cannot utter a woman's name without leaving it soiled! She is pure now—pure as snow. I have not a shadow of suspicion, though I pressed her close. But, this contact is bad; she is breathing an impure atmosphere; she is assorting with some who are sensual and evil-minded, though she will not believe the truth. Mrs. Lloyd! Gracious heavens! My wife the intimate companion of that woman! Seen with her in Broadway! A constant visitor at my house! This, and I knew it not!"

Emerson grew deeply agitated as he rehearsed these things. It was after midnight when he retired. He did not go to his wife's apartment, but passed to a room in the story above that in which he usually slept.

Day was abroad when Emerson awoke on the next morning, and the sun shining from an angle that showed him to be nearly two hours above the horizon. It was late for Mr. Emerson. Rising hurriedly, and in some confusion of thought, he went down stairs. His mind, as the events of the last evening began to adjust themselves, felt an increasing sense of oppression. How was he to meet Irene? Or, was he to meet her again? Had she relented? Had a night of sober reflection wrought any change? Would she take the step he had warned her as a fatal one?

With such questions crowding upon him, Hartley Emerson went down stairs. In passing their chamber-door, he saw that it stood wide open, and that Irene was not there. He descended to the parlors and to the sitting-room, but did not find her. The bell announced breakfast. He might find her at the table? No—she was not at her usual place when the morning meal was served.

"Where is Mrs. Emerson?" he asked of the waiter.

"I have not seen her," was replied.

Mr. Emerson turned away and went up to their chambers. His footsteps had a desolate, echoing sound to his ears, as he bent his way thither. He looked through the front, and then through the back chamber, and even called, faintly, the name of his wife. But all was still as death. Now a small envelope caught his eye, resting on a casket in which Irene had kept her jewelry. He lifted it, and saw his name inscribed thereon. The handwriting was not strange. He broke the seal and read these few words:

"I have gone.

IRENE."

The narrow piece of tinted paper on which this was written dropped from his nerveless fingers, and he stood for some moments, still as if death-stricken, and rigid as stone.

"Well!" he said audibly, at length, stepping across the floor, "and so the end has come!"

He moved to the full length of the chamber, and then stood still. Turned, in a little while, and walked slowly back across the floor—stood still again, his face bent down, his lips closely shut, his finger-ends gripped into the palms.

"Gone!" He tried to shake himself free of the partial stupor which had fallen upon him. "Gone!" he repeated. "And so this calamity is upon us! She has dared the fatal leap! has spoken the irrevocable decree! God help us both, for both have need of help; I and she, but she most. God help her to bear the burden she has lifted to her weak shoulders; she will find it a match for her strength. I shall go into the world and bury myself in its cares and duties—shall find, at least in the long days, a compensation in work—earnest, absorbing, exciting work. But she? Poor Irene! The days and nights will be, to her, equally desolate. Poor Irene! Poor Irene!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"JUST LIKE A WOMAN!"

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"It is just like a woman—just like her." I remember the tones with which he said these words, just as though the bitterness and sadness which wound in and out of them, had stirred the air about me a moment ago.

"What is just like a woman, Uncle Phil?" and I clambered up into his lap, and put away with my small, weak fingers the silken brown locks from his forehead. The bitterness went out of his face, as he looked in mine and a half fond, half amused expression, neutralized whatever of sadness remained in his eyes. "What do you want to know about it, you inquisitive little six-year-old?"

"Because I do. Please to tell me, uncle."

"That's like a woman's argument, too—as reasonable and just as two-thirds of them, Pussy."

"Please to tell me what you meant, uncle?"

"I meant that it's just like a woman to throw away the love of a true, noble, manly heart, for wealth or position, or anything else which should simply gratify her pride and ambition, just as that girl has thrown away the

heart of my classmate, for an old millionaire. Much good may his gold do the foolish, mistaken woman!" and he glanced at the open letter which he had thrown on the table, and his face—that strong, thin, beautiful face—settled down into an expression of sternness and severity, such as I had never seen there before. I do not think he knew to whom he was talking then.

"Are all women like those, Uncle Phil?" I asked, with a vague comprehension of his meaning.

"Nearly all, I'm afraid, Wealthy!"

"Shall I be so, when I grow up to be a big woman?"

He gathered me up close to his heart.

"God forbid, my little girl. I'd rather cover up your bright head and fair limbs under the grass this day, than see you grow up to be a selfish, ambitious, heartless woman."

"Was mamma such a woman, Uncle Phil?" I believe an angel dropped this question into my heart at that moment.

"No!—a thousand times no!—bless you for the thought, my little girl! Your mother was a gentle, sweet, loving woman; true and self-sacrificing to the last hour of her life, and her memory in my heart is like sweet myrrh, filling its rooms with fragrance, and when I am tempted to lose all faith in woman's truth and love, I remember my sister, Mary Dunham."

The words of my uncle sank so deep into my soul, that they have not faded out of it through a decade and a half of years.

We were alone together in the library of the large old stone house, which my grandfather had built for his bride, and it stood in the pleasant village of Wilmot, among graceful cottages and fair white houses, like a gray old patriarch among his children.

I, Wealthy Craig, was an orphan, with no near relative on earth, saving my mother's only brother, Philip Dunham. My father was an artist, and he had died in Italy, while my life was yet in the twilight of infancy. My mother brought her dead husband and her living child to their old home; but she followed him in two years, for anxiety and grief had worn down her naturally delicate constitution.

So, in my fifth year, I was left to the guardianship of my young uncle, Philip Dunham.

His father had been an East India merchant, and amassed a vast property there.

But the death of one of his partners, and the rascality of the other, followed by one of those sudden commercial crises which are like great storms, sweeping down the fabrics of vast

fortunes in a day, made my grandfather a poor man. He was an old one at the time, and never recovered from the shock.

My uncle had just finished his professional studies (he was educated for the law) when the tidings came of his father's failure, and he only reached home to find him prostrated by a paralytic stroke, out of which he never awoke to recognize his son.

This occurred a year before my father's death. My uncle managed to retain the old homestead, but this was all that he saved from the wreck of his father's property; and it was only with great difficulty and by much perseverance that he succeeded in doing this.

The old patriarchal house stood a little way from the road, behind a couple of majestic horse-chestnuts. From the windows you could see the great hills, which were like green gates locking in the valley where the village rose, and the little lake in its emerald vase of alders, and the river flashing its silver fluting through the meadows. An old, rambling garden, stocked to plethora with fruit-trees, and vines and bushes, ran from the back of the house to the lane; and birds built their nests in its green, shadowy stillness, and inaugurated every dawn with the service of their sweet songs.

He was only twenty-four when the storm burst on him, but Philip Dunham had in him the grain of a true, strong character, and it did not crush him.

He set himself bravely to work at his profession, and when his widowed sister brought her orphan child to his home, he took them both into his heart; and God be witness that he was husband to the one and father to the other.

But another and heavier blow than all the others was appointed to him, one which I learned long years afterward from his own lips, crushed down for a while all hope, and faith and courage in his soul.

Gertrude West, the Squire's daughter, was his betrothed wife. She was a rarely beautiful woman, with all those outward charms of grace and manner, which bewilder and fascinate men; but her domestic and social education had not nourished the finest and noblest part of her character, and her soul was enamored of wealth and splendor, and though there is no doubt all that was best and truest in her nature, loved the man Philip Dunham, still, when misfortune fell sudden and heavy upon him, worldly counsels and innate selfishness triumphed over her affections.

She broke her engagement with my uncle, and in less than two months afterward married the wealthiest and most brilliant of her suitors, a Southern planter, and a widower, nearly a score of years her senior.

My uncle recovered from the great shock which the treachery of Gertrude West had occasioned, but it was a long, slow work to forget the beautiful girl who had so cruelly wronged him, for all the poetry of his youth, all the springs of his deep, overflowing tenderness, had been poured out on the woman of his love, and because of her he lost faith in the truth and enduring affection of all women; still, it was in that time when his fortune had taken wings, and all human love had failed him, that the soul of Philip Dunham turned to his God, and found the rest, and the peace, without which the strongest are always weak, and afterward the tree of his life put forth branches, and bore gracious blossoms and goodly fruits of truth, and charity, and love—for Philip Dunham became a Christian man.

"You better take the whole dozen bushels, sir; I'll put 'em down to fifty cents, seein' as it's you; they're the very best o' Rosebury russets, and they'll keep all winter in a dry cellar, and you can't beat 'em for eatin' apples in the county."

Farmer Ritter thus delivered himself, as he stood before his wagon, with his peck measure in one hand, while my uncle was on the opposite side, listening to the man and surveying the heap of apples brimming over the sides of the wagon.

"Well, Mr. Ritter," laughed my uncle, "I guess I'll take the whole pile on your recommendation; Pussy here has a remarkable capacity for good apples, as well as myself, and I think we shall be able to dispatch the whole before the winter is out."

"I'll promise to do my share, uncle," I said, climbing up on the wheel of the wagon, and watching the farmer measure out the fruit into the great bushel baskets on each side of him.

He was a tall, sunburnt, raw-boned man, with shaggy eyebrows, and weather-beaten face, but with the first glance into those rugged features, you felt that a good heart and an honest soul dwelt within them.

Farmer Ritter was a man of a great deal of shrewd practical sense, and my uncle was always fond of chatting and joking with him, when he came to the house to supply us with the various produce of his farm.

"How about that butter you promised us last week, farmer? We're almost out."

"Wall, *Miss Ritter* meant to have it, and a couple o' dozen eggs for you, when I carted over the apples, but she's had her hands full, fixin' for the new school ma'am. You see the Committee was sot on our takin' her to board, and my wife finally gin' consent, though it's put her out a good deal."

"I don't doubt it; and we haven't suffered for want of the butter, as our household numbers but three. You'll be down in a couple of days, I suppose."

"Not inside o' four, I'm afeard, much as I'd like to oblige you, *Lawyer Dunham*. You see I've got to cart all my flour ever to the mill to-morrow, and if this weather holds, I must take advantage on't to sow my wheat."

"That's bad, isn't it? (Look out, *Wealthy*, my child, I'm afraid you'll hurt your foot amongst those spokes.) That settles it," bringing his hand down on the wagon side. "I'm going into town day after to-morrow, to see an old client, and I'll just take the creek road up to your house, and get the things. *Mrs. Ritter's* butter is worth taking a little extra pains for."

"She al'ays was an astonishin' hand at butter and cheese, and got the premium three times at the County Fair, when she was a gal," answered the gratified husband.

"Oh, uncle, say I may go—please say I may go with you," jumping down from the wagon wheel, and catching hold of his hand.

"What's the use of taking you, chicken? You'll only be a bother," answered my uncle, but there was a laugh in the beautiful eyes which looked down on me so fondly.

"You better bring her along, sir. She'll like to see the white calf, and the young turkeys, and have a slice o' raised cake."

"I shall put in my claim for a slice, too," answered my uncle.

"I shall come, *Mr. Ritter*, you may depend upon it," I interposed very decidedly, at which both the men laughed.

"Spiled child, I reckon," said the farmer.

"I presume so," replied my uncle, playfully twitching my curls as they glanced around him.

CHAPTER II.

It was early in the afternoon when we drew up before the brown gate of farmer *Ritter's* home.

We had had a delightful ride through the still woods and around the creek. It was a

day in the Indian summer, and it had been born on the hills amid silver mists, and clothed in gold and purple it walked the earth, amid the sweet services of soft leaping waters and the song of birds, and winds swung their censers about it, filled with wood fragrances, for that day was like a High Priest, bearing, with crimson tunic and flashing ephod, the benediction of the year.

Uncle Philip and I had been mostly silent during our ride. The voice of the day spoke tender and sadly to our hearts. We heard the nuts dropping in the still woods, and the apples on the orchard grass, and the jingle of the little brooks, that hung their silver embroidery on the hills, and my uncle broke the long silence which had fallen betwixt us by saying, as he drew up before the house, "This is the place, *Wealthy*."

I looked curiously at the old farm homestead. It was an ample two-story red house, with a steep, moss-covered roof, which had braved the storms of three quarters of a century, but it looked friendly and home-like in that mellowing autumn sunlight, with the cherry-trees in front, and the low quinces at the side.

We alighted and went up to the house; the door was open, and a single stroke of the heavy brass knocker must have reached any one inside.

I heard a slight stir in one of the front rooms, and then a lady came into the hall, and approached us. I use this word *lady* in its broadest, completest sense; she *was* a lady, or better, a *gentlewoman*, not simply because of position, or antecedents, or any social adjuncts, but she held the title by the gift and grace of God, by the fine grain of her soul, by the dignity and gentleness of her character.

I was just nine years old that autumn, but I *felt* all this, with my first glance at the stranger, as certainly as I write it now.

I wish that I could describe this lady, or girl-woman, as she looked coming toward us; but it will be difficult to do this, for there was nothing striking or brilliant about her.

She was small and slender, with a pale, oval face, and a sweet, tender, delicate mouth, in which smiles and love seemed to lurk. Her eyes were of a clear, soft, steady brown, shielded by long, thick lashes, and the fair, pale face wore no hue of ill health, though you felt the soil where roses flourish was not in those delicate cheeks.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," said my uncle, lifting his hat, and surveying the strange lady. "Is *Mrs. Ritter* in?"

"She is not, sir. She was summoned very unexpectedly this morning to her mother, who is ill, but she left the butter and eggs in my charge. Will you walk in?"

"I see that you know me—so there is no use of my presenting myself."

A slight blush wavered across her cheek.

"I think not. You are Lawyer Dunham?"

"Yes."

"And I am Miss Day, the school teacher."

She said this as she led the way into the low, old fashioned kitchen, around the ceiling of which were festoons of "dried apples" and red peppers, while the carefully scoured floor was sprinkled with sand. A basket of eggs and a box of butter stood on the table in one corner, and my uncle was lifting these, when I interposed.

"Uncle, I must see the white calf and the turkeys first. You know Mr. Ritter said I should."

"But you can't this time, for his wife is away, and there is no one to show them to you. Come, now, be a brave girl."

For a shadow of disappointment had fallen on my face, as I had set my heart upon an investigation of the farm-yard.

The lady observed it. "I think I can introduce you to all the curiosities we have, if you'll place yourself under my charge for half an hour."

I did not wait for my uncle's consent, though indeed there was no need of that. I went to the lady, and slid my hand in hers.

"I can't allow you to take off my niece, without you consent to take me also, ma'am." And my uncle returned the box of butter to the table.

I forgot the lady's reply, but I know that we all went out under the hop-vine, which set itself like a green tent around the back door.

Half an hour later we returned. I had inspected the white calf in the barn, and the speckled turkeys in the yard, and seen the black ducks sail out on the pond, and was returning greatly delighted with my expedition, when a nail, in a wooden bench near the door, caught the skirt of my dress, and made a large, ugly rent in it.

"Tut—tut, Wealthy, I can't take such a ragged little girl into town with me!"

"If Betty was only here, she'd mend it for me. Oh, uncle, don't say I can't go with you."

"Perhaps I can turn Betty for a little while," said the soft-voiced lady. "Never mind, we'll have it all right," for the tears had forced themselves into my eyes."

My uncle at first declined the lady's offer, fearing it would give her too much trouble, and it was only after some persistence on her part, that he accepted it.

I remember just how she looked in that low, old-fashioned parlor, sitting on a stool at my feet, and mending the rent in my dress, with the serene autumn sunlight, which seemed to sanctify and spiritualize everything, drifting over her soft brown hair, and about her slender, quick-flying fingers.

Uncle Phil sat and watched her, pulling the faded leaves from the "morning glory" vine which draped the window, and scattering them upon the ground. There was a pleasant smile in his eyes as he looked down upon us, and I knew that some light pleasantry must have passed betwixt him and the school teacher, because of the laughter which ran in low, sweet gurgles out of her lips.

In a little while my dress was restored, and we took our leave. Miss Day accompanied us to the gate, and my uncle gave her his hand at parting, and said to her: "If I can serve you in any way, at any time, do not hesitate to call on me."

And there was a blush in her soft cheek as she thanked him, just as you have seen a drop of crimson in the heart of some snowy blossom.

"Uncle, I liked that lady, I liked her very much." We had been riding silently for a mile when I made this remark, with a good deal of emphasis.

That was all we said of her.

I think that a man who has poured out all the great wealth of his tenderness on a selfish, ambitious woman, one whose outward, sensuous loveliness has kindled his imagination, and stirred his fancies—and then been awakened, with one terrible shock, to the true knowledge of her character—I think that such a man is afterward better able to recognize that grace of soul, that sweetness, and gentleness, and steadfastness, which make true womanhood, and of which graciousness of manner and beauty of expression are only the outward symbols.

The young teacher had these, and though she was not dashing or brilliant, still, her face was one of those which, the more a man studies, the more its sweetness grew into his heart and rejoiced his life. It was a face to shine out tender and serene in his home, to soothe his heart in sorrow, to heal and strengthen it in weakness, and to be loving and faithful to him through all calamity or affliction; and it would

follow him in joy or sorrow, his wife, in the best and holiest meaning of the word, through life, unto death.

CHAPTER III.

"Why, Miss Day, is it possible you are out in this terrible storm?"

My uncle had just turned the corner of the lane, not more than a quarter of a mile from his home, when he came upon the school teacher. It was a day late in December, and it was going out into the night in a fearful convulsion of storm.

The snow had been falling for several hours, and the wind tore up the great sheets and piled them along the roadside, and hurled the thick flakes through the air in great, blinding clouds, so that it was with difficulty he could see where to guide his horse, for he was returning from an adjoining village, where he had gone in order to attend to some important legal business.

My uncle recognized the lady at the first glance, though the wind had tossed her hair over her eyes, and her face was bent down in order to shield it as much as possible from the wind. He sprang from his carriage. "How in the world did you come here?"

"I think that I must have lost my way," she said, but her voice was weak and strained; "I was trying to get back to farmer Ritter's."

"Why, you are at least three miles from his house. Come, let me lift you into my carriage, and I'll carry you home, for you'd certainly have perished in this storm if I hadn't found you."

He didn't hear her reply, for the wind beat up just then with the voice of a thousand trumpets, and carried it away; but he lifted the small, delicate figure into the carriage, and wrapped it in the buffalo skins, and springing in beside it, urged his horse on as rapidly as possible.

"It will take you a long distance out of your way. I had no idea we were so far from home," said the sweet, faint voice.

"We are not far from mine; I shall carry you there first. How you shiver! You must be almost perished with cold."

But this time she did not answer. Her head fell down until it rested on his shoulder, and looking into the fair face Philip Durham feared it was struck with death.

I stood at the window, peering out into the thick clouds of snow for a sight of my uncle's carriage, and I shrieked for joy when I saw it drive up to the gate.

He dismounted, and lifted what seemed to be a heavy bundle from the carriage, and I rushed out into the hall and opened the door.

"Oh, uncle! uncle! have you brought a dead woman home with you?" for I did not at first recognize the white, stark face, from which the bonnet had fallen away.

"I hope not, Wealthy. Run quick for Betty!"

And he carried the lady in and laid her on the lounge before the warm grate fire, and Betty, the faithful old domestic who had nursed Philip when he was a boy, hurried down to the sitting-room.

"We must get brandy down her throat, and her feet into warm water. If that don't bring her to, you may depend on't she's frozen to death!" exclaimed the frightened old woman.

She came back to life at last, with low groans and convulsive shivers; but she did not recognize any of us, and before morning she was in a high brain fever.

For three weeks Janet Day, the school teacher, lay under our roof on the borders of the grave, and in the delirium which accompanied her illness we learned the story of her life.

She was an orphan, the daughter of a clergyman, who had died several years previous. She had had sorrows, long and heavy ones, no matter what, for we who learned them by her sick bed, in the midst of the fever which had fired her brain with madness, never betrayed them.

Suffice it, she had been a brave, patient, long enduring woman, and her trials had at length driven her to apply for the situation of district school teacher at Wilmot; but, while her sorrows had only clarified and enriched her character, they had worn heavily on her physique.

Farmer Ritter and his wife had no idea that she went with failing strength and aching head every morning to her arduous school duties, for she never complained of illness.

But that day she dismissed her scholars early in the afternoon, because of the storm which had just commenced, and then she started for home. She could remember nothing, however, after she left the school house. But it was appointed Janet Day to live, and not die.

"I reckon she'll be able to stand the ride in your spring carriage in a day or two," said farmer Ritter one pleasant January morning, as he stopped on his way to market, with a china bowl of blackberry jam for the "school

ma'am." You've had her here a risin' o' seven weeks, and mother was sayin' this mornin' she knew quite enough on Miss Day to be sartin' she'd want to leave as soon as possible.

"Why, farmer Ritter, don't you think we make the lady as comfortable as your wife could?" asked my uncle, with a shade of annoyance on his face.

"We aint no fears on that score," subjoined the farmer, cracking his whip, and awkwardly setting one foot before the other, "but you know it's a little uncommon for a young woman to be visitin' a man that hasn't a wife of his own."

A comical smile wavered over my uncle's face. "I haven't thought of it in that light," he said.

"Wall, I hope you wont take no offence, lawyer, but bein' as things are, we thought we'd better try and take her home, if she keeps up, and the January thaw holds on."

"Well, I'll speak to Miss Day about it," answered my uncle.

"Uncle Phil, I do wish you'd come and help me place these flowers," for I was intent on arranging some golden immortelles after a somewhat intricate pattern, on a cushion of gray moss; and he had been pacing to and fro before me, evidently much absorbed in his own thoughts.

"I can't attend to your nonsense now, Wealthy, I'm too busy."

I was highly indignant at this reply, especially as my uncle continued his walk up and down the room for another hour

Late in the afternoon of that same day, our invalid guest came down stairs for the first time since her illness. I had established myself in the deep bay window of the sitting-room, with a new book which my uncle had brought me, and the heavy crimson curtains fairly hid me from sight. My uncle wheeled the invalid before the grate fire, and sat down by her side.

I remember the fair pale face resting against the crimson cushions of the arm-chair reminded me of some of the heads which had belonged to my father's studio, and it sat on the small, delicate neck, as a lily sits on its slender stem, rocked about by the winds.

"How much better you are looking," perusing the pale face.

"That is what they all tell me, and I have but one answer, 'I am feeling better, too.'"

I do not know what reply my uncle made to this remark, for I became absorbed in my

book, and they chatted together for an hour perhaps, when his tones called my attention again.

"Farmer Ritter was here again to-day, and he thinks that he must have you home in two or three days. But I don't know how we can spare you."

"You are very kind to say this, after all the trouble I have given you. But farmer Ritter has only forstalled my own intention."

"I cannot think of your returning with any pleasure. Kind as they are, and much as they love you, you cannot be happy in the midst of such uncongenial environments."

A shadow fell upon the pale face, and the brown eyes shone in it like lamps far out at sea. "I have learned to take my life as God sends it."

"But are you quite certain that He wills you should go back?"

"I think so, because, as you see, there is no other place to go."

"But you can stay here."

The deep brown eyes sought his face, filled with wonder. "I do not understand you," she said, just as a child might have said it.

My uncle took the thin, soft fingers in his own. "Janet Day," and a tremor ran through the low, deep tones, "I am an abrupt man, and you are a woman with whom it is not necessary to use soft phrases and lover's flattery. When I said 'stay here,' I meant as my wife, tenderly sheltered, dearly beloved, the mistress of a home that will never again seem so without you."

Her white face had kindled and died, in changes like the fire flames. She covered it with her small hand, fair and transparent as some curving shell. I saw the tears which glistened on her fingers, and heard the sobs which shook her.

My uncle leaned forward. "Janet, have you no answer for me but tears?"

She looked up and smiled in his face, a smile that must have brightened a man's heart forever. She laid her hands in his.

Leaning forward to see them, my book fell.

"What does this mean?" said my uncle, and he sprang to the window.

"It's only I, Uncle Phil; I just got behind here because it's such a nice place to read."

"And you've heard all we've been saying, you little witch, you!" and I was sure that he blushed, almost as much as Miss Day did.

"Only the last part, and I wont tell anybody, I wont, as true as I live!"

My uncle burst into one of his hearty

laughs, and Janet Day's blended in with it, like a merry air, and sweet as the gurgle of soft-flowing waters.

"Wealthy, you little rogue, come here and tell me how you should like to say 'my Aunt Janet.'"

"I should like to say it very much indeed, Uncle Phil," and I went up to the lady and kissed her, and she put her arms about me and called me her little girl, with eyes full of shining tears.

The next day farmer Ritter called to confer with Miss Day respecting her return home, and great was the old man's astonishment when my uncle informed him that she had concluded to pass the winter at his house.

"But she can never foot it three miles to school, lawyer Dunham."

"She has concluded to give it up, and take only Wealthy and me for her pupils."

My uncle enjoyed, for a few minutes, the look of blank astonishment which settled down on the old man's weather-beaten visage.

At last he explained the true state of affairs, and when the farmer came to understand it, his face brightened up wonderfully, and he shook hands warmly with my uncle and Miss Day, and wished them "much joy" in a voice hoarse with emotion; and he went out of the house muttering to himself, "Wont mother be dumb-founded when I tell her!"

It was the time of the singing of birds and the glory of apple-blossoms.

My aunt, Janet Dunham, sat in the bay window, with the soft winds stirring her brown hair. To what shall I liken her that is fair, and lovely, and of good report? She was like a fair lily set full of beauty and fragrance, in the currents of my uncle's life, or like a sweet chime of bells waving back and forth melodies in the air about him.

His head was in her lap, and her soft hand was lying, a still caress, in his hair, while he read alternately the book which he held, and the face above him. I sat still and watched them for a little while.

At last I spoke: "Uncle, do you remember what you said to me so long ago, that it was just like a woman to be selfish and ambitious, and sell a true heart for gold? Do you think so now?"

"What a memory that child has, Janet!" Then he called me to him, and drawing his arm around my waist, said very earnestly: "If I think it is like a good many women to

be and do this, Wealthy, I think, also, with Luther, because I know *'that the sweetest thing this side of Heaven is the heart of a Christian woman!'*"

TWO PICTURES.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

WRAPPED in the soft, dreamy shadows,
That float in the firelight's glow,
Unheeding that over the meadows
The winds of the winter blow.
One with a face framed fairly,
In curls with a golden gleam,
Counts over the treasures that rarely
Flash out of a maiden's dream.

Broad lands that lie in the ermine
Of Winter's most royal robe,
Jewels whose hearts were once burning
Where breezes of Araby blowed;
Long lines of ancestry gifted,
With the flush of noble blood,
Knighted through the blades they lifted,
In swelling a crimson flood.

Titles with reverence spoken
Before the sweet maiden-name,
And scores of bright lances broken
In easing a jealous pain.
"Yet,"—and her hands break slowly
The idle clasp they have worn,
"Better that to life more lowly
A woman's heart should be born."

Standing in the misty dawning,
With the wild sea at her feet,
The winds of a bitter morning
Blowing cold across her cheek,
And with a brow bound plainly,
In smooth bands of raven hair,
Strives bravely, therefore not vainly,
To number her treasures there.

Only the low, darksome dwelling
In sound of the sea's wild moan,
With the winds forever telling
Their message of "all alone."
Only the night's darker falling
To change the monotonous day,
And the stern rock-barrier walling
The deep waters of the bay.

Yet the eyes that resting, tearless,
On the glimmer of a sail
That dip to the westward, fearless,
And loses the landsman's hail,
Hold a strong and a steady burning
Of the fires of trusting faith,
That send the low sigh of yearning
Away from the rising breath.

One title is spoken, lowly,
 Before the unblazoned name
 By a heart that holds as holy,
 The purity of its fame;
 She turns to the life God gives her,
 On a wild, uncultured shore,
 With but love and Faith to live for,
 Yet the heart asks nothing more.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

WE of this world, through the impulses of heart as well as the weaknesses of nature, lean one upon another as we go upward or downward on the hill of life, clinging closely to the hands that we have found endowed with strength for our weakness, and rest trustfully on the hearts that have but tender chiding for our folly, forgiveness for our errors, and reverence for our efforts toward attaining higher planes in the drama of life.

There are chains of sympathy that draw us back many times from the wild seas on which the heart is led to venture, and there are few who have not known the struggle, weary enough in its pain, yet blessed in its after peace, of putting away sad memories of the dead, to live for the sake of loved ones left; yet how much *more* bitter, how dark with all loneliness and desolation, must be the life that has no call of love from the world where it is bound, whose sorrow is unshrined, whose wild reachings after human aid and human sympathy are vain.

Yet that such sorrow is sooner or later an aching wound in *all* hearts, we can scarcely fail to know. It may not be for *the dead*: but there are pains that come to us through peculiar organizations, through wasted affections, through darkened hopes, and actions misapprehended, which are too closely interwoven with our heart-strings to be laid open to cool judgment, even from those who love us best.

Therefore is it that we say *it is not well* to give the people of the world "power upon our souls" so absolute, that, lacking an upholding hand, we sink to the lowest depths of anguish and desolation, and send the heart out in searching and yearning after some other heart that will understand it, only to find it wounded to the faintness of despair by the searching, and finding not.

A soul is truly brave that can put from it all tendency to a sickly development of its hopes and yearnings, and truly strong, if dependency on outer influences and worldly affections only

as auxiliaries to happiness, it searches for and finds at last, within itself and its trust in God,

"A well of water, undisturbed and deep,
 Of sustenance, refreshment, and repose."

We know what it is, when the spirit is shaken by petty conflicts, and wearied by contact with gross materialism, to turn from the discord that grates on nerve and brain, to a heart that keeps for our moods of pain the quieting magnetism of its love and sympathy, and somewhat like this, we may well believe, is the influence that we gain from calm and earnest communion with our own souls.

"Not *all* evil" is the spark of immortal life that burns within us, and who can say what strong and earnest impulses have been fanned into flame, and set in the paths that led to fruition by a day, an hour, of self-communion; that day or that hour—one in which we realized that the human heart on which we leaned had fallen to its native dust, or to the scarce darker grave of *the world*—and felt that, for all after-life, whether it came to us in light or gloom, our only armor was SELF-DEPENDENCE.

MUSINGS.

BY DR. C. C. COX.

It is a fearful night abroad,
 A night of wind and snow;
 The fire is dying on the hearth,
 The taper burning low;
 And yet for dreary hours I sit,
 And on the embers gaze,
 And people these old halls once more
 With the forms of other days.
 O, some were young and beautiful,
 Of those who gathered here,
 And some were in the faded leaf,
 Weighed down by toil and care;
 But whether they were gay or sad,
 Or young in years, or old,
 They all sleep well in the church yard still,
 Beneath the church yard mould.
 And yet, around this hearth to night
 I cannot feel alone,
 Still something lingers fondly here
 Of the dear ones loved and gone;
 I list for some familiar step
 Upon the old oak stair,
 And start, as falls a treasured tone
 Upon the midnight air!
 Dark shadows gather on the walls
 As dies the flickering blaze,
 And thought strays far from the silent room,
 And the scenes of vanished days,
 To a world where the storms shall beat no more,
 And the shadows never come,
 And the parted ones be gathered all
 In a bright and changeless home!

THE WORTH OF WOMANLY CHEERFULNESS.

We come in contact with a most singular fact, which at first is not easy of analysis, that people are intent on playing the miserable, as if there were a virtue in it. The real solution is that it is an exhibition of selfishness; for no one is habitually cheerful who does not think more of others than himself. Multitudes appear to be studious of something which makes them unhappy: for unhappiness excites attention, and attention is supposed to inspire interest, and interest comparison. You have seen a person of very robust and corpulent habit, so robust as ought to excite perpetual gratitude for joyous health, sometimes putting on the airs of an invalid, for no reason in the world but to draw out toward him some expression of affectionate concern, and so gratify his self-conceit. That very mood which in children is called being "naughty," for which they are whipped and sent to bed, in young people is dignified with the name of "low spirits," for which they are to be petted and pitied; whilst in elderly people it is known as "nervousness," for which it is expected they should be humored to the full tension of mortal patience.

CHILDHOOD.

LET no man smile, in self-sufficiency of his acquisitions, at the perceptions of early, very early childhood. Deep and rapturous are they, as some of those rare old springs of limpid water that bubble in brawly beauty to the earth's surface from rocky recesses that never may see the light of day. To childhood all is rest—that which appears to be is. The little hand that, with no mental guiding notion of distance, outstretches to grasp the moon for its silvery beauty, is but the type of the young mind that has made no moral comparisons. Vividness of conception and absolute faith in all they see, combined with an intuitive and deeply philosophical judgment of gentleness or harshness, make up the early mysteries of human intellect; perception and moral education acting and reacting in their thousands of after conditions, do all the rest. Happy is that tiny lord of the creation whose first tottering mental steps are guided by kindness. Wo, wo to those who, with so sacred a trust as a human soul, fresh and unsullied from the hand of its Maker, confided to them, abuse the confidence of nature, and betray their God!

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY FANNY FALES.

My feet drew near the valley—I could hear
The flow of Jordan through the mists that hide;
Yet on I trod, without a sign of fear,
For angels walked beside.

The tender Summer birds had southward flown,
The flowers lain down to sleep until the Spring;
Of this chill earth I, too, had weary grown,
In brighter climes would sing.

I knew the flowers would wake again and smile,
The birds build in the lilac by the door;
And I should go, be missed a little while,
But come again no more.

Yet turned I not for tears or outstretched arms,
Nor for the anguish of my only child;
The Heavenly City, with its untold charms,
Beyond the river smiled.

The gates of pearl! I saw their light afar—
Some "gone before" awaited me within;
No restless yearnings their sweet rest to mar,
No sickness, sorrow, sin.

But the life angel beckoned me away—
With slow, weak steps I followed where he led;
Not yet, he said, thy rest awhile delay,
There's work for thee instead.

The April rain makes music on the roof,
The April buds are bright'ning into flowers;
And, God's love for the warp and for the woof,
Time weaves for me the hours.

O heart, take courage! Some threads dark as night,
Beside the sunbeams in life's web are wove;
But they are needful in thy Father's sight,
Are tokens of His love.

LINES FOR A SQUARE IN AN ALBUM QUILT.

Love—from thy scenes of childhood—
Love—from their sunny skies—
Love—from their green old wildwoods,
And love from their gentle eyes,
Bring we to thee.

Thy name is a name that lingers
Still in its native bowers,
And to give thy sleep *home dreamings*
We here have traced thee ours;
Loved let them be!

HOME.

Softly, gently breathe that little word,
For oh! a thousand memories it doth recall,
Fraught with sweet images of days gone by.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE LITTLE GIRL AT THE PALINGS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Continued.)

Just at that moment there came the light, soft patter of a child's feet along the hall, little fingers pulled a moment at the door-knob, and then Annie Whipple burst into the room, and stood still staring at Alice, her sweet face full of wonder.

She was a rarely beautiful child, with a complexion like a half blossomed lily, and eyes of a rich agate brown, and her little rose-bud of a mouth was set amongst a bed of dimples.

"Come here, my darling," said the mother, reaching out her hands, "do you see who's got home?"

"Franky! Franky!" shouted the glad voice of the little one, as she sprang toward her brother.

And Frank caught the little sister in his arms, and covered her baby-face with kisses. "Is she glad to see brother back again?"

"Frank, who is that—who is that?" in a lower whisper, pulling her brother's sleeve and peering at Alice from under her long lashes, in a way that was irresistibly comical.

"It's a little girl, pussy, that I've brought home to take care of you. Wont Annie go up with brother and shake hands with her?"

She hid her shy face a moment on his shoulder, then she slipped her small hand in Frank's, and pattered up to Alice by his side.

And the heart of the orphan went out at once toward her little charge. She bent down and drew the child toward her, and Annie Whipple lifted her dimpled arms and clasped them around Alice's neck, and kissed her brown cheek, and from that hour the children were friends.

Mrs. Whipple was a judicious, Christian woman, with a warm, generous heart, which was always overflowing in kindly words and deeds, to those about her.

Some heavy rains of sorrow and anguish had fallen into her life. It was less than two years since her husband's face was covered up under that green pillow which the loom of every spring weaves over the faces of the loved and lost. He had died suddenly, and the fever which carried him to his grave was brought on by care and labor and anxiety, which the discovery of the rascality of one of his partners, and his consequent failure in business, had caused him.

Mr. Whipple left his family a sufficient fortune to secure it from all want, under his wife's judicious management, though she was obliged to leave the

elegant home of her early married life, and to give up all the luxury and splendor with which her husband had surrounded her; but she was a brave, hopeful woman, and her heart never looked back with a sigh of regret to her palace home, in that graceful little cottage in the suburbs of the city, where she brought up in the love and the fear of God the children which He had given her.

So the little orphan, Alice Lynne, had fallen into good hands.

Mrs. Whipple's heart was drawn toward her son's protegee from the first, and her care and kindness made a life new and blessed for Alice Lynne.

Two years had gone by. It was a cold winter's night, and the sky was hung with stars, and the earth was laid away in the cold, white linen wrappers of winter.

Mrs. Whipple and Annie and Alice sat in the cozy little sitting-room, and the gas light and the glow of the grate fire threw their soft charm over the apartment. The lady was embroidering a scarlet dress for her daughter, who was trying on the bonnet of a new wax doll, while Alice sat by the table completely absorbed in the book before her.

These two years have wrought a wonderful change in the girl. Her face has lost its worn, sallow hue, and the dark bands of neatly braided hair fall now around soft, plump cheeks, where smiles wander so naturally that they have not quite gone out, even in her studying.

The door opens suddenly and Frank breaks into the room. "Come, girls," cries the bold, eager voice, "put on your things in a jiff, and hurry right out. It's capital sledding, the hill's as smooth as ice, and you'll go down like an arrow."

Annie claps her hands and runs to the closet for her bonnet and cloak, while her mother says, glancing out of the window:

"It's a terrible cold night, Frank, I'm afraid to trust her out."

"Oh, mamma! you needn't be; the wind will only put fresh roses in her cheeks. Such fun as we boys have had!" and he laughs triumphantly as he spreads his hands above the glowing coals.

"What—aren't you going, Alice?" for her head is still bowed over her book.

"No, Frank, I can't. I can't have this long history lesson if I do."

"Now, just hear that, mother!" exclaims the boy, in a voice of considerable irritation; "if Alice Lynne isn't the greatest 'book worm' I ever came

across. Who ever heard of a girl refusing to have a little fun for a history lesson!"

"It's very commendable in her to do so, I'm sure," answered Mrs. Whipple, bending her warm, bright smile on the girl, as she draws on Annie's mittens.

"Now, mamma, one would think you were a school teacher, to hear you say that!"

"I wish I could be one," and Alice lifts up her face with a quick flash of earnestness.

"Oh, you don't really, Alice, you wouldn't like to be a school teacher?"

Frank says the words half contemptuously, as the profession happens to have no great charm of association for him.

"Yes, I should, better than anything else in the world."

"Now go, mother's darling; look out and keep her cloak wrapped warm about her!" exclaims Mrs. Whipple, in her *mother-tones*, as she kisses Annie; and the brother and sister go out together; but at the door the boy turns and sees that Alice's eyes have followed him with great longing. He stops. "You don't know what you're going to lose. Alice."

"I know I'm not going to lose this lesson," playfully holding up her book.

And Frank goes out without her.

There is a long quiet in the room, broken only by the tick of the clock on the mantel, and the crackle of the flames as they leap round the coals. At last Alice lays down her book.

"Have you learned your lesson, Alice?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, then, I am ready to have a few moments' talk with you. Are you quite certain that what you said to Frank just now was the truth, that you would prefer being a school teacher to anything else?"

"I am very certain of it"—with that earnest out-leap of her face.

"Well, then, my child, you may set yourself about being one at once; for motherless, fatherless little girl that you are, I want to feel that when you go out from under my roof you will not go unfitted to make yourself useful and happy. I will send you to school for the next three years, Alice."

"Oh, I thank you, Mrs. Whipple, more than my words can say!"

They did not need to say any more when she went and sat down by Mrs. Whipple's feet, and laying her head in her lap sobbed for joy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT SHALL WE BUILD?

Four children were playing on the sea-shore. They had gathered bright pebbles and beautiful shells, and written their names in the pure, white sand; but at last, tired of their sport, they were about going home, when one of them, as they came to a pile of stones, cried out:

"Oh! let us build a fort; and we will call that ship, away out there, an enemy's vessel, and make believe we are firing great cannon balls into her!"

"Yes, yes! let us build a fort," responded Edward, the other lad.

And the two boys—for two were boys and two girls—ran off to the pile of stones, and began removing them to a place near the water.

"Come, Anna and Jane," said they, "come and help us."

"Oh, no. Don't let us build a fort," said Jane.

"Yes; we will build a fort," returned the boys.

"What else can we build? You wouldn't put a house down here on the water's edge?"

"No; but I'll tell you what we can build, and it will be a great deal better than a fort."

"Well; what can we build?"

"A light-house," said the girls; "and that will be just as much in place on the edge of the sea as a fort. We can call the ship yonder a vessel lost in the darkness, and we will hang out a light and direct her in the true way. Wont that be much better than to call her an enemy, and build a fort to destroy her? See how beautifully she sits upon and glides over the smooth water! Her sails are like the open wings of a bird, and they bear her gracefully along. Would it not be cruel to shoot great balls into her sides, tear her sails to pieces, and kill the men who are on board of her? Oh! I am sure it would make us all happier to save her when in darkness and danger. No, no; let us not build a fort, but a light-house; for it is better to save than to destroy."

The girls spoke with tenderness and enthusiasm, and their words reached the better feelings of their companions.

"Oh, yes," said they, "we will build a light-house, and not a fort." And they did so.

Yes, it is much better to save than to destroy. Think of that, children, and let it go with you through life. Be more earnest to save your friends than to destroy your enemies. And yet, when a real enemy comes, and seeks to do evil, be brave to resist him.

QUERIES.

Once in a minute, twice in a moment, once in a man's life? The letter M.

What is the difference between twenty four quart bottles, and four and twenty quart bottles? 56 quarts difference.

How will you arrange four 9's so as to make one hundred? 99 9-9.

Why is a lady's hair like a bee-hive? It holds the comb.

Why is an attorney like a minister? Because he studies the law and the profits.

When is a man not a man? When he's a-bed.

Why is a miser like seasoned timber? Because he never gives.

Mother's Department.

"THE TEACHER'S CROSS."

"I don't like the teacher, mother, he is so cross."

"But has not my little daughter crossed him? Let us see. Have you tried your best to-day to learn your lessons? Have you given your teacher the satisfaction of seeing you quiet, industrious and persevering? Have you manifested no disposition to annoy him in any way, by disregarding the rules of school, or otherwise conducting improperly?"

"Why, I did not whisper or play half as much as some others did. I only told Susie Jones that I could make a prettier butterfly than the one she had drawn on her slate; and then Annie Curry wanted to know what color my new dress was, and I just told her it was blue, and trimmed with black velvet, and how it was cut. I'm sure that wasn't much."

"But could not my daughter get along without even so much whispering? Could she not have given the information at recess, and told Annie she did not like to talk during study hours?"

"But, mother, I forgot, and whispered before I thought. It was not right, I know, but seeing others do it made me forget that if I did the same my whisper would go with theirs, as the teacher says, to make up a great noise and confusion. I will try, mother, to remember it in future."

Another says, "I wish school would close tomorrow; I'm tired of it."

"What is the matter now?" quickly inquires mother.

"Why, the teacher won't allow us to whisper or do anything we want to, but we have to write compositions every week, and so many of those hard questions to do. I don't like the teacher this winter half as well as I did Mr. T."

"Well, I should think according to your account, he requires more than he will get," says the indulgent mother. Did you ever cipher there before?"

"No, and I don't mean to now, it's too hard. I don't know how to do the questions, and he won't do them for us till after we've all tried them, and I'm not going to trouble myself about them."

The sympathizing parent wonders what teachers were hired for, and what they can find to do if they don't tell the scholars anything. Mothers, which of the two scholars will the teacher have an opportunity to benefit most?—*Mother's Journal.*

WITHOUT INCUMBRANCE.

Among the applicants for a town missionary's situation, recently advertised, several took occasion to urge their peculiar fitness for the office, on the ground that they were "without incumbrance." Those words happened to be written in most unusual size and prominence in one application, the

receipt of which was duly acknowledged in a note containing the following, in the shape of a postscript: "For the sake of those who are blessed with little children, and love them dearer than aught on earth, never again, I beseech you, use, in the sense you have done, the detestable expression 'incumbrance,' which is a foul slander on the most innocent and most delightful of human beings, as well as a flagrant insult to parental affection and enjoyment—things to which, it seems, you have the misfortune to be the unhappy stranger."

BABY'S SHOE.

The following instructions for working a baby's shoe in crochet and wool will be found perfectly easy, as well as an extremely good shape. Make a chain of twenty loops, turn, making two stitches in the first loop, work to the end in single crochet, making two stitches in the last loop as well as at the first. Work ten rows, taking up the back stitch of the last row; increase every row at the end, which will form the toe of the boot, but only increasing five rows at the other end. Work four rows with fourteen loops, still increasing; this forms half of the shoe. Then work four more rows, decreasing in the same proportion; this forms the front of the shoe. The other side now remains to be worked to the same measurement, still continuing to decrease, so that both halves shall be exactly the same. When this shoe shape is finished, it is folded down the centre, and sewn up from the toe to the heel. This will form the sole as well as the upper part. To form it into the boot shape, if required, work one row of chain all round the top. In this row, chain three and loop in every other stitch of the last row. Repeat as many rows of the same as will be sufficient to form the upper part of the boot or sock. A narrow ribbon is inserted in and out round the top of the shoe part, and tied with a bow in the front. The same plan of forming the boot may be adopted either for knitting, tricot or crochet.

WATCH, MOTHER!

Mother, watch the little feet
Climbing o'er the garden wall,
Bounding through the busy street,
Ranging cellar, shed and hall;
Never count the moments lost,
Never mind the time it cost;
Little feet will go astray,
Guide them, mother, while you may.

Mother! watch the little hand
Picking berries by the way,
Making houses in the sand,
Tossing o'er the fragrant hay.

Never dare the question ask,
 "Why to me this weary task?"
 These same little hands may prove
 Messengers of light and love.

Mother! watch the little tongue,
 Prattling, eloquent and wild,
 What is said and what is sung
 By the happy, joyous child.
 Catch the word while yet unspoken,
 Stop the vow before 'tis broken;

This same tongue may yet proclaim
 Blessings in a Saviour's name.

Mother! watch the little heart
 Beating soft and warm for you;
 Wholesome lessons now impart;
 Keep, O keep that young heart true.
 Extirpating every weed,
 Sowing good and precious seed;
 Harvest rich you then may see
 Ripening for eternity.

Health Department.

READING ALOUD.

THIS is an accomplishment possessed by so few that a good reader is almost as rare as a man of common-sense. It is greatly to be regretted that so little attention is paid to a branch of education so agreeable, so important, and so useful. Months of time and multitudes of dollars are expended on studies which could be profitably dispensed with altogether, while the cultivation of the ability to read aloud gracefully is very sadly neglected—in fact, is not considered as by any means an important acquisition. A beautiful singer delights a whole assembly, a beautiful reader not only delights but instructs. A fool may sing divinely. But a good reader must possess mind. Let the parents then, whose daughters have no taste for music, no ear for song, but who have hearts and intellects worthy of any man, give them a chance of showing what they are made of, a chance of making their way in the world, of cultivating the habit of reading aloud with care, with grace, with understanding, and thus put it in their power of bearing their part in the entertainment of any company into which they may be thrown.

But it is to the physical benefits to be derived from reading aloud, to which the attention is more particularly called. It is one of those exercises which combines mental and muscular effort, and hence has a double advantage. It is an accomplishment which may be cultivated alone, perhaps better alone than under a teacher, for then a naturalness of intonation will be acquired from instinct rather than from art; the most that is required being that the person practicing should make an effort to command the mind of the author, the sense of the subject.

To read aloud well, a person should not only understand the subject, but should hear his own voice and feel within him that every syllable was distinctly enunciated, while there is an instinct presiding, which modulates the voice to the number or distance of the hearers. Every public speaker ought to be able to tell whether he is distinctly heard by the farthest auditor in the room; if he is not, it is from a want of proper judgment and observation.

Reading aloud helps to develop the lungs just as

singing does if properly performed. The effect is to induce the drawing of long breaths every once in a while, oftener and deeper than if reading without enunciating. These deep inhalations never fail to develop the capacity of the lungs in direct proportion to their practice.

Common consumption begins uniformly with imperfect, insufficient breathing; it is the characteristic of the disease that the breath becomes shorter and shorter, through weary months, down to the close of life, and whatever counteracts that short breathing, whatever promotes deeper inspirations, is curative to that extent, inevitably and under all circumstances. Let any person make the experiment by reading this page aloud, and in less than three minutes, the instinct of a long breath will show itself. This reading aloud develops a weak voice, and makes it sonorous. It has great efficiency also in making the tones clear and distinct, freeing them from that annoying hoarseness, which the unaccustomed reader exhibits before he has gone over half a page, when he has to stop and hem and clear away, to the confusion of himself, as much as that of the subject.

This loud reading, when properly done, has a great agency in educing vocal power, on the same principle that all muscles are strengthened by exercise, those of the voice-making organs being no exception to the general rule. Hence, in many cases, absolute silence diminishes the vocal power, just as the protracted non-use of the arm of the Hindoo devotee at length paralyzes it forever. The general plan in appropriate cases is to read aloud, in a conversational tone, thrice a day, for a minute or two, or three, at a time, increasing a minute every other day, until half an hour is thus spent at a time, thrice a day, which is to be continued until the desired object is accomplished. Managed thus, there is safety and efficiency as a uniform result.

As a means, then, of health, of averting consumption, of being useful and entertaining in any company; as a means of showing the quality of the mind, let reading aloud be considered an accomplishment more indispensable than that of smattering French, of lisping Italian, of growling Dutch, or dancing cotillions, gallopades, polkas and quadrilles.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Hints for Housekeepers.

DIFFERENT METHODS OF MAKING PILAU.

This very wholesome and cheap dish consists of nothing more than rice swelled and softened by broth of any description. The substances most commonly used, and their proportions, are as follows:—

Three ounces of rice for each person; it should be picked and washed in three waters. Half-a-pound of mutton to each portion of rice. Half-an-ounce of very fresh butter cut into small bits for each of the portions. A sufficient quantity of water to allow, when the broth is made, one pint to be imbibed by each portion of the rice. The broth is made first, and the meat should be but two-thirds dressed.

Pilau is made in a well-tinned copper stewpan, with a cover of a sufficient size to allow the rice to swell, over a charcoal brazier. The broth is poured into the saucepan, and when it boils the cleaned rice is gradually thrown into it; the rice insensibly absorbs the broth, and when the whole is imbibed the rice is swollen, but unbroken, and perfectly tender, and is done. When taken off the fire and uncovered, a number of little holes produced by the evaporation of the broth will be observed; into these the small pieces of butter are put, and the stewpan is carefully closed: the butter soon melts and mixes with the rice; it is left to simmer for a quarter of an hour, and then placed in a tureen or dish. The rice should not be stirred while on the fire. The meat having been cut into small pieces and browned nicely in fresh butter, (which completes its cooking,) is placed neatly on the pilau.

Pilau is improved by using pigeons and fowls, either added to the meat, or alone. No vegetables are to be used, as they impart a harsh, unpleasant flavor to the dish.

A PILAU FOR FIVE PERSONS.—Five ounces of rice; two pounds and a half of meat, two ounces and a half of fresh butter; five pints of broth made from the meat, and salted as usual. After the broth is made, half an hour is sufficient for cooking this dish, which is the general food of the Turks.

VENICE PILAU, AS A SIDE-DISH.—Six ounces of rice, washed in three tepid waters; stew it gently in two pints of broth over a clear charcoal fire, and closely covered. When all the broth is imbibed, it is done, and is to be taken off the fire; add three ounces of fresh butter, cut into small bits that it may melt the quicker, and close the stewpan. Take six yolks and three whites of eggs, and beat them up well; uncover the stewpan and pour them into the rice, and then close it again, but still off the

fire, and let it simmer. Take a deep dish, butter it, pour into it one-third of the rice, and add some small pieces of butter and a layer of meat, cut and browned apart; then a second layer of rice, butter, and meat; then a third layer; arrange the whole in a dome shape: beat up the yolk of an egg in milk or cream, and cover the outside with it, then put the dish into the oven; the butter melts and the pilau assumes a yellowish crust; it is served in the same dish.

CONSTANTINOPLE PILAU.—According to the quality and number of the guests, take either mutton, fowls, or pigeons; boil them till rather more than half done, then put the meat and broth into a basin. Having washed the pot, melt some butter in it, and when very hot, having cut up the half cooked meat into bits, the fowls into four, and the pigeons in half, throw them into the butter, and fry till of a light brown. The necessary quantity of thin rice being well washed, is then to be placed over the meat in the pot, and the broth to be poured over the rice till it is covered to a full finger's depth; then cover the pot, and keep a clear fire under it, and, from time to time, take out some grains of rice to ascertain if it softens sufficiently, or requires more broth; the rice must remain whole, though thoroughly done, as well as the pepper which is used for seasoning. As soon as the rice is done, cover the top of the pot with a cloth five or six times folded, and the cover above it; and in a little time melt some more butter and pour it into holes made for the purpose with the handle of the spoon: cover it quickly again, and then let it simmer till served. It is served in large dishes, with the meat nicely arranged at the top. One may be white of its natural color, another tinted yellow with saffron, and a third red with pomegranate juice.

Though the meat is fat enough for our stomachs, the Turks add as much as three pounds of butter to six of rice, which makes the pilau disagree with those unaccustomed to it.

Some persons prefer rice simply cooked with salt and water; it is served in many ways among the grandees of the Porte; and instead of meat, an herb, omelette, or nicely poached eggs are placed on the rice; in this manner it can disagree with none.

HINTS IN CASES OF POISON.

When poisons have been swallowed, two important objects should, if possible, be attained—1st. The removal of the poison by vomiting or purging: 2d. The decomposition of the remaining portion by

an appropriate antidote. In every case of poisoning there are two stages: in the first, the poison just taken has, as yet, acted but partially; in the second, being taken or received into the system, it produces a general disturbance. Antidotes are used only in the first stage. For the second, the general disease requires the practitioner's attention. Poisons may be divided into three kinds or classes—irritants, narcotics, and narcotic acrid poisons.

IRRITANT.

ANTIDOTES.

Arsenic.	{	An emetic, made by mixing a table-spoonful of mustard in a tumbler of warm water, after which give milk, or olive oil, or linseed tea
		Requires the administration of lime or magnesia in water; in the absence of these, the plaster of the apartment beaten down and made into a thin paste; soap suds and oily matters.
Oxalic acid, oil of vitriol, or aqua fortis.	{	Give large quantities of the white of raw eggs in water; or milk, if eggs cannot be procured.
Corrosive sublimate.	{	Salt and water.
Cautic, or nitrate of silver.	{	Magnesia with water. Mucilaginous drinks.
Phosphorus.	{	
NARCOTIC.		
Opium, or laudanum.	{	Mustard emetic, as for arsenic; constantly rouse the patient by dragging him about and dashing cold water on his head and breast.
Prussic acid, or laurel water.	{	Dash cold water freely on the head and face; and give the mustard emetic, and brandy and water.
NARCOTIC ACRID.		
Nux vomica, poisonous mushrooms, or fish (as muscle.)	{	The mustard emetic, as for arsenic; and then dilute freely with strong lemonade or vinegar and water, and other acidulous drinks; warm bath, and mustard poultices over the stomach.

Bite of a dog, of poisonous snakes, sting of a scorpion, bee, or wasp, apply a ligature moderately tight above the wound or bitten part, allowing it to

bleed. After bathing and fomenting it well with warm water, apply to the wound either caustic or butter of antimony; afterwards, cover it with lint dipped in olive oil and hartshorn. To the patient, well covered in bed, give, so as to cause perspiration, warm drinks and small doses of ammonia, or a little warm wine occasionally. With respect to the sting of poisonous insects, hartshorn and oil should be rubbed on the part affected, and a rag, moistened with the same or salt and water, should be kept on it till the pain is removed.

TO MAKE HOMONY BREAD.—The homony having been properly soaked, drain off the water, and add of fresh water seven and a half pints for each pound and a half of homony, as weighed before soaking. Let this simmer for four hours—if boiled rapidly it will become hard and never swell—the homony will then be fit for stirabout or bread. For bread mix it gradually with the flour, making the dough in the ordinary way, and adding yeast in rather more than the usual proportion. This bread will keep moist and good for a longer time than if made entirely of wheaten flour.

AN IMITATION OF CREAM CHEESE FROM BUTTER-MILK.—Keep the butter-milk till it begins to whey at the top; then pour it into a cloth, and let it stand in a large cheese-vat, and if the butter-milk runs through the cloth the first and second time, when it has done running pour it in again. It must be changed into a clean cloth once a day, and when the whey has partly done running, put it into a smaller vat, and turn it daily till it is almost dry, and then it is fit for use

TO CLEAN A MARBLE CHIMNEY-PIECE.—A mixture of equal quantities of ox gall and soap-suds, with a small quantity of spirits of turpentine, should be made into a paste with a little pipe-clay. This paste should be spread over the marble and left to dry for twenty-four hours. It must then be rubbed off with soft linen, and the marble will be found bright and clean.

FOR RESTORING FADED PARASOLS.—Sponge the faded silk with warm water and soap, then rub them with a dry cloth, afterward iron them on the inside with a smoothing iron. If the silk be old it may be improved by sponging with spirits, in which case the ironing should be done on the right side; thin paper being spread over to prevent glazing.

CEMENT FOR GLAZING AN AQUARIUM.—There are numerous cements recommended for this purpose, but few have been found to answer so well as putty mixed with any kind of mastic. It is very important, however, that the water should not be put into the tank until the cement is perfectly hardened.

Religious Thoughts.

THE UNKNOWN PATH.

[The following thoughts on Providence are from a new book just published, entitled "God in His Providence," a notice of which will be found in this number of the Home Magazine:]

The paths of our life are not only winding and labyrinthic, both in the natural and the spiritual sense, but they are most unexpected, and furthest from our thoughts. We find ourselves in situations frequently, which we never could have dreamed of previously, and which we shrink from with a sense of dread and of utter unfitness. This, also, is of Divine Providence, which is the best acquainted with the state of every one. It should ever be remembered that the whole of providence with us has reference to eternity—to that state of life which we can attain to in this world, which is the ground or basis of our immortal life—and to that use also which we can be best fitted to perform—in short, to that highest possible station of life, usefulness, and happiness, which we can be brought to in the eternal world. It is for this purpose that the spiritually blind are led about and instructed, and brought into ways and paths which they know not, and that the whole of this life is frequently a wonder and a mystery to us. Who hath not reflected on it? To a contemplative mind it is, perhaps, the great subject of the most interior thought. And even with the frivolous and thoughtless there are times when the thick coverings of sense and nature seem broken through—when thoughts arise and feelings exist as to all the solemnity and significance of life. What is it, they say to themselves, that has brought me here? that has made me who I am and what I am? And even as Isaac, who went out into the field toward evening to meditate, evening signifying an obscure state of the mind, so these souls who for the most part are so thoroughly immersed in the world, have their evening hours of calmer and deeper meditation. Oh! what is life? and what is human destiny? and what is all this toil and trouble for? and who will show us any good? These are questions which are not easily put off, nor are they easily answered except from a standpoint of divine, interior truth. Only eternity can answer these questions. In the light only of that great and incomprehensible life which we must all live, and which cannot, in one of its least issues, be trusted to us, but to Him only who is infinite and eternal himself, can this problem be fully solved,

and this mystery enlightened. Here the blindness is struck from our eyes. We do not, indeed, see the way in which we are led, nor, specifically, the end to which we are led; but we know that it is a good end, nay, the best end; and that every path in which we are so providentially conducted, is a path either direct or circuitous, to the nearest attainment of divine good.

Let us remember that we are journeying through a wilderness. There are many things that make it so, but primarily, only one—that is, sin. We should not be so blinded were it not for our evils. The way would be plain before us, and the paths pleasant.

But by the fall of man from his innocent state, he has closed up those spiritual perceptions which most properly belong to him, and which, in a true state, would be his distinguishing characteristics; so that he cannot know so well what is his destiny, nor can he be so easily led into it. Hence we are often anxious about many things, which, if we could truly see, form no direct part of the doings of God with us here, and are only permitted us as a means of gratifying our perverse inclinations for awhile, and which we cannot be turned from without violence offered to our freedom. The Lord is kind to us even in our waywardness. He can do nothing for us in a state of non-freedom, for what we might be forced to in such a state would not abide when the unnatural force was withdrawn. And he must keep us forever free, nor will it do to enlighten our blindness too suddenly. For, in a state of evil, if by a supernatural light which might easily enough be given, we could be made to see the end to which the Lord was conducting us, we should many times quarrel with it, and turn from it with loathing and horror. Our own evils would not appreciate the good held out to us, and we should strive all the more hardly against the Divine Providence. This would be particularly the case with such merely natural men as doated on riches and honors, and from whom it might be necessary, for their spiritual good, to strip them away. Therefore we are led blindly, and gently—oh! how tenderly we are conducted over the rough places, and through the winding ways of this maze of human life, till by and by, if we are capable of being brought so far on in this life, He makes darkness light before us, and crooked things straight.

It should be observed here, that it is a distinct law of Divine Providence, that we should not see it before hand, but that we should look back and see it. If we could see it before, as already remarked

we should constantly be intervening with our own wills, against it. But still, that we may know there is a Providence, we are permitted to look back and see it, and oh! how wonderful! Perhaps there is not a religious, contemplative person living, who cannot look back upon his past life, and see some one or many instances where the guiding hand of the Lord is very apparent to his spiritual mind, and in cases, perhaps, where at the time it looked dark and adverse to him. He would have grasped the seeming good if he could have grasped it. He planned for it wisely, and worked diligently, but another hand, unknown to him, was in the work, and he was not permitted to seize the prize. By and by he begins, himself, to see that it would not have been good for him; he is thankful to heaven it did not occur; but how much higher than mere earthly good, and how much farther extending is the Divine Providence in all such leadings!

It cannot be too deeply impressed upon the mind that there is not even any earthly good granted for its own sake alone, but that the whole dispensation, whether of riches, or honor, or health, or sickness, or poverty, or disgrace, has an inevitable connection with, or reference to, the spiritual and final state of the subject of it. It must be so, differently as the men of the world may calculate. It is so, from the very intimate connection of all spiritual and all natural things in the constitution and course of the universe. It is not an arbitrary, but a philosophical connection; although there are many personal and invisible agencies employed affecting these dispensations of the Infinite, and our own freedom is largely concerned in the whole of it.

The contemplation of this one truth will solve a thousand problems concerning our earthly life; for it is not the truth alone, and the good which we receive, but the earthly circumstances which are the means of leading us to that truth and good, which form an interesting and highly important part of the Divine dealings toward us. The spiritual destitution into which the world is brought has created a great deal of bodily destitution, and our natural evils are the outbirths and consequences of our spiritual evils. Hence the wilderness of life is so dense and dark, not only as it regards spiritual truth and good, but in reference to those material conditions and seemingly untoward circumstances in which we are immersed, in our struggles after a temporary subsistence. But the truth is, in every one of those conditions there is a providence no less direct and manifest in reference to eternal ends, than in the more immediate spiritual appliances of good and truth to the heart. It is, in fact, frequently more manifest how we are led to divine and spiritual things from what we call worldly circumstances, than it is frequently with the more direct application of truth to the mind. For in the one case the means are visible, in the other, invisible. Worldly conditions are, indeed, many times a

hindrance to direct spiritual culture, because we are not yet capable of such direct leading; because there are many things yet to be adjusted in order to it; but who can doubt that they have invariably a good tendency, and the most intimate connection with spiritual states! Frequently this truth is very apparent. In cases of adversity and calamity, for instance.

"It sometimes happens," says a good observer of these changes, "that in the course of Divine Providence, when the mind of man, in the commencement of his regeneration, begins to be open to eternal views, his worldly supports are taken from him, sometimes gradually, sometimes suddenly, and with apparent violence, that he may learn to look upward, and to find his support in the Lord alone; to disentangle his affections from the world, and to break all their bonds and affinities.

"This, at first, proves a severe trial to the new convert, who will often shrink during his passage through the wilderness, and look back with regret to the sensual delights of Egyptian bondage. During this state, were the days of his worldly prosperity to return, his worldly affections, which are to be subdued, would return with them; he is therefore kept in straightnesses of various kinds. Still, worldly means are allowed for necessities in various unexpected forms; a strange hand will sometimes, like the raven, bring him food; he will at times discover the Divine Providence that brings him manna from heaven for his mental support, which he will loath at times, and sigh for quails. When he falls into company with worldly minds he is sometimes shocked and disappointed, and sometimes won over to his former delights; but in proportion as his spiritual mind is strengthened by privations, outward trials, and inward temptation, he blends with the world with less danger, can treat its levities and amusements, which are not criminal, as children's play, reserving to himself his hidden satisfaction, which he feeds on and ventures to impart only at prudent intervals. A ray of worldly prosperity, which would before have dimmed his spiritual mind and darkened its views, may now serve to make them more luminous by removing the shade of worldly cares and anxieties, from which the freed spirit, disencumbered, takes a wider range; the elevated affections are at length, instinctively, taught, as is fabled of the bird of paradise, to live on the wing: there is now no danger of their resting on earth. The divine favors, in the spiritual or natural form, are like grapes and figs from the promised land, and the triumphs of the humble regenerate mind are those of gratitude and tears."

He lives long that lives well; and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than his promise, if he takes from him a long lease, and gives him a freehold of a greater value.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

Morning Toilet.—*Lady on the left.*—Capote of green or purple *taffetas piqué* (quilted). This new stuff imitates a silk wadded and quilted in losenges. We see many black bonnets on our promenades of this *genre*, and it is the style to wear them rather more forward, and with a more flaring border than represented. There are two favorite forms for the morning bonnet; one in the *bonnet* and the other in the *capote* form. The latter is here represented, and is quite like a *cottage chapeau*. The other form is made by covering the half stiff foundation of the crown and *passé* with one round piece of silk, which is plain over the crown, and the full edge plaited at the front of the *passé*. The wide flaring border is then sewed to the *passé*, and a curtain of moderate width is sewed to the back of it. This gives you the form of the hat. It is plainly trimmed on one side of the border with one or two large flowers, or with a bouquet of small spring flowers, such as lilac, violet, forget-me-not, etc., to harmonize with the complexion and the color of the bonnet. From the flowers on the left side of the border, a plaiting of ribbon extends over to the right side, and over the edge of the border, where it is formed into a knot for the *dessous*, and is enlivened with a flower, or flowers, in keeping with those on the outside of the border. A knot of ribbon ornaments the back of the curtain, at the seam. The cheeks are of *blonde ruches*, extending over from the left cheek to the knot under the border. The edges are finished with a very narrow black lace, and the *brides* are of scallop-edged ribbon. This is termed the Broadway Bonnet, and though it turns out at the ears nearly at right angles with the head, yet in front it approaches much more forward than was the style last year. In fact, it is a large bonnet, and small bonnets have had their day. These bonnets are so different from the last Fall fashion, that fashionable ladies are now more readily distinguished by the bonnet than by any other article of dress. Even full dress bonnets of crape and lace are made quite large, and trimmed rather plainly. O! how trifling and frumpy appears the little bouquet of a bonnet which has charmed us for the few past years. We feel bound by duty to inform the reader that all moneys hereafter paid for small bonnets will be wasted. The large bonnet is *the fashion*, and not to appear disagreeably conspicuous, one must necessarily dress according to the mode.

Robe in the redingote style of cut, made of lilac, green or gray *taffetas*, with little *rayures* of a darker shade, ornamented with *chino* bouquets,
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either in keeping with the stripes, or of a subdued shade to blend. This silk is very fashionable.

The high body is cut with a lapel and square waist. The cut at front is faithfully illustrated by the picture; the edging being of velvet or black *taffetas* ribbon, and the large buttons are of the same material, slightly convex in form. The sleeve is headed with a jockey, cut bias, and trimmed with two rows of buttons. The turn-back cuff is vandyk'd, edged and buttoned, as represented. The cut of the sleeve is a *demi-gigot*, or half full. The skirt is very full behind, and plaited in double box-plaits to a waistband. It is regarded as the best taste to separate entirely the body from the skirt. The *ceinture* harmonizes in color with the dress.

Lace *chemisette* and wristbands, the former trimmed with stripes of black velvet and jet buttons, or with ribbon inserted and fancy buttons.

Toilet of the little girl.—Skirt of rose *taffetas*, relieved by knots on a robe of muslin, trimmed with embroidered flounces. Square body, *décolleté*. Puffed sleeve, trimmed with knots of rose ribbon.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—*Costume for a young lady.*—Bonnet of rice straw, sewed, ornamented with *Milnes tulle*, and with little bouquets of rose-buds in masses of white *taffetas* with pinked edges, and little *velours* *sero*, edging the white *taffetas* strings. The *bandeau* under the border of *tulle ruches* are retained by little black velvet buckles, and on each side it is enlivened by a little bouquet. The curtain is of white *taffetas*, with a white ribbon gathered in at the seam.

Robe of white muslin, in thread *rayures broches*, ornamented by the weaver with gooseberries, in blue, green, or purple. The body is low—*décolleté*—round waist and ribbon *ceinture*. Sleeves large and puffed, descending to mid-arm, with a wristband large enough to relieve the passage of the arm; at the bottom is a relieved flounce, forming a cuff. Over the body is worn a high-neck *fichu*, forming a *canesou*, retained at the waist behind, and front of the *ceinture*, and trimmed on each side with a scalloped flounce; the flounce is laid in box-plaits in the seam; it is four inches deep on the shoulders, and diminished to a point at the waist. The front is closed with buttons, covered with the same, or to match the figure in the robe. At the neck is worn a diminutive standing collar of lace, or a *ruche*. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with three graduated flounces. The flounces are gathered to the skirt, and both edges are scalloped or pinked. Kid gloves and lace-boots.

SPRING GOODS.

Through the courtesy of A. T. Stewart & Co. and Edward Lambert & Co., we have been shown their
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choicest samples of forthcoming articles and fabrics, for Spring and Summer wear, from which the following styles are selected as most appropriate for Spring, and of those for Summer we shall say more in the next number.

The delightful organdies are more charming this Spring than ever. Nearly all thin tissues for ladies' wear are now designed by the Lyons manufacturer, who sets the fashion by the superiority of his styles of goods over all others.

The *Marie Antoinette* is an organdy robe of double skirt, the upper one having a deep border in chintz flowers and imitation lace, most elaborate and rich. The lower skirt has three chintz flounces, extending one-third up the skirt, to meet the upper jupe. The *pagode* sleeve is open to the *bouillon* below the arm-hole, and edged with ribbon; thus differing from the stuffs of last year, when all the trimmings of the body and sleeve were woven to correspond in colors with those of the skirt. The ground is enlivened with little flowers, distributed throughout, except on the flounces, rather sparsely, in natural colors.

These flounces, being designed by the weaver, are not, like all other flounces, to be cut bias.

The organdies in nine flounces, with striped edges, in all lively colors, are very appropriate for demoiselles, for the little ruffle flowers extend all the way up the skirt, leaving a space between each skirt. They are all the same width, and not graduated as they were last year. The short sleeve is formed of two *bouillons*, with flounce end. Low bodies, and a knot of ribbon, or of the same goods, trims the front of the *berthe*. A *canezon* or *fichu* may be appropriately worn with this dress.

Chintz-figured organdies in double jupe, with five flounces on the lower one, and the upper skirt ornamented with pyramidal bouquets, between which are satiny rayures. Body in basque form, the bottom ornamented and appearing like an upper skirt. Plain sleeve at arm-hole, terminating in deep and full flounces. Nothing could exceed the liveliness and freshness of this robe.

Organdy robe with six flounces, each five inches deep at the bottom of the skirt, and with chintz flowers throughout. Plain sleeve at arm-hole, fitting the arm midway to the elbow, and terminating in a very full and deep flounce, which reaches to the wrist.

Grenadines, in architectural and floral designs for the upper skirt of a double jupe, and with flounces with festooned edges for the lower one. Do. with seven flounces covering the single skirt. Body *décolleté*, with bouillon and flounce sleeves.

It may not be amiss to remark, that all the best *couturieres* have decided that a skirt should not be trimmed with an even number of flounces; and when the weaver makes them even, they generally use one of them for trimming a *fichu*, *epaulette*, or dividing the body by a surplus *berthe*.

Organdies, Grenadines and Bareges are also worn

in patterns *d tablier*, with tunic. That is to say, they are apron-fronted in figure, as the tunic is separated at the waist, and diverges downward to two-thirds the length of skirt, where its corners are rounded, leaving the front of the skirt in an apron form. This style of cut is called "*d tablier*."

The fine *rayée taffetas*, in subdued grounds, similar to the robes on the picture-plate, are in great demand.

Many taffetas are woven for plain skirts. We saw a very attractive one woven with reps stripes one and a half inch wide, longitudinal, and four inches apart, the ground enlivened with dots scattered over it, of about the size of a pea. Silks for the Spring are in pale or subdued shades, enlivened with flowers in natural colors.

Of the flowered silks, the *Magenta* and *Marguerite* shades are among the favorites. A robe of three, with the skirt formed of one deep flounce from the waist, finishing with five of diminished depth, to the bottom, all edged with velvet of lighter shade, woven in the goods, and counterfeiting lace most perfectly. The weaver is a greater artist than the painter in these latter days.

Reps striped silks, and those of subdued shades, with leaves in natural colors, about two inches square in size, distributed four inches apart throughout, are very desirable styles.

Plain *mode* chintz brocade, embroidered with single roses in all lively colors, is the cream of the cream, as are also the cross-barred brocades, with a *chêne* flower at each crossing. Others, *rayée* in half *bayadere* style. The double-faced brocades, with infinitesimal figures in the same color as the robe, for plain skirts, for promenade, &c., is a favored style, very original.

Parasols.—Edges of two plies of silk, festooned and pinked, or vandyked; and fringe edges with gimp headings. Greens and browns seem to preponderate.

Shawls.—Those all wool, in narrow stripes throughout, with deep borders of a dark shade, and with oriental figures, are preferred for morning wear. The silk and wool shawl, in different colors of plaid, such as brown and green, brown and white, with fringe edges of same colors, are very light, pretty, and attractive.

Light tints prevail in all parts of dress this season. Cashmere shawls, in stripes, with shallow border and light fringe.

French cashmere square shawl, black, scarlet, green grounds, with golden and other colored stripes; also checks, with imitation lace borders.

Scotch shawl, with deep cashmere border, very rich and unique, intended to supersede the stella.

Red and white centres are the favorites.

Real India centres with Scotch borders, prettier than those imported from Calcutta.

The India Breakfast Shawl of white ground, with small *broché* figure, is a gem of freshness and novelty.

The square Pale End, in light colors and with centres, is always a universal favorite, but the styles for this season are more desirable than were any that preceded them.

A rich variety of morning shawls of lilac and all enlivening nuances, with summer bareges, &c., &c., with more particularity next number; they are not yet in market.

The black stella, with cashmere borders for *night*, and real camel-hair centres with Scotch borders, for evening wear.

Mantillas.—Black and dark-colored silks, trimmed with rups ribbon, made in burnous form, with full back; imitation hood.

A reps silk *manilla*, with pointed cape, wings over arm-hole, all edged with figured velvet, very rich. Those of black *taffetas*, with guipure cape, cut velvet and plaited ribbon edges.

Reps silk, trimmed with velvet and *passementerie* for early spring, all in the *burnous* form, with full backs, plaited under the cape or hood.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The pyramidal *crinoline*, diminished in size but in *demi-train*, is in favor. Thomson & Co.—one of our best manufacturers—forms them in a half double-skirt of infinitesimal corrugated steel wire. The upper half of the back part of the *crinoline* is made with a small inside one which passes half way round; but being smaller than the outside, throws the skirt off behind in *demi-train*, producing an elegant effect; but there are none of the bird-cage-y contrivances comparable with skirts of real *crin*—horse-hair cloth.

Waists for balls are still out pointed in front and behind, while for morning wear they are generally square, with large ceinture of flowing ends, like the figures with the last number. A new style of body, both for evening and promenade, is made by cutting the back without seam, forming the point below the most hollow point in the waist, into a diamond shape; and then the points of the side body form separate points, rounding the form of the bottom of back in three points—the centre one diamond-shape—and the front of body being in the vest form, terminates in two points, as the buttons closing the front do not extend below the hollow of waist.

The small tight basque, called the *coïn de feu*, and the loose basque, trimmed up the front edge with cord loops and small velvet buttons set close together, called the *Zouave jacket*, is in vogue.

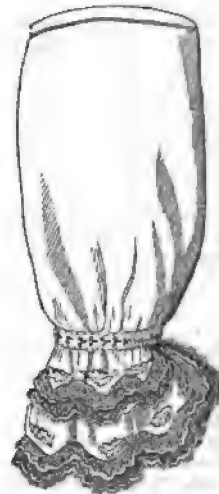
The long black cloth *basque* or *casaque*, extending to within a few inches of the bottom of the dress, single-breasted, flowing, and loose, is still a favorite with *demoiselles*, but cannot be worn with becomingness by portly ladies. The style of cut for all mantillas is long. Waists of dresses are not so long as they were last year. The half-tight sleeve, with lace cuff to turn up over end, is gaining favor. Plain skirts are gaining favor. There is nothing new in *coiffures*. Simplicity is the rule.

DRESS OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

Robe of blue *taffetas*. *Taffetas* is a French name for the most lustrous silks of first quality, distinguishing them from those not the richest, such as *poult de soie*. All plain silks of first quality are therefore called, by the weaver, *taffetas*. The desirable shade of this blue *taffetas* is called *chine*. It is a China blue of yellow nuance, like the ether which occasionally panoplies the "Celestial Empire." The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with a wide band of velvet of the same shade; this band is slanted at the middle, and made the widest at the seams. Knots of velvet and *taffetas* at each point, as represented. The body is high and trimmed with knots in harmony, being smaller, of course. The sleeves are large, pointed back and garnished with the same *noeuds*. Collar and sleeves of embroidered muslin. Cap trimmed with lace and ornamented with China blue ribbon. Straw-colored kid gloves. Plaited muslin *chemisette*.

Little Boy.—Blouse of light-colored *cachemere*, ornamented with an open tracery in sewing-silk of a color in relief.

Dress of the Little Girl.—Dress of a Scotch plaid *taffetas*, rather lively in colors, with a *plastron* of black silk, edged with a *plissée* of green ribbon. Sleeves formed of one flounce of Scotch plaid and another of black *taffetas*, with plaited edges of green ribbon. Head dress of red worsted *à résille*. *Chemisette*, sleeves, and pantelets of embroidered muslin. White worsted stockings, with drab gaiters tipped with patent leather.



Undershoe.

New Publications.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GEN. SAM. DALE, the Mississippi Partisan. By J. F. H. Claiborne. Illustrated by John McLennan. New York: *Harper & Brothers.*

We have here the life of a genuine frontier man; "modest, truthful, patient, frugal, full of religious faith, proud of his country, remorseless in battle, yet prompt to forgive, and ever ready to jeopard his own safety for the helpless and oppressed." In the Southern States, particularly in Alabama, where the scene of his adventures with the Indians and in the war of 1813-14, are chiefly laid, this book will be read with interest. There is a lively chapter, giving Gen. Dale's account of his visit to Washington, in the times of Gen. Jackson, in order to press a claim against the government. His brief pictures of the President, Calhoun, Kendall, Blair, Benton, and others, are graphic in their way. We extract an anecdote of Jackson.

"He talked over our campaigns, and then of the business that brought me to Washington. He then said, 'Sam, you have been true to your country, but you have made one mistake in life. You are now old and solitary, and without a bosom friend or family to comfort you. God called mine away. But, all I have achieved—fame, power, everything—would I exchange if she could be restored to me for a moment.'

"The iron man trembled with emotion, and for some time covered his face with his hands, and tears dropped on his knee. I was deeply affected myself. He took two or three turns across the room, and then abruptly said, 'Dale, they are trying me here; you will witness it; but, by the God of heaven, I will uphold the laws.'

"I understood him to be referring to nullification again—his evidently having recurred to it—and I expressed the hope that things would go right.

" 'They shall go right, sir!' he exclaimed, passionately shivering his pipe upon the table.

"He calmed down after this, and showed me his collection of pipes, many of a most costly and curious kind, sent to him from every quarter; his propensity for smoking being well known. 'These,' said he, 'will do to look at. I still smoke my corn-cob, Sam, as you and I have often done together: it is the sweetest and best pipe.'

"When I arose to take leave, he pressed me to accept a room there. 'I can talk to you at night; in the day I am beset.' I declined, on the plea of business, but dined with him several times, always, no matter what dignitaries were present, sitting on his right hand. He ate very sparingly, only taking a single glass of wine, though his table was magnificent. When we parted for the last time, he said, 'My friend, farewell; we shall see each other no more; let us meet in heaven.'

Of Col. Benton, we find this said.

"When I visited Col. Benton, at five o'clock in the evening, I was conducted to him in a room where he was surrounded by his children and their school books—he was teaching them himself. That very day he had presented an elaborate report to the Senate, the result of laborious research, and had pronounced a powerful speech, yet here he was, with French and Spanish Grammars, globes, slate

and pencil, instructing his children in the rudiments; he employed no teacher. The next morning I was strolling, at sunrise, in the Capitol grounds, when whom should I see but the colonel and his little ones. Shaking me by the hand, he said, 'These are my pickaninnies, general—my only treasures. I bring them every morning among the flowers, sir; it teaches them to love God. Yes, sir, it teaches them to love God—love God, sir.' I was struck with the sentiment, and with the labor this great man performed, and yet he never seemed to be fatigued."

GOD IN HIS PROVIDENCE. A comprehensive view of the Principles and Particulars of an Active Divine Providence over Man—his Fortunes, Changes, Trials, Entire Discipline as a Spiritual Being, from Birth to Eternity. By Woodbury M. Fernald. Boston: *Oliver Clapp.* New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

There is no subject in which the human mind is more deeply interested, nor any in regard to which it is in more perplexity, than this subject of the Divine government with regard to man. That it is wise and beneficent, the Christian's faith assures him; but there is so much in actual life that seems wrong—so much permitted that is unjust and cruel—that even his faith wavers at times, and his mind gropes in darkness and doubt. A clear, rational and comprehensive view of this whole subject, made in the light of Divine revelation, which shall "vindicate the ways of God to man," in every minute particular of his life, is above all things desired by thousands and tens of thousands of earnest seekers after light, aid and comfort. To such, we do earnestly commend this volume. They will find the great subject of God's providence treated not only with breadth and comprehensiveness, but with a minute particularity as regards the life of each individual; so touching the questions which perplex our thoughts, that what seemed dark before lies open to the very day. Mr. Fernald has done a good work, for which many thousands will thank him. Under the head of "Religious Thoughts," we have made an extract, this month, from the book, and commend both the extract and the book to our readers.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH. The Story of its Introduction and Marvelous Progress among the Burmese and Karens. By Mrs. McLeod Wylie. New York: *Sheldon & Lampert.*

To those who feel an interest in foreign missions, and especially in those established among the sluggish, depraved and cruel nations of Eastern Asia, this book will give much information. But it is always painful to read of the valuable lives that are sacrificed, the money seemingly wasted, the fearful sufferings encountered in the efforts to Christianise India, and yet find the results so meagre in comparison with the vast population in which missionary efforts are made. There is more hopeful work nearer at home.

A NARRATIVE OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN AND HIS COMPANIONS. By Capt McClintock, R. N. With Maps and Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This volume, to the English edition of which eight thousand copies were subscribed in advance of publication, contains Capt. McClintock's Narrative of the Voyage of the Steam-Yacht Fox in the Arctic Seas, and the discovery of the relics and documents which settled the question as to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. Apart from the interest of this volume, in giving the melancholy solution of a sad mystery, it possesses great importance in its contribution of valuable data to the stock of geographical knowledge pertaining to the Arctic regions, and in its communication of new discoveries in zoology, botany, meteorology, and terrestrial magnetism, also in its maps and illustrations.

TITLE HUNTING. By E. L. Llewellyn. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Home Journal says of this book, which we have not yet read: "A graphically written story, replete with matters of interest. The author possesses fine descriptive powers, and works up the story with consummate ability. The scene is laid in Devonshire, and the tale commences with a most interesting description of a May party, such as Old England knew a hundred years ago."

NEW MISCELLANIES. By Charles Kingsley. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We always hail the advent of a new book from this author's pen, and although this is what its name purports, made up of lectures, essays, etc., it is full of interest, of the strong, true thoughts of an earnest mind; the deep but well controlled enthusiasm of a profound scholar and a true philanthropist.

THE BIBLE IN THE LEVANT. By Samuel Irons Prime. Sheldon & Co.

This is a very interesting biography of a young missionary, who died in his youth with his armor on, in the distant field to which he had gone to carry the glad tidings of the gospel. The work contains copious extracts from his journals, and was written by one to whom he was like a brother: **EVENINGS AT THE MICROSCOPE.** By Philip Henry Gosse, F. R. S. D. Appleton & Co.

This volume contains much valuable information, unlocking a world of invisible wonders to us, and the pictorial illustrations are accurate and copious. The book is full of the marvels and beauties of that "great field of Zoology which is under the control of the Microscope."

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have part III. of this attractive serial.

Editors' Department.

"CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF A DEATH IN THE FAMILY."

We paused a moment to read these words, as we passed by. They were written on a slip of paper and affixed to the window of a grocery store somewhere in the great heart of the city which we have called home for a year.

And these words on that narrow slip of paper were like keys opening into new doors and passages of our thoughts, and they were like a chime of bells swinging to and fro in the air above us, as we went on our way.

Of whom was it written, that brief, solemn, final sentence which must alone close the chapters of all lives—the highest and the lowliest? and where was the home whose windows were darkened and the voice of whose music was hushed under that fearful mystery. "A death in the family!" And who was dead? Was it a little child, a "well spring of gladness" suddenly ceased in the household?

Was it all gone—the patter, patter of its little feet as it went about its little play—the small head with its golden rings of hair, fluttering now here, now there, as a sunbeam flutters around a room, chased and driven by the restless shadows—the

sweet laugh which gurgled out suddenly for joy, and was caught up and hidden in other voices, which only laughed for joy of the child's, and the little, teasing, cunning, frolicsome, sweet ways—were these all gone, and was that what it meant, this "death in the family?"

Was it lying still and white in some darkened parlor, the little, half-worn shoes at the head of the cradle, and the scarlet dress with the white apron flung across the foot; were the little, dainty, fluttering hands folded cold and waxen on its breast—the little hands that used to flutter up every night for joy when the father came home, while the small lips would be lifted up and crow out for joy at his kiss—was the baby lying there, the sweet lips, the laughing eyes, the dimpled cheeks, so still and frozen that the mother could not catch it up and hide it in her bosom, and warm it with her kisses back into life?

And to-day must they lay it down to its last sleep, not on soft pillows, with dainty coverlets drawn over its dimpled shoulders, knowing that in an hour or two there would be a new resurrection from the cradle of gladness and beauty; but laid down on another pillow that would never yield to

the pressure of the soft head, while the tender hands of April should fold its green coverlet over the fair limbs, and aching hearts and tearful eyes should go away from the little heap of earth to the desolate home of which it was written, *death in the family?*

Or, maybe, it was of the mother, that this was written. The patient, loving face, the gentle voice, the soft footfalls—all gone! and oh! what a blank and darkness was there in the family now!

There was her low chair in its old place by the table, with the work-basket close by it; but no little children could climb up with tears into her lap and be hugged to her heart a few minutes, and find such comfort and healing there that they came down full of smiles and gladness—no soft feet stealing up the stairs to see that the little limbs were snugly “tucked in”—no mother to tell some pleasant story before bed-time, and say in her soft, coaxing way, “just ten minutes longer, father,” when the clock struck eight, and the eager voices pleaded for “only one more little story.”

No mother to unfasten the knots and draw off the mittens, and remove the tippets when the children came in from school tired and cold. No mother to run to with every grief or gladness, always loving, always ready to hear, and patient, and sympathetic, and forgiving; no mother to make all troubles smooth, to soothe all sorrows, to explain, and comfort, and heal all difficulties.

There she was lying, with her frozen face and silent lips, and her little children clustering with wondering, frightened faces about her, but the ear that always thrilled to their lightest call would never wake again, the lips that were always brimming over with sweet caresses, would never drop into smiles again—the little children would never find “mother” any more!

Death in the family! Maybe it was a brother, the pride and hope of the household, just in the glow and strength of his free, careless boyhood, while the boughs of his life were full of sweet singing birds and the joy of blossoms, and lo! the storm came suddenly, and the laughing voice, and the ringing step were brought low.

Or maybe it was a sister, just blossoming into the grace and beauty of womanhood, a sweet “hearth flower” whose fragrance filled the household and whose future was full of promise as a summer morning when it rises out from the east and walks upon the mountains, and the winds swing their great censers of perfume before it, and the birds commence its sweet service; for just as was her dawn, just so fair did its sunshine and sweet songs prophecy her day, but Death made ready his bow, and for her toe is the hard pillow and the green quilting which the spring shall draw over it.

Or perhaps this “*death in the family*” came to one whose years were ripe as the fruit the wind shakes from its boughs in October, one who sat

bowed and wrinkled, “waiting patiently” by the fire-side, with the snows of life bleaching the gray hairs thickly as the snows of winter bleach the hills outside.

And so these thoughts rung to and fro, like a solemn dirge rung by bells in the air around us; and suddenly, in the midst of this, there floated like a sweet silver chime, the promise, “in my Father’s house are many mansions.”

And we remembered, too, that the windows of those “homes” were never closed, that the voice of their music was never hushed because of the shadow of death dropping over the threshold. Oh, “many mansions,” whose fair gardens border the banks of the River of Life, whose windows look off to the Eternal Hills, and under whose shining roofs are gathered the families of the Redeemer—it is never written on thy portals, it is never whispered under thine arches of eternal beauty, “*Closed on account of a death in the family.*”

V. F. T.

FLORENCE MOULTON.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

They tell me that thou camest, when July
Was born unto the Summer; when the days
Were like sweet chimes of bells that rung the year
Along its joyous marches—when the stars
Strung up their golden buds across the nights,
Thy blue eyes opened, and the angels came
And ministered to thee: and thou didst hang,
Amid the green boughs of thy household tree,
Fragrant and beautiful.

And I have dreamed
On thee in slumber: how like lilies fair,
Thy small hands are crushed up in rings of hair,
That flicker round thy face: and how thy laugh
Slips from the ruby blossom of thy lips,
As birds songs from a thicket. I have dreamed
About the dainty setting of thy head
Upon thy dimpled shoulders, like a swan’s;
And I have wondered if thy soul hath caught
The music of thy mother’s; if there shines
Some glory on the headlands of thy life
Rayed from her Genius!

Like a flock of birds,
Out to thy future, Florence, have I sent
My thoughts, to sing of thee: no mildews blight
The green leaves of thy life, thy girlhood be
A golden ladder which thy feet shall climb
To womanhood: may love, and peace, and grace
Hang their great pearls around thee: and may God
Make thy years censers, filling many hearts
With odors of sweet spices.

By that name*
Which we laid softly down, three Aprils since,
Under the springing grass—by that sweet life,
Like a tune half-completed, which flowed out
The windows looking westward. We pray God
“Thou hast one Florence, Father! spare Thy gift,
The sweet child, Florence, to the love on earth!”

**Birdie Florence Townsend.*

HOW AMERICAN WOMEN LOSE THEIR HEALTH.

Under this title, "AUNT HATTIE," who writes the excellent "*Letters to the Girls*," sends us some remarks which touch the subject on one of its many sides, and merit attention. Her stand point is worth considering. It is not alone in cities that the health of American women takes a low range. Wasted forms and pale faces meet us everywhere in the country, and the grave-yards there receive for tenants quite as many, in proportion, as our city cemeteries. But, let "AUNT HATTIE" speak:—

"That we American women are fragile, delicate, and incapable of enduring hardship, is an indisputable fact, and the sooner the men realize this truth, and forget how much work their mothers accomplished, the better it will be for both them and us.

"There has been such a sudden deterioration in health from the one that gave us being, to us, that the sphere we should have moved in has not been prepared, and we have had to labor in a place we were entirely unfitted for. Trying to meet our surroundings many of us have sunk down into helpless invalids, to say nothing of those quietly resting in their graves under this unwritten, but true epitaph, 'Died of Overwork.'

"In the first place, most of us marry too young; passing from the school-room to housekeepers and mothers, before practice has made housekeeping either a perfect or pleasant duty; and the blunders and failures, combined with the anxiety to excel, and please our husbands, and the pride to equal our mothers-in-law, form not a small part of the burden of care which steals from us the freshness of life, and the brightness of hope, and stamps our brows with a base counterfeit insignia of age! If we would only work under our mothers, who understand just how much we have strength to do, until we became so accustomed to household duties that like any other thing well understood, they become an easy task, what a blessing it would be to us!

"In the next place, too much is required of us, or we require too much of ourselves. We commence married life—at least many of us do—by doing our own ironing, baking, and sewing. Everything passes along well, perhaps, until a clerk or hired man is added to the family. Three meals then invariably have to be cooked, whether headache is a visitor or not; and there are no more picked-up dinners of berry and milk, or cold sliced ham and pie, because careless, girlish footsteps have strayed too far, and only returned just as the clock told the hour of noon. Clerks and hired men will not, or we think they will not, which is the same, excuse any derelictions from duty like a loving, forbearing husband, and though the work may not be too hard, yet the little ever present care that attends keeping a boarder makes the limbs weary and the heart heavy ere the close of day.

"When the dear little Frankys and Ninas are given to our homes, most of us, after the lapse of a few weeks, take up our daily duties, multiplied fourfold by care of baby, without additional help. The sweet, precious, bothersome pets, are sure to wake up just as the starched shirt is opened for the iron, or the sponge for bread is bubbling up over the top of the bowl and if once in a while we feel so thankful they are asleep in the right time, the fear that some caller's loud knock, or other unavoidable noise will awake them, makes us work as if an armed man stood by us, urging us on to hurried action.

"Double duties, broken slumbers, and too much care, soon tell upon us; and some morning we wake up and try to rise, and lay our heads back again wearily upon our pillows—overtaken nature at last has given up. Husband is now all solicitude; the most experienced physician is called; the best nurse is hired; baby is taken away to grandpa's; and we are watched over with the most devoted love. But it is almost always too late; though we may recover and call ourselves well, yet much of the lightness and elasticity of youth is gone. We weary, and often become despondent, and our pathway seems full of burdens that we shrink from carrying."

"THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER."

This is the title by which our artist has designated the fine steel engraving that graces the present number of the *Home Magazine*; but he has failed to give us the story of the "Miller's Daughter," if he had one to tell. And what life is there without its story, its pleasant May times, and its sad Novembers. Nothing very sad has mingled with the experiences of this young maiden, if we are to judge by the expression of her countenance. She is a little thoughtful, may be expectant. We would hardly guess wrong if we said there was a lover in the case, who might happen to make his appearance just at this time, and linger a moment to speak some tender words to dwell like precious things in the heart. Be that as it may, the picture is a pleasant one, and suggestive; and we leave our fair readers to dream out the story for themselves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARY E. FEE*LL.

Your letter did us good. It is of a kind that we are always glad to get, and that gives us a new stimulant.

M. I. Y***g.

We were glad for what you told us, and that you can say, "Oh, I would not be without the sweet teachings of the '*Home Magazine*' for twice what it costs."

A. P. D.

Another of yours has come, full of the love and hope which your letters always breathe. Forgive us that we acknowledge it so briefly. And may the "best gift" of life, be your lot and position.

Mrs. B***A. G. M***s.

We are sorry for your "desolation," and glad that it has not crushed you, and in the closing words of your letter—"Your remembrance came up to our hearts, incense of thanks and blessings."

Miss ABLE P***s.

If you knew how our time was occupied, and how seldom it is that our health permits us to leave home, you would see the impossibility of our executing your commissions. We cannot even attend to our own.

We must again inform all those correspondents who send us their articles, that this department belongs to Mr. Arthur, and all contributions must be forwarded to him.

V. V. T.

APRIL.

The "child month" has opened her sweet eyes again. Every brook that the sun has unlocked is a laugh on the face of the mountains, as it chases down into the pastures, with a half frightened, half triumphant shout, like a child's in mischievous play. The linen wrappers of the winter are all taken off and rolled away, and in the open pastures and around the hedges one finds "samples," and "proof-sheets" of that new green garment with which the year is to cover the brown limbs of the earth.

Looking up to the sky, one meets smiles, sweet and loving as a child's at the baptismal font; and clouds which carry in their black folds showers of tears, that shall one day be soft grasses, and budding flowers.

Tender, brooding winds stir the fluted tree-tops, and in the mornings are heard the first lyrics of the year, the blessed songs of the birds among the branches and in the thickets. The days are full of new stir, and thrill, and expectancy, and stand, with clasped hands and faces turned to the east, eager and listening, for over the mountains, afar off, a voice calls to them, and they catch glimpses of a vision wondrous for glory and beauty: and the Voice and the Vision is SUMMER! V. F. T.

YEARS AGO.

BY MRS. H. E. C. ARBY.

When the fires of high festival blazed on the midnight,

And voice answered voice with its notes of good cheer,

While the frosty air swelled into billows of music,

With the loud-ringing chimes that proclaimed the New Year,

Came a missive unto me—a "yes" from the maiden

My faint heart had worshiped for many a day—

One little word—one—with such glory o'erladen,

As dimmed all the feast fires, and hallowed the day.

Ah, those peals to-night ringing,

Those beams that shine,

To no heart can be bringing

Such joy as was mine,

Years ago.

These billows of sound from yon turret o'erflowing,
That cling to its gray stones, and roll from its
brim,

Such welcome of joy on the New Year bestowing,

Are mocked by our hearts with their jubilant hymn.

'Tis our life's special festival, dear were the measures

Our hearts beat of yore, and we rouse them again
In the sweet halls of memory, counting life's treasures,

Till fade the last beacon—we sleep not till then.

Old Earth's best New Year's Gift,

Love's dearest boon,

Life's precious talisman,

This night I won,

Years ago.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

We hold this to be the very best magazine published in the United States, and it is truly a lady's home magazine, and should be in hands of every lover of the good, the beautiful, and the true. Each number, of itself, contains a casket of jewels, rich and rare. The steel and fashion plates are superb, and these alone will recommend it to every lady. The matter is of a high literary and moral character, and in this respect stands pre-eminent, and for this reason should be in the hands of every one.—*Home Journal, Kohomo, Ind.*

It has for years been considered one of the best ladies' magazines in the world that could be obtained for the same price. It presents additional charms for the coming year. In many respects we consider it superior to Godey, although it would be almost impossible for us "to keep house" without both of them.—*Banner, Fayette, Mo.*

We do not know of a magazine that is better conducted, nor one that is more fully imbued with that Christian sentiment which cannot fail to elevate and improve the moral tone of its readers. It is the best two dollar monthly that comes to our sanctum.—*Missourian, Warrensburg, Mo.*

We have already spoken in terms of the highest commendation of this family magazine; but it cannot be praised too highly for its high-toned, heart-touching truths, applicable to all conditions of life.—*Statesman, St. Peter, Minn.*

We know of no periodical which progresses more rapidly than this. The "Home Magazine" may justly be considered the best at the price that is published, and by far the cheapest.—*Spectator, Hamilton, C. W.*

It is worth double the price asked for it, and should be found in every family everywhere.—*Democrat, West Bend, Wis.*

Were we called upon to decide on the merits of the various magazines of our country as indispensable fire-side companions, we would unhesitatingly choose the *Home Magazine*.—*Republican, Caldwell, Ohio.*

We love to recommend this growing favorite. No family can peruse this chaste and beautiful production without becoming better and happier therefor.—*Democrat, Jamestown, N. Y.*

This work has shaped its course in the right direction, and thoroughly won the esteem and patronage of the reading public.—*Star, Manayunk, Pa.*

Arthur's is a home magazine. It should be found at every fire-side, as it inculcates nothing but morality, refinement, and intelligence.—*News, St. Anthony, Minn.*

This magazine is decidedly the best two dollar magazine published, and no family circle should be without it.—*Journal, Pottsville, Pa.*

If you want an agreeable and instructive fire-side companion, we recommend the *Home Magazine*.—*Republican, Tuskegee, Ala.*

Its pages bear a high tone of morality, and are singularly interesting for their sweetness of style.—*Register, Guttenburg, Iowa.*

It is, unquestionably, the best two dollar ladies' book published in America.—*Union, Thibodaux, La.*

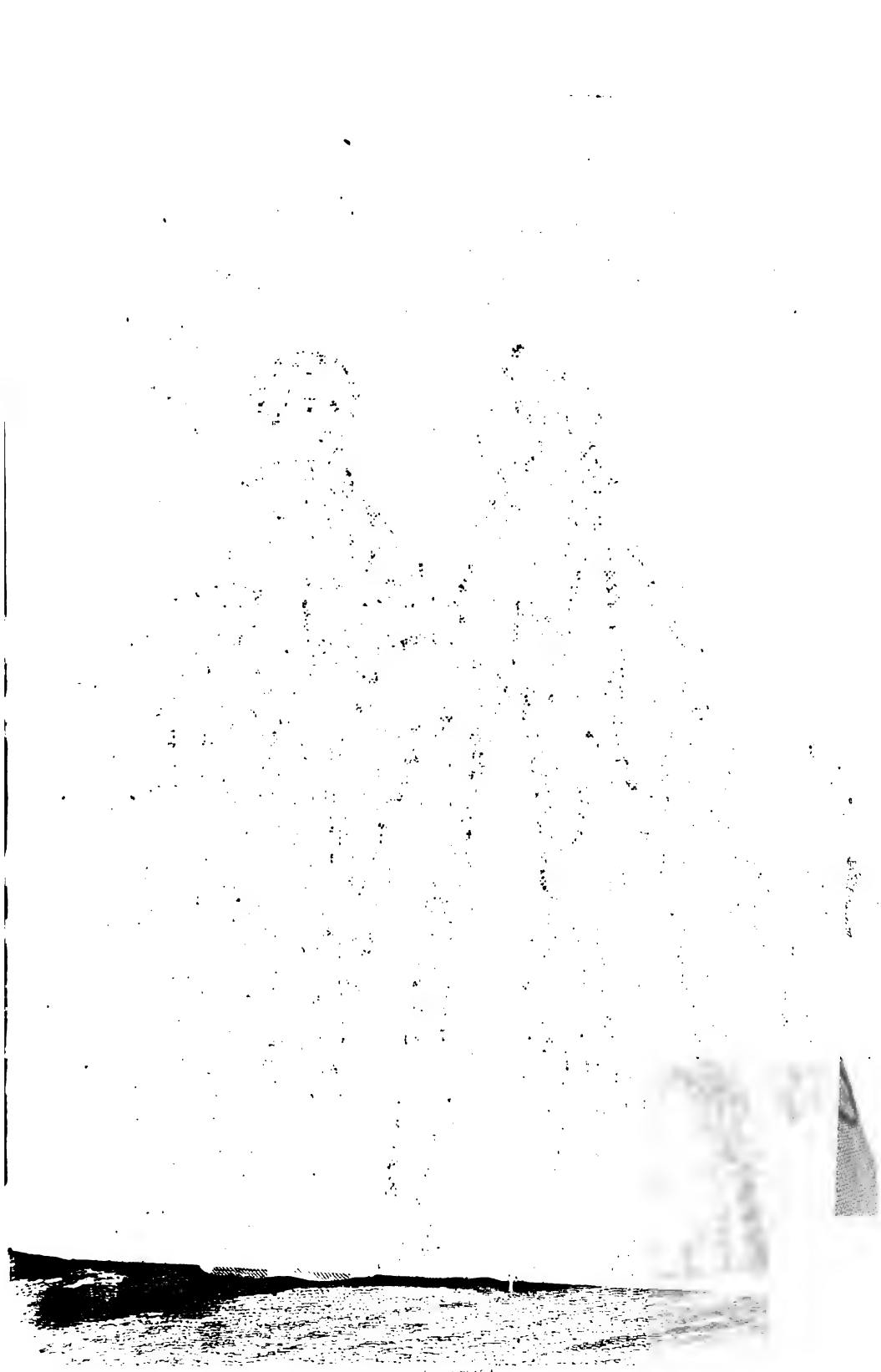
It is one of the very best family magazines published.—*Plain Dealer, Fort Madison, Iowa.*





THE WOMAN AND THE GIRL

THE WOMAN AND THE GIRL





THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

1911





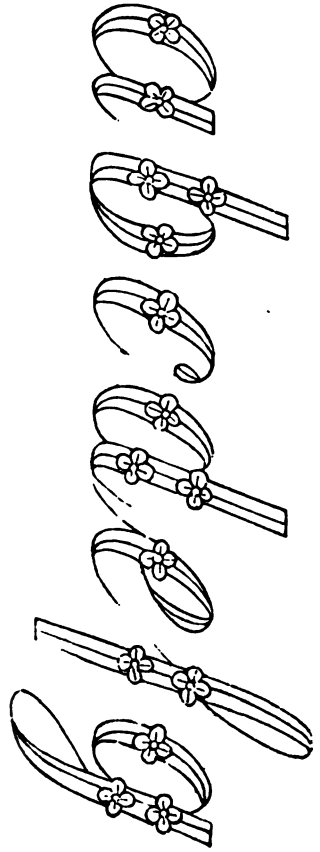


PROMENADE MANTLE.

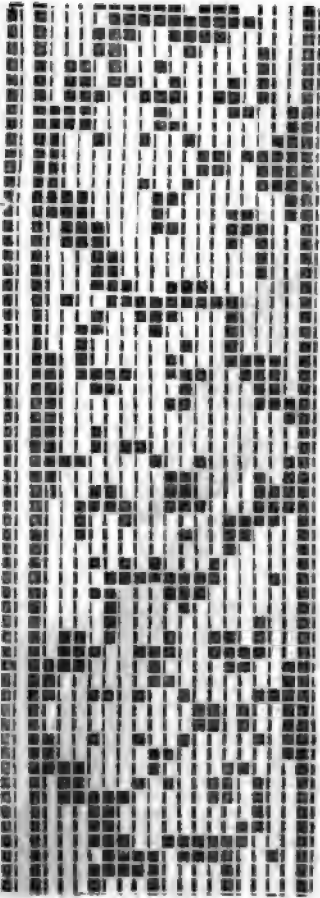
Furnished by COOPER & CONARD, Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, and engraved from actual costume, by Neville Johnson. Our illustration represents a black silk mantle, ornamented with rosettes, cord and tassel, and pompinette trimmings. A pleasant feature for a Summer garment is that the front forms, by its fullness, a perfect, though open sleeve, thus combining comfort with a graceful appearance.



BEAD BASKET



LETTERS FOR MARKING.



BORDER IN CROCHET.



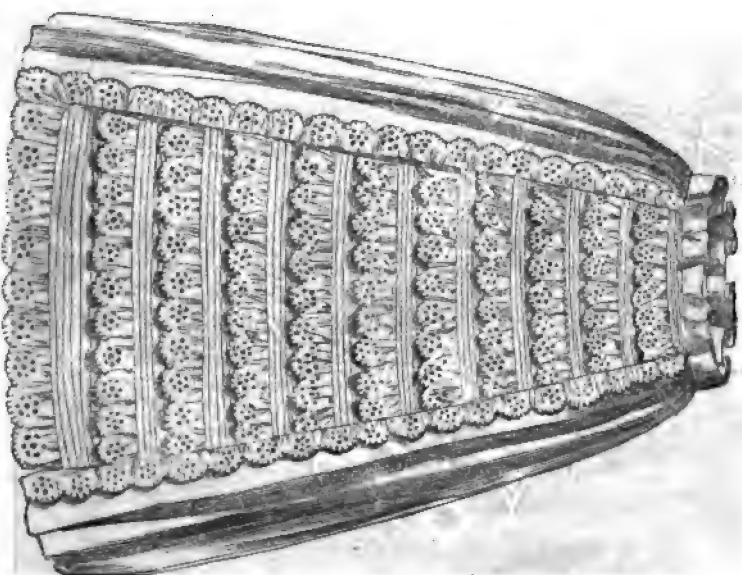
COLLAR.



MORNING WRAPPER.



HEAD DRESS.

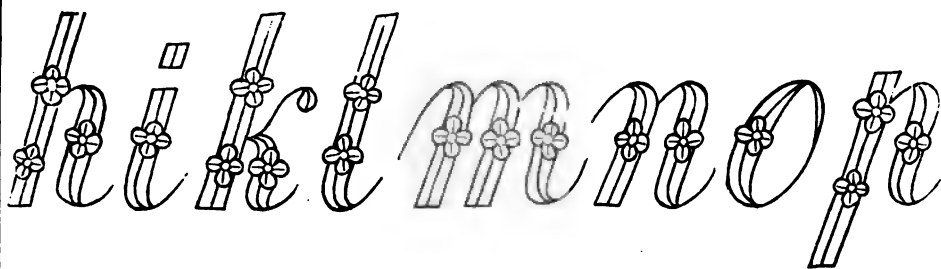


MORNING SKIRT.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.

LETTERS FOR MARKING.



CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



HEAD DRESS.





CHEMISE.

Of very fine linen, the neck inserted in a narrow yoke, forming in a point in front and back and on each shoulder; the edge is finished in small scallops, the centre enriched with exquisite needlework, in a pattern of rosebuds and leaves, with flowers, in a delicate pattern of open lace work. The bosom is formed of rich masses of needlework, of the same pattern. The sleeves are formed of a three-cornered piece of fine linen, very short, and rounded up on the shoulder, and overlapped with fastenings of fine thread buttons.



EMBROIDERY PATTERN

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1860.

HIDDEN WINGS.

BY MARGARET LYON.

"UGH!" said Aunt Lucy, stepping back a pace or two, and drawing her garments aside, while an expression of disgust came over her face; "what a horrid object!"

The object which had so excited Aunt Lucy was a little girl about six years old, whom Margaret, our cook, had found sitting in the area. She was leading her in by the hand.

I turned, at Aunt Lucy's exclamation, and saw the child. She was, certainly, not beautiful; very far from it, actually repulsive. Her clothes were ragged and dirty, her feet bare, and covered with mud. Her face might have been washed within a month, but that was rather doubtful. As for her hair, the time of its last acquaintance with a comb might be set down as entirely problematical. Yes, the child was repulsive in every way.

"What on earth did you bring that creature in here for?" inquired Aunt Lucy, speaking to Margaret.

"She is a poor lone little body," replied the cook, in a sympathetic way "wet and hungry, and I thought I'd just give her a bite, and let her warm herself. Nobody'll be any the worse for it, I'm sure."

I felt the force of Margaret's closing remark, and said,

"True enough, nobody'll be the worse off for an act of kindness. Let her sit down and dry her wet clothes, and if she's hungry, give her something to eat." The little thing looked at me gratefully and shrunk toward the fire. It was June, but a north-easterly storm had

been blowing for the past two days. The sky was full of rain, and the air chilly as November.

Feeling certain that the poor child would be well cared for by my kind-hearted cook, I left the kitchen accompanied by Aunt Lucy.

"A very imp of ugliness!" exclaimed Aunt Lucy, as we entered our pleasant sitting-room, the walls of which were hung with pictures, the mantel ornamented with rich vases, while objects of taste and luxury crowded the apartment. One of these was an exquisite statuette, representing a child asleep among flowers. Certainly, nothing could have been in stronger contrast than the kitchen we had just left, with the living child there, and our elegant sitting-room, with this sculptured form of innocence and beauty.

"Only the outside, Aunt Lucy," said I; "the hard, coarse, unlovely husk. There are germs of beauty beneath all that."

"Beauty! Pah!" Aunt Lucy's face was not very charming as she said this. The beauty of her soul was veiled for the moment.

I tried to talk with her about the innocence of childhood. "Unlovely as that poor creature is in your eyes," said I, "there are beneath the surface, hidden away from your view and mine, the elements of which angelic life is formed. There is a human soul there; wonderful and mysterious thing, with its almost infinite amount of capabilities!"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Aunt Lucy, "don't get away off there out of my reach, with your

infinite capabilities, and all that. It takes you to see angels in dirty beggar girls. But my eyes were never so sharp sighted."

"There may be things in heaven and earth not dreamed of in your philosophy," said I.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Aunt Lucy, in a half-amused, half-vexed manner. "I'd be a very wise woman if that wasn't so. I don't pretend to know much about what I can't see. Eyes are very convenient things, and I reckon I've got a pair sharp enough for all practical purposes. Seeing is believing."

I gave Aunt Lucy a pleasant smile and left the room, feeling interest enough in the "horrid object," as my relative had called the beggar-girl in the kitchen. Descending to Margaret's domain, I found the child sitting before the fire, a large slice of bread in her hand, which she was eating with the keen relish of hunger.

"Where do you live?" I asked, in a kind voice.

"I don't live nowhere, now," was replied, in a tone that touched my feelings.

"Don't live anywhere!" my voice expressed surprise. "How is that?"

"I lived with old Mrs. Kline before sister died, but she says I shant stay there any longer."

"Where is your mother?"

"I haven't got any mother," she answered, lifting her eyes to mine. There was a low quiver in her voice, falling almost to a sob, as she uttered the word "mother." My interest was increasing.

"No mother?" I looked at her with pity in my heart.

"No, ma'am," was her simple reply.

"Your mother is dead?"

"Yes, ma'am. She died a great while ago, when I was only a little baby. Mrs. Kline took sister and me. Jane worked for her until she got sick; then Mrs. Kline was cross, and said she'd send her to the poor house. But she didn't, and sister died."

The child sobbed again, and tears ran over her soiled and homely face.

"When did your sister die?" I asked.

"Last week, ma'am."

"And Mrs. Kline wont let you live with her any longer?"

"No, ma'am."

"When did she send you away?"

"She sent me away yesterday."

"Yesterday! And where have you been since yesterday?"

"A woman let me sleep on the floor last

night, but said I mustn't come there any more; if I did she'd send me to the station-house."

"Poor thing!" said I, pityingly, speaking to myself. "This is indeed a cruel lot for one of such tender years. What hope is there for a child thus abandoned—thus thrust out and left to the mercies of a hard and selfish world?"

I believed the little one's story. Though unlovely in aspect; in fact, dirty and repulsive to the sight, there was truth in her tone and manner. She was not deceiving me. I had a duty to perform, and saw it clearly. God's providence is over all his children; the humblest, the poorest, the meanest, not even a sparrow falls unnoticed to the ground. I felt that He had laid upon me the duty of caring for this little one, whose soul was as precious in his eyes as the soul of one of my own dear children. The case was plain. I could not shut my eyes and turn away, and yet be innocent.

"What are you going to do?" I asked, again speaking to the child. I wished to see what was in her thoughts, if, indeed, she had any thought about the future.

"I don't know ma'am," she answered, with a perplexed look. "I suppose I'll have to beg."

"Haven't you any better clothes than these?"

"No, ma'am," she replied, looking down at her miserable garments.

I stood musing for a little while, turning over in my thoughts what was best to be done. The decision was soon made.

"Margaret," said I, "take her up to the bath room and wash her thoroughly. I will find something better for her to put on; and Margaret," I added, as I was leaving the kitchen, "I think you had better cut that hair off pretty close."

Margaret said "yes, ma'am," with a hearty good will, that showed her feelings to be as much interested as mine. So I left the kitchen and went up stairs to look through my drawer for some suitable garments to replace the filthy rags I had directed to have removed. I found what I required, and leaving them in the bath-room returned to Aunt Lucy.

Now my relative was something of a character in her way. A very literalist in her modes of interpreting the common events and common aspects of life. She usually judged of people as she saw them on the outside. "It's no use," she would often say, to be worrying yourself about what's in people, if they don't choose to talk it out and let you see what they think and feel. Show me what they do, and I'll get at their quality, fast enough."

All this was very sensible, of course, but it meant less as uttered by Aunt Lucy than if it had been said by some other person. She thought herself very shrewd and sharp, while I thought her shrewdness and sharpness often led her to forget the dictates of humanity. But she had her good points, and among these was a scorn of deceit and pretention.

"I've done many good deeds in my time," was one of her common remarks, "and have helped lots of people in distress; put faith in beggars through the whole range of halt, lame, and blind, and came out cheated in the end. There is no virtue in the tribe. When a man, woman, or child sets up to live on alms, that moment he or she ceases to be truly honest. There is only one fair way to make a living in this world, and that is to labor for it; your vagrants should be sent to the work-house."

"Where have you been?" said Aunt Lucy, as I came into the sitting-room. She looked on me sharply and curiously; at the same time there was a little dropping of the under lip, and the appearance of an amused smile lurking about the corners of her mouth.

"In the kitchen," I replied, trying to retain the gravity of my countenance, for I saw what was in her thoughts.

"Looking after that inward beauty you talked about a little while ago." Aunt Lucy glanced at me quizzically.

"Margaret is washing off the dirt," I replied, laughing; "after a while I will go and see what she has found beneath. The fair, pure skin of a tender child, I guess."

"Now, you do beat all," exclaimed Aunt Lucy. "You don't say that Margaret's got that little wretch in the bath-tub?"

"Yes."

"Well, go your way, child! you'll be wiser one of these days. I suppose you intend dressing her up?"

"I shall try to make her decent and comfortable," said I.

"And how long do you suppose she'll keep so?" demanded Aunt Lucy; "I can tell you."

"How long?" I asked.

"About thirty minutes after she leaves your door; not a fraction of time longer."

"I don't understand you."

"Don't you? Then I will enlighten you a little. They'll strip the clothes from her the moment she gets home, and send her out in dirty rags again."

I smiled to myself, but did not answer.

"You don't believe it?"

"No," I answered, quietly.

"Well, please goodness! but you are credulous. I know the habits of these creatures better than all that."

I did not reply, but sat turning over in my mind the ways and means of rescuing this unfortunate child from the life of vagrancy to which she had seemed destined. There was an Asylum for orphan children in the neighborhood. I had passed it often, but never gave the institution any special thought. Now it assumed a just importance in my eyes. I determined to make a visit there this very day, and see upon what conditions its inmates were received.

In about half an hour Margaret came in with the metamorphosed child.

"Who is that?" asked Aunt Lucy, not recognizing, on the moment, the beggar girl she had been denouncing.

"What is your name?" I asked, taking the little one by the hand, and looking with rekindling interest into her homely face.

"Ellen," she replied.

"You saw her down stairs a little while ago," and I looked at Aunt Lucy.

"Oh! ah!"

My relation seemed a little bewildered.

"Take her down to the kitchen. I will be down after a while."

Margaret left the room.

"Wonderfully improved!" My aunt did not speak as if she were wonderfully pleased. "But, oh, dear! you can't make anything out of them. There's an old fable about washing a pig. They put on any quantity of soap and water, but it would not wash out the swine-nature. The pig was a pig still, and took kindly, after its release, to the next mud puddle. So it will be with your protégé. That impish little face tells the whole story."

"There is a human soul there," said I, seriously; "and the soul of a child is always beautiful. The face may be unlovely; the form ungainly, and the whole outward appearance repulsive. But hidden beneath all this are forms of exquisite grace and germs of the highest excellence."

But Aunt Lucy had no patience with me.

"Talk—all talk," she replied, "and waste words with me."

So I changed the subject to one on which we were likely to have no disagreement.

In the afternoon, the storm having cleared away, I dressed myself to go out, and made a visit to the Orphan Asylum. I was pleased with everything I saw there, and more pleased at being able to gain admission for the child,

whose destitute condition had awakened my interest.

About a week after this time Aunt Lucy and I were sitting near an open window, through which the soft, warm air of a bright summer day was pressing. Suddenly my Aunt started with an expression of shuddering disgust on her countenance, and pointing to the skirt of her dress, exclaimed:

"Ugh! just look at that horrid thing! Knock it off!"

I glanced down and saw a caterpillar. Aunt Lucy was quite excited about the harmless little creature; but I stooped, and holding my handkerchief close to her dress, gently removed it. As I raised up, I said, still looking at the unsightly animal,

"There is not much beauty here, certainly."

"Throw it out of the window!" exclaimed Aunt Lucy, her face still expressing strong disgust.

But I held the now motionless creature close to my eyes, and examined it curiously. It was nearly black, with rough protuberances all over the body. These were surmounted by thorny looking hairs, which gave it a spiteful and venomous aspect. If I had not been looking deeper than the surface I should have felt as great a repugnance to the animal as did Aunt Lucy. But I saw more than the simple larva.

"Why don't you throw it out of the window? It will bite or poison you!"

"No danger of that," I returned; "if not handsome, it is at least harmless, and carries in its bosom a world of beauty."

And saying this, I stepped into the garden, and plucking a few poplar leaves, brought them in and laid them upon the window-sill. Placing the caterpillar upon one of them, it commenced eating immediately, cutting away the tender pulp, and leaving bare the thread-like fibres.

"See here, Aunt Lucy," said I, "isn't this curious?"

"What?" and she came and stood looking over my shoulder. "What is curious?" she repeated.

"Just see how eagerly it devours that leaf."

"Humph! I don't see anything so strange in a caterpillar eating," replied my aunt, in a contemptuous way. "You can see that going on by the wholesale, out in the garden, at any time. Do kill the hateful thing!"

"No," said I, a new thought coming into my mind. "I'm going to watch its transformation."

"Its what?"

"Its change from ugliness to beauty," and taking up the leaf upon which it was feeding I carried it carefully from the room and up to my chamber, where I placed it in an open box. For two or three days I kept the greedy thing supplied with leaves, the soft portions of which it removed in the most perfect manner, leaving delicate fibrous skeletons—curious relics of its destructive work. On the third day it became sluggish and refused to eat. I then placed it in a small box perforated with holes to admit air, and left it to undergo that most wonderful of all changes which animated nature presents. On examining the box a few days afterward I found that my caterpillar had disappeared, but in its place was a compact silky mass. I could not but look upon this with feelings of astonishment and admiration. What strange instinct! what singular skill! The animal had woven for itself a winding sheet of exquisite fineness.

I did not show my cocoon to Aunt Lucy. I wanted to surprise her with something more—I wished to reveal to her the hidden wings, star-gemmed and rainbow-hued, which had been folded up in the body of that repulsive worm, the life of which she had asked me to crush out. There was a lesson in all this for me—a lesson for her also, if she would only read it. My hope was that the page would exhibit lucid truth for her eyes.

Daily I examined my crysalis for signs of the new birth. This was continued for more than a week, when, one morning, in lifting the edge of the lid carefully, I saw the glitter of painted wings. Without unclosing the box I carried it down to the sitting-room.

"I have something to show you, Aunt Lucy," said I, my face all aglow with pleasure.

"What is it?" she asked; "a new bracelet from your extravagant husband?"

"Something more beautiful and more wonderful than any bracelet ever formed by the hand of man," I replied.

"Well, what is it? Don't mystify me."

"I don't mean to. You remember the ugly caterpillar I took from your dress a week or two ago? Here it is," and I uncovered my box, when out flew a butterfly. Sailing gracefully across the room it alighted on a heliotrope that was blooming in the window, and sat there gently fanning its delicate wings, which were of a dark purplish color, dotted with blue spots and surrounded with a bright yellow border.

Aunt Lucy struck her hands together and exclaimed, "what a beauty! Why, it's a Mourning-cloak!" and she moved across the

room and stood looking at the insect admiringly.

"If I had killed the caterpillar you would never have seen this butterfly."

She turned, and looked at me inquiringly.

"Caterpillar! I don't understand you?"

"I told you there was beauty hidden in the repulsive creature. Delicate wings of exquisite texture and color folded up in that writhing little body."

"There now, child, do talk in plain common sense language! What do you mean?"

"Simply and plainly, that the worm I brushed from your dress was the larva of this Mourning-cloak. I fed the caterpillar on poplar leaves until it was ready for its change, then laid it in this box to spin its cocoon. You see here the silken envelope through which the insect has cut its way."

Aunt Lucy was taken by surprise. I improved the opportunity to say:

"There is a lesson for us here. We must not judge too hastily from what lies merely on the surface, whether of things or persons. There is an inner as well as an outer life; the unseen as well as the visible; and it is not always that the visible gives to common sight a true representation of the invisible. There are rudiments of a higher life than first manifests itself in every individual that is born. If there is so much loveliness hidden in a caterpillar, what may we not look for in a human soul? Two weeks ago there was a greedy, destructive worm, that fed itself on coarse bitter leaves with an insatiable appetite; but, now it has been transformed into an airy being that floats on the lightest zephyr, and sips honeyed nectar from flower-cups more exquisitely painted than china of Sevres."

I paused, and my aunt looked at me with the air of one in slight bewilderment.

"Two weeks ago," I continued, "a dirty little beggar-girl, repulsive enough to look upon, came to our door. I think you felt toward her very much as you felt toward the worm. You manifested the same disgust at her foul and unsightly aspect. I suggested that there might be something beneath the surface more attractive than met the eyes. But you saw only a vagrant on whom all kindness would be thrown away. I felt differently and thought differently. I looked below the surface and saw hidden wings destined, it might be, to unfold in spiritual atmospheres."

"I hope it may all come out so," replied Aunt Lucy, with something subdued in her manner; "but if you find any wings about

that creature you will make a wonderful discovery. She isn't the kind."

"Time will show," said I, as I pushed open the window and let my little prisoner float out into the garden.

Time passed on, and my good Aunt, who was not much wiser for the lesson I had endeavored to teach her, continued to judge of things in her old way. She did not forget the caterpillar and butterfly, however, nor my homely little protégé of the dirty face and ragged garments, slyly asking me now and then if I saw any signs of the "hidden wings." I must confess that after I had gained admission for the child in the Orphan Asylum, my interest for her abated. I had done all that common charity required me to do for the little outcast, and it is not surprising that the absorbing cares and duties of my home caused me to forget her almost entirely.

Aunt Lucy, who was my mother's sister, a spinster, and past the age of fifty, did not mellow and sweeten with advancing years. There were asperities in her character which the attrition of life failed to remove. Loneliness and some hard experiences had tended to narrow her thoughts into a small circle, and she grew more selfish and less kindly in her feelings toward others as she grew older. Her presence often threw discord into our family circle, and I had frequently to come between her and other members of our household, and soothe with kind words the feelings she had jarred.

It is ten years from that wet Juno day on which our story opens. Aunt Lucy is sick—hopelessly bed-ridden, and requiring almost constant attention. I had tried my best to make her comfortable, to win her thoughts away from herself, to inspire her with patience, to throw into her gloomy and complaining mind some rays of sunshine; but I failed utterly. She was peevish, dissatisfied, and always imagining herself neglected. The truth was, she had so little about her that was attractive, and so much of the repellant, that no one went to her room except in obedience to the voice of duty. At last my husband insisted upon our procuring a nurse, whose sole business should be to attend upon the invalid. A middle-aged woman was obtained, but Aunt Lucy quarreled with her, and she threw up the situation in less than a week. Then another was found, but the result was the same; a third, and she left in three days. I was in despair.

Thus it was, when one day a plainly dressed

girl between sixteen and seventeen years of age entered my sitting-room.

"You don't know me," she said, seeing I looked at her strangely.

"I do not," was my answer.

"My name is Ellen."

"Ellen? Ellen?" I said in an inquiring tone. The girl was a stranger to me. I had no recollection of ever having seen her.

"Don't you remember," she said, "the poor little girl you were kind to many years ago? I have been in the Asylum ever since."

I looked at her in surprise. I had scarcely thought of her for years.

"Are you that poor, forsaken little child?"

"I was, ma'am," she answered, with a tremor in her voice; "but thanks to your goodness, I am something better now. I must leave the Asylum, but I could not go without seeing you and telling you of the gratitude that is in my heart. I pray for you every day, ma'am, and ask God to bless you for your kindness to a friendless orphan."

I was deeply touched by this unexpected visit and acknowledgment. I arose, and taking her hand, looked into her plain, unattractive face, that was all alive with feeling, and said:

"And this is Ellen? Your thanks and gratitude are more than a double reward for that one act of kindness that cost me so little. And you are going to leave the Asylum?"

"Yes, ma'am; as soon as I can find a place."

"What do you intend doing?" I asked.

"I should like to get a place as chamber-maid, or to do plain sewing."

I thought of Aunt Lucy, pushed the thought from my mind—thought of her again, and said:

"Could you undertake to nurse an old lady who is sick?"

"I am too young and inexperienced for that," she replied.

I looked down and mused for some time. It hardly seemed right to put one so young to such hard service as an attendant on Aunt Lucy. I had the girl in my power, bound by the strong chain of gratitude, and I was not generous enough to release her. So I told her of my sick relative, and my desire to procure a nurse; asked her to take the situation and gained her consent. On the next day she was an inmate of my family.

During the first two or three days Aunt Lucy was captious, ill-natured, fretful, and difficult to please; but Ellen's patience never wearied,

her feet never tired, her hands never hung down. She was kind, thoughtful, and gentle. I looked on, and now and then spoke a word of encouragement or excuse, but I found Ellen more ready even than myself with excuses for the unhappy, self-tormenting invalid.

"She is old and sick, and in pain, ma'am," Ellen would answer me, "and that is sad. I pity her too much to grow impatient. We must bear with the infirm and the suffering."

In the second week affairs in Aunt Lucy's room began to put on a new appearance. The old lady was softening—the hardness of her nature giving way. Sunshine had been around her for many days, and its warmth was penetrating the frozen surface of her heart. She complained less, was less fretful, easier to please, and had longer seasons of quiet and calmness.

One evening, in passing the door of her chamber, I heard Ellen reading aloud. The door stood slightly ajar, and I stopped to listen. Her tones were loud enough for me to hear distinctly. She was reading the twenty-third Psalm, beginning, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Every word of that beautiful Psalm was familiar to my ear; I had heard it read a hundred times—read by the preacher and read by the child. But never did its impressive language come to my heart with such a fullness of meaning as it came now, borne on the low, tender, reverent voice of that stranger-girl.

She paused at the last verse. There was stillness for a few moments. Then I heard Aunt Lucy say, in a mild, subdued tone—so mild and subdued that I hardly recognized it—

"Read on, child, it does me good."

And Ellen read on—

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."

She went on to the close of that chapter, when she paused again.

There was another brief period of silence, when I heard Aunt Lucy say,

"Thank you, child; that will do. I shall sleep now."

I passed on noiselessly, my heart full, and new thoughts pressing into my mind.

"The wings are unfolding," I said, "the inner beauty revealing itself. Aunt Lucy, in her blindness, would have crushed the worm which, in its transformation, now gladdens her eyes with its beauty."

Shall I go on, reader? No! The lesson is

complete. Daily I observed Ellen, and saw that she was influenced by deep religious feelings. That there had been a birth of spiritual life in her soul, and that this life was putting on the outward forms of that true charity which not only suffereth long and is kind, but shows its heavenly origin in a faithful performance, from unselfish motives, of every known duty. I did not have to remind Aunt Lucy of the error she had committed; she saw it herself, and many times spoke, half sadly and half wonderingly, of the change which a few years had wrought.

"I would have spurned her once, as a thing offensive to the sight," she said to me one day, as her eyes followed Ellen from the room, "and now she has grown into an angel, and blesses me daily with her heavenly ministrations."

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. IV.

"A letter for you, Hattie," says a clear, manly voice. I reach out and hastily open the dainty envelope, and from its folds some pressed myrtle and a pure white flower drop out. "From Ella's grave." I read, and the sentence is tear-stained, and my tears fall too. Oh! the old stone house was so lonely, the rooms large and high, the walls of a sombre hue, the evergreens in front throwing out their branches wide, and darkening the windows, and the tall elms moaning in the breeze like the wailing of spirits never at rest. Not a brother or sister to play with me through infancy, no prattling voice to beguile darkness of terror, no clasping arms around my neck when fearful dreams came with the midnight hour and left me sleepless, no little hand fast clasped to coax me into the dim forest paths, no merry laugh rippling with mine and awakening a hundred echoes, no child's tender heart to come to with all a child's little griefs, and find a listening ear.

Thus passed the years until my feet began to step out from childhood into girlhood paths, and then Ella came, the sweetest, brightest, dearest pet that ever gladdened a sister's heart. Her laughing eyes and merry smile filled the gloomy rooms with sunshine; her lisping words and pattering feet shut out the wailings of the old elm, and her soft, warm hand on my neck drove away the weird, invisible shadows that still came with the midnight hour; the world seemed changed, flooded with light and happiness and existence, a sweet draught that I

clung to with tenacious grasp, as if fearful of spilling one precious drop. Her playful ways, birdlike voice, quivering lip at grief of mine, her every action wove themselves into my very being, and she became my most onearth-my idol! How I watched her as time passed on, and every grace seemed nestling down into form and feature. Her step had the lightness of the fawn, with all the gracefulness of the swaying lily. Her small white hand, with each taper finger bedded beneath a dimple, ever won a second lingering glance, and her clear, soft eye, lighted up with the gems of her soul, seemed an unfathomable mine, where even the sage could gaze and never find satiety.

At eighteen, a strange new beauty came over her, and we almost trembled at the transformation. A dewy gentleness dwelt in each glance, and a softer intonation came to each word. The rose on her cheek faded and deepened like the shadows beneath the swaying maple, and she often forgot her work, and started like a culprit child when spoken to. A golden circlet, resting on her finger, told the tale that Ella loved and was beloved; and though with sobbings of the heart that would not be stilled, which moaned, "we cannot part with her yet," our lips said, "it is well, for her chosen is worthy of even her."

One bright late September morning—I see it now—the woods all aglow with crimson, scarlet, and gold, which dripped down from the sunset tinted clouds, and caught up and spread out by the finger of frost, the river glowing like molten silver, and the sky blue and clear, freighted with argosies of snowy clouds—Ella, leaning on the arm of her lover, stepped out into the hall, ready for a pleasure trip to the mountain seen in the distance, and a return at nightfall.

"Why, sister," I pleaded, seeing her light cape and thin gaiters, "do take a shawl and some rubbers."

"This warm day, Hattie? I should as soon think of needing furs in July!"

"But the dew may fall ere you return. You had better take them," I urged.

"Oh! this cape will do," she replied, glancing down to the graceful folds, then looking up and meeting an admiring manly glance resting upon it and the little dainty gaiter, that decided her, and with a kiss on my lips, and "don't you trouble, Hattie," she passed on, and a moment later was whirled away from my sight. That Ella was the least bit willful and vain, and that I, perhaps, was the one most to blame for fostering those faults, brought a sigh,

and with it the resolve to try and do better in future, I passed in to my work.

The bright morning, as bright mornings often do, ended in sombreness. First, light scudding clouds came fitting up from the west; then, heavier ones of impenetrable gloom, and at last pattering drops beat fast against the panes. I was very much troubled. The mountain, where the party that Ella accompanied was to spend the day, was in a wild, unfrequented country, and though the grounds around and upon it were laid out into roads and winding paths, and a hotel built for accommodation on the top, yet the houses were so few and far between on the road that led to it, that one could be thoroughly wet before he reached a place of shelter. All I feared came to pass. At night sister came shivering in, her thin cape in her hand, and a heavy borrowed shawl thrown over her wet garments; her thin gaiters, which proved no protection against the driving rain that beat into the carriage, entirely damped through. Mother hastily made warm drinks, and we folded soft flannel sheets closely around her form that night, but the next morning the rose on her cheek was not the fair rose of health, and her breath came fast and labored, as if the delicate machinery of her heart was battling with obstructions it could not overcome. Oh! the long, fearful watching of that dreary day; the shrouding snow and the moaning blast only brought thoughts of the grave; the beating rain, and leaden sky of the gloom of death, and though the soft grass came, and the violets bloomed, and we learned from her lips to say "Thy will be done" ere we laid her to rest, yet sunshine, light and brightness of the summer, all became dim—quenched by the damps of our Ella's grave.

Many years have passed, yet there is still a void in life, a strong yearning that never can be stilled until I clasp her in my arms on that shore where parting never comes. And now, dear girls, are you not each an Ella to some loving heart? Your eyes are bright, and your steps do not weary, and you scarcely pause to think what a precious gem is the pearl of health given to you. You toy with it, and throw it carelessly about, and give a careless laugh when a kind mother or prudent sister cries "beware!" Your small, dainty feet must not be clumsily cased, even if the pavements are damp; your fair, white neck must not be hid, though there is death in the kiss of the sharp, biting blast, and by and by, when your feet lose their lightness, and the whiteness

of the shroud seems stealing into your lips, and friends tremblingly watch every glance of the kind physician, then if life has even no charms for you, how much you would give to wipe away the tears from the eyes of those you love, and fill the niche in life that to them can never be refilled, instead of giving them life-long yearnings for a missing form and a lonely grave, with its bloom of myrtle and pure white flowers.

Berea, Ohio.

OUR SINGING SCHOOL.

BY J. P. H.

MENIONTOWN would never have been Meniontown without its singing school. No indeed! That was one of its peculiar institutions; that was one of the yearly notches cut in our village calendar, by which we were better able to observe our progress in matters musical, social, and even matrimonial. I feel obliged to append the last item to the list, because candor requires it to be confessed that more matches were made at singing school, especially among the younger folk, than at any other place or time. And that seems to be one of the important truths in village history everywhere.

Mr. B—— was teacher for a number of years. To sing was what nearly every person in the district thought he or she could do; but to sing *well*, to do it in a way that betrayed acquaintance with singing as a *science*, to be sure and make only *melody* of it, that was what very few could really prove themselves fully equal to. Mr. B——, however, was admitted to be rather a master hand at his calling, and could catch a note from the quaver of a "tune fork" as skillfully as any other one who could be produced.

Winter after winter the singing school was kept up. Without a single exception it had always held its meetings in the old log school house that stood on the hill above the village. There the pupils sat on the hard wooden benches—the males on one side and the females on the other. It was expected of every scholar, whether male or female, that he or she would bring a separate candle, that so the expense of weekly illumination might be equally defrayed. This regulation was often the occasion of a great deal of mirth, for some came with little, blunt stumps of candles, blackened all over with previous fires, and stuck, as a final resort, into a flat turnip carefully pared for this particular time. It was ludicrous to see them

going about from one seat to another, now leaning forward and then reaching backward, to get a light from a neighbor, and incidentally whisper something that had no connection with the light at all. A stranger would have done more than merely smile, I fear, if he could have looked in unexpectedly upon our musical group—candles dancing, waving, and glimmering; heads and figures in all possible attitudes and positions; feet, some of them, perched high on the backs of the benches before them; eyes staring and mouths agape; and the persevering instructor trying to make accomplished musicians of every one.

Once in a great many winters the musically inclined of the parish managed to raise funds enough to secure the weekly services of an itinerant singing teacher, and then each week the village felt a thrill of excitement and enthusiasm from which it hardly recovered before the entire seven days had gone round again. When Mr. P—— did come there was a notable stir. Everybody seemed suddenly to awake and to be rubbing his eyes. The girls were especially lively. It was a grand gala time for them. They had only the pleasantest pictures to make into prospects for the coming winter.

How boldly Mr. P—— began! With what a readiness did he take hold of his work, cutting and slashing this side and that; carrying everything fairly by storm that they had trembled to meet before! What an off-hand, attractive, impressive way he had! Not one of all the males in the district who could sing a note, but looked on him and his attainments with the purest envy, albeit they might not have known it to be such.

Breves and semibreves, quavers and semiquavers, flats and sharps, alto, tenor, bass, treble, and all besides, beats, rests, and stops—how they rattled from the oily end of his glib tongue till the heads of his listeners were crammed full with no knowledge but the knowledge of music! He was a wonderful man; everybody admitted it; and the only pity seemed to be that the village could not secure sufficient pecuniary provision for his attendance every winter. Yet half the time was better than not to have him at all, even as half a loaf is better than no bread.

It was more particularly under his tuition that the pupils had reached their present state of proficiency. At the schools the men snuffed the candles with their fingers, while the girls used their scissors for that purpose. They telegraphed to each other across the floor in secret and symbolic methods, which made the

singing all the pleasanter to them. When, as at the beginning of every "quarter," they were drilled in reading the notes, and in giving every one its proper expression, the veriest misanthrope must have laughed to listen to the discordant noise that proceeded from the snarl and jumble of voices. And they laughed themselves, too, and thought there was no better fun to be had anywhere for as much as four times the money.

"Will you give me your attention now. Fa, sol, la, si," &c.

Such was Mr. B——'s very frequent appeal to them. They had rather more regard to Mr. P——'s commands, for he could command their attention whether they would or no—Mr. B—— liked too well to see their enjoyment to be harsh in his requests.

But all *learned* at the winter singing school; there was no gainsaying that. Children, even, walked up the music bars as easily as hodmen climb their ladders. The girls and boys all made progress. Their parents confessed it. Their own persistent efforts, both in school and out, abundantly attested it.

Where the present fathers and mothers first learned acquaintance with one another, whispering behind their book covers, and stealing off, finally, together home, there the children were duly improving their time in the same style, and promised to unite old village families in bonds closer than those of friendship merely. The singing school was one of the best places in the world for what people call "sparking." The result fully established a fact so peculiar. Mary was expected to go home with almost every young beau there was present, for Mary was the village belle. And Margaret found her name written in a great many more books than belonged to her, with some sentimental quatrain becomingly attached. And the Lucys, and Elizabeths, and Julias that came along after to assert their claims—they managed very easily to engage the attention of quite all the rest.

What a giggling there was when school "let out!" What unnecessary confusion in assorting the hoods, and bonnets, and shawls, even although they had been hung up in the first place with scrupulous care! How oddly some of the boys got mixed in with a snarl of roguish girls, who made his face as fire with blood, and his ears tingle with their sharp remarks, before he effected his extrication again! What promises of visits were then made, that were to answer for the whole coming week! What invitations were extended on all sides,

and how they were increased, and persisted in, and repeated! What an inextricable snarl they all got into before they finally reached the door and crowded out! What laughing, and greeting, and shaking of hands, and telling of secrets, and exclamatory "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" Were ever such times before? Did ever days go by to which the hearts of the participators would afterward turn back with fonder regrets and more tender memories?

Let none speak of village singing schools triflingly. For myself, I have a sort of regard for them that I can compare with nothing but itself. They are genial nurseries of some of our best and truest social sentiments. And is there no pleasant recollections connected with those schools, twining themselves about the feelings of my reader's heart, on which grow some of the most tender sentiments? Do all those long past winter evenings lie like a waste on the memory, with not so much as a twig or a flower lifting its head above the soil by which to recognize the spot where once there slept, in truth, the "happy valley?"

A STORY FOR HUSBANDS.

BY MRS. HARRIET E. FRANCIS.

SHE was a light, springy little woman, with a cheerful, beaming face, which, if it could boast of no other beauty, was such an index of good sense and kindness, that no one ever thought how much better she would look if a regular feature was substituted for an irregular one. She now jumped from the buggy and ran half way up the walk—for Johnny, she knew, by this time was deep into mischief—then turned back to give an added word to her cousin.

"Now Scott," she pleaded, "do coax Celia out to that picnic. I believe it will do her more good than all the doctor's prescriptions. I really think the most she needs now is fresh air, and a little cheerful amusement to wake her up—make her feel some interest in something. Be sure and bring me that lawn from Grover's, the pink one with the vines running over it, and I will cut and make it, and hem some ruffles for the neck, and bring it over on Thursday morning; but don't say a word to Celia about it. Scott, I actually feel afraid she will die if we cannot make the world look brighter to her; and to think she used to be so happy—singing half the time." And the little woman wiped her eyes, and ejaculating again something about Johnny's mischief, started for the house.

It was a long ride Mr. Franklin had before him that day, and as the horse was a well-trained one, and needed no care to guide him, he had plenty of time to pursue the train of thought his cousin's words had awakened.

"She used to be so happy—singing half the time!" It seemed only yesterday since her sweet, birdlike voice floated out to him, as he opened the gate, and her playful words and light repartee and smiles, made her home full of brightness.

The desk never needed that thing of life—a budding flower or leaf, and an ivy planted in a moss-covered box in the first week of their married life clung around the mantel and formed a beautiful drapery for the few pictures that graced their walls; but the flower was always missing now, and the ivy dead long ago.

Scott Franklin was not a man of the nicest perceptions; but that day a spell seemed over him, and he saw deeper and with a clearer light, and the hours of many a week that before had seemed filled with words, actions and looks, good and just, and laid in kindness, smooth as the marble table to his quickened touch, now stood up like sharp points of needles that gave pain to his mind to pass over.

Celia, the spring before, had been very sick; but the virulent disease, after bringing her so close to death's door that she heard the faint murmurings of celestial music, passed away, and left her tottering feet to clamber up the steep, weary path that led to the broad, even road of health; from some cause she had sunk down half way ere she reached it, and every power seemed futile to urge her to renewed action. That he had thrown obstacles in her way had never occurred to him before. Had he not provided the best physician—sought for the softest couch for her attenuated form—ran here and there to procure every delicacy for her capricious appetite? Had he not procured the best help? Ah! here he found many a sharp needle point! In the country place where they resided it was almost impossible to hire a girl, and Nancy West, who had lived with them from the first week of Mrs. Franklin's illness, had only been prevailed upon, by much pleading, to come to accommodate! She felt perfectly equal, in intellect and station, to those with whom she resided, but being really far inferior, and having no innate sense of true worth to sustain her, she was always reaching out to cling to something out of her proper sphere, to support her in her false position.

If she had the delicacy to see, she had not

the generosity to give Mrs. Franklin the pleasure of feeling that, though she was a poor invalid, she was in reality the mistress of the household, and essential to the happiness of its inmates. Perhaps the girl was perfectly innocent of any premeditated action, but like a fountain which cannot send forth but the same water the spring supplies it with, so daily her actions jarred on the delicate nerves of the sensitive wife. If the girl, in an unusual fit of condescension, inquired what food should be prepared for the next meal, and Mrs. Franklin mentioned some particular article, so many objections would be brought against it, that weak as she was, she would yield, and let her help prepare what dish she chose. If for weary hours she had been longing for a quiet chat with her husband, and the precious noon-tide hour had come, and they were all pleasantly seated around the table, and Mr. Franklin would commence conversation by asking some question, ere his wife could frame a reply the words would be taken out of her mouth, and a long chat carried on between them, and she—hurt, silent, and perhaps indignant, would sit with closed lips, and spend a sober afternoon brooding over the loss of the aliment her mind so much needed.

It was all explained to Mr. Franklin as he rode along why his wife, who met him the other day with a smile so like the old time one, and with a tone that had a glad thrill in it, hushed down so suddenly, and why, on coming in unexpectedly an hour later, found her in tears! Why such a look of pain came to her pale lips the night before, as he praised up the biscuits, and said to Nancy that she was a girl worth a hundred! Why such an angry, indignant look was thrown upon him for listening to Nancy instead of gratifying her by taking her out to ride, when she felt confident it would be a benefit instead of injury. He began to realize how bitter the trial for one who had been comfort, company, and *all*, to yield her place to a hireling, and feel that she was but a cypher. It was no mystery now why her face clouded if he merely passed the bread or pie at table first to the girl, or tarried to retail the news ere he came to her room to give the kiss of greeting when she was too feeble to leave it. To see was to act, with Mr. Franklin, and his plan was formed before his horse was turned loose for the night.

"Are you any better to-night, Celia?" he inquired, in a kind, earnest tone, as he entered the door and paused by her side; "I am afraid you find the hours very long, sitting here alone,

but I have made arrangements to leave the office an hour earlier each afternoon next month, and I mean to take you out riding every pleasant day."

"Oh, I am so glad!" and the thin, transparent fingers clasped his convulsively, and a glad light welled up into her clear blue eyes.

"Tea is ready. Shall I help you out, Mrs. Franklin?" here broke in, as harshly as the jarring note of thunder amid the soft fall of the rain.

"No; you take up the toast; my arm is the strongest," and he encircled her slight form with it and seated her at the table.

"Scott, brother was here to-day, and he said Mrs. Waltham was a great deal better; they think she will get well, and——"

"Oh, yes, the new doctor is curing her. Aint it wonderful, Mr. Franklin?"

"What was you going to say, wife!" The tired look passed away from her face again at this inquiry.

"She is down to Putman now, and she can walk half a mile. Do you suppose I ever shall walk that distance again?"

"To be sure. I am going to have you out chesnutting with me this fall. What a grand time we had the year we were married, when Irene and Percival went with us, and we walked over by the old mill and filled our baskets as full as we could carry them. Don't you remember the oak tree, where a perfect bevy of birds were singing and hopping about, and how we sat down on the grass and listened to them, and watched the clouds rich with sunset dyes?"

"Was it by Jones' old mill you went?"

"Yes. Celia, I am going to take you to the picnic next week, if you are as smart as now. It is to be in the grove close by Mrs. Hardwick's, and I will borrow their rocking chair, and I know you can stay an hour or two, at least! What do you think about it?"

"Why, Mr. Franklin, you are perfectly crazy! She will catch her death of cold!"

"You have not answered me, wife. Think you can go?"

"If I only had some suitable clothes. Is it Thursday?"

"Yes. What do you need to wear?"

"I hardly know. My dresses are all out of fashion; but I guess that brown barege will do. I have no gaiters or good gloves—but don't get anything expensive. I have been sick so long I feel poor."

"Don't trouble yourself! But I must be off, and straighten up that business before nine. Let me help you."

"I will sit by the window awhile, it is so pleasant. I don't know when I have felt so well!"

Her pleasant smile, and the wave of her hand as he looked back at the gate, almost brought tears of joy to his eyes. It seemed so much like times of old; but with the joy was mingled this pang, that if he had always done as a kind, thoughtful husband should, many sad, suffering hours might have been saved, and perhaps his wife been comfortably well by this time, for even the wisest and best of books says "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

The day of the picnic opened mild and pleasant, and Mrs. Franklin, despite much silent opposition, which is harder to combat than open words, had decided to go.

The girl, out of humor at the revolt against her before undisputed authority, had not a moment to spare from her work to assist in dressing. She had dallied over it only as a provoked woman can—and Mr. Franklin, after declaring for the fourth time that she should leave before the week was out, took upon himself the task of combing her hair. Just as he had unfastened the dry, uneven tresses, and taken up the comb, a light step came through the back hall, and the pleasant, cheerful face of Cousin Hattie appeared at the door.

"So you are really going, Celia. I have been in a perfect flutter all the morning for fear you would give it up; and you look better than I have seen you for a year. I wanted to get here earlier, but Johnny took it into his head to run away, and I hunted all over the neighborhood and at last found him down in the pasture with his father's ox-whip driving the calves. You never saw such a little mischief; but Scott, do let me have that comb; Celia won't have a straight hair in her head by the time you are through. Shall I puff or braid it?"

"Any way to suit you. I cannot look very well at the best, as my dress is hardly presentable, but as I have been sick so long no one will think it strange."

"How will this do?" said Hattie, dropping the comb and bringing in from the hall a pretty pink organdie, the sleeves and neck trimmed with neat ruffles of crimped muslin, and a scarf of white lace fluttering down amid the folds of the skirt. "Oh! you need not look wonder struck! Scott and I know what we are about," and a merry, rippling laugh gushed out and filled the whole room with music. "Pity if such a patient, dear little wife, can-

not have a pleasant surprise once in a while—but do see that load—it's Mrs. Drake's whole family, and they are always late; so I guess I had better hurry;" and the dimpled fingers went to work with a will.

Mrs. Franklin enjoyed the ride in the easy carriage as only an invalid, long confined, can, and as she leaned back in the borrowed rocking-chair, and friends gathered around her and gave the smile and kiss of greeting, and kind, heartfelt words of glad surprise at her return once more among them, her slow, stagnant pulses seemed revived and flowed on quicker, carrying health to every vein.

The gently waving trees, and sunshine lying like coronals on the green leaves—the soft murmur of the wind and hum of a distant water-fall—the white robed maidens and little children flitting here and there, seemed like a beautiful picture seen long before—leaving a yearning, haunting memory—then suddenly breaking on the sight in all its beauty.

Cousin Hattie, good, kind soul, was almost in raptures at Celia's evident enjoyment, and in a soft aside whisper told Scott she knew it would cure her—the happy excitement of a few more such days—it was all she needed; but his reply, away down deep in his heart, that no lips gave utterance to, was a little more love from her husband's heart, flowing out into the thousand rills that keep green the pathway of married life, might have cured her long ago, and with it came also the resolution that never again should she have the slightest cause to feel herself second in attention, affection, or as mistress of his home.

The effects of that resolve well kept, soon became evident. The slow, languid step was exchanged for a livelier one, the sad, listless look for a bright, animated glance, the mournful smile that almost spoke of the grave, for a laugh merry as the dancing ripples, and Scott Franklin, in the happiness of his reward, ever felt thankful for that long, solitary ride, and the divining mood that so strangely came to him.

Berea, Ohio.

A gentleman who spoke of having been struck by a lady's beauty, was advised to kiss the rod.

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

WHAT good would centuries do the man who only knows how to waste his time?

SONNET.

BY DR. C. C. COX.

FRIEND of my soul! at this still hour
 I watch the day's unfolding dawn,
 And wonder if thy thoughts, like mine,
 Are busy with the past and gone.
 Three years have fled; and she who trod
 Earth's path of sorrow by thy side
 Has passed through trial up to Heaven,
 And shares the bliss to us denied.
 To her no weary moments come;
 No hope deferred, no aching care,
 Where fast beside the throne of God
 Life's river flows, she waits thee there.
 A few more annual rounds, and then
 Fond hands and hearts unite again.

THE OLD GARDENER'S ROSEBUD.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Ah! Miss Issy—you're looking as fresh
 and swate as the rose-buds this morning."

"O! not near so nice as they, Jimmy. See,
 here's a white one all covered with dew; the
 first. Oh! may I have it, Jimmy?"

"Shure you've a right to yer own, miss;
 shure you can have it if ye wish; here, let me
 cut it for ye;" the old man bent forward,
 taking his garden shears, and carefully and
 tenderly severed the beautiful flower.

"It's like a little child, though, a swate
 little child—oh! shure an' it's no wonder I
 love the roses," he murmured, as he held it
 toward the white, dimpled fingers of the pretty
 Issy.

"O! isn't it lovely! God is good, isn't he,
 to make these beautiful flowers just for us? It
 makes me love God," she added, reverently.

"Ah! well ye may say, miss—well ye may
 say," replied the gardener, leaning on his
 spade. "Once was the time, Miss Issy, I
 cared as little for the flowers as I did for the
 sod, and worked it because it brought me my
 wakenly wages. But now I don't do that, miss,"
 and the blue eyes of the old man traveled up
 along the calm heavens, while a gentle smile
 hovered upon the edges of his thin lips.

"What are you doing this morning, Jimmy?"
 queried the child.

"Doin', miss? transplanting some slips of
 the same kind o' roses ye're holding in your
 hands, Miss Issy. By nixt summer, the Lord
 willin' if I'm still alive I'll cut ye off some
 flowers as pretty as the one ye have."

"Jimmy, how old are you?" asked the in-
 quisitive child, hovering about the old man
 and watching every movement that he made.

"How ould am I, miss? Come nixt Christ-
 mas I'll be sivinty-one years, glory be to His
 name," answered the old man, taking off his
 battered hat and smoothing back the white,
 curling locks from a seamed forehead.

"And is Bridget really your child?" still
 queried the little one.

"My child is it? Bridget my child?" he
 laughed a derisive kind of laugh under his
 breath—"oh! no, miss—the Lord forbid—
 none of mine could be of that sort, miss."

"There, I thought so. Mrs. Hall heard
 Bridget calling you father when she came in
 the yard yesterday, and she asked mother if it
 was possible that such a homely, blowy girl
 could be the daughter of handsome old
 Jimmy."

"Did she say *that*, miss?" cried Jimmy, his
 dim eyes brightening, while he laughed again
 in a pleased way. "Ah! well, poor Bridget's
 a misfortunit thing, and aint to blame for the
 face that God give her, though she might have
 manners more dacent."

"But Jimmy, didn't you *never* have a little
 girl of your own?" persisted the child, her
 bright eyes twinkling in his face like two
 stars.

"O! didn't I, then!" the old man paused
 again in his work, and his glance took that far
 off, spiritual expression that those who saw
 him often admired and wondered at. "Miss
 Issy, the Lord give me a child—it was on'y
 one, an' niver did I see the beauty in anything
 human there was in that. Sometimes, Miss
 Issy, I've seen something in the look of your
 eyes that 'minded me of her, but I tell ye
 from the first she was one of God's angels, and
 she used her wings to fly away from me—but
 thin she was needed in the bether country.
 Who could blame the wee birdie?"

"O! Jimmy, do tell me about her?"

"Tell ye about her, miss," responded the
 old man, the tears—very few and large, that
 had gathered in his eyes, dropping one by one
 over his pale cheeks.

"O! yes, do, Jimmy, if it wont make you
 feel *very* bad," pleaded the child. "Tell me
 when she was born, and where; who was her
 mother, and—and—what took her to heaven,
 you know," she added, with instinctive deli-
 cacy.

"Ah! Miss Issy, twere in the faver time she
 died, and little good, jewel, the story'd do ye,
 mayhap," and the old man bent down to press
 the moist earth closer against the root he was
 transplanting; "it were a time," he added,
 shaking his gray locks, "when them that

hadn't no hope to fly to was worse off nor the haythen—but God is merciful, glory be to his name."

"O! Jimmy, if you only *would* tell me—please do—that's a good man. There, that's the luncheon-bell—now I'll manage it, Jimmy. Bridget will bring your lunch, and I'll tell her to go and get mine, and we'll sit in the arbor; so while we're eating you can tell me the story, Jimmy—oh! do—please do?"

Who could withstand a child's winning earnestness? surely, not Irish Jimmy, for that pleading look made him liken her to the little angel that had once made his home a heaven. So Bridget was sent to bring another lunch, and the old man leaned his spade against the garden rail, and taking one white hand, holding it lightly, yet tenderly, the two wended their way to the vine-covered arbor.

"There! here's my little cricket; you sit on the seat and I'll sit right here. Now tell me all about it."

"Och! honey, ye have the winnin' way wid ye, shure now; for it's a thing I've not spoken of to any mortal for these tin years at all. Sometimes, you see the soreness is in me heart to this day when I brood over it; but God's been gracious, and made it mostly a plisure to think of them both up in the shining coorts of glory. Sometimes I says to myself, Miss Issy, as them that is dead does a bigger work for them that be livin' than if they'd been spared to grow up in this troublous world. You see I were very wild whin a boy, miss. The foolish people give me a sort of title, as it were, and from the first I knowed they called me 'handsome Jimmy.' Me parents, I spoise, was proud of me, and they let me have me own wild way too much—shure, Miss Issy, I was like a colt that's never broken or trained, and like such a creeter, I've done my 'mount o' mischief. But the Lord, blissed be his name, knows me heart's been right afore him these many years. 'Twere a long time afore I got married, Miss Issy. I were thirty whin I first saw Mary MacDonough. Her father were agent for one o' the English Lords that oppress the poor Irish to this day—the rich spalpeens! and wouldn't a' no more noticed me than the dirt undher his feet. But Mary took to me from the time she first saw me, an' that was at the gran' wedding in a great church in Cork. I was nigh her, and her swate face—or the look in it—went clear to me heart, and there it staid iver since—come Christmas, forty-one year. Afther that I managed to see her agin, and as I'd a dacent situation as head gardener

for the Aarl O'Connor, I begin to save me wages and grow careful, for the sake of that swate face. To make short on it—I got a little house ready, and thin I made bowld to ask her fadther might I have his daughter. Och! to see the rage on him! He called me bastely names, and all but put his fut to me to kick me out ov the house. It were tarrible to hear the oaths that he took, and how he thritened me my life if I so much as come past the place any more. Well, I bore it quietly for Mary's sake, though I shook inside till me heart felt loose; but I made a vow, too, that I'd have the girl—an' I kept it. I've bin sorry since, but the Lord knows how I were punished till I put me hand to me mouth and me mouth in the dust, and cried out in me sufferins that it were more nor I could bear.

"Well, Miss Issy, I married her, and I'll only say to ye that her father didn't know it, and whin he did he put his curse upon us both. Well, little I cared for it at that time, for I were prosperin'; but me poor Mary—poor girl, she took it hard. She grew pale and spindlin' like, and secretly worritted about her father's curse. But she was a nate house-keeper, was my Mary, and me little cabin always looked clane and swate. I was happier nor a king, and worked hard, arly and late, for the sake of showing her proud father how well I could support the woman he grudged to me. When her pale cheeks would worrit me, shurely, I used to say, she'll be all right when the bright spring comes.

"So by that time little Elsie were born. O! it made me a betther man to see the innicent little face, and the wee bit hands so helpless. If I'd niver loved the flowers for their own sakes before, I loved 'em for hers, now. I was as tinder of the bit bud as if it were my nurslin', a'most. It seemed as if I'd a flower at home—a new bud with the dew ov the morn of its life upon it, and I'd niver done watchin' and tindin' it. O! I'd fly to me home like a bird let loose out ov its cage.

"It seemed to me, Mary grew a little betther after this. There did a color come to her pale cheeks, and a light into her eyes, and I niver loved her so well. Besides that, I was a layin' up ov money, and felt as if I'd be a landowner meself if I kep' on at the rate I were goin'.

"Me little Elsie, she jist growed a beauty. I'd sit an' wonder if the delict crathure belonged to me. Ye wouldn't belave, Miss Issy, what large, sparklin' eyes she had, and the white ov her skin—och! I think that lily

hanging yondher 'd look dark to it. People said it couldn't be that she were well, an' so white, and even the very ladies would stop to look at her, and wonder at her beauty. Then she had the curls for ye, Miss Issy; I don't say as they were handsomer than your'n, but they were such tiny things, five rings of yellow light shining in the sun like bits of gold. Many's the time I've kissed and called 'em my best guineas.

Sometimes we'd hear from Mary's father, but never no good. Oncet I met her mother when I had the child. She minded to turn off and go across, but the woman's heart in her give way, an' she all but knelt down and kissed the darlin', though she never so much as noticed me. But I never cared. Wasn't the child mine? wasn't Mary mine?

"Elsie were just turned of four whin the faver come. It were stealthy enough at first, only a case here, an' a few cases there; that when people harked they didn't care much—but the hot summer came on, and the rains every day, an' the mists by night, and the red, copper sky, that looked as it would hiss if a shower came, always at the nightfall—and oh! the woe! There begun to be a many processions—then the rich and the great folks, they hurried from the cities—then the shopkeepers, an' so one after another all left but the poor an' the midlin', an' a few of the good gintry as wasn't afeard. Pretty soon, Miss Issy, it come marchin' along. We'd hear of it in the street near by—and thin it'd be in the nixt house, and I were all but crazy for fear ov me wife an' child ketchin ov it. At last it come news that Mary's father were sick, and the poor girl wint to him. I hadn't the heart to say no, though I wish I had, for his last words was bitter, bitter. So she come away fatherless and motherless—for the pestilence had taken both ov them. O! but that awful time! I went to and fro to me work, but I didn't dare expect to see the modther and child alive ivery night whin I'd come home. The faver swept like a hurriken, ye see, Miss Issy. It didn't take one or two, and stop; no—it just reaped em down—whole families to a time. The cabins was deserted—the grass grewed among the stones in the streets—sometimes doors swung wide open into houses, and nobody cared—nobody went to see what was lift. One night, I'll niver forgit, I come home later nor usual, for I'd been huntin' for herbs that I'd heard was good for to prevint the faver, when I come across a little bundle in the street. I touched it with me foot, whin up

comes a head and I see it were an ugly little child. With that it begin to cry, such a cry, it set me heart to aching.

"Says I, 'what are ye doin' here?'

"Says she, 'they're all gone—mammy, daddy, aunty, and grand'ther. Susie died, too, last night, and now I aint got nobody.'

"Poor wee thing! I couldn't stan' that, specially when she said she were hungry, so I told her to come home with me, and O! woe, we wint home to see—what?"

"O! Jimmy!" cried the little girl, clasping his hands, while her lips quivered and her eyes were moist—"what *did* you see?"

"I see my Mary, my beautiful Mary—dead!" sobbed the old man, "and Elsie—"

"I'm so sorry," plained Issy, laying her cheek against his hands, the tears running freely.

"And Elsie just going," quivered on his trembling lips.

"Poor Jimmy!" sobbed the little listener.

"Yes, I wint to her, I took her in my two arms. She give a smile, though she didn't know me. She was saying something; I held my ear down close, she was whispering, 'pretty flowers! pretty roses!' and saying them words lookin' as if she saw 'em in some shinin' garden—she laid her head closer on my bosom—and—"

"O! Jimmy, Jimmy, don't cry so; she went to heaven, you know," quivered from Issy's red lips.

"O! child, I'm *sure* of that," said the old man, huskily. "It were all right, though I couldn't feel it then. She's in God's garden, and I never see a rose that I don't think of it, and aint tender to it. Her name comes to me when I talk to 'em as if they heard me. Yes, Miss Issy"—the old man gave his eyes a final rub, and smoothed back his white hair—"that's why I love the flowers, not as I were used in the ould country—but as somethin' made by the great God—and for her sweet sake, who died blessin' ov 'em, as it were. Now, child, we've bin here longer nor we should—your mother'll be callin' for ye."

"But Jimmy," said the child, thoughtfully, "was that poor little girl Bridget?"

"Yes, miss, I brought her wid me to Ameriky, and done the best I could by her. She was a quare child, but she loved me, an' would go to the end o' the world to serve me."

"Poor thing!" said Issy, in a low voice, "I'll always be kind to her. How dreadful it must be to have *nobody* left!"

An hour after that Jimmy was working vig-

orously at a vine that needed his care. There was a shade of sadness tinting the grave beauty of his features, and sometimes he sighed in a weary way. But following that sigh came a trusting glance heavenward, and if he turned to the roses a smile rarely bright glorified his face.

NOTHING TO DO.

BY HELEN V. AUSTIN.

"I wish I was married, never to rue,
Plenty of money, and nothing to do,"

sang light hearted Mary Perry, as she busied herself dusting the little back parlor, putting the children's playthings away that they had left scattered in confusion over the room, and arranging things for the third time that day.

Mary had a real artistic taste, and cleaned and brightened things as if by magic. Her brother would often say, "Sis, you are a real fairy queen; 'tis true I never saw you turn a 'pumpkin into a coach of gold,' or lizards into footmen, but you go about with your sunshine varnishing everything. You take the children when they look as badly as Cinderella before her transformation, comb and curl, and dress them, till they look nice enough to be presented to a king. And as for me, your fairy-wand is over me all the time."

But Mary was singing a little ditty, not despondingly, as if complaining at her lot, but only hopefully, as if a brighter one might await her.

Nothing to do! Dear Mary, that time should never come; such as you were not put into the world to do nothing. It does seem hard sometimes, that such a bright gem should have no more golden setting, that you are so much occupied with domestic cares while yet so young; but you are richly rewarded by the love of a gentle mother, and that of young brothers and sisters.

There is no woman that should have nothing to do. If in a situation that household labor is not her task, verily, there is a heavy weight resting on her shoulders. Society calls with a demanding voice for the discharge of duties that must not be neglected; the higher the station the greater is the responsibility. Her children will be viewed with scrutinizing eyes, and their example held up for more humble ones to follow. And what great claims society and the world has on her for the manner in which she governs her domestics.

It is in the power of every one to be a "reformer," if, indeed, there is nothing but a little child for a subject. This is a theme wide enough for gifted minds to dwell long and earnestly on—the material for many essays, but more powerful yet for practice.

What a great *little* empire a woman may rule if she will only be the ruler! She may learn from a school book that "education prevents crimes," and she may make it an abiding principle of her mind; and while her children may be educated at schools, and compete in art, science, and accomplishments with others of their own station, she may have a school in her own household that is laying the foundation of future good and prosperity. She will be robbing the prisons of their sufferers, the scaffold of its victims; and the acts of her life will be one continual prayer for the Lord's kingdom to come on earth. She may indulge a refined taste, and enjoy literary ease, and cultivate her mind, yet she should be the servant of those who serve her, "for whoso would be chief among you, let him be your servant."

How much less preaching would be needed, how much less "reforming," if those in high stations would be truly the servants of the poor and ignorant. It is not only to give food and clothing to the suffering, but it is the moral influence, the Christian spirit that is to be lived out which will evangelize the world.

Mrs. Child said "there is no refinement like holiness," and it is true also that there is no politeness equal to home politeness; and the woman who is the true lady in the parlor, the nursery, and the kitchen, and can instruct her servants into higher spheres of usefulness, is a true heroine in the great cause of emancipation from slavery and vice, and is delivering to the world a life-long lecture, so full of eloquence, truth, and poetry, that her footprints will never fade from off the sands of time, and the crown that gathers around her brow, and the peace that fills her heart, will be her talisman at the gate of Heaven.

Richmond, Indiana.

So long as men are imprudent in their diet and business, doctors and lawyers will ride in carriages.

Happiness must arise from our own temper and actions, and not immediately from any external conditions.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE night had passed wearily for Mr. Delancy, broken by fitful dreams, in which the image of his daughter was always present—dreams that he could trace to no thoughts or impressions of the day before. And he arose unrefreshed, and with a vague sense of trouble in his heart, lying there like a weight which no involuntary deep inspirations would lessen or remove. No June day ever opened in fresher beauty than did this one, just four years since the actors in our drama came smiling before you, in the flush of youth and hope, and confidence in the far off future. The warmth of early summer had sent the nourishing sap to every delicate twig and softly expanding leaf, until full foliaged, the trees around Ivy Cliff stood in kingly attire, lifting themselves up grandly in the sunlight, which flooded their gently waving tops in waves of golden glory. The air was soft, of crystal clearness, and the lungs drank it in as if the draught were etherial nectar.

On such a morning in June, after a night of broken and unrefreshing sleep, Mr Delancy walked forth with that strange pressure on his heart, which he had been vainly endeavoring to push aside since the singing birds awoke him in the faint auroral dawn, with their joyous welcome to the coming day. He drew in long draughts of the delicious air; expanded his chest, moved briskly through the garden, threw his arms about to hurry the sluggish flow of blood in his veins, looked with constrained admiration on the splendid landscape that stretched far and near in the sweep of his vision—but, all to no purpose. The hand still lay heavy upon his heart; he could not get it removed.

Returning to the house, feeling more uncomfortable for this fruitless effort to rise above what he tried to call an unhealthy depression of spirits consequent on some morbid state of the body, Mr. Delancy was entering the library, when a fresh young face greeted him with light and smiles.

"Good morning, Rose," said the old gentleman, as his face brightened in the glow of the young girl's happy countenance. "I am glad to see you!" and he took her hand and held it tightly.

"Good morning, Mr. Delancy. When did you hear from Irene?"

"Ten days ago."

"She was well?"

"O yes. Sit down, Rose; there." And Mr. Delancy drew a chair before the sofa for his young visitor, and took a seat facing her.

"I haven't had a letter from her in six months," said Rose, a sober hue falling on her countenance. "I don't think she is quite thoughtful enough of her old friends."

"And too thoughtful, it may be, of new ones," replied Mr. Delancy, his voice a little depressed from the cheerful tone in which he had welcomed his young visitor.

"These new friends are not always the best friends, Mr. Delancy."

"No, Rose. For my part, I wouldn't give one old friend whose heart I had proved for a dozen untried new ones."

"Nor I, Mr. Delancy. I love Irene. I have always loved her. You know we were children together."

"Yes, dear, I know all that; and I'm not pleased with her for treating you with so much neglect, and all for a set of——"

Mr. Delancy checked himself.

"Irene," said Miss Carman, whom the reader will remember as one of Mrs. Emerson's bride-maids, "has been a little unfortunate in her New York friends. I'm afraid of these strong-minded women, as they are called, among whom she has fallen."

"I detest them!" replied Mr. Delancy, with suddenly aroused feelings. "They have done my child more harm than they will ever do good in the world by way of atonement. She is not my daughter of old."

"I found her greatly changed at our last meeting," said Rose. "Full of vague plans of reforms and social reorganizations, and impatient of opposition, or even mild argument, against her favorite ideas."

"She has lost her way," sighed the old man, in a low, sad voice, "and I'm afraid it will take her a long, long time to get back again to the old true paths, and that the road will be through deep suffering. I dreamed about her all night, Rose, and the shadow of my dreams is still upon me. It is foolish, I know; but I cannot get my heart again into the sunlight."

And Rose had been dreaming: troubled dreams of her old friend, also, and: it was because of the pressure that lay upon her feelings that she had come over to Ivy Cliff this morning to ask if Mr. Delancy had heard from Irene. She did not, however, speak of this, for she saw that he was in an unhappy state on account of his daughter..

"Dreams are but shadows," she said, forcing a smile to her lips and eyes.

"Yes—yes." The old man responded with an abstracted air. "Yes. They are only shadows. But, my dear, was there ever a shadow without a substance?"

"Not in the outside world of nature. Dreams are unreal things. The fantastic images of a brain where reason sleeps."

"There have been dreams that came as warnings, Rose,"

"And a thousand, for every one of these, that signified nothing."

"True. But I cannot rise out of these shadows. They lie too heavily on my spirit. You must bear with me, Rose. Thank you for coming over to see me; but I cannot make your visit a pleasant one, and you must leave me when you grow weary of the old man's company."

"Don't talk so, Mr. Delancy. I'm glad I came over. I meant this only for a call; but as you are in such poor spirits I must stay awhile and cheer you up."

"You are a good girl," said Mr. Delancy, taking the hand of Rose, "and I am vexed that Irene should neglect you for the false friends who are leading her mind astray. But never mind, dear; she will see her error one of these days, and learn to prize true hearts."

"Is she going to spend much of her time at Ivy Cliff this summer?" asked Rose.

"She is coming up in July to stay three or four weeks."

"Ah? I'm pleased to hear you say so. I shall then revive old-time memories in her heart."

"God grant that it may be so!" Rose half started at the solemn tone in which Mr. Delancy spoke. What could be the meaning of his strangely troubled manner? Was anything seriously wrong with Irene? She remembered the confusion into which her impulsive conduct had thrown the wedding party; and there was a vague rumor afloat that Irene had left her husband a few months afterward, and returned to Ivy Cliff. But she had always discredited this rumor. Of her life in New York she knew but little as to particulars. That it was not making of her a truer, better, happier woman, nor a truer, better, happier wife, observation had long ago told her.

"There is a broad foundation of good principles in her character," said Miss Carman; "and this gives occasion for hope in the future. She will not go far astray with her wily enticers, who have only stimulated, and

given direction, for a time, to her undisciplined impulses. You know how impatient she has always been under control; how restively her spirit has chafed itself when a restraining hand was laid upon her. But there are real things in life of too serious import to be set aside for idle fancies such as her new friends have dignified with imposing names. Real things, that take hold upon the solid earth like anchors, and hold the vessel firm amid wildly rushing currents."

"Yes, Rose, I know all that," replied Mr. Delancy. "I have hope in the future of Irene. But I shudder in heart to think of the rough, thorny, desolate ways through which she may have to pass with bleeding feet, before she reaches that serene future. Ah! if I could save my child from the pain she seems resolute on plucking down and wearing in her heart!"

"Your dreams have made you gloomy, Mr. Delancy," said Rose, forcing a smile to her sweet young face. "Come now, let us be more hopeful. Irene has a good husband. A little too much like her in some things, but growing manlier, and broader in mental grasp, if I have read him aright. He understands Irene, and what is more, loves her deeply. I have watched them closely."

"So have I." The voice of Mr. Delancy was not so hopeful as that of his companion.

"Still looking on the darker side." She smiled again.

"Ah, Rose, my wise young friend," said Mr. Delancy, "to whom I speak my thoughts with a freedom that surprises even myself—a father's eyes read many signs that have no meaning for others."

"And many read them, through fond suspicion, wrong," replied Rose.

"Well—yes—that may be." He spoke in partial abstraction, yet doubtfully.

"I must look through your garden," said the young lady, rising; "you know how I love flowers."

"Not much, yet, to hold your admiration," replied Mr. Delancy, rising also. "June gives us wide green carpets, and magnificent draperies of the same deep color; but her red and golden broideries are few. It is the hand of July that throws them in with rich profusion."

"But June flowers are sweetest and dearest, tender nurslings of the early Summer—first born of her love," said Rose, as they stepped out into the portico. "It may be that the eye gets sated with beauty, as nature grows lavish of her gifts; but the first white and red petals that unfold themselves have a more delicate

perfume—seem made of purer elements, and more wonderful in perfection—than their later sisters. Is it not so?"

"If it only appears so it is all the same as if real," replied Mr. Delancy, smiling.

"How?"

"It is real to you. What more could you have? Not more enjoyment of Summer's gifts of beauty and sweetness."

"No; perhaps not."

Rose let her eyes fall to the ground, and remained silent.

"Things are real to us as we see them; not always as they are," said Mr. Delancy.

"And this is true of life." Rose looked up into the old man's face.

"Yes, child. It is in life that we create for ourselves real things out of what, to some, are airy nothings. Real things, against which we often bruise or maim ourselves, while to others they are as intangible as shadows."

"I never thought of that," said Rose.

"It is true."

"Yes, I see it. Imaginary evils we thus make real things, and hurt ourselves by contact, as, maybe, you have done this morning, Mr. Delancy."

"Yes—yes. And false ideas of things which are unrealities in the abstract—for only what is true has actual substance—become real to the perverted understanding. Ah, child, there are strange contradictions and deep problems in life for each of us to solve."

"But, God helping us, we may always reach the true solution," said Rose Carman, lifting a bright, confident face to that of her companion.

"That was spoken well, my child," returned Mr. Delancy, with a new life in his voice; "and without Him we can never be certain of our way."

"Never—never." There was a tender, trusting solemnity in the voice of Rose.

"Young, but wise," said Mr. Delancy.

"No! Young, but not wise. I cannot see the way plain before me for a single week, Mr. Delancy. For a week? No, not for a day!"

"Who does?" asked the old man.

"Some."

"None. There are many who walk onward with erect heads and confident bearing. They are sure of their way, and smile if one whisper a caution as to the ground upon which they step so fearlessly. But, they soon get astray, or in pitfalls. God keeping and guiding us, Rose, and we may find our way safely through this world. But we will soon lose ourselves if we trust in our own wisdom."

Thus they talked—that old man and gentle-hearted girl—as they moved about the garden walks, every new flower, or leaf, or opening bud they paused to admire or examine, suggesting themes for wiser words than usually pass between one so old and one so young. At Mr. Delancy's earnest request Rose staid to dinner, the waiting man being sent to her father's, not far distant, to take word that she would not be at home until in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XIX.

Often, during that morning, did the name of Irene come to their lips, for the thought of her was all the while present to both.

"You must win her heart back again, Rose," said Mr. Delancy. "I will lure her to Ivy Cliff often, this summer, and keep her here as long as possible each time. You will then be much together." They had risen from the dinner-table and were entering the library.

"Things rarely come out as we plan them," answered Rose. "But I love Irene truly, and will make my own place in her heart again, if she will give me the key of entrance."

"You must find the key, Rose."

Miss Carman smiled.

"I said, if she would give it to me."

"She does not carry the key that opens the door for you," replied Mr. Delancy. "If you do not know where it lies search for it in the secret places of your own mind, and it will be found, God helping you, Rose."

Mr. Delancy looked at her significantly.

"God helping me," she answered, with a reverent sinking of her voice, "I will find the key."

"Who is that?" said Mr. Delancy, in a tone of surprise, turning his face to the window.

Rose followed his eyes, but no one was visible.

"I saw, or thought I saw, a lady cross the portico this moment."

Both stood still, listening and expectant.

"It might have been fancy," said Mr. Delancy, drawing a deep breath.

"Rose stepped to one of the library windows, and throwing it up, looked out upon the portico.

"There is no one," she remarked, coming back into the room.

"Could I have been so mistaken?"

Mr. Delancy looked bewildered.

Seeing that the impression was so strong on his mind, Miss Carman went out into the hall, and glanced from there into the parlor and dining-room.

"No one came in, Mr. Delancy," she said, on returning to the library.

"A mere impression," remarked the old man soberly. "Well, these impressions are often very singular. My face was partly turned to the window, so that I saw out, but not so distinctly as if both eyes had been in the range of vision. The form of a woman came to my sight as distinctly as if the presence had been real—the form of a woman going swiftly past the window."

"Did you recognize the form?"

It was some moments before Mr. Delancy replied.

"Yes." He looked anxious.

"You thought of Irene?"

"I did."

"We have talked and thought of Irene so much to-day," said Rose, "that your thought of her has made you present to her mind with more than usual distinctness. Her thought of you has been more intent, in consequence, and this has drawn her nearer. You saw her by an inward, not by an outward vision. She is now present with you in spirit, though her body be many miles distant. These things often happen. They startle us by their strangeness; but are as much dependent on laws of the mind, as bodily nearness is dependent on laws of matter."

"You think so?" Mr. Delancy looked at his young companion curiously.

"Yes, I think so."

The old man shook his head. "Ingenious, but not satisfactory."

"You will admit," said Rose, "that as to our minds we may be present in any part of the world, and in an instant of time, though our bodies move not."

"Our thought may be," replied Mr. Delancy.

"Or, in better words, the eyes of our minds may be; for it is the eyes that see objects," said Rose.

"Well; say the eyes of our minds then."

"We cannot see objects in London, for instance, with our bodily eyes, unless our bodies be in London," resumed Rose.

"Of course not."

"Nor with our mental eyes, unless our spirits be there."

Mr. Delancy looked down thoughtfully.

"It must be true, then, that our thought of any one brings us present to that individual, and that such presence is often recognized."

"That is pushing the argument too far," said Mr. Delancy.

"I think not. Has it not often happened that suddenly the thought of an absent one came into your mind, and that you saw him, or her, for a moment or two, almost as distinctly as if in bodily presence before you?"

"Yes. That has many times been the case."

"And you had not been thinking of that person; nor had there been any incident as a reminder?"

"I believe not."

"My explanation is, that this person, from some cause, had been led to think of you intently, and so came to you in spirit. There was actual presence, and you saw each other with the eyes of your minds."

"But, my wise reasoner," said Mr. Delancy, "it was the bodily form—with face, eyes, hands, feet, and material garments—that was seen. Not the spirit. If our spirits have eyes that see, why, they can only see spiritual things."

"Has not a spirit a face, and hands, and feet?" asked Rose, with a confidence that caused the old man to look at her almost wonderingly.

"Not a face, and hands, and feet like these of mine," he answered.

"Yes, like them," she replied, "but of spiritual substance."

"Spiritual substance! That is a novel term. This is substance." And Mr. Delancy grasped the arm of a chair.

"No, that is material and unsubstantial," she calmly replied; "it is subject to change and decay. A hundred years from now, and there may be no visible sign that it had ever been. But, the soul is imperishable and immortal—the only thing about man that is really substantial. And now," she added, "for the faces of our spirits. What gives to our natural faces their form, beauty, and expression? Is it not the soul-face within? Remove that by death, and all life, thought, and feeling are gone from the stolid effigy. And so, you see, Mr. Delancy, that our minds must be formed of spiritual substance, and that our bodies are but the outward material clothing which the soul puts on for action and use in this world of nature."

"Why, you are a young philosopher!" exclaimed Mr. Delancy, looking in wonder at his fair companion.

"No," she answered with simplicity, "I talk with my father about these things, and it all seems very plain to me. I cannot see how any one can question what appears to me so

plain. That the mind is substantial we see from this fact alone—it retains impressions longer than the body.”

“You think so?”

“Take an instance,” said Rose. “A boy is punished unjustly by a passionate teacher, who uses taunting words as well as smarting blows. Now, the pain of these blows is gone in less than an hour, but the word-strokes, received on his spirit, hurt him, maybe, to the end of his mortal life. Is it not so? And if so, why? There must be substance to hold impressions so long!”

“You silence, if you do not fully convince,” replied Mr. Delancy. “I must dream over what you have said. And so, your explanation is, that my thought of Irene has turned her thought to me, and thus we became really present?”

“Yes.”

“And that I saw her just now by an inner, and not by an outer sight?”

“Yes.”

“But why was the appearance an outward manifestation, so to speak?”

“Sight is in the mind, even, natural sight. The eye does not go out to a tree, but the image of the tree comes to the eye, and thence is presented, in a wonderful and mysterious way, to the mind, which takes note of its form. The appearance is, that the soul looks out at the tree; but the fact is, the image of the tree comes to the brain, and is there seen. Now, the brain may be impressed, and respond by natural vision, from an internal, as well as from an external communication. We see this in cases of visual aberrations, the instances of which, given in books, and clearly authenticated, are innumerable. Things are distinctly seen in a room which have no existence in nature; and the illusion is so perfect that it seems impossible for eyes to be mistaken.”

“Well, well, child,” said Mr. Delancy, “this is curious, and a little bewildering. Perhaps it is all just as you say about Irene. But, I feel very heavy here;” and he laid his hand on his breast and sighed deeply.

At this moment the library door was pushed gently open, and the form of a woman stood in the presence of Mr. Delancy and Rose. She was dressed in a dark silk, but had on neither bonnet nor shawl. Both started; Mr. Delancy raised his hands and bent forward, gazing at her eagerly, his lips apart. The face of the woman was pale and haggard, yet familiar as the face of an old friend; but in it was some-

thing so strange and unnatural that for a moment or two it was not recognized.

“Father!” It was Irene! She advanced quietly, and held out her hand.

“My daughter!” He caught the extended hand and kissed her. But she showed no emotion.

“Rose, dear, I am glad to see you.” There was truth in the dead level tone with which “I am glad to see you” was spoken, and Rose, who perceived this, took her hand and kissed her. Both hands and lips were cold.

“What’s the matter, Irene? Have you been sick?” asked Mr. Delancy, in a choking voice.

“No, father, I’m very well.” You would never have recognized that voice as the voice of Irene.

“No, child, you are not well. What ails you? Why are you here in so strange a way, and looking so strangely?”

“Do I look strangely?” There was a feeble effort to awaken a smile, which only gave her face a ghastly expression.

“Is Hartley with you?”

“No.” Her voice was fuller and more emphatic as she uttered this word. She tried to look steadily at her father, but her eyes moved aside from the range of his vision.

For a little while there was a troubled silence with all. Rose had placed an arm around the waist of Irene, and drawn her to the sofa, on which they were now sitting. Mr. Delancy stood before them. Gradually the cold, almost blank expression of Irene’s face changed, and the old look came back.

“My daughter,” said Mr. Delancy.

“Father,”—Irene interrupted him—“I know what you are going to say. My sudden, unannounced appearance, at this time, needs explanation. I am glad dear Rose is here—my old, true friend”—and she leaned against Miss Carman—“I can trust her.”

The arm of Rose tightened around the waist of Irene.

“Father.” The voice of Irene fell to a deep, solemn tone. There was no emphasis on one word more than on another. All was a dead level; yet the meaning was as full, and the involved purpose as fixed, as if her voice had run through the whole range of passionate intonation. “Father, I have come back to Ivy Cliff and to you, after having suffered shipwreck on the voyage of life. I went out rich, as I supposed, in heart-treasures; I come back poor. My gold was dross, and the sea has swallowed up even that miserable substitute for wealth. Hartley and I never truly loved each

other, and the experiment of living together as husband and wife has proved a failure. We have not been happy; no, not from the beginning. We have not even been tolerant, or forbearing toward each other. A steady alienation has been in progress day by day, week by week, and month by month, until no remedy is left but separation. That has been, at length, applied, and here I am! It is the third time that I have left him, and to both of us the act is final. He will not seek me, and I shall not return."

There had come a slight flush to the countenance of Irene before she commenced speaking; but this retired again, and she looked deathly pale. No one answered her—only the arm of Rose tightened like a cord around the waist of her unhappy friend.

"Father," and now her voice fluttered a little, "for your sake I am most afflicted. I am strong enough to bear my fate—but you!"

There was a little sob—a strong suppression of feeling—and silence.

"Oh, Irene! My child! My child!" The old man covered his face with his hands, sobbed, and shook like a fluttering leaf. "I cannot bear this! It is too much for me!" and he staggered backwards. Irene sprang forward and caught him in her arms. He would have fallen, but for this, to the floor. She stood clasping and kissing him wildly, until Rose came forward and led them both to the sofa.

Mr. Delancy did not rally from this shock. He leaned heavily against his daughter, and she felt a low tremor in his frame.

"Father!" she spoke tenderly, with her lips to his ear. "Dear father!"

But, he did not reply.

"It is my life-discipline, father," she said; "I will be happier, and better, no doubt, in the end for this severe trial. Dear father! Do not let what is inevitable so break down your heart. You are my strong, brave, good father, and I shall need now, more than ever, your sustaining arm. There was no help for this. It had to come, sooner or later. It is over now. The first bitterness is past. Let us be thankful for that, and gather up our strength for the future. Dear father! Speak to me!"

Mr. Delancy tried to rally himself. But he was too much broken down by the shock. He said a few words, in which there was scarcely any connection of ideas, and then getting up from the sofa walked about the room, turning

one of his hands within the other in a distressed way.

"O dear, dear, dear!" he murmured to himself, in a feeble manner, "I have dreaded this, and prayed that it might not be. Such wretchedness and disgrace! Such wretchedness and disgrace! Had they no patience with each other—no forbearance—no love, that it must come to this! Dear! dear! dear! Poor child!"

Irene, with her white, wretched face, sat looking at him for some time as he moved about, a picture of helpless misery. Then going to him again, she drew an arm around his neck and tried to comfort him. But, there was no comfort in her words. What could she say to reach, with a healing power, the wound from which his very life-blood was pouring.

"Don't talk! don't talk!" he said, pushing Irene away with slight impatience of manner.

"I am heart-broken. Words are nothing!"

"Mr. Delancy," said Rose, now coming to his side, and laying a hand upon his arm, "you must not speak so to Irene. This is not like you."

There was a calmness of utterance, and a firmness of manner, which had their right effect.

"How have I spoken, Rose, dear? What have I said?" Mr. Delancy stopped and looked at Miss Carman, in a rebuked, confused way, laying his hand upon his forehead at the same time.

"Not from yourself," answered Rose.

"Not from myself!" He respected her words, as if his thoughts were still in a maze. "Ah child, this is dreadful!" he added. "I am not myself! Poor Irene! Poor daughter! Poor father!"

And the old man lost himself again.

A look of fear now shadowed, darkly, the face of Irene, and she glanced, anxiously, from her father's countenance to that of Rose. She did not read in the face of her young friend much that gave assurance or comfort.

"Mr. Delancy," said Rose, with great earnestness of manner, "Irene is in sore trouble. She has come to a great crisis in her life. You are older and wiser than she is, and must counsel and sustain her. Be calm, dear sir! Calm, clear-seeing, wise and considerate now as you have always been."

"Calm—clear-seeing—wise." Mr. Delancy repeated the words, as if endeavoring to grasp the rein of thought, and get possession of himself again.

"Wise to counsel, and strong to sustain," said Rose. "You must not fail us now."

"Thank you, my sweet young monitor," replied Mr. Delancy, partially recovering himself; "it was the weakness of a moment. Irene," and he looked toward his daughter, "leave me with my own thoughts for a little while. Take her, Rose, to her own room, and God give you power to speak words of consolation, I have none."

Rose drew her arm within that of Irene, and said, "come." But Irene lingered, looking tenderly and anxiously at her father.

"Go, my love." Mr. Delancy waved his hand.

"Father! dear father!" She moved a step toward him, while Rose held her back.

"I cannot help myself, father. The die is cast. Oh, bear up with me! I will be to you a better daughter than I have ever been. My life shall be devoted to your happiness. In that I will find a compensation. All is not lost—all is not ruined. My heart is as pure as when I left you three years ago. I come back bleeding from my life-battle, it is true; but not in mortal peril—wounded, but not unto death—cast down, but not destroyed."

All the muscles of Mr. Delancy's face quivered with suppressed feeling as he stood looking at his daughter, who, as she uttered the words, "cast down, but not destroyed," flung herself, in wild abandonment, on his breast.

CHAPTER XX.

The shock to Mr. Delancy was a fearful one, coming, as it did, on a troubled, foreboding state of mind; and Reason lost, for a little while, her firm grasp on the rein of government. If the old man could have seen a ray of hope in the case it would have been different. But from the manner and language of his daughter it was plain that the dreaded evil had found them; and the certainty of this, falling suddenly, struck him as with a heavy blow.

For several days he was like one who had been stunned. All that afternoon on which his daughter returned to Ivy Cliff, he moved about in a bewildered way, and by his questions and remarks showed an incoherence of thought that filled the heart of Irene with alarm.

On the next morning, when she met him at the breakfast table, he smiled on her in his old, affectionate way. As she kissed him, she said—

"I hope you slept well last night, father?"

A slight change was visible in his face.

"I slept soundly enough," he replied, "but my dreams were not agreeable."

Then he looked at her with a slight closing of the brows, and a questioning look in his eyes.

They sat down, Irene taking her old place at the table. As she poured out her father's coffee, he said, smiling—

"It is pleasant to have you sitting there, daughter."

"Is it?"

Irene was troubled by this old manner of her father. Could he have forgotten why she was there?

"Yes. It is pleasant," he replied, and then his eye dropped in a thoughtful way.

"I think, sometimes, that your attractive New York friends have made you neglectful of your lonely old father. You don't come to see him as often as you did a year ago."

Mr. Delancy said this with simple earnestness.

"They shall not keep me from you any more, dear father," replied Irene, meeting his humor, yet heart-appalled at the same time, with this evidence that his mind was wandering from the truth.

"I don't think them safe friends," added Mr. Delancy, with seriousness.

"Perhaps not," replied Irene.

"Ah! I'm glad to hear you say so. Now, you have one true, safe friend. I wish you loved her better than you do."

"What is her name?"

"Rose Carman," said Mr. Delancy, with a slight hesitation of manner, as if he feared repulsion on the part of his daughter.

"I love Rose dearly; she is the best of girls; and I know her to be a true friend," replied Irene.

"Spoken like my own daughter!" said the old man, with a brightening countenance. "You must not neglect her any more. Why, she told me you hadn't written to her in six months. Now, that isn't right. Never go past old, true friends, for the sake of new, and maybe, false ones. No—no. Rose is hurt; you must write to her often—every week."

Irene could not answer. Her heart was beating wildly. What could this mean? Had reason fled? But she struggled hard to preserve a calm exterior.

"Will Hartley be up to-day?"

Irene tried to say "No," but could not find utterance.

Mr. Delancy looked at her curiously, and, now, in a slightly troubled way. Then he let his eyes fall, and sat holding his cup, like one who was turning perplexed thoughts in his mind.

"You are not well this morning, father," said Irene, speaking, only because silence was too oppressive for endurance.

"I don't know; perhaps I'm not very well." And Mr. Delancy looked across the table at his daughter very earnestly. "I had bad dreams all last night, and they seem to have got mixed up in my thoughts with real things. How is it? When did you come up from New York? Don't smile at me. But, really, I can't think."

"I came yesterday," said Irene, as calmly as she could speak.

"Yesterday!" He looked at her with a quickly changing face.

"Yes, father, I came up yesterday."

"And Rose was here?"

"Yes."

Mr. Delancy's eyes fell again, and he sat very still.

"Hartley will not be here to-day?"

Mr. Delancy did not look up as he asked this question.

"No, father."

"Nor to-morrow?"

"I think not."

A sigh quivered on the old man's lips.

"Nor the day after that?"

"He did not say when he was coming," replied Irene, evasively.

"Did not say when? Did not say when?"

Mr. Delancy repeated the sentence two or three times, evidently trying all the while to recall something which had faded from his memory.

"Don't worry yourself about Hartley," said Irene, forcing herself to pronounce a name that seemed like fire on her lips. "Isn't it enough that I am here?"

"No, it is not enough." And her father put his hand to his forehead and looked upward in an earnest, searching manner.

What could Irene say? What could she do? The mind of her father was groping about in the dark, and she was every moment in dread lest he should discover the truth, and get farther astray from the shock.

No food was taken by either Mr. Delancy or his daughter. The former grew more entangled in his thoughts, and finally arose from the table, saying, in a half apologetic way,

"I don't know what ails me this morning."

"Where are you going?" asked Irene, rising at the same time.

"No where in particular. The air is close here—I'll sit awhile in the portico," he answered, and throwing open one of the windows he stepped outside. Irene followed him.

"How beautiful!" said Mr. Delancy, as he sat down and turned his eyes upon the attractive landscape. Irene did not trust her voice in reply.

"Now go in and finish your breakfast, child. I feel better; I don't know what came over me." He added the last sentence in an undertone.

Irene returned into the house, but not to resume her place at the table. Her mind was in an agony of dread. She had reached the dining-room, and was about to ring for a servant, when she heard her name called by her father. Running back quickly to the portico, she found him standing in the attitude of one who had been suddenly startled—his face all alive with question and suspense.

"Oh, yes! yes! I thought you were here this moment! And so it's all true?" he said, in a quick, troubled way.

"True? What is true, father?" asked Irene, as she paused before him.

"True, what you told me yesterday."

She did not answer.

"You have left your husband?" He looked soberly into her face.

"I have, father." She thought it best to use no evasion.

He groaned, sat down in the chair from which he had arisen, and let his head fall upon his bosom.

"Father!" Irene kneeled before him and clasped his hands. "Father! dear father!"

He laid a hand on her head, and smoothed her hair in a caressing manner.

"Poor child! poor daughter!" he said, in a fond, pitying voice, "don't take it so to heart. Your old father loves you still."

She could not stay the wild rush of feeling that was overmastering her. Passionate sobs heaved her breast, and tears came raining from her eyes.

"Now don't, Irene! Don't take on so, daughter! I love you still, and we will be happy here, as in other days."

"Yea, father," said Irene, holding down her heart, and calming her voice, "we will be happy here as in the dear old time. Oh, we will be very happy together. I won't leave you any more."

"I wish you had never left me," he answered mournfully; "I was always afraid of this—always afraid. But don't let it break your heart; I'm all the same; nothing will ever turn me against you. I hope he hasn't been very unkind to you?" His voice grew a little severe.

"We won't say anything against him," replied Irene, trying to understand, exactly, her father's state of mind, and accommodate herself thereto. "Forgive and forget, is the wisest rule always."

"Yes, dear, that's it. Forgive and forget—forgive and forget. There's nothing like it in this world. I'm glad to hear you talk so."

The mind of Mr. Delaney did not again wander from the truth. But the shock, received when it first came upon him, with stunning force, had taken away his keen perception of the calamity. He was sad, troubled, and restless, and talked a great deal about the unhappy position of his daughter—sometimes in a way that indicated much incoherence of thought. To this state succeeded one of almost total silence, and he would sit for hours, if not aroused from reverie and inaction by his daughter, in apparent dreamy listlessness. His conversation, when he did talk on any subject, showed, however, that his mind had regained its old clearness.

On the third day after Irene's arrival at Ivy Cliff, her trunks came up from New York. She had packed them on the night before leaving her husband's house, and marked them with her name, and that of her father's residence. No letter or message accompanied them. She did not expect nor desire any communication, and was not, therefore, disappointed, but rather relieved from what would have only proved a cause of disturbance. All angry feelings toward her husband had subsided; but no tender impulses moved in her heart, nor did the feeblest thought of reconciliation breathe over the surface of her mind. She had been in bonds—now, the fetters were cast off, and she loved freedom too well to bend her neck again to the yoke.

No tender impulses moved, we have said, in her heart, for it lay, like a palsied thing, dead in her bosom—dead, we mean, so far as the wife was concerned. It was not so palsied on that fatal evening when the last strife with her husband closed. But, in the agony that followed, there came, in mercy, a cold paralysis; and now, toward Hartley Emerson, her feelings were as calm as the surface of a frozen lake.

And how was it with the deserted husband? Stern and unyielding, also. The past year had been marked by so little of mutual tenderness; there had been so few passages of love between them—green spots in the desert of their lives—that memory brought hardly a relic from the

past over which the heart could brood. For the sake of worldly appearances, Emerson most regretted the unhappy event. Next, his trouble was for Irene and her father, but most for Irene.

"Willful, wayward one!" he said many, many times. "You, of all, will suffer most. No woman can take a step like this without drinking of pain to the bitterest dregs. If you can hide the anguish—well. But, I fear the trial will be too hard for you—the burden too heavy. Poor, mistaken one!"

For a month the household arrangements of Mr. Emerson continued as when Irene left him. He did not intermit for a day, or an hour, his business duties, and came home regularly at his usual times—always, it must be said, with a feeble expectation of meeting his wife in her old places; we do not say desire, but simply expectation. If she had returned—well. He would not have repulsed, nor would he have received her with strong indications of pleasure. But a month went by, and she did not return, nor send him any word. Beyond the brief—"I have gone"—there had come from her no sign.

Two months elapsed, and then Mr. Emerson dismissed the servants and shut up the house; but he neither removed nor sold the furniture; that remained as it was for nearly a year, when he ordered a sale by auction and closed the establishment.

Hartley Emerson, under the influence of business and domestic trouble, matured rapidly, and became grave, silent, and reflective, beyond men of his years. Companionable he was by nature, and during the last year that Irene was with him, failing to receive social sympathy at home, he had joined a club of young men, whose association was based on a declared ambition for literary excellence. From this club he withdrew himself; it did not meet the wants of his higher nature; but offered much that stimulated the grosser appetites and passions. Now he gave himself up to earnest self-improvement, and found, in the higher and wider range of thought which came as the result, a partial compensation for what he had lost. But he was not happy; far, very far from it. And there were seasons when the past came back upon him in such a flood, that all the barriers of indifference which he had raised for self protection were swept away, and he had to build them up again in sadness of spirit. So the time wore on with him; and troubled life-experiences were doing their work upon his character.

CHAPTER XXI.

It is two years since the day of separation between Irene and her husband. Just two years. And she is sitting in the portico at Ivy Cliff, with her father, looking down upon the river that lies gleaming in sunshine—not thinking of the river, however, nor of anything in nature.

They are silent and still—very still, as if sleep had locked their senses. He is thin and wasted, as from long sickness, and she looks older by ten years. There is no fine bloom on her cheeks, from which the fullness of youth has departed.

It is a warm June day, the softest, balmiest, brightest day the year has given. The air comes laden with delicate odors, and thrilling with bird melodies; and turn the eye as it will, there is a feast of beauty.

Yet, the odors are not perceived, nor the music heard, nor the beauty seen by that musing old man and his silent daughter. Their thoughts are not in the present, but far back in the unhappy past, the memories of which, awakened by the scene and season, have come flowing in a strong tide upon them.

Two years. They have left the prints of their heavy feet upon the life of Irene, and the deep marks will never be wholly obliterated. She were less than human if this were not so. Two years! Yet, not once in that long, heart-aching time, had she for a single moment looked backwards in weakness. Sternly holding to her act as right, she strengthened herself in suffering, and bore her pain as if it were a decree of fate. There was no anger in her heart—nor anything of hardness toward her husband. But there was no love, nor tender yearnings for conjunction—at least, nothing recognized as such in her own consciousness.

Not since the day Irene left the house of her husband, had she heard from him directly; and only two or three times indirectly. She had never visited the city since her flight therefrom, and all her pleasant and strongly influencing associations there were, in consequence, at an end. Once, her very dear friend, Mrs. Talbot, came up to sympathize with and strengthen her in the fiery trial through which she was passing. She found Irene's truer friend, Rose Carman, with her; and Rose did not leave them alone for a moment at a time. All sentiments that she regarded as hurtful to Irene in her present state of mind, she met with her calm, conclusive mode of reasoning, that took away the specious force of

the sophist's dogmas. But her influence was chiefly used in the repression of unprofitable themes, and the introduction of such as tended to tranquillize the feelings, and turn the thoughts of her friend away from the trouble that was lying upon her soul like a suffocating nightmare. Mrs. Talbot was not pleased with her visit, and did not come again. But she wrote several times. The tone of her letters was not, however, pleasant to Irene, who was disturbed by it, and more bewildered than enlightened by the sentiments that were announced with oracular vagueness. These letters were read to Miss Carman, on whom Irene was beginning to lean with increasing confidence. Rose did not fail to expose their weakness or fallacy in such clear light, that Irene, though she tried to shut her eyes against the truth presented by Rose, could not help seeing it. Her replies were not, under these circumstances, very satisfactory, for she was unable to speak in a free, assenting, confiding spirit. The consequence was natural. Mrs. Talbot ceased to write, and Irene did not regret the broken correspondence. Once Mrs. Lloyd wrote. When Irene broke the seal, and let her eyes rest upon the signature, a shudder of repulsion ran through her frame, and the letter dropped from her hands to the floor. As if possessed by a spirit whose influence over her she could not control, she caught up the unread sheet and threw it into the fire. As the flames seized upon and consumed it, she drew a long breath, and murmured—

"So perish the memory of our acquaintance!"

Almost a dead level of suffering had been those two years. There are no events to record, and but little progress of state. Yes, there had been a dead level of suffering; a palsied condition of heart and mind; a period of almost sluggish endurance, in which pride, and an indomitable will, gave strength to bear.

Mr. Delancy and his daughter were sitting, as we have seen, on that sweet June day, in silent abstraction of thought, when the serving man, who had been to the village, stepped into the portico and handed Irene a letter. The sight of it caused her heart to leap, and the blood to crimson, suddenly, her face. It was not an ordinary letter—one, in such a shape, had never come to her hand before.

"What is that?" asked her father, coming back, as it were, to life.

"I don't know," she answered, with an effort to appear indifferent.

Mr. Delancy looked at his daughter with a

perplexed manner, and then let his eyes fall upon the legal envelope in her hand, on which a large, red seal was impressed.

Rising, in a quiet way, Irene left the portico, with slow steps; but, no sooner was she beyond her father's observation, than she moved toward her chamber with winged feet.

"Bless me, Miss Irene!" exclaimed Margaret, who met her on the stairs, "what has happened?"

But Irene swept by her without a response, and entering her room, shut the door and locked it. Margaret stood a moment, irresolute, and then going back to her young lady's chamber, knocked for admission. There was no answer to her summons, and she knocked again.

"Who is it?"

She hardly knew the voice.

"It is Margaret. Can't I come in?"

"Not now," was answered.

"What's the matter, Miss Irene?"

"Nothing, Margaret. I wish to be alone, now."

"Something has happened, though, or you'd never look just like that," said Margaret to herself, as she went slowly down stairs. "O, dear, dear! Poor child! there's nothing but trouble for her in this world."

It was some minutes before Irene found courage to break the imposing seal and look at the communication within. She guessed at the contents, and was not wrong. They informed her, in legal phrase, that her husband had filed an application for a divorce, on the ground of desertion, and gave notice that any resistance to this application must be on file on or before a certain date.

The only visible sign of feeling that responded to this announcement, was a deadly paleness, and a slight, nervous crushing of the paper in her hands. Moveless as a thing inanimate, she sat, with fixed, dreamy eyes, for a long, long time.

A divorce! She had looked for this daily, for more than a year, and often wondered at her husband's tardiness. Had she desired it? Ah, that is the probing question? Had she desired an act of law to push them fully asunder—to make the separation plenary in all respects? No. She had not come into this state of mind. She did not really wish for the irrevocable, sundering decree.

Since her return to her father's house, the whole life of Irene had been marked by great circumspection. The trial through which she had passed was enough to sober her mind and

turn her thoughts in some new directions; and this result had followed. Pride, self will, and impatience of control, found no longer any spur to re-active life, and so her interest in woman's rights, social reforms, and all their concomitants, died away for lack of a personal bearing. At first there had been warm arguments with Miss Carman on these subjects, but these grew, gradually, less earnest, and were finally avoided by both, as not only unprofitable, but distasteful. Gradually, this wise and true friend had quickened, in the mind of Irene, an interest in things out of herself. There are, in every neighborhood, objects to awaken our sympathies, if we will only look at and think of them. "The poor ye have always with you." Not the physically poor only, but, in larger numbers, the mentally and spiritually poor. The hands of no one need lie idle a moment for lack of work, for it is no vague form of speech to say that the harvest is great and the laborers few.

There were ripe harvest fields around Ivy Cliff, though Irene had not observed the golden grain bending its head for the sickle, until Rose led her feet in the right direction. Not many of the naturally poor were around them, yet some required even bodily ministrations—children, the sick and the aged. The destitution that most prevailed was of the mind—and this is the saddest form of poverty. Mental hunger! how it exhausts the soul, and debases its heaven-born faculties, sinking it into a gross corporeal sphere, that is only a little removed from the animal. To feed the hungry and clothe the naked, means a great deal more than the bestowal of food and raiment, yes, a great deal more! and we have done but a small part of Christian duty—have obeyed only in the letter, when we supply merely the bread that perishes.

Rose Carman had been wisely instructed, and she was an apt scholar. Now, from a learner she became a teacher, and in the suffering Irene found one ready to accept the higher truths that governed her life, and to act with her in giving them a real ultimatum. So, in the two years which had woven their web of new experiences for the heart of Irene, she had been drawn almost imperceptibly, by Rose, into fields of labor where the work that left her hands was, she saw, good work, and must endure forever. What peace it often brought to her striving spirit, when, but for the sustaining and protecting power of good deeds, she would have been swept out upon the waves of turbulent passion—tossed and beaten

there until her exhausted heart sunk down amid the waters, and lay dead for awhile at the bottom of her great sea of trouble.

It was better—oh! how much better!—when she laid her head at night on her lonely pillow, to have in memory the face of a poor sick woman, which had changed from suffering to peace as she talked to her of higher things than the body's needs, and bore her mind up into a region of tranquil thought, than to be left with no image to dwell upon but an image of her own shattered hopes. Yes—this was far better, and by the power of such memories the unhappy one had many peaceful seasons and nights of sweet repose.

All around Ivy Cliff Irene and Rose were known as ministrant spirits to the poor and humble. The father of Rose was a man of wealth, and she had his entire sympathy and encouragement. Irene had no regular duties at home, Margaret being housekeeper and directress in all departments. So, there was nothing to hinder the free course of her will as to the employment of time. With all her pride of independence, the ease with which Mrs. Talbot drew Irene in one direction, and now Miss Carman in another, showed how easily she might be influenced when off of her guard. This is true, in most cases, of your very self-willed people, and the reason why so many of them get astray. Only conceal the hand that leads them, and you may often take them where you will. Ah, if Hartley Emerson had been wise enough, prudent enough, and loving enough, to have influenced aright the fine young spirit he was seeking to make one with his own, how different would the result have been!

In the region round about, our two young friends came, in time, to be known as the "Sisters of Charity." It was not said of them mockingly, nor in gay depreciation, nor in mean ill-nature; but in expression of a common sentiment that recognized their high, self-imposed mission.

Thus it had been with Irene since her return to the old home at Ivy Cliff.

CHAPTER XXII.

Yes, Irene had looked for this—looked for it daily for now more than a year. Still, it came upon her with a shock that sent a strange, wild shudder through all her being. A divorce! She was less prepared for it than she had ever been.

What was beyond? Ah, that touched a chord which gave a thrill of pain! What was

beyond? A new alliance, of course. Legal disabilities removed, Hartley Emerson would take upon himself new marriage vows. Could she say "yes, and amen" to this? No, alas, no! There was a feeling of intense, irrepressible anguish away down in heart-regions that lay far beyond the lead-line of prior consciousness. What did it mean? She asked herself the question with a fainting spirit. Had she not known herself? Were old states of tenderness, which she had believed crushed out and dead long ago, hidden away in secret places of her heart, and kept there safe from harm?

No wonder she sat pale and still, crumpling nervously that fatal document which had startled her with a new revelation of herself. There was love in her heart still, and she knew it not. For a long time she sat like one in a dream.

"God help me!" she said at length, looking around her in a wild, bewildered manner. "What does all this mean?"

There came, at this moment, a gentle tap at her door. She knew whose soft hand had given the sound.

"Irene!" exclaimed Rose Carman, as she took the hand of her friend, and looked into her changed countenance, "what ails you?"

Irene turned her face partly away to get control of its expression.

"Sit down, Rose," she said, as soon as she could trust herself to speak.

They sat down together, Rose troubled and wondering. Irene then handed her friend the notice which she had received. Miss Carman read it, but made no remark for some time.

"It has disturbed you," she said at length, seeing that Irene continued silent.

"Yes, more than I could have believed," answered Irene. Her voice had lost its familiar tones.

"You have expected this?"

"Yes."

"I thought you were prepared for it."

"And I am," replied Irene, speaking with more firmness of manner. "Expectation grows so nervous, sometimes, that when the event comes it falls upon us with a painful shock. This is my case now. I would have felt it less severely if it had occurred six months ago."

"What will you do?" asked Rose.

"Do?"

"Yes."

"What can I do?"

"Resist the application, if you will."

"But I will not," answered Irene firmly. "He signifies his wishes in the case, and that must determine everything. I will remain passive."

"And let the divorce issue by default of answer?"

"Yes."

There was a faintness of tone which Rose could not help remarking.

"Yes," Irene added, "he desires this complete separation, and I can have nothing to say in opposition. I left him, and have remained ever since a stranger to his home and heart. We are nothing to each other—and yet, are bound together by the strongest of bonds. Why should he not wish to be released from these bonds? And if he desires it I have nothing to say. We are divorced in fact—why, then, retain the form?"

"There may be a question of the fact," said Rose.

"Yes; I understand you. We have discussed that point fully. Your view may be right, but I do not see it clearly. I will, at least, remain passive. The responsibility shall rest with him."

No life or color came back to the face of Irene. She looked as cold as marble; not cold, without feeling, but with intense feeling, recorded as in a piece of unchanging sculpture.

There were deeds of kindness and mercy set down in the purposes of our young friend, and it was to go forth and perform them that Rose had called for Irene this morning. But only one Sister of Charity went to the field that day, and only one for many days afterward.

Irene could not recover from the shock of this legal notice. It found her less prepared than she had been at any time during the last two years of separation. Her life at Ivy Cliff had not been favorable to a spirit of antagonism and accusation, nor favorable to a self-approving judgment of herself when the past came up, as it often came, strive as she would to cover it as with a veil. She had grown, in this night of suffering, less self-willed and blindly impulsive. Some scales had dropped from her eyes, and she saw clearer. Yet, no repentance for that one act of her life, which involved a series of consequences beyond the reach of conjecture, had found a place in her heart. There was no looking back from this—no sober questioning as to the right or necessity which had been involved. There had been one great mistake—so she decided the case—and

that was the marriage. From this fatal error all subsequent evil was born.

Months of waiting and expectation followed, and then came a decree annulling the marriage.

"It is well," was the simple response of Irene when notice of the fact reached her.

Not even to Rose Carman did she reveal a thought that took shape in her mind, nor betray a single emotion that trembled in her heart. If there had been less appearance of indifference—less avoidance of the subject—her friends would have felt more comfortable as to her state of mind. The unnatural repose of exterior was, to them, significant of a strife within which she wished to conceal from all eyes.

About this time her true, loving friend, Miss Carman, married. Irene did not stand as one of the bridesmaids at the ceremony. Rose gently hinted her wishes in the case, but Irene shrunk from the position, and her feeling was respected. The husband of Rose was a merchant, residing in New York, named Everet. After a short bridal tour she went to her new home in the city. Mr. Everet was five or six years her senior, and a man worthy to be her life-companion. No sudden attachment had grown up between them. For years they had been in the habit of meeting, and, in this time, the character of each had been clearly read by the other. When Mr. Everet asked the maiden's hand, it was yielded without a sign of hesitation.

The removal of Rose from the neighborhood of Ivy Cliff greatly disturbed the even-going tenor of Irene's life. It withdrew, also, a prop on which she had leaned—often, in times of weakness, which would recur, very heavily.

"How can I live without you?" she said, in tears, as she sat alone with the new made bride on the eve of her departure; "you have been everything to me, Rose: strength in weakness; light, when all around was cold and dark; a guide when I had lost my way. God bless and make you happy, darling! And he will. Hearts like yours create happiness wherever they go."

"My new home will only be a few hours distant," replied Rose; "I shall see you there often."

Irene sighed. She had been to the city only a few times since that sad day of separation from her husband. Could she return again and enter one of its bright social circles? Her heart said no. But, love drew her too strongly. In less than a month after Rose became the mistress of a stately mansion, Irene was her

guest. This was just six years from the time when she set up her home there, a proud and happy young wife. Alas! that hearth was desolate, "its bright fire quenched and gone."

It was best for Irene thus to get back again into a wider social sphere—to make some new friends, and those of a class that such a woman as Mrs. Everet would, naturally, draw around her. Three years of suffering, and the effort to lead a life of self-denial and active interest in others, had wrought in Irene a great change. The old, flashing ardor of manner was gone. If she grew animated in conversation, as she often did from temperament, her face would light up beautifully, but it did not show the radiance of old times. Thought, more than feeling, gave its living play to her countenance. All who met her were attracted; as her history was known observation naturally took the form of close scrutiny. People wished to find the angular and repellant sides of her character in order to see how far she might be to blame. But they were not able to discover them. On the subjects of woman's rights, domestic tyranny, sexual equality, and all kindred themes, she was guarded in speech. She never introduced them herself, and said but little when they formed the staple of conversation.

Even if, in three years of intimate, almost daily association with Rose, she had not learned to think in some new directions on these bewildering questions, certain womanly instincts must have set a seal upon her lips. Not for all the world would she, to a stranger—no, nor to any new friend—utter a sentiment that could, in the least degree, give color to the thought that she wished to throw even the faintest shadow of blame on Hartley Emerson. Not that she was ready to take blame to herself, or give the impression that fault rested by her door. No. The subject was sacred to herself, and she asked no sympathy and granted no confidences. There were those who sought to draw her out, who watched her face and words with keen intentness when certain themes were discussed. But they were unable to reach the penetralia of her heart. There was a chamber of record there into which no one could enter but herself.

Since the separation of Irene from her husband, Mr. Delancy had shown signs of rapid failure. His heart was bound up in his daughter, who, with all her captious self-will and impulsiveness, loved him with a tenderness and fervor that never knew change or eclipse. To see her make shipwreck of life's dearest hopes—to know that her name was spoken by hundreds

in reprobation—to look, daily, on her quiet, changing, suffering face, was more than his fond heart could bear. It broke him down. This fact, more, perhaps, than her own sad experiences, tended to sober the mind of Irene, and leave it almost passive under the right influences of her wise young friend.

After the removal of Rose from the neighborhood of Ivy Cliff, the health of Mr. Delancy failed still more rapidly, and in a few months the brief visits of Irene to her friend in New York had to be intermitted. She could no longer venture to leave her father, even under the care of their faithful Margaret. A sad winter for Irene succeeded. Mr. Delancy drooped about until after Christmas, in a weary, listless way, taking little interest in anything, and bearing both physical and mental consciousness as a burden it would be pleasant to lay down. Early in January he had to give up and go to bed; and now the truth of his condition startled the mind of Irene and filled her with alarm. By slow, insidious encroachments, that dangerous enemy, typhoid fever, had gained a lodgment in the very citadel of life, and boldly revealed itself, defying the healer's art. For weeks the dim light of mortal existence burned with a low, wavering flame, that any sudden breath of air might extinguish; then it grew steady again, increased, and sent a few brighter rays into the darkness which had gathered around Ivy Cliff.

Spring found Mr. Delancy strong enough to sit, propped up with pillows, by the window of his chamber, and look out upon the newly mantled trees, the green fields, and the bright river flashing in the sunshine. The heart of Irene took courage again. The cloud which had lain upon it all winter, like a funereal pall, dissolved, and went floating away and wasting itself in dim expanses.

Alas, that all this sweet promise was but a mockery of hope! A sudden cold, how taken it was almost impossible to tell, for Irene guarded her father as tenderly as if he were a new-born infant, disturbed life's delicate equipoise, and the scale turned, fatally, the wrong way.

Poor Irene! She had only staggered under former blows—this one struck her down. Had life anything to offer now? "Nothing! nothing!" she said in her heart, and prayed that she might die and be at rest with her father.

Months of stupor followed this great sorrow; then her heart began to beat again with some interest in life. There was one friend—almost her only friend—for she now repelled nearly

every one who approached her—who never failed in hopeful, comforting, stimulating words and offices—who visited her frequently in her recluse life at Ivy Cliff, and sought with untiring assiduity to win her once more away from its dead seclusion. And she was, at last, successful. In the winter after Mr. Delancy's death, Irene, after much earnest persuasion, consented to pass a few weeks in the city with Mrs. Everet. This gained, her friend was certain of all the rest.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Gradually the mind of Irene attained clearness of perception as to duty, and a firmness of will that led her to act in obedience to what reason and religion taught her was right. The leading idea which Mrs. Everet endeavored to keep before her was this:—That no happiness is possible except in some work that removes self-consciousness, and fills our minds with an interest in the well-being of others. While Rose was at Ivy Cliff Irene acted with her, and was sustained by her love and companionship. After her marriage and removal to New York, Irene was left to stand alone, and this tried her strength. It was feeble. The sickness and death of her father drew her back again into herself, and for a time extinguished all interest in what was on the outside. To awaken a new and higher life was the aim of her friend, and she never wearied in her generous efforts. During this winter plans were matured for active usefulness in the old spheres, and Mrs. Everet promised to pass as much time in the next summer with her father, as possible, so as to act with Irene in the development of these schemes,

The first warm days of summer found Irene back again in her home at Ivy Cliff. Her visit in New York had been prolonged far beyond the limit assigned to it in the beginning; but Rose would not consent to an earlier return. This winter of daily life with Mrs. Everet, in the unreserved intercourse of home, was of great use to Irene. Affliction had mellowed all the harder portions of her disposition, which the trouble and experiences of the past few years could not reach with their softening influences. There was good soil in her mind, well prepared, and the sower failed not in the work of scattering good seed upon it with a liberal hand—seed that felt soon a quickening life, and swelled in the delight of coming germination.

It is not our purpose to record the history of Irene during the years of her discipline at Ivy Cliff, where she lived, nun-like, for the larger

part of her time. She had useful work there, and in its faithful performance peace came to her troubled soul. Three or four times every year she paid a visit to Rose, and spent, on each occasion, from one to three or four weeks. It could not but happen that, in these visits, congenial friendships would be made, and tender remembrances go back with her into the seclusion of her country home, to remain as sweet companions in her hours of loneliness.

It was something remarkable that, during the six or seven years which followed Irene's separation from her husband, she had never seen him. He was still a resident of New York, and well known as a rapidly advancing member of the bar. Occasionally his name met her eyes in the newspapers, as connected with some important suit; but, beyond this, his life was, to her, a dead letter. He might be married again, for all she knew to the contrary. But, she never dwelt on that thought; its intrusion always disturbed her, and that profoundly.

And how was it with Hartley Emerson? Had he again tried the experiment which once so signally failed? No—he had not ventured upon the sea whose depths held the richest vessel he had freighted in life. Visions of loveliness had floated before him, and he had been lured by them, a few times, out of his beaten path. But he carried in his memory a picture that, when his eyes turned inward, held their gaze so fixedly, that all other images grew dim or unlovely. And so, with a sigh, he would turn again to the old way, and move on as before.

But, the past was irrevocable. "And shall I," he began to say to himself, "for this one great error of my youth—this blind mistake—pass a desolate and fruitless life?"

Often and oftener the question was repeated in his thoughts, until it found answer in an emphatic No! Then he looked around with a new interest, and went more into society. Soon, one fair face came more frequently before the eyes of his mind than any other face. He saw it, as he sat in his law office, saw it on the page of his book as he read in the evening, lying over the printed words and hiding from his thoughts their meaning; saw it in dreams. The face haunted him. How long was this since that fatal night of discord and separation? Ten years. So long! Yes, so long. Ten weary years had made their record upon his book of life and upon hers. Ten weary years! The discipline of this time had not worked on either any moral deterioration. Both were yet

sound to the core, and both were building up characters based on the broad foundations of virtue.

Steadily that face grew into a more living distinctness, haunting his daily thoughts and nightly visions. Then new life-pulses began to throb in his heart; new emotions to tremble over its long calm surface; new warmth to flow, spring-like, into the indurated soil. This face, which had begun thus to dwell with him, was the face of a maiden, beautiful to look upon. He had met her often during a year, and from the beginning of their acquaintance she had interested him. If he erred not, the interest was mutual. From all points of view, he now commenced studying her character. Having made one mistake, he was fearful and guarded. Better go on a lonely man to the end of life, than again have his love-freighted bark buried in mid-ocean.

At last, Emerson was satisfied. He had found the sweet being whose life could blend, in eternal oneness, with his own; and it only remained for him to say to her in words, what she had read as plainly as written language in his eyes. So far as she was concerned, no impediment existed. We will not say that she was ripe enough in soul to wed with this man, who had passed through experiences of a kind that always develop the character broadly and deeply. No, for such was not the case. She was too young and inexperienced to understand him; too narrow in her range of thought; too much a child. But something in her beautiful, innocent, sweet young face had won his heart, and in the weakness of passion, not in the manly strength of a deep love, he had bowed down to a shrine at which he could never worship and be satisfied.

But even strong men are weak in woman's toils, and Hartley Emerson was a captive.

There was to be a pleasure party on one of the steamers that cut the bright waters of the fair Hudson, and Emerson and the maiden whose face was now his daily companion, were to be of the number. He felt that the time had come for him to speak, if he meant to speak at all—to say what was in his thought, or turn aside and let another woo and win the lovely being imagination had already pictured as the sweet companion of his future home. The night that preceded this excursion was a sleepless one for Hartley Emerson. Questions and doubts, scarcely defined in his thoughts before, pressed themselves upon him, and demanded a solution. The past came up with a vividness not experienced for years. In states of semi-

consciousness—half sleeping, half waking—there returned to him such life-like realizations of events long ago recorded in his memory, and covered over with the dust of time, that he started from them to full wakefulness, with a heart throbbing in wild tumult. Once, there was presented so vivid a picture of Irene that for some moments he was unable to satisfy himself that all these ten years of loneliness were not a dream. He saw her as she stood before him on that ever-to-be-remembered night, and said, "*I go!*" Let us turn back, and read the record of her appearance as he saw her then and now:—

"She had raised her eyes from the floor, and turned them full upon her husband. Her face was not so pale. Warmth had come back to the delicate skin, flushing it with beauty. She did not stand before him an impersonation of anger, dislike, or rebellion. There was not a repulsive attitude or expression. No flashing of the eyes, nor even the cold, diamond-glitter seen a little while before. Slowly turning away she left the room. But, to her husband, she seemed still standing there, a lovely vision. There had fallen, in that instant of time, a sunbeam which fixed the image upon his memory in imperishable colors."

Emerson groaned as he fell back upon his pillow, and shut his eyes. What would he not then have given for one full draught of Lethe's fabled waters.

Morning came at last, its bright beams dispersing the shadows of night; and with it came back the warmth of his new passion, and his purpose on that day, if the opportunity came, to end all doubt by offering the maiden his hand—we do not say heart; for of that he was not the full possessor.

The day opened charmingly; and the pleasure-party were on the wing betimes. Emerson felt a sense of exhilaration as the steamer passed out from her moorings, and glided with easy grace along the city front. He stood upon her deck, with a maiden's hand resting on his arm, the touch of which, though light as the pressure of a flower, was felt with strange distinctness. The shadows of the night, which had brooded so darkly over his spirit, were gone, and only a dim remembrance of the gloom remained. Onward the steamer glided, sweeping by the crowded line of buildings, and moving grandly along through palisades of rock on one side, and picturesque landscapes on the other, until bolder scenery stretched away, and mountain barriers raised themselves against the blue horizon.

There were a large number of passengers on board, scattered over the decks, or lingering in the cabins, as inclination prompted. The observer of faces and character had field enough for study. But Hartley Emerson was not inclined to read in the book of character on this occasion. One subject occupied his thoughts to the exclusion of all others. There had come a period that was full of interest, and fraught with momentous consequences which must extend through all of his after years. He saw little but the maiden at his side—thought of little but his purpose to ask her to walk with him, a soul-companion, in the journey of life.

During the first hour there was a constant moving to and fro, and the taking up of new positions by the passengers—a hum and buzz of conversation—laughing—exclamations—gay talk and enthusiasm. Then a quieter tone prevailed. Solitary individuals took places of observation; groups seated themselves in pleasant circles to chat, and couples drew away into cabins or retired places, or continued the promenade.

Among the latter were Emerson and his companion. Purposely he had drawn the fair girl away from their party, in order to get the opportunity he desired. He did not mean to startle her with an abrupt proposal here, in the very eye of observation, but to advance toward the object by slow approaches, marking well the effect of his words, and receding the moment he saw that, in beginning to comprehend him, her mind showed repulsion or marked disturbance.

Thus it was with them when the boat entered the highlands and swept onward with wind-like speed. They were in one of the gorgeously furnished cabins, sitting together on a sofa. There had been earnest talk, but on some subject of taste. Gradually, Emerson changed the theme, and began approaching the one nearest to his heart. Slight embarrassment followed; his voice took on a different tone; it was lower, tenderer, more deliberate and impressive. He leaned closer, and the maiden did not retire. She understood him, and was waiting the pleasure of his speech with heart-throbbings that seemed as if they must be audible in his ears as well as her own.

The time had come. Everything was propitious. The words that would have sealed his fate and hers were on his lips, when, looking up, he knew not why, but under an impulse of the moment, he met two calm eyes resting upon him with an expression that sent the blood leaping back to his heart. Two calm eyes, and

a pale, calm face, were before him for a moment—then they vanished in the crowd. But, he knew them, though ten years lay between the last vision and this.

The words that were on his lips died unspoken. He could not have uttered them if life or death hung on the issue. No—no—no. A dead silence followed.

"Are you ill?" asked his companion, looking at him anxiously.

"No—O no," he replied, trying to rally himself.

"But you are ill, Mr. Emerson. How pale your face is!"

"It will pass off in a moment." He spoke with an effort to appear self-possessed. "Let us go on deck," he added, rising. "There are a great many people in the cabin, and the atmosphere is oppressive."

A dead weight fell upon the maiden's heart as she arose and went on deck by the side of Mr. Emerson. She had noticed his sudden pause and glance across the cabin, at the instant she was holding her breath for his next words, but did not observe the object, a sight of which had wrought on him so remarkable a change. They walked nearly the entire length of the boat after getting on deck, before Mr. Emerson spoke. He then remarked on the boldness of the scenery, and pointed out interesting localities; but in so absent and preoccupied a way that his companion listened without replying. In a little while he managed to get into the neighborhood of three or four of their party, with whom he left her, and moving away, took a position on the upper deck, just over the gangway from which the landings were made. Here he remained until the boat came to at a pier on which his feet had stepped lightly many, many times. Ivy Cliff was only a little way distant, hidden from view by a belt of forest trees. The ponderous machinery stood still, the plunging wheels stopped their muffled roar, and in the brooding silence that followed three or four persons stepped on the plank which had been thrown out, and passed to the shore. A single form alone fixed the eyes of Hartley Emerson. He would have known it, on the instant, among a thousand. It was that of Irene. Her step was slow, like one abstracted in mind, or like one in feeble health. After gaining the landing she stood still, and turned toward the boat, when their eyes met again—met, and held each other by a spell which neither had power to break. The fastenings were thrown off, the engineer rung his bell; there was a clatter of machinery, a

rush of waters, and the boat glanced onwards. Then Irene started like one suddenly aroused from sleep, and walked rapidly away.

And thus they met for the first time after a separation of ten years!

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

"A HUNDRED DOLLARS."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"My pony has grown very lame coming down the road, so I stopped here to see if anybody could tell me what is the matter."

She had one of those bright young voices that slid along the words as lightly as one of Moore's poems slides into some sweet air.

I despair of conveying that picture to you with any painting of my pen, and yet it was such a perfect one, so full of fine shades and contrasts, so real, so prompt, yet so perfected, that I cannot pass by it.

In the frontispiece, then, was the girl speaker, with one hand grasping a small silver-mounted riding-whip, and the fingers of the other closed over her bridle.

She was a pretty creature, whose life must have hovered somewhere about its fourteenth year, with a sweet, delicate face, where smiles were forever sliding in and out, chasing themselves up into the deep blue eyes, and round among the dimples that sat by the small, coral mouth. Her features were clear and soft, but with nothing of that *doll* look which one often meets with in girls of her age, and which is more repellant than almost any conceivable degree of homeliness, especially to a shrewd observer, who is tolerably certain what sort of a woman it prophesies.

The girl wore a simple black riding dress, whose heavy folds almost swept the grass, and the little dainty riding cap with its solitary sable plume brushing her shoulder, gave a certain dignity and picturesqueness to the bright face and small figure. She sat her horse with easy, natural grace. He was a small, black, glossy, beautiful Canadian pony, and his large, bright eyes had in them a look of almost human intelligence.

In the background was a blacksmith's shop, or shed, as the little, old, sooty, tumble-down structure had better been denominated.

A boy stood in the door of this building, holding a horse shoe in one hand, for he had sprung from the forge where he was heating it, at the girl's summons; he was small for his years, which were fifteen. A straw hat, ragged

and rimless, was set down on a thick, tangled heap of hair; he wore a blue cotton shirt, and an old patched pair of trowsers, his face and hands were begrimed and sooty from his recent labor, and though he added a great deal to the effect of the picture, he was a dirty, ragged, poverty-stricken spectacle.

"There's nobody else in the shop, but perhaps I can tell what's hurt him," said the boy, answering the girl's question in a straightforward, respectful way, that somehow would have made you turn and look at him again.

She did; the boy's reply, and not his appearance, must have decided her, for she answered a little doubtfully, "Well, I shall be much obliged to you if you will look and see, as I hate to keep on, he limps so."

The boy came forward. "Which foot is it?" he asked.

"The right fore-foot."

"He wont kick, will he?"

"Oh, no, he's perfectly gentle. You're a good horse, aren't you, Valiant?" and she stroked the glossy neck of the animal with her small hand, while the boy raised his leg and examined it carefully.

"He's stuck a nail into it, and it hurts him."

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

"I guess I can take it out for you. I've seen Uncle Jake do it a good many times."

"But wont it hurt him?"

"Not much; not half so much as it does now."

"Well, then, I should like to have you try."

In a few moments the boy returned with an old pair of forceps. "Hadn't you better get off?" he said; "most horses are likely to rear and kick afore the nail comes out."

"Oh, I'm not in the least afraid," and she sat still, now watching the boy as he set about the operation, now stroking her pony's glossy neck, and exclaiming, in a voice of great concern—"its too bad—there's a good Valiant. Does the dreadful nail hurt him?"

And the beautiful animal stood perfectly quiet while the boy was extracting the nail, only two or three times during the operation he groaned a low groan, that was like a suffering human being's, and which elicited a fresh caress, and new expressions of sympathy from his mistress.

At last the boy held up the nail triumphantly. "There it is!"

"Dear me! what a great, crooked, ugly thing! I'm afraid he'll never get over it."

"Oh, yes he will. I've known lots of horses

that did. You'll only have to let him lay quiet for two or three days."

"How much must I pay you?" and she slipped her hand into the pocket of her dress.

The boy lifted his eyes to the girl, and she noticed for the first time what large, bright, intelligent eyes they were, of a misty sort of brown hue, which fairly redeemed and spiritualized the begrimed face.

"I shant charge you anything. I don't wish for any pay," said the boy.

I believe persons who possess "grace of soul," who are inately gentle, fine grained, have usually an intuitive recognition of this in others. The girl looked down on the tattered dress and the begrimed face, with a new curiosity and respect.

"I—I wish you would let me pay you," she said hesitatingly, as she would to some one who had placed her under an obligation, and whom she half feared would take offence at her offer.

The boy half smiled. "I didn't expect to have you, though. It didn't take me but a moment."

"Well, you have done me a great favor, and I am more obliged to you than I can say."

"You are very welcome," and a flush of pleasure stole up the soiled face.

"But if you want let me pay you, you must let me do you a favor in turn sometime, if I can. Wont you promise me this?"

"Yes, I will."

"You musn't forget now, for I shant, and I am in sober earnest. If I can ever serve you in any way just come and tell me, and I'll do it."

"But I shant know where to find you."

"Oh, I forgot; my name is Evelyn Lenard, and I live at Squire Lenard's, in the great cream-colored house on the hill at Rockwood. It's only about three miles from here."

"I've seen the house," answered the boy.

"Well, if you ever want to see me you'll find me there. Now, will you tell me your name?"

"Leonard Hughes. I'm very much obliged to you for your offer."

"You haven't any reason to be. Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," and she rode off; and the boy stood still and watched her as her figure grew smaller down the road, with the summer sunset setting her in a gorgeous framework of red and gold.

The boy picked up the shoe and returned to the anvil, and the sparks rose and fell in

dazzling showers, as though they were golden buds and blossoms showered from unseen boughs upon him.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, Charlie, you are a great bother! Just see, now, how you've tangled my silk!" and she drew away the spool from the youth's fingers, and playfully doubled up her white hand, and held it threateningly in his face, when she saw the tangles he had made in the crimson skein.

"Well, Eva, you know I shant be here only two days longer, so you can comfort yourself by thinking your trial is almost over."

"I shall think, instead, that you'll have to go without your purse if you don't let this silk alone," disentangling the knots.

"How much have you got done?"

"Oh, only about half," and she held up a mass of fringes, and tassels, and embroidery, with silver beads flashing in and out of the crimson netting.

"It's beautiful, Eva," said the youth, fingering it admiringly.

It was a warm, luscious, misty autumn morning, full of sleepy sunshine and dozing winds, and Evelyn Lenard and her cousin, Charles Dean, sat near the open window of the south sitting-room of Squire Lenard's large gray stone house on the hill. It was a broad, stately, substantial residence, and it looked over ample grounds, laid out with taste and wealth, and beyond these to meadows mounted with silver streams; and still farther off, to great hills with hoods of mist fluted close round their foreheads.

Charles Dean had just touched his seventeenth year; he was fitting for college, and his mother was the squire's only sister. He was a slender, dark, handsome youth, good-natured and intelligent, though a life of indulgence and luxury had not developed the best part of his character. He came to his uncle's to pass part of every summer vacation, and was very fond of his cousin, Evelyn Lenard.

But while the cousins were sitting together that morning, and Charles watched the girl's needles and fingers flash in and out of their work, the door suddenly opened, and a servant thrust her head inside.

"Miss Evelyn, there's a boy here says he wants to see you."

"What can he want? How does he look?" putting down her work.

"Not like much of anybody; but he

wouldn't tell me his errand; he says he must see you."

"I can't imagine who it is."

"Some beggar, most likely. I'll go and send him off," said Charles Dean, lazily lifting his graceful figure from the lounge.

"I forgot, Miss Evelyn," said the servant, reopening the door, "to tell you that the boy said his name was Leonard Hughes."

"Oh, I know who it is now," springing up with animation.

"And I should like to know what he's come to take you away from me for," added her cousin, looking as though he should be quite willing to accompany her.

But Eva hurried away without speaking.

She found Leonard Hughes in the front hall; he had evidently taken a good deal of pains in preparing himself for this interview. His face and hands were perfectly clean, and he wore a faded brown coat and black cap; on the whole, his appearance was considerably improved.

"Good morning," in that bright, cordial way which at once relieved his embarrassment. "I knew who it was as soon as the girl told me your name."

"Did you?" his face brightening at once; "I was afraid you'd forget."

"Oh, no. I haven't forgotten what I promised you, either."

But the boy did not answer. He only sat still, awkwardly twisting his brown fingers amongst each other.

"Come, now, don't be afraid. Whatever it is, speak it out."

And then Leonard Hughes gained courage, and told his story to his sympathetic listener. It was a sad, sad tale, for he was an orphan, without a friend or a dollar in the world. His mother and father had died before he could remember them, and his uncle, the "village blacksmith," had taken him into his own family. He was a coarse, harsh man, with a termagant for a wife, and half a dozen noisy, obstreperous children. His life had come up to its fifteenth year, amid these harsh surroundings and associations, and his uncle had determined to bring him up to the blacksmith's trade.

But of late the boy's soul had utterly revolted at the work to which he was destined; he had not revealed his abhorrence of the business to his uncle, or any of the family, as it would only bring down a world of invective and ridicule upon his head, for he was no favorite amongst his relatives, as they felt, rather than

understood, the antagonism betwixt his character and theirs, for Leonard was a quiet, thoughtful boy, and loved long rambles in the woods, and to read old books and newspapers, instead of the noisy sports of the blacksmith's robust children.

For the last year or two his home had become quite intolerable to him, and he had entertained many thoughts of leaving it, but he was an ignorant "country boy," without friends or money, and he had nowhere to go.

But a couple of weeks ago, while he was working at the anvil, the memory of Evelyn's promise had suddenly flashed into his mind, and—

All this, in substance, Leonard Hughes related to the squire's daughter that morning, and if you had seen his bright, honest face, and listened to his words, you would no more have doubted them than she did.

"And so you plucked up courage, at last, and came to me?" said the girl, taking up the words where Leonard had left them off.

"Yes; that's it."

"Well, what in the world would you like to do—if you had your choice, I mean?"

"I should like to go to school—but, I haven't any money, or any way to get any, only I thought I'd come and tell you this, and perhaps you'd know of some place where I could go and work very hard, and study a little. Can you think of any?" and the deep brown eyes asked the question more eagerly even, than the lips did.

"I'll try," answered the squire's daughter, "though I can't think of any now."

"Thank you," said Leonard Hughes, rising up, and his face said something more.

"It will take me a little time to do anything for you, but suppose you come here next Wednesday morning and ask for me?"

"I'll come, unless we have some job on hand."

"Good morning," and the squire's daughter slipped her small, dimpled hand, into the hard, brown one of the little blacksmith.

"Well, Eva, I should like to know what that boy wanted that he kept you so long," said Charles Dean a little pettishly, when his cousin returned.

"Oh, just a little matter of business," answered the girl, without observing his tones; and she sat down and took up her work quietly; and there was a thoughtful, abstracted expression on her face.

The young man watched her in silence for awhile, at last he caught her chin in the hol-

low of his hand, and holding it up, said, "tell me, coz, what is the matter?"

"I don't know but I better. Perhaps you can help me."

"I'll promise to, if it's possible," replied her cousin.

And so Evelyn told the story of her first interview with the blacksmith's nephew, and of the pitiful tale which she had heard from his lips that morning.

At first Charles Dean was disposed to make a joke of the whole thing, but his cousin's earnestness stopped this.

"Don't, Charlie; I want to do that boy some good, and I want you, in remembrance of your promise, to help me."

He had generous impulses that could be easily stimulated. "Well, Eva, what is it you want me to do?"

"Don't you know of some school which he could enter and work for his board? I guess I could raise the money, some way, to pay for his tuition."

Charlie sat in a brown study for the next five minutes; at last he broke out: "I've thought of a capital plan. There's my old teacher, Mr. Daniels, he'll take the boy, I'm almost certain."

"And when will you see him?" very eagerly.

"Just as soon as I get back."

"Oh, Charlie, you're such a harum-scarum fellow, I'm afraid you'll forget it as soon as you get among your classmates."

"No I shant," drawing out some ivory tablets and a gold pencil, and scribbling on them for a moment; "I'll see Mr. Daniels the very day that I get back. He's a very generous man, and always likes to help poor boys to an education; besides, I happen to be a great favorite with him."

So it was all duly arranged between the cousins before dinner.

Charles Dean was true to his word. The third day of his return Evelyn received a letter from him, stating that his application had been so far successful that Mr. Daniels had agreed to receive the boy into his school for a hundred dollars the first year, and if he proved capable and energetic, to permit him afterward to defray his expenses by his own exertions.

And Evelyn Lenard read this letter over three times, with a strange seriousness on her sweet face. Suddenly it cleared up. "I'll go right off to papa and ask him," she said.

CHAPTER III.

There was a faint rap at the library door.

"Come in, my child."

Squire Lenard looked up as his daughter entered. He was writing, and the table at which he sat was strewn with books and papers. He was a tall, portly gentleman, with a stern, cold face and manner. Everybody called him a hard man, at least everybody who went to him for sympathy or help.

He was a very rich man, but he never had any kind words, never reached a helping hand to the struggling or the sinning; in short, he was a proud, cold, selfish man.

But there was one flower which shed its perfume about the arid desert of Squire Lenard's life, and that was his love for the only child his wife had brought him before they covered her fair head with the green wrappings of May.

Evelyn's memories of her mother were a few faint strands which linked the parent and child together, for Mrs. Lenard had never seen the fourth birthday of her daughter.

She was a gentle, graceful, fragile woman, almost a score of years younger than her husband, and Evelyn had inherited something of the sweetness and grace of her mother's character.

Squire Lenard looked up, and his face softened as his fair child came toward him. "Well, what is it, Eva?" for her face was full of a petition as she seated herself on his knee, and run up her small fingers in his iron-gray hair.

"You know next week is my birthday, papa."

"Is it possible? How time flies!"

"Yes; I shall be fifteen next week, and you know you'll make me a birthday present then?"

"How do I know it, Pussy?"

"Oh, because you can't help it," with a shake of the golden hair and the head it crowned with its abundant beauty. "And now, papa, instead of the present I want that you should give me some money?"

"What in the world do you want with money?"

"I can't tell you—it's a secret, but I want it more than I can tell."

"You do, eh? Well, how much will satisfy your little ladyship?"

"A hundred dollars."

"Whew! what an extravagant girl she is!"

"I can't help it, papa. I want ask you for a dollar more in an age; but it's my birthday present, you know."

Squire Lenard opened a small compartment

in his writing-table, and took out five twenty dollar coins, and slipped the shining pieces into Eva's hand.

"She'll ruin her father one of these days, if she goes on after this fashion," he said.

"No she wont, either," putting her white arms round his neck and kissing him. "Oh, papa, I thank you as many times as there are dollars here!"

"Is all this really mine!" and Leonard Hughes looked at the money which Evelyn Lenard had slipped into his brown hand, and then in the bright face of the girl before him, with that strange, bewildered gaze which one wears waking out from unconsciousness.

"Yes, Leonard, it's all yours; and I wrote to Cousin Charlie to engage the place for you next week. I've got Jane, our seamstress, to promise she'll fix over a couple of suits of clothes for you that *he* left here. I'm sure they'll fit you nicely."

The young blacksmith tried to answer, but the words broke down against his teeth, his face worked, and at last he burst into tears.

"Why, now, I didn't suppose you'd take it like that, when everything turned out so nicely!" but it was quite an effort for her to get the words out fairly, and her eyes shone with something that was not a laugh, this time.

"Miss Evelyn," said the boy, recovering himself in a moment—and there was a kind of solemn dignity in his manner—"I can't tell you that I thank you for this money you've lent me, but I shall prove it to you some day."

"Oh, I don't *lend* it—it's a gift, you know."

The boy shook his head. "No, I shall pay you sometime," and a little flush kindled under his brown cheeks.

"Well, we wont talk about that now. You're sure your uncle wont oppose your going?"

"He'll be ready enough to get rid of me, for he's often said that I didn't earn the salt to my porridge."

"Well, he'll say something quite different some day, I fancy."

The boy did not answer, but there flashed up on his face, and settled down on his thin lips, a prophecy of his future.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come, girls, put on your things."

"I don't believe it will pay to go, Charlie."

"Oh, yes it will, Mary. We're to have the finest lecture in the course to-night. I forget

the speaker's name, but I'll promise you a banquet which it will not do to lose."

They were sitting together in the parlor alone—the gentleman and the two ladies.

Both were young and both were beautiful; she who answered the gentleman was a stately brunette, with brown eyes and oval features. I think that the mouth was somewhat cold and proud in repose, but it could nestle into smiles which told their own story of the good and loving heart beneath them.

The other lady sat by the table quite absorbed in the book she was reading, and looking on her you would have thought of a lily opening its luscious life amid still, deep currents in the shadow of great mountains.

Ten years had gone over Evelyn Lenard, and if you had linked that day when she sat on her horse before the blacksmith's shop with this night, you would hardly have believed it, for the child-look had not gone off her face, though it had softened and matured.

The squire had been dead for three of these years; he had engaged in some heavy mining speculations, which had greatly disappointed him, and his chagrin and anxiety brought on the fever of which he died.

Evelyn was the sole heiress to his property, but his speculations had well nigh ruined the squire, and only a few thousands fell to his daughter, enough, however, to support her comfortably and independently, and she had removed to the city and resided with her Cousin Charles ever since his marriage, which transpired soon after the death of his uncle.

"I don't believe the lecture will be half as good as my book," said Evelyn, as she closed her volume half reluctantly.

"You'll think differently when you return; but it wont do to delay, for the house will be crowded," answered the gentleman.

The lecture was closed, and the young speaker sat down with an air of exhaustion, while the plaudits of his hearers fairly shook the lofty building.

The lecture had not been simply a grand effort at oratorical display, dazzling and overwhelming the hearers with brilliant and startling rhetoric, but its sound logic, its grasp of thought, its intellectual air, were all embodied in simple, earnest, forcible language. His imagination was rather clear and crystalline than fervid and tropical, more like a limpid brook than a rushing torrent, though his peroration was set with many gorgeous arabesques of thought.

But what was more than all the rest, was the moral power of the lecture. None of that vast audience had listened to it without being stimulated to a higher life and nobler purposes, and all must have felt anew the sublime beauty and grandeur of that truth, that there was a living God reigning in all the affairs of nations and of men—taking counsel of none, but out of his own "infinite leisure" going on calmly and serenely above all the storms and darkness of time, to the accomplishment of His own blessed purposes of peace and good will to man.

"Well, Eva, you're not sorry you left your book to-night?"

"Oh, no; this lecture has done me good, Charlie."

They were passing slowly out amid the crowd, when the young lawyer made this remark to his cousin, and it happened that they were on one side of the platform, and just in view of the speaker, who was now surrounded by several gentlemen.

His glance suddenly swept on them, and it halted at Evelyn Lenard's face. A change came over him, he leaned forward, and there was a breathless interrogation of her face.

Then, with a hasty apology, he sprang out and intercepted the lady and her cousins at the door.

"Excuse me, madam, but do I have the honor of addressing Miss Evelyn Lenard?"

"That is my name, sir," and the faces of the three told their bewilderment and surprise.

"And you do not know me?"

Evelyn Lenard looked into the thin face, "so bright about the eyes, so sharply cut around the mouth," and over the lithe, slender figure.

"I do not remember you, sir."

"I fancied that you would, though probably the years have changed me more than they have you. But you have not forgotten the name of Leonard Hughes, the blacksmith's nephew?"

Her face suddenly leaped into recognition, and placing her little hands in his, she said, with the tears thrilling her eyes, "Oh, I am glad to see you, Mr. Hughes!"

There was little time for speech or congratulation then, but Mr. Hughes was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Dean, and receiving their address, promised to call before the week was over.

And after they had learned the whole story of their cousin's acquaintance with the lecturer,

the young cousins were profuse in their ejaculations of surprise and delight, but Evelyn sat very quiet, with her blue eyes on the hands which she had folded in her lap, only murmuring occasionally to herself, "Who *could* have believed it!"

Leonard Hughes was true to his promise. He called to see Evelyn Lenard before the week was out, and very often afterward, for he had much to tell her of the long, long struggles betwixt poverty and the desires and purposes which never grew faint or wavered in his soul, and of his final triumph.

And Evelyn listened to his story until the tears stood still on her cheeks as she murmured, "Oh, Mr. Hughes, I don't see how you ever held out and conquered all these obstacles and trials."

"God helped me," said the young man solemnly; "they have made a better, stronger man of me."

A smile leaped through her tears. "Just as mine will, I hope, make a better, stronger woman of me."

One afternoon in the late spring, when the sunbeams fluttered about the walls like golden winged birds, and the pulses of the earth were full of the stir and expectation of summer, Leonard Hughes and Evelyn Lenard sat alone by one of the front windows in her parlor.

"I am expecting to leave town day after tomorrow," said the gentleman, breaking a long pause which, somehow, had slipped into their conversation, "and I cannot do this without paying a debt which I have owed you quite too long now."

"What debt, Mr. Hughes?"

"That hundred dollars I borrowed of you so many years ago. I have been computing the interest which has accumulated on it. Will you please see whether that is right?" and he laid a roll of bank-notes in the lady's lap.

Her face flushed. "Oh, Mr. Hughes, take back this money. I do not want it."

"But I owe it to you, and——"

"No you don't. It pains me to have you insist on this, when you know I did no more than you would for me."

"I hate to pain you, Miss Lenard," said Leonard Hughes, looking on the girl with his bright, deep-set eyes, until she sheltered her own under her golden lashes, "but somehow, this heavy obligation chafes me, and I want to feel that it is cancelled."

"Well, you may feel that," laying the money on his knee.

"I can't, unless you take the money; unless—yes, there is one other way in which I might be made to feel no longer the obligation."

"What way is that?" her blue eyes filled with wonder.

"Will you promise to consent—no, it isn't fair to ask you without explaining."

"I will promise if I can," with her low, quick laugh slipping out of her lips.

He bent down his head to hers and whispered, "You must take the hundred dollars or give me this," seizing her hand and closing his fingers tightly over it.

She knew what he meant, but she did not move or stir.

"Evelyn, which shall it be?" half releasing her hand.

It nestled softly back into his again, and Leonard Hughes was answered.

HAPPINESS FROM A BANKER'S STAND-POINT.

The "London Spectator" gives us a good story:—"A very curious dinner has just taken place in Madrid, and a private letter gives us a report. We should scarcely venture to meddle with anything so unpretending, but for the thoughts that were uttered there, remarkable alike in their source, and in their æsthetical tendency. The eminent banker, M. Salamanca, receives at his table, every Thursday, politicians and journalists of the Moderate party. To this weekly courtesy twelve *gacettilleros* (journalists) recently responded by inviting their opulent host to an entertainment of their own, at one of the modest restaurants of the Spanish capital. The invitation was accepted, and the dinner took place, the cost of the feast being eight reals, or one shilling and ninepence a head. Our correspondent takes up the tale:—"Instead of the basket of flowers usually placed at the centre of the table, stood a pyramid of books, surrounded by the busts of Calderon, Lope de Vega, Cervantes, and Velasques. The dinner has been more than modest, and I would never have troubled you with it were it not for M. Salamanca's speech, which, I think, is worthy to be reproduced:—"Gentlemen," said he, "about twenty-five years from this time the old and threadbare cassock of Salamanca, then a student in the university of Granada, might be among the oldest and most worn cassocks of his comrades. When my education was completed I proceeded to Malaga, and made myself a *gacettillero* (journalist) of the *Avisador Malagueño*. The love of gold took

possession of my soul, and it was in Madrid that I found the object of my adoration; but not without the loss of my juvenile illusion. Believe me, gentlemen, *the man who can satisfy all his wishes has no more enjoyment*. Keep the way you have entered on, I advise you. Rothschild's celebrity will cease on the day of his death. Immortality can be earned, but not bought. Here are before you the busts of men who have gloriously cultivated liberal arts; *their busts I have met with throughout the whole of Europe; but nowhere have I found a statue erected in memory of a man who has devoted his life to making money*. To-day I speak to you with my feelings of twenty-two years, for in your company I have forgotten I am a banker, and only thought of my youth and days of gay humor." There is a sequel to the above. It seems that the dinner was concocted in order to hoax the banker. His good sense and earnestness, however, prevailed over the wit of his merry hosts, and instead of finding in him a butt for laughter, he won their respect and admiration."

"WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY."

BY MRS. C. M. LONDON.

Summer's soft, warm arms enclasp me,

Winter's dirge is in my ear,
And though crowned with holiest blessings,

Still my heart is cold with fear;
For the radiant beams of morning
Oft in storm-clouds disappear

While life's full, harmonious numbers
Thrill the palpitating air,
Treads my soul with faltering footsteps
In the valleys of Despair;
For I know that Death's high standard
Is uplifted everywhere.

Oh! my loved ones; ye whose presence
Is the life of life to me;
Well I know the sands are passing,
Falling, wasting silently;
And our barque the strand is nearing
Of the great Eternal Sea.

Now my soul expands. Oh! blessing,
That Eternity is ours.
Here, so strong the earthly fetters
That enslave our nobler powers,
That we seldom catch the glory
Of the everlasting bowers.

Thus, while Summer's arms enfold us,
Winter's dirge is in our ear,
And though crowned with holiest blessings,
Oft our hearts are cold with fear—
Dreading, lest the beams of morning
Should in storm-clouds disappear.

Longwood, Mo., Feb. 24th, 1860

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

THE LITTLE GIRL AT THE PALINGS.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Concluded.)

Ten years have passed. It was a ripe, golden October morning, full of sleepy winds and of silver mists on the mountains.

An old man stood by the front gate of a large, ample old-fashioned stone house in the old town of Woodstock, and looked off to the meadows, which lay like great green sheets spread before him, with a white ruling of silver streams. You would have liked that old man's face; it had a gentle, placid look, which told at once that the heart beneath was full of the peace and trust of a good old age.

The sleepy winds scattered the snowy looks about the old man's forehead, as flakes of snow are driven about by light gusts in the spring; and there was a smile in his dim gray eyes, as he looked off on that fair landscape, laid asleep in the arms of the October sunshine. A pair of light feet glanced suddenly along the gravel walks leading from the front gate to the house, and a young girl stood at the old man's side.

"Uncle Warren," the low, sweet voice slid along the words, "I was afraid that you might take cold, and so I brought out your hat."

"You are a good, thoughtful little girl, Alice," said the old man, as he took the hat from the girl's hands.

"Not half so much as I ought to be, when I think of all that I owe you, Uncle Warren," looking up fondly in the old man's face.

She was not handsome, but she had an interesting, prepossessing countenance. Her features were of a soft oval, with large, gray-blue eyes, and a mouth about which smiles rose, and glanced and fluttered, as naturally and as sweetly as birds' songs do out of an apple tree, filled with blossoms and dew on a June morning.

But, as the old gentleman and young girl stood by the front gate that morning, a company of strangers from the principal hotel in Woodstock passed by, on their return from a morning walk. The town was, on account of its picturesque scenery and salubrious air, quite a resort for strangers during the summer and early autumn.

Among the guests were two ladies and a gentleman. Both of these former were young, and the elder of the two was a very beautiful woman, dashing and brilliant, but, after all, I do not think you would have *loved* her face: there was so much pride, which one felt might easily become scorn, about the lips and in the dark eyes. The younger lady did

not seem more than sixteen; and you thought of a half opened rose, when you looked on her. Her golden hair fell in bright curls about her face, and her blue eyes were like a stream full of morning sunbeams.

The gentleman who walked between these ladies was a young, fine-looking man, and his resemblance to the younger one could not be mistaken.

Just as they passed the gate, the girl inadvertently dropped her handkerchief, for she was talking eagerly, and the three were passing on, when a soft voice arrested their attention.

"Miss, Miss, you have dropped your handkerchief."

They all turned and looked on the lady. She was standing just outside the gate, with the missing article in her hand.

"I am very much obliged to you, ma'am," answered the girl, as she received her handkerchief with a smile.

"Of what are you thinking, Annie?" asked the gentleman, after they had resumed their walk.

"That I have seen that young lady's face somewhere, Frank; I am certain of it."

"It struck me as being very familiar; I too have surely seen one like it somewhere."

"Nonsense; it's a mere fancy of yours, Frank Whipple," said the lady, who walked on the gentleman's left hand.

"No, it's not, Gerty," spoke up the eager voice of the girl, "somewhere, at some time of my life, I've met that face before."

They had reached the steps of the hotel by this time; and the conversation was dropped here, some other members of the party claiming their attention.

"Will you be good enough to stop one moment?"

The eager, half tremulous tones reached the young lady, as she closed the front gate of the gray-stone house; she turned hastily, and encountered the sweet face which she remembered passing that way a week before.

"You will pardon me for what must seem a great rudeness in a stranger, but I cannot get over the impression that we have met before. Your face has haunted me for the last week, and I walked down here this afternoon, hoping that I might get a chance to speak with you."

"I do not recall your face," said the lady, with her own sweet smile; "but if you will tell me your name——"

"Oh, yes; it is Whipple—Annie Whipple."

"And mine is Alice Lynne!"

"Is it possible?" they exclaimed, simultaneously,

and in one moment their arms were around each other's necks; and sisters do not often meet, after long partings, as those two girls met there.

Alice persuaded Annie to walk into the house, and taking her up to her own room, they sat down on the lounge by the window, and told, with alternate smiles and tears, the story of the years since they parted.

Alice Lynne had left the school where she was teaching, for the situation of governess in the family of Warren Day, a wealthy old gentleman, who had been for many years an East Indian merchant, and who had retired from business, and returned to his old native town of Woodstock to pass the remainder of his days, with his only niece, a beautiful girl of fifteen, to whom he was greatly attached. His own family had, one by one, fallen away from him, but Emma Day had the face which her aunt wore in her youth, and this made her doubly dear to the heart of the old man. The governess and pupil became much attached to each other; but the beautiful girl inherited the delicate constitution of her mother, and in two years the grasses covered her.

"You will never leave Uncle Warren, Alice; you will stay with him, and be his comfort, as I would have been!" said the dying girl to her young governess, as she bent over her; and the old man remembered his niece's words, and took Alice to his heart, in place of the dead!

And afterward Annie Whipple told her story. Her gentle mother had gone three years before to "Our Father who is in Heaven;" and she was living with her uncle, David Prescott, while Frank was a successful young lawyer in New York.

"We have talked very often of you, Alice, and wondered what had become of you," concluded Annie.

"Well, I wrote you several times, but the letters must have failed to reach you, as I never received any reply," answered Alice, with the tears she had shed, on learning of the death of Mrs. Whipple, standing bright and still on her cheeks.

Now, Frank, Gerty, isn't it wonderful that I recognized her," exclaimed Annie Whipple, after she had related to her much interested auditors the story of her meeting with Alice Lynne.

"Yes it is," answered the gentleman, laying down his newspaper; I always felt there was something in Alice Lynne, from the hour I looked up and saw her, the little girl at the palings."

"What in the world do you mean, Frank," asked Gertrude Prescott, as she turned her heavy gold bracelet around her delicate wrist.

"Just what I say, my dear Cox. The first time that I ever saw Alice Lynne, was when she stood a poor, little, forlorn looking creature, staring in wistfully at us, while Guy and I were swinging you under the old horse-chestnut. Perhaps you remember it!"

"Goodness! was she the girl?" and a flush slipped

along the lady's haughty face, as her memory went back to that time.

"The very same one. We must all go over and call on her to-night."

"I don't think that I can, possibly," said Gertrude, with an affected yawn. "I expect Guy to-morrow, and I must pack up; for I'm terribly tired of this dull old town."

But it appeared that Frank Whipple and his sister did not concur with their cousin in her opinion of the good old town of Woodstock, for they remained here a couple of weeks longer, and every day they met Alice Lynne, for they had enough to say to each other of the old years and the new ones; and the last night that the young lawyer was in Woodstock, he and Alice had a long walk together. The frost had been among the trees, and you could see in the bright, still moonlight, how the maples were blushing for shame at its kisses; and during that walk, Frank Whipple said to Alice, gathering up her hands in his own, "I took you to my home once, Alice, and you went freely and joyfully with me then; and now I want to take you back to it again, to be its light, and joy, and gladness through all my life. Will you come to it, my little girl at the palings?"

The small hands fluttered in his, the tears shone in the moonlight, like pearls, on her cheeks. "Oh, Frank, I cannot leave Uncle Warren, now he is an old man, and he needs me; besides, he has been like a tender father to me."

"And you need not leave him, dear. We will pass our summers at Woodstock, and he shall come to the city every winter."

And Alice faltered, "If Uncle Warren says, 'Yes,' Frank knew the rest.

And Uncle Warren did say "Yes," with his withered hands laid in solemn blessing on the heads of Frank Whipple and Alice Lynne!

EMMA WILLET; OR, THE CHESTNUTS AND THE PREMIUM.

BY MRS. S. G. PRYOR.

"Oh! I am so glad, mother!" said little Emma Willet, as she was about starting for school one pleasant winter's morning; "oh, I'm so glad! for school breaks up to-morrow, and Miss Mary is going to give us our premiums."

"Our premiums," Emma, then you expect to get one, do you?"

"Yes, indeed, mother, I'm sure of mine. I have got fifty tickets, and that is more than any of the girls have. Kate Joyce is next to me, but she has only forty-seven. She is head of three classes, and so am I, so that we will each get three more tickets to-night."

"But suppose that you should miss, and lose your place, and Kate should get above you?"

"Sister Jane has heard me, and I know all my lessons perfectly, so there's no danger of that. But

mother, *went* you please give me some chestnuts? I promised one of the girls I would try and bring her some."

"I will this afternoon, Emma; I am too busy to get them for you now, and besides, it is nearly school time, and I think you had better run on, or you will be late."

"That will do, mother, just as well. I will tell her I am going to bring them this afternoon."

Emma tripped along as she spoke, but when she reached the garden gate she stopped a moment, as if thinking of something, then turned and ran quickly back into the house and up stairs. Her mother saw her, but supposing she had forgotten something, said nothing to her. In a few minutes she came down again, and ran as fast as she could to school. She got there just as Miss Mary was ringing the bell. While they were taking their seats one of the girls whispered in her ear:

"Emma! Miss Mary is going to give the whole of 'Arthur's Juvenile Library' for the highest premium. *Aint* you glad?"

There was no opportunity for a reply, but Emma was indeed very glad. It was just what she had been wishing for, for some time, and her companion knew it. The spelling lesson was recited first. Kate Joyce was at the head of this class, and kept her place throughout the whole exercise. Next came the geography class. Emma Willet was first in this, and her promptness in answering showed the lesson had been well studied. The recitation was nearly over, and it is not to be wondered at that the little girl's thoughts should have wandered for a moment from the lesson to the handsomely bound volumes on the table before her. All at once she heard Miss Mary saying "the next?—the next?—the next?" The question had been put to the scholar at the foot, who was unable to answer it. Emma trembled, for she had been thinking so much about the premium that she had not heard the question.

"On what river is the capital, Miss Willet?" asked her teacher.

If she had only known what capital, she could have answered. She hesitated—and it was passed to "the next?" Kate Joyce, who, answering correctly, stood in Emma's place at the head of the class. Poor Emma felt very much like crying, but she did not. She even forced a smile, that Kate might not think she was angry with her. When the exercise was ended Miss Mary asked Kate Joyce for her book, but she said she had left it at home.

"Yours, then, Miss Willet, if you please."

Emma turned to her desk, and as she drew her book out a parcel of chestnut shells fell upon the floor.

"I didn't do it, Miss Mary!" was all the poor child could utter; then laying her head upon her desk she burst into tears. For some time past Miss Mary had been considerably annoyed by the children bringing chestnuts to school, eating them there,

and throwing the shells upon the floor. Only the day before she had occasion to speak about it, and then told them they must eat no more chestnuts in the school-room, and that any one who disobeyed this command should be punished by being placed at the foot of all her classes. Emma was, upon the whole, an obedient child, and her teacher was considerably astonished at this proof, as she supposed, of her disobedience. She examined the shells, thinking they might have been there before, but no—they were quite fresh. The children were questioned as to whether they knew anything about the matter, for as Emma still asserted her innocence Miss Mary did not wish to punish her if she were not guilty. No information, however, could be obtained, only that one of the girls had heard her tell Anna Clarke "she would bring her some chestnuts in the morning, for her uncle had brought a big bag full from the country," and Anna Clarke said "she had not given her any." Thus it appeared quite probable that Emma was indeed guilty, and Miss Mary felt it her duty to punish her. This was no pleasure. Teachers would much rather reward than punish their pupils. But when a command is broken, or a rule violated, they must enforce the penalty, otherwise discipline and order would soon be at an end. Thus Emma was compelled to take the lowest place in her classes. Her mother was too busy at dinner time to notice her downcast looks, so she was obliged to return to school in the afternoon without unburthening her heart to her as she wished. Mrs. Willet was not entirely done "clearing up," before there was a tap at the door, and in came Mrs. Joyce. "I thought I must come over and sit awhile with you this afternoon," she said, "seeing I've not been here for so long; besides, I thought you must feel bad after what had happened this morning, and would be all the better for having some one to talk with."

"Happened this morning, Mrs. Joyce! I know of nothing that has happened."

"La! didn't Emmy tell you? What a deceitful child! I told Agg I didn't believe she'd say a word about it. And she setting herself up to be so good, too! Well, no one ever heard me speaking of my girl's goodness, but if anything like that had happened to her she would have told me of it, I know."

And then the tattler went on to say that Miss Mary had told the children they shouldn't bring any more chestnuts to school, and that several of the scholars had heard Emma say "she didn't care a straw what Miss Mary said, she would bring as many as she pleased;" that she brought some that morning and ate them in school, and when Miss Mary found the shells in her desk she denied everything, and said some of the girls must have put them there.

"She meant that for Agg, I expect, for their desks join. That was dreadful, I think, to try to get an innocent person blamed! However, the

proof was so strong against her that Miss Mary made her go foot in all her classes, and she must have been pretty well satisfied to have done it, for everybody knows that your girl is her favorite. The premiums are to be given out this afternoon, for Miss Mary has concluded not to have any school to-morrow—she is going home to spend Christmas. Agnes will get the highest one. Emma would have got it, if she had acted right. But I must say I do not think she deserves it after such conduct. I pity you, though, *Miss Willet*, for I know you have tried to bring your children up in the right way, and it is hard to see them turn out so. But don't give up to grieving about it, she is young yet, and no doubt you can bring her out of such ways."

Mrs. Joyce was not yet done talking when the door opened and Emma came bounding in, her face radiant with smiles and beaming with happiness.

"Here it is, mother! here it is!" she exclaimed, "I've got the highest reward! See! 'Arthur's Juvenile Library!'"

"What!" broke in Mrs. Joyce, "Miss Mary didn't dare to give you that after such conduct, did she? A pretty teacher, indeed, to countenance lying and deceit in that way. And she a professor, too! Agnes shall leave school, that she shall. I always heard Miss Mary showed a great deal of partiality, I believe it, too," and without as much as a "good bye," the sympathizing friend departed.

For a moment or two neither Emma nor her mother spoke; then Mrs. Willet said:

"What's all this Mrs. Joyce has been telling me?" and then, after relating all that had been told her, she added, "I could hardly make up my mind to believe you had acted in that manner, and yet, when I remembered that you had asked for chestnuts, which I did not give you, and that after you had started for school you came back and went up stairs, I was afraid you had not only, as Mrs. Joyce said, been doing very wickedly at school, but had disobeyed and deceived me also. I am satisfied now, however, not only from your being in possession of that reward, but from your happy countenance, that there has been some mystery. Now explain it to me."

Emma then told her mother all that had taken place in school that morning, also, that she wanted to tell her of it at noon, but seeing she was so busy, she thought it best to wait till after school in the afternoon; how that in the afternoon, just as Miss Mary was about giving out the premiums, the school door opened, a little boy came in, and going up to Miss Mary, handed her a geography, saying "he thought it belonged to one of the young ladies." Miss Mary opened it and found it had Agnes Joyce's name in it. She asked him how he came by it. He said "she came into his mother's store to buy some chestnuts this morning, and left it on the counter." When Agnes

heard this she ran out of school and off toward home as fast as she could.

"I am glad now Miss Mary knows I was telling the truth, but I feel sorry for Agnes, too. How unhappy she must feel!"

"Did you feel unhappy before the truth was known?"

"At first I did, mother; then I thought of the verse I learnt this morning, and that was what I came back for, for I had forgotten to learn it; it was, 'Commit thy ways unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.' Whenever I thought of this, I felt, somehow, as if something would happen to show I was innocent."

"Learn a lesson from this then, my child. In all your future life let your actions be such that you can in confidence 'Commit your ways unto the Lord,' and should he not see fit, as in this instance, thus early to manifest your innocence, yet you will be happy in the consciousness of it."

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when of an evening nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Macaulay*.

AN ALLEGORY.

A humming-bird met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person, and the glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I cannot think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a crawling dolt." "Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a bit of advice. Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

Mother's Department.

NOISY BOYS.

No. I.

"No noise, now, Alfred—mind."

There was not much in the words, but the voice was cold and harsh, as Mrs. Meredith stepped from the parlor to meet her son, a boy of ten years old, just returned from school. There was no kindly greeting in the tones, nothing that told of a mother's loving sympathy; and Alfred just then felt so brimful of life and energy, longed so much to do the very thing he was forbidden to do—"make a noise," that the mandate came like a dash of cold water upon his joyous spirits.

Now Mrs. Meredith was by no means an unkind woman, but she lacked the gift of understanding and entering into the feelings of others, especially the little ones. To have her house in the perfection of order, her own person as neat as possible, and her children what she called "proper," made at once the business and misery of her life; so continually were they liable to get out of the straight line which she had drawn for them. Her boys were, as she expressed it, her greatest trouble, for, do as she would, they were hard to reduce to order, and she felt inexpressibly relieved when, one by one, they passed from the sprightly age of mere childhood into the sober habits of the youth and man. All but one had thus left her, and, alas! cast no longing look back upon a home whose atmosphere had been shadowed by restraint and gloom. This exception was Alfred, the youngest boy, who now stood with the knob of the hall door in his hand, longing, yet fearing, to give it one "glorious slam."

"Why, mother, have you the headache, or is any one sick in the house?"

"No," very coldly, "but I do not choose to have a noise. So when you have hung up your hat and satchel, each on its own peg—mind, on its own individual peg—you may come into the parlor and sit with me until dinner is ready."

"O, but, mother," said the boy pleadingly, "I am so tired of sitting already—I do so want to run and jump a little. And besides, our school has a half holiday, and how would I look sitting in the parlor all the afternoon?"

Here the boy showed his opinion of such a proceeding by a prolonged whistle.

"Alfred!"

"Well, but mother, I must do something. Stay, I have it; I will go in the back yard—here is a bit of chalk in my pocket—and I can jump hop-scootch there delightfully."

"By no means, Alfred. Jane has just washed down the brick pavement; and the last time you

were there you whittled sticks all over the grass-plot. It took her nearly an hour to set it all to rights."

"Then the garret, mother. I will promise, indeed I will, not to disturb anything there. But I told Ned Wells that I would ask you to let him come here to play with me, and the garret is such a first-rate place for hide and seek."

If Mrs. Meredith had a weakness, it was for her neatly arranged attics. She always carried every disused article there with her own hands, and under her management the apartments were made to present quite a furnished appearance, instead of being the receptacles of old time litter which can never be of any possible use to the burdened owner, and generally occupies more space than it is worth. She was used to point triumphantly to these, her upper dominions, when boasting of her peculiar tact as a nice housekeeper; quoting, on these occasions, the remark of a lady acquaintance, "Show me her garrets instead of her parlors, and I will tell you what sort of a housekeeper she is." It was therefore with no small degree of horror that she listened to master Alfred's suggestion.

"Play in the garret, indeed! and have everything at sixes and sevens! you might know, Alfred, that I would never consent to such a plan. And as to having any of your romping schoolfellows to soil and disorder the house, you may go and tell Ned Wells and the rest that they had better stay in their own homes. Then when you come back you may either go to your own room and learn your lessons, or sit with me in the parlor, as I told you before. It is not every little boy who has such a good mother, and such a nice place to be in as you have."

"No, it is not, indeed!" thought Alfred bitterly, as he sullenly sat down on the stairs after his mother had left him, and leaned his head on the steps above him. He was in no mood to estimate his blessings. Then he passionately broke forth—

"O, if mother would only smile and speak kindly! She never says 'dear' to me, never puts her arm round me, as some other boys' mothers do, nor lets me tell her little things I want so much to say to some one. Then that hateful parlor! everything so straight and stiff! I must never touch a book, because they are placed just so—nor make the least noise—and I am so tired of being still."

Here Alfred fairly broke down, and sobbed some minutes without control. But it is not in the childish temperament to remain long in one mood, and the boy soon started up from his listless attitude with all his former energy.

"She said I might go and tell Ned Wells, and I

mean to. But I shall have my holiday somewhere, I know; there's room enough in the streets, if there's none in the house."

What became of Alfred in that dangerous place—"the street school"—may be gathered from the after events of the day.

"Where is Alfred?" said his father, as he rose from rather a late dinner; "I saw his teacher, Mr. Ashton, on my way down street, and he told me that he had given the school a half-holiday. Have you permitted Alfred to go anywhere this afternoon?"

"Really, I never thought of him all dinner-time," said the now conscience-stricken mother. "But the truth is, he came home as usual, wild as a deer, and wanted to set all the house in an uproar, besides bringing some of his rude companions to help him. So I told him to go and forbid their coming, and then to return immediately and study his lessons."

"And where do you suppose he is now?"

"In his room, of course, where he has, perhaps, fallen asleep. I will send Jane to see."

Jane went as she was directed, but returned with the intelligence that Alfred was not in his apartment, and everything was exactly as she had left it when "putting to rights" in the morning.

Mrs. Meredith was now thoroughly alarmed. She had felt, on leaving Alfred, that perhaps she had been a little hard with him, but was too proud to confess it and give up something to his gratification. Afterward she had become absorbed in the contrivance of some piece of fancy-work which she had in hand, and forgotten all about him. She now urged her husband to go at once to Mr. Wells', and even followed him to the street door, looking wistfully up and down the wide avenues, in the vain hope of beholding her truant boy.

Several hours passed wearily away; it was beginning to grow quite dark, and yet there had been no tidings of Alfred or his father. Just as Mrs. Meredith's feelings were becoming wrought to the highest pitch, her husband returned, leading Alfred by the arm. But such a figure! Mrs. Meredith's carpets were soiled for once. Every part of his clothing was saturated with mud, and his neat cap and jacket torn in such a manner as to be entirely useless.

"Where do you suppose I found this boy?" said Mr. Meredith, sternly.

He then proceeded to relate that after a vain quest at their neighbor's for his missing son, he was told that he had been seen helping to draw a fire-engine, in the midst of a crowd of noisy boys and swearing men. He had followed him from point to point, until at last he gained sight of him on one of the wharves, the centre of a ring of disorderly lads, who were encouraging him to fight with another boy much larger than himself. In this way his clothes had been torn and disfigured, and just as his father reached him the boys had finished their

sport by tossing him in the mud at the side of the wharf.

"From whence they left me to rescue him as I best could," added Mr. Meredith, "for they soon ran off when I made my appearance. Had I been a few moments later he might have been drowned."

Very thankful as Mrs. Meredith was to have her son restored to her again, she could not be induced to forego her usual stern discipline. So with many bitter words of reproof, the boy was sent supperless to bed, and his little heart, that was just then softened enough to have warmed with a kind and loving admonition, steeled itself thrice hardened against his misjudging parents. The result of the afternoon's exposure was a violent fever, that threatened to deprive them forever of the child, whose lively ways made the only light of their sombre household. But its worst effects were the acquired tastes of Alfred for low amusements, and the freedom and lawlessness of the streets in comparison with the forced restraints of a loveless home.

It is certainly proper that each member of a family should have his or her rights respected, when order and quiet are necessary to their comfort. But have children no rights? As well might you expect, mothers, to stop the flow of the gushing fountain, or imprison a sunbeam, as to quench the sparkling mirth of a child. Better to bear patiently with a little noise, than "offend one of the little ones;" better to err on the loving side, than cloud the young mind with the gloom that must soon enough overshadow it, when the cares of life come with their burdens.

At the same time it is not necessary that children be allowed to become torments to their indulgent parents. Yet bear with and encourage their lively dispositions. If it is health for their delicate lungs to be noisy, teach them to sing—turn the usually discordant sounds into music. Help them in their play. Do not be afraid of becoming a little child again. Happy will you be if the purity and unworldliness of the child-nature may be yours once more. And you will be repaid a thousand-fold by the clinging love and confidence of those to whom you are bound to give more than mere food and clothing, for their future welfare or misery depends, in a great degree, on the early impressions which it is in your power to make.

THE AFFECTIONS.

The very first lesson which you should teach your child should be the just value of your affections, since it is through their medium, chiefly, that you can hope properly to influence his obedience; and without securing his obedience, it is idle to expect that you can train him properly in his ways of life. You are to teach him this lesson by a careful discrimination between right and wrong, in your consideration of his conduct. You are to permit no misconduct, however trifling in itself, to pass with-

out due notice; it must be promptly checked to be effectually conquered. Error is like that Geni in the Arabian Tale, who, though his bulk, when unconfined, reached from earth to heaven, could yet squeeze himself into the compass of a quart pot. It is surprising from what small beginnings most monsters grow. The first lesson which the boy learns from this observant discrimination is the value which you yourself set upon your affections. He soon sees that they are valuable—only to be acquired upon certain terms and for a certain consideration. You have nothing to do but to prescribe the terms—to declare the conditions. You may make your affections cheap or dear, at your own pleasure. If too cheap, he will not value them; if too dear, he will despair of procuring them. The true principle by which to determine the conditions for securing them, is the simple one of always doing justice. If he deserves praise, praise him; if he merits blame, do not withhold it. In neither case be immoderate, for a boy seldom deserves any great degree either of praise or blame. The terms of your favor you are to unfold to him, not by set lessons, but by your habitual conduct; and he will find it

easy to comply with reasonable conditions in order to secure those affections, which, moved as they are by inflexible justice, he will soon discern are beyond all price. This principle is one of the most obvious of every-day experience. We see it in the public thoroughfare, at all hours, at every turning. Affections are moral rewards! They are to be given, like money, very sparingly, and not till you have carefully inquired whether they be due or not. They are to be given to justice, not to partiality. The ill-advised and lavish affection of the parent, like indiscriminate charity in the highways, soon makes the receiver wasteful of the treasure he receives. Besides, when the parent has been giving, because of his blind love, what has he left himself to bestow, when the child deserves, and when it is the parent's duty to reward? It is from this profigacy of bounty that children become capricious in moral judgment, perverse and wanton in disposition. From this they grow up preferring wrong to right; or, rather, practising the wrong quite as commonly as the right, from an absolute incapacity to perceive the difference between them.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR MAY. BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

Lady on the Left.—Robe of green figured taffetas. Skirt ornamented with nine flounces, edged with narrow green ribbon. Plain, high body. Waist with a ceinture of the stuff of the dress, with long flowing ends and double-bow, edged like the flounces. Sleeves large, trimmed with three flounces at the end, and two at the top. Collar and under-sleeves of embroidered muslin.

This dress duplicates the robe *Marie Antoinette* in the Spring organdies and bareges, with the difference, that in place of the upper flounce in this, they are woven to be made in double skirt. It will be perceived that the effect is the same in each, because of the increased weight and substance of taffetas over the thin tissues.

Bonnet of white silk, with soft, sloping crown, the back part formed of alternate bands, an inch wide, of green and white silk. The curtain and border are all white, edged with green. Strings white, and the border ornamented with a rouleau of green and red, and a bouquet of Spring flowers and foliage on the left side. The *dessous* (under the border) is formed of white lace or blonde, as relief to the cheeks, and a bandeau of red ribbon over the

forehead, grasped by three little rosettes of black lace. Gloves of lilac, green, or drab kid, and black satin Français lace-boots.

Lady on the Right.—Robe of bright lilac *moire*. Skirt trimmed with bands of the same goods in one shade darker, or with velvet; there being four bands which terminate in knots, and three bands alternating which extend the whole length of the skirt. The *pagode* sleeves are trimmed in keeping, and a band passes over each shoulder from the point in front to a point at the waist behind; the point of the back at the waist being cut in the diamond shape, as there is no seam up the centre of the back. The skirt is cut in the gored form, and pyramidal, except that the greatest length and fullness is behind. This is a plain, rich dress, serving both the purposes of promenade and evening wear.

Straw bonnet in the cottage shape, approaching the elevation of the border, as given to the Broadway *chapeau*. The trimmings are of lilac, with a fall of wheat heads on the left side. *Dessous* of white blonde ruffles for the cheeks, and a torsade over the forehead, under the border, of lilac ribbon and lilac flowers and foliage.

It is the fashion now to make some bonnets without a frame to the face, or *dessous*. Gloves of russet kid, and lace-boots of satin Français to match the color of the robe.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The Broadway Bonnet is the marked peculiarity of ladies' dress this Spring. Some of the best houses are making it without a *dessous*. The shape of the bonnet gives it the marked feature of the style; for, whether made of straw or silk, it is always plain, large, dignified, reaching far forward and upward, with a soft, plaited crown. At the sides it flares, evasively, at the ears, and the border then extends forward and upward from the head, as if it cared not for consequences. From the wide border, the crown slopes backward, being composed of inch-wide longitudinal plaits. The curtain is of medium depth. The bonnet of the figure on the right is in fashion, but not the extreme of it. To be so, it should approach farther forward and upward, giving it an appearance between hoydenishness and dignity. It is, nevertheless, plain; and the trimmings recommended for the bonnets on the picture-plate are in greatest favor. The bonnet consists of a wide plaited and sloping crown, not a very deep curtain, but a very wide border, very flaring at the ears, with strings (*brides*) the same color as the predominating one of the bonnet.

The dresses noted in last number—as the favorite thin tissues—are the only ones which have yet been opened. There are some dresses and bonnets to be seen on Broadway, which were never intended for promenade. For instance, a lady walked into Stewart's the other day, after sailing along before me for two or three squares, who wore a delicate sea-green silk, having four flounces, a heavy velvet cloak, although the day was brilliant with sun and warmth, and worse than all, a pale gold-colored satin bonnet, with marabout feathers. Her dress and bonnet were never meant for walking, but for carriage toilet, and would never have been worn by a woman of taste. If ladies dislike dull and sombre colors, what can be more chaste and bright than the Quaker tints, which are always admissible on the promenade, and always pretty?

Colors of mild tone—neutral on the negative—obtain this Spring, especially in silks; but in *Organdies* and *Bareges*, all the floral tints of the world are copied.

The costume which produced the happiest effect on our mind of any which we have yet seen this Spring, was a *mouseline de lain* robe, woven in the coquettish and enlivening flounced style, and cut in the gored-skirt fashion. It was worn over one of Thompson's pyramidal skirts—not too full, but in *demi-tain*. Over her shoulders she wore a French cashmere square shawl, with its preponderating color relieving the tone of a sanguine and healthy complexion. On her head she wore an incomparable straw bonnet. It was not fine, but finely shaped, in keeping with the Broadway model. The only trimming perceptible on the charming bonnet was a rose over the right temple, under the brim, from which extended a torsade to the left of

the crown on the outside, where one single, full-blown rose, and a tuft of green ribbons were its only ornaments. The soft crown was of plaits of straw and green silk, alternating. Each ear-ring was of massive gold, in the form of a ring two inches in diameter, like an infinitesimal cart-tire, with the outer edge chased. Over the shoulders, next the dress, was a black guipure cape. The gloves were russet kid, in the gauntlet shape. Her lace-boots were faultless, made of *satins Français*. Her hair was combed back in relief, slightly full over the temples, and parted over the centre of the forehead. With this simple dress, she was really the most *distingué* looking lady that we have met on our fashionable promenades this Spring.

THE BROADWAY BONNET.

A FEATURE IN LADIES' COSTUME FOR SPRING, 1860.



T. S. ARTHUR, Esq.

Dear Sir: The bonnet represented by the "*lady on the right*," in the colored plate for May, is the popular style for this Spring; but the most marked, peculiar, taking, and *distingué* form, is that which is termed the BROADWAY BONNET. In no feature of costume is the truth of the aphorism of Raphael, that "the outline is the picture," more clearly illustrated than in this singularly and stylishly shaped bonnet. It is all the rage with the *Haut Ton*; and as I find it difficult to get it engraved on the steel plate, I send a copy to you on tracing-cloth, with the request that you get it carefully transferred and engraved on wood, for the benefit of the fair readers of the Home Magazine. I drew it from a bonnet that is recognized as a type of the highest style of the millinery art.

For a *blond*, the *Broadway* appears well with a front (the border and *passe* are in one piece) of straw, edged with a lilac ribbon and an infinitesimal edging of white lace. The ear should edge the curtain of lilac. The crown should be formed of plaits of straw and bands or ribbons of lilac, alternating;

formed in the cap-shape, quite full, falling and sloping. At the ears the border flares at nearly a right angle with the head. The strings are of lilac ribbon, edged with a little white lace. The border is ornamented on the left side with a lace *chou*, or rosette, with a bouquet of flowers and leaves of lilac, falling from its centre to below the ear, with a knob of lilac ribbons springing from beneath the rosette. From the rosette, or *chou*, a torsade of lilac ribbons crosses the *passé* to the right side, extending over the border to the inside of border at the temple, where it ends under a full-blown double-rose and rose-leaves. There is no other ornament under the border, no *ruche* or cap. The hair is dressed in *bandeaux*, disclosing the bottom of the ears, and a pair of Roman ear-rings, about one and a half inches in diameter, in the form of a square-edged, thick ring of massive gold, with the edges chased, is the favorite style for wear with this bonnet.



The Roman Ear-ring.

This is the size preferred, made with or without the loop. G. C. A.

Health Department.

CLOTHING.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Clothing should be worn for health and convenience, to render it useful to the wearer. Few individuals, even among the learned, have given that attention to the human organism which the preservation of life and health demand, and their bodies daily suffer by consulting custom instead of convenience and usefulness in dress.

Those who dictate the style of dress often exhibit great lack of knowledge as to its healthfulness and usefulness. The clothing of all should be so arranged as to allow the utmost ease and freedom to the wearer, and comfortably protect all parts except the face in cold weather.

As the air necessary for the purification of the blood and invigoration of the system, is admitted to the lungs through the mouth and nose, these should not be covered. When clothing is tightly arranged about the chest, the lungs cannot expand so as to admit sufficient air to purify the blood and invigorate the system; and disease, pain, and premature death are the natural results of violating so wisely arranged an organism. Tight clothing on any part of the body prevents free circulation of the blood, and causes congestions, and often convulsions. So, also, insufficient or too much clothing of any part, is alike injurious to health.

Paddings worn to hide the deformities which a thoughtless position has occasioned the bony framework, or to imitate more prepossessing natural forms, sooner or later occasion disease in the structure over which they are worn.

Exercise is a law of nature which none can avoid,
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even in cold or sultry weather, without injury to health, hence the importance of clothing the body so as to shield from dampness and inclemency, and, at the same time, give freedom and ease of motion. Many of the most fashionable styles of dress are unfitted for healthful exercise—cramping some parts of the body, as the chest, or exposing some other parts, as the head, neck, arms, feet, limbs, &c.

If people would secure health they must not be guided by custom, but by sound sense, in arranging their clothing. It is not necessary that all should dress alike, but each one should be guided by good sense, adaptation to their means and occupation in life.

Children often suffer from improper clothing, much more than adults. Their young, joyous, and active natures demand a great amount and variety of active and vigorous exercise. Girls, no less than boys, require active exercise in the pure air in childhood and youth, and if restrained by clothing, or false ideas of physical development, become enfeebled in body and dwarfed in mind—unfitted for those duties for which an all-wise Creator designed them—incapable of supporting themselves in many instances, if not, by their feebleness, burdensome to others.

We greatly wonder how any mother can suppose the short and thin pants of the little boy, with the extension skirts added to the dress of the little girl, affords sufficient protection to the limbs in cold, windy weather! As we previously stated, they need to play or exercise much in the open air, to secure health in cold as well as warm weather, and for this purpose the humane and sensible mother

must deviate from custom, if need be, and devise a more healthful and warmer dress, as her better sense, and the love of her offspring and its future health, happiness, and usefulness, ought to dictate her. How many children sleep in untimely graves, (who might have been spared to their parents and the world,) for lack of due reflection and knowledge on the part of a fond mother! An epidemic rages in the neighborhood, and the little child, enfeebled by fashionable clothing, constrained habits, and impure air, easily falls a prey to the invader. Is not the life and health of the child dearer to the

mother than the fashionably arranged garments? If she reflects upon this subject she surely must reply yes, yes.

The feet of all, and especially children, should be well clothed with warm stockings, and shoes that protect from dampness, and the limbs well shielded with thick, or lined close drawers, reaching to the top of the shoe or boot, in cold weather. This article of clothing for the limbs is much more needed now than before extension skirts were worn, which ought not to be worn by little girls in cold or windy weather.

Hints for Housekeepers.

How to Cook an Egg.—What a wretched thing is a badly cooked egg! whether it be liquid as a lady's tear, or as solid as a Somersetshire dumpling. If you want an egg well cooked, first try the plan recommended by a correspondent of the *Cottage Gardener*, who remarks:—"An egg should not be boiled, it should only be scalded, *vulg.*, coddled. Immerse your egg in, or, which is better, pour upon your egg boiling water. For time: proportion your time to the size and number of your eggs, and the collateral incidents. If you cook your eggs upon your breakfast table, more time will be required. But if you station your apparatus on a good wholesome hob, where there is a fire, and so the radiation of heat is less positive, less time will suffice. The latter way is mine, winter and summer, and the differences of the surrounding circumstances equalize, or nearly so, the time. I keep one egg under water 9 minutes; two, 9½; three, 10; and four nearly 11 minutes. The yolk first owns the power of the caloric, and will be even firmly set, while the white will be milky, or at most tremulously gelatinous."

A DELICIOUS DESSERT.—A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* gives the following:—

"Two cups of sweet milk and one of sour cream, (or one cup and a half of sweet milk and one and a half of buttermilk); two well beaten eggs; a small teaspoon of saleratus, and half a teaspoon of salt; use flour enough to make a batter about as thick as for griddle cakes; add a teacup of dried cherries, plums, or currants, and pour into a tin pail, or moulds, with a closely fitting cover; place it in a kettle of boiling water deep enough to reach the top of the mould, and boil fast for two hours. Serve with any sauce. It is very good without fruit, if you have none.

"Homer, N. Y. 1860.

ANNIE."

CHOICE AND MANAGEMENT OF TOOTH BRUSHES.—After the general care required by the teeth themselves, there is no article of personal comfort and cleanliness demanding greater nicety of choice and

management than the tooth-brush employed in our daily toilet. In the choice, that brush should be selected which is the finest and softest, and has the bristles the most evenly and closely set; and in the management, all that will be required to preserve it in admirable condition for the gums and teeth will be, after using, to immerse it in a tumbler of clear water twice, pressing the bristles against the side of the glass to wash out the powder, and then gently rubbing quite dry over a cloth stretched tightly over the fore-finger. This manipulation requires a moment or two in the execution, and if once adopted will not fail to be constantly employed.

FLORAL SPECIMENS.—The mode of preserving leaves is simple. Take two leaves of every kind you wish to keep; lay them inside of a sheet of blotting paper, place them under a considerable pressure, and let them remain during the night. Open them the next morning, remove them to a dry part of the paper, and press them again for the same space of time. They may then be placed in the book intended for the purpose, and fastened down with a little gum, with the alternate sides turned out, and the name written, with such other observations as the artist may think proper.

TO REMOVE THE STAINS OF INK.—The stains of ink on cloth, paper or wood, may be removed by all acids; but those acids are to be preferred which are least likely to injure the texture of the stained substance. The muriatic acid, diluted with five or six times its weight of water, may be applied to the spot, and after a minute or two washed off; repeating the application as often as may be found necessary. Less risk attends the use of vegetable acids. A solution of the oxalic, citric (acid of lemons), or tartareous acids, in water, may be applied to the most delicate fabrics without danger of injuring them; and the same solution will discharge writing but not printing ink. Hence it may be employed in cleaning books which have been defaced by writing on the margin, without impairing the text.

GROUND RICE PUDDING.—Take a tablespoonful of ground rice and a little suet chopped fine, and add half a pint of milk, sweeten to taste, and having poured it into a saucepan let it remain over a clear fire until thickened. Beat up an egg, with four drops of essence of lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of white wine; add this mixture to the ingredients in the saucepan, give it a shake or two from right to left, then pour it into a greased dish, and bake in a moderately heated oven.

HOW TO MAKE YEAST.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it and cork it close. It will be ready for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this yeast will make eighteen pounds of bread.

INVITATIONS.—If you ask a person to dinner, let it be a week or ten days in advance; because, to

ask a person only a day or two before, looks as if you had been disappointed of somebody else, and had asked him as a mere stop gap.

Be particular, likewise, to specify the day on which you wish for his company. Don't say you will be glad to see him on either of two days, as Tuesday or Wednesday next. And why? Because this person may not wish to dine with or visit you at all; and so far from a choice of days being thought an act of kindness, it may be considered one of servility, if not rudeness. Always state only one day; and let the invitation, like the answer, be unequivocal.

Invitations for several weeks in advance are almost as bad as invitations for alternate days; because long invitations convey the impression that the inviter is desperately ill off for guests, and wishes to insure a number at all risks. The person invited is also apt to feel that it is not his pleasure or convenience that is consulted; and to raise a feeling of this kind is anything but consistent with true politeness.

New Publications.

THE MARBLE FAUN; OR THE ROMANCE OF MONTE BENI. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

A book from Hawthorne is an event in the literary world. After a silence of seven or eight years, he speaks to us again, and we find the old music in his tones, and the old fascination in his words—only the tones have gained in richness, and the words come to us with deeper meanings. A true, earnest, thoughtful man gains much in seven years, and if he writes, it will be from higher ideals. This last work of Hawthorne's shows him to have gained in power, as every author should gain with advancing years, unless a poor literary vanity comes in to dwarf his intellect. We offer no criticism on these volumes; that is a work of too much care and scope for our time, or the limit of our pages. But we commend them to all lovers of art in literature, as sources of exquisite pleasure.

AN ARCTIC BOAT JOURNEY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1854. By Isaac J. Hayes. Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase. New York: Sheldon & Co.

This volume brings vividly before us those incidents of the Grinnell expedition in which Dr. Hayes was a prominent actor, and it will prepare the public to enter, with an intelligent sympathy, into the new expedition which he proposes to make into the icy regions of the north. It is illustrated with admirable maps, drawn from Petermann, and is a valuable contribution to the literature of Arctic exploration.

LORD ELGIN'S MISSION TO CHINA AND JAPAN. By Lawrence Oliphant, Esq. New York: Harper & Bros.

Mr. Oliphant was secretary to Lord Elgin during his mission to China in the years 1857, 1858, and 1859, and from his position enjoyed peculiar advantages for observing the people of both China and Japan. His large book is not an official history of the mission of Lord Elgin, but contains his own personal narrative and experiences. We see these singular people in many new aspects, and find a world of interest in their manners, customs, and politics, so wholly different from our own, as to place them almost out of the range of our sympathies. We do not comprehend them. The illustrations, from native and other drawings, are numerous and striking.

LETTERS FROM SWITZERLAND. By Samuel Irenaeus Prime, author of "Travels in Europe and the East." New York: Sheldon & Co.

Books of travel, even by dull writers, are always attractive. But, when they come from an observer like Mr. Prime, they bear with them a charm that binds us to their pages. He is at home among Alpine scenery, and gives us pictures so boldly drawn that we seem to be with him in the midst of its sublime aspects.

THE MANUAL OF PHONOGRAPHY. By Benn Pitman. Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, O.

This seems to be a very complete manual for students of Phonography, and we hear it pronounced the best one extant, by those who are competent to speak on the subject.

ADVENTURES AND OBSERVATIONS ON THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA AND ITS ISLANDS. Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Madeira, Canary, Blafia, and Cape Verde Islands; their Climate, Inhabitants, and Productions. Accounts of Places, People, Customs, Trade, Missionary Operations, etc.: On that part of the African Coast lying between Tangier, Morocco, and Benguela. By Rev. Charles W. Thomas, M. A. of the Georgia Conference; Chaplain to the African Squadron in 1855, 1856, and 1857. With Illustrations from Original Drawings. New York: *Dorby & Jackson*.

The title of this book gives the range of observation enjoyed by the author, who has presented a view of Africa, its condition and prospects, from the stand-point of a Southern clergyman familiar with negro character in this country, and thus enabled to examine the subject under circumstances peculiarly favorable. The volume will find its way largely into the hands of those specially interested in the themes of which it treats.

JULIAN HOME. A TALK of College Life. By Frederick W. Farrar, author of "Eric, or Little by Little." Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Of this book the North American says:—"The sentiments throughout are true and noble—the language is chaste and finely appropriate—a finished scholarship is at all times visible, and poetic imagery, sometimes new and always beautiful, vivifies almost every chapter." As a story of College life it will go, like "School Days at Rugby," largely into the hands of growing up lads, and it is well that it is so good a book, and pervaded with such noble sentiments as abound in its pages. There is so much attractive reading for young people, that we gladly welcome every volume of attractive good reading that appears; and this is one.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL, PERSEUS, SULPICIA, AND LUCILIUS. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Another volume of Harper's Classical Library in English translations. And we here take occasion to notice a new series commenced by the same publishers; the texts of the Greek and Latin classic authors in neat 12mo. volumes, with flexible backs. The standard texts are selected, the lines are numbered, and indexes of principal words are added to each author. The first issues of the series are *Horace* and *Æschylus*. The form is very convenient for the recitation-room or for pocket reference; while the chaste style of the edition makes it very becoming to the library.

THE CARTONS. A Family Picture. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Library Edition. 2 vols. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

By far the handsomest edition of Bulwer's works yet seen, is that which has been commenced by Messrs. Lippincott & Co. of our city. "The Cartons" is the first in the series, which will comprise twenty novels, one to be issued on the first of each month. The type is large and clear, the paper delicately tinted, and the whole style of getting up in charming taste.

STORIES FROM FAMOUS BALLADS. For Children. By Grace Greenwood. With Illustrations by Billings. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

We have the old ballads of Griselda, Chevy Chase, The King and the Miller of Mansfield, The Beggar's Daughter of Bednall Green, Auld Robin Gray, &c., &c., rendered into the author's fine prose, and issued in a neat little volume. The frontispiece is among the sweetest of things we have gazed upon; a portrait of the author's child, to whom the book is dedicated.

Editors' Department.

"ALL GONE"

Mrs. Ames knew that something was the matter, her husband came home to dinner every day with such a worried, abstracted air; he was growing pale and thin, and she felt that he did not hear her half the time when she was talking to him; and what was worse than all the rest, he had gone off that very morning without kissing baby, though he had crowded to him out of the cradle, feeling quite as certain of being taken up and trotted five minutes on "papa's knee," as he was of his breakfast.

Mrs. Ames turned over all these things in her mind, as she sat late that afternoon knitting a baby's "sock" and joggling the cradle in the nursery.

She was a pleasant faced little woman, and while the night of the brief winter day dropped about her,

her thoughts went to and fro after this fashion: "I wonder what does all Harry, poor fellow! I'm certain it must be some trouble about his business; I'll find out to-night, and won't be put off any longer with his 'Oh, Mary, don't bother me now; women don't know anything about men's affairs.' I'll hurry down and make the coffee myself to-night, he's so fond of it, and then he thinks nobody prepares it quite so well as I do."

And the loving, thoughtful little wife laid down her knitting and went down stairs humming a tune to herself, but still there was a little shadow on her forehead.

An hour later Mrs. Ames sat in the nursery, tossing her baby up and down, tumbling him back and forth, and still Harry didn't come.

It was very strange, and every now and then an exclamation would slip out of Mrs. Ames' lips with

the caresses which she lavished upon her child—"I wonder what is keeping papa! I guess he's forgotten mamma and baby. Oh, dear! that coffee 'll be spoiled! I don't see what has got into Harry!"

At last she heard the front door open, and the familiar tread along the hall and up the stairs.

The door opened. "What has taken you, Harry?" began Mrs. Ames, but the words were cut short on the young wife's lips, with the first glance at her husband. His face was white as the face of the dead, and it had a half wild, half frenzied look that fairly froze her heart with alarm. She sat down her child on the carpet, and sprang toward him.

"Oh! what is the matter, Harry?"

But he waved her back with his hand. "Don't speak to me, Mary," and he sank into a chair and buried his face on his arm, and a groan dropped out of his lips which fairly stopped the beating of Mrs. Ames' heart. She knelt down by his side, and her hands shook as she laid them on his arm. "Tell me, Harry, your own wife, what it is. Don't keep it back."

The young merchant lifted up his haggard face and looked at her a moment, with such an expression of mingled pity, and tenderness, and despair, that she could hardly bear it. "I'll tell you what it is, Mary, and God help you to bear it! I'm a ruined man! every dollar's gone. The blow fell this afternoon," and he dropped his face as though he could not bear to see the effect of his words on the woman he loved better than his life.

But a sudden smile broke into her pale face, and the smile only looked the brighter for the tears which were running over it. She drew close up to her husband and dropped her fingers into his hair, and her voice was brave and joyful. "Is that all, Harry! is that all!"

The merchant lifted his head and looked at his wife in blank amazement. "Is that all, you poor child! You don't understand me. I've failed! I'm a ruined man! All's gone, Mary, all's gone!"

"No it hasn't, either." If her voice shook, at first, because of her tears, it was brave and strong as she kept on. "You've got me and baby still, Harry, and we've got you; and so long as this is true, and the trouble has come upon us without any fault of our own, we'll look it bravely in the face and conquer it."

"Mary, do you know what you're saying? What is to become of us?"

"No matter, we shall get along somehow. Trust me to do my part, as a true, loving wife should. We'll rent a smaller house and begin anew. I'll give music lessons, and that'll help matters along until you get into business, and we commence creeping up again. I'll do anything, Harry, if you won't give up and say all's gone."

She had nestled close up to him, and he drew down her fair head on his shoulder and strained her to his heart.

"No, Mary, I won't give up so long as I've got you, my precious wife, the best and truest one that man ever had. I came home to-night, dreading to look upon your face, dreading to hear the voice of my child, a distracted, despairing man, and I never knew half your worth until now. No, it isn't all gone, for a man's rich without a dollar in the world, and such a wife as you are!"

And then a little silence fell between them, and as her head lay on her husband's shoulder, Mrs. Ames felt his tears drop softly into her hair.

A moment later she felt a small, weak, human fluttering along her dress, and looking down she saw her boy, who had crept along the floor to his parents; then he stood vainly trying to lift himself up, his sweet, innocent face full of wonder, the blue eyes agape, and the small mouth open as a cluster of ripened currants, full of laughter.

"See, papa, see, papa, you've got baby too," sobbed the young mother.

And the child lifted up its limpled arms, and lisped out, in gleeful triumph to its father, "Baby too! baby too!"

Henry Ames bent down and lifted up the little fellow; but he did not speak, for his heart was full of its "thank God" at that moment.

She was not one of your brilliant, showy, captivating women, but she was a true, sweet, loving, faithful wife, and oh, was she not indeed to her husband, in the hour of his calamity and despair, a "Gift of the Lord?"

Years afterward Henry Ames was a successful merchant, honored and beloved of his fellow men; and to one who was very dear to him he spoke thus of his wife: "If it hadn't been for her I should be, at this moment, a miserable, broken down, ruined man. Her love and faith held me up when I was falling, and I owe all I am, under God, to that blessed woman, my wife, Mary Ames."

Pleasant and precious words to the heart of a woman, more to be desired than honors, or riches, or all earthly gifts!

Blessed words! to be set in pearls of living light over the days of her life, and to shine there forever and forever!

V. F. T.

EMERSON BENNETT'S DOLLAR MONTHLY.

This is a new magazine, conducted by the well known writer whose name it bears, and showing throughout the spirit and life which he knows so well how to infuse into everything that flows from his pen. He has our warmest wishes for success in his new enterprise.

AFTER THE STORM.

This story will be completed in the next number of the Home Magazine. In the July number a new story, by VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, will be commenced, entitled

DAYS OF MY LIFE.

"THE LESSON IN EMBROIDERY."

We need hardly refer to the beauty of our steel plate; for, ere this paragraph is read, it will have charmed the eyes, and sent a pleasant ripple over the feelings. We acknowledge ourselves indebted to Messrs. Goupil & Co., of New York, for the use of the large print from which we had it engraved for the Home Magazine.

SPRING.

Thou callest to the year with thy sweet face,
Lifted up for baptismal, as a child's
Standing before the altar. Thou art come,
Anointed of our God, from the white arms
In which the winter clasped thee. Thy voice thrills
Across the earth's long slumber; with a laugh
The streams are loosened, as a bride shakes out
Her pearls unto the sunshine, and the boughs
Put their green frillings on, and hills and vales
Are hung in grasses.

Oh, thy song of birds,
The breath of apple-blossoms, thy first gleam
Of daisies, in the hollows!

Thou dost make
The cold dead earth, a temple where our hearts
Go up to worship, while our way is spread
With gold and purple broideries. Thou dost sweep,
With thy soft fingers, the majestic keys
Of the year's organ, and the days take up
Their march to jubilee, and with sweet smiles
Drop down into the arms of watching nights!
And so, thy work accomplished, thou dost yield
Thy sweet life to the summer, with a prayer,
Dropping amid serene smiles from thy lips,
"I have sowed, Father, let another reap."

V. F. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. R.

It is not very probable that we shall ever behold
your face in this world; but we bless you for your
letter. It encouraged and strengthened our heart
when we needed it.

We are glad that from "afar off" we sent you the
"cup of cold water," and may your courage never
fail you, and your life prove, dear friend, that it is
"of use trying."

E * * * * E D E G * * * A.

The leaves you sent us had not lost their per-
fume, and your letter had sweeter perfume for our
hearts. We feel indeed that we are not working in
vain when our Magazine comes with such "minis-
trations" to your fireside. May it be always to
you a messenger of good tidings!

ELLA G. C * * * * S.

We beg your pardon for not acknowledging your
kindness before, and the honor you have done us,
and will endeavor to do this soon in a more ample
and less public way.

V. F. T.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

We take from the Home Journal the following
poem by Mrs. A. M. F. ANNAN, a writer of fine
talents, from whom the public would like to hear
much oftener than she lets them. It is some time
since we have seen anything from her pen. The
tender beauty and touching pathos of this poem
will give it a passport to all hearts. It pictures a
phase of life that is all around us. The hungry
wolf stands at your neighbor's door, reader—her
arm is too weak, mayhap, to keep him at bay.
Will you not go to the rescue?

You're tired, dear mother, your cheek is quite pale;
Wont you lay down your sewing, and tell me a tale
Of fairies that sent, in the good times of old,
Rich banquets, and jewels, and purses of gold?
Not about little Riding-Hood crossing the moor—
Was the wolf that she met like our wolf at the door?

Shall we never walk out where the houses so tall
Have lace o'er each window, and lamps in each hall?
Where the curly-haired children play over the grass?
We might hear their gay laughter and talk as we'd pass.
Must you sit here and work till your fingers are sore?
I think we might steal by the wolf at the door!

I'll lay down your work—oh, how warm it will be—
My nice little cloak!—why, I thought 'twas for me!
Once, always in garments as fine I was dressed,
But I shan't ask for this, if you think 'twould be best;
Yet I can't understand what you told me before,
That it might, for awhile, keep the wolf from the door.

The clothes I have on are so thin and so worn!—
I try to be thankful they never stay torn;
But I should like some new ones, with tassels and
braid,
And stockings not shrunken, nor faded, nor frayed.
And a pair of new shoes—how they'd creak on the
floor!

But then he might hear them—the wolf at the door!
The room's growing dark, and I can't see to play
By the light of the lamp that shines over the way
And the shadows that flit o'er its gleam on the wall—
They frighten me, coming so shapeless and tall;
Oh, how I would beg for a candle once more,
If you thought he'd not see us—the wolf at the door!

And the fire on the hearth, it has died away quite—
Wont you kindle a new one, dear mother, to-night?
Don't you love the soft flames as they crackle and
glow?
They would warm your poor hands, that are cold as
the snow;
And the kettle would sing—hark!—is that the wind's
roar!—

Oh, mother!—I fear 'tis the wolf at the door!
Well, hear me my prayers, and I'll lie down in bed,
And while your soft arm is passed under my head,
Wont you tell me again to be trusting and brave,
Though I march over thorns on my way to the grave?
To keep sin from my heart lest it eat to the core—
Dear mother, is sin like the wolf at the door?

And tell me of mansions still grander than those
Where the rich children play and the grass greenly
grows; [my head,
Where they'll give me bright robes, and a crown for
And on fruits from the gardens of God I'll be fed;
Oh, mother! to think there we'll live evermore,
And be in no fear of the wolf at the door!



Illustration by H. H. Bennett

HOME MAGAZINE JUNE 1900.



THE WRITING LESSON.

THE WRITING LESSON.

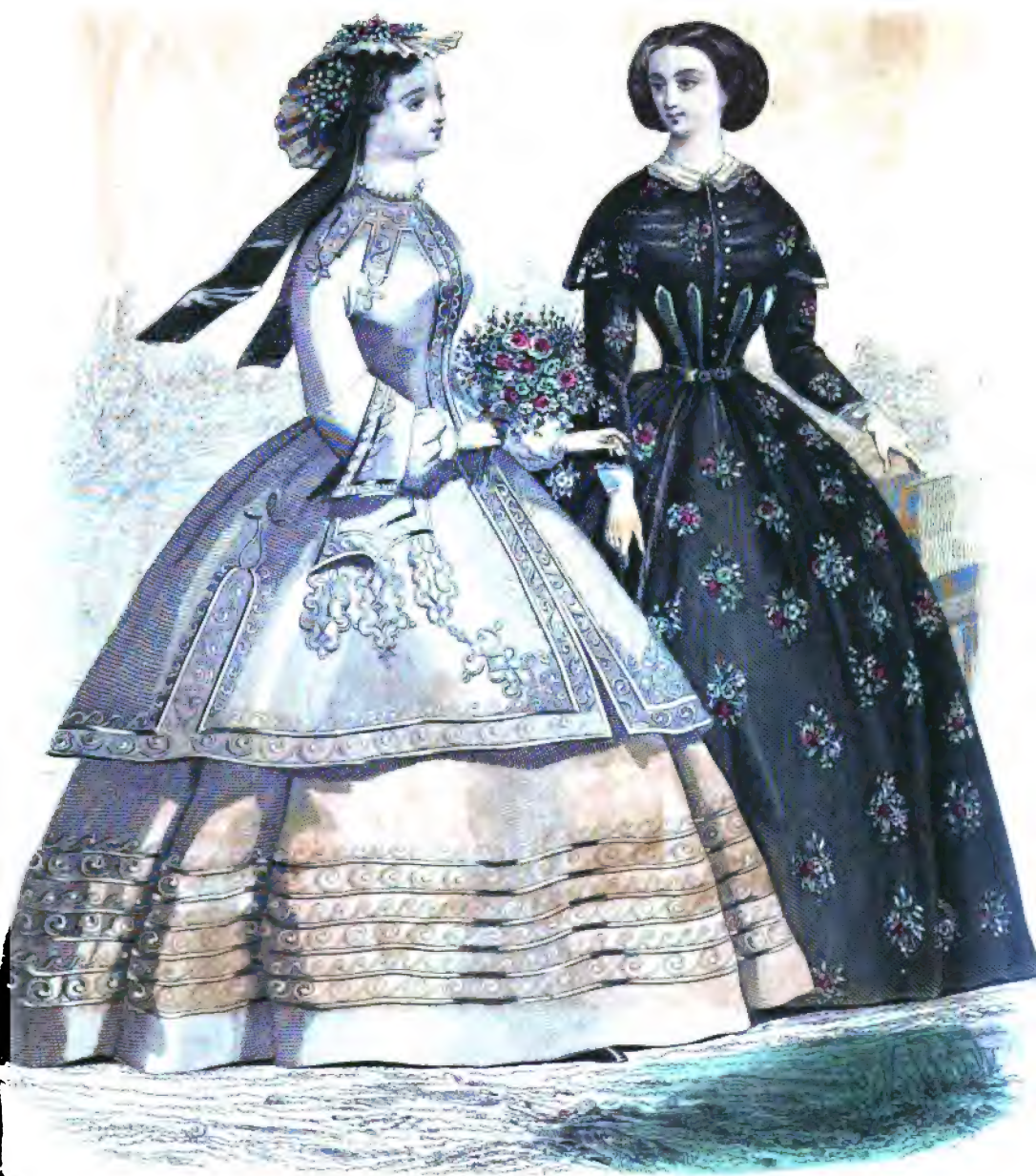


Illustration by J. B. G. B. G.

HOME MAGAZINE JUNE 1869.





CLOAK,

Furnished by COOPER & CONARD, Ninth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, and engraved from actual costume by Neville Johnson.

The novelty of our illustration for this month is the hood, which highly ornate, chaste, and neat fitting is the most beautiful of these generally clumsy appendages that we have seen



HEAD DRESS.



TURKISH CUSHION.

COIFFURE, OF HONITON LACE.





NETTED CURTAINS.

Materials. Boar's head cotton, No. 8, and royal embroidery cotton No 16. A bone mesh about a quarter of an inch wide will make a nice sized diamond.

The entire curtain is to be done in ordinary diamond netting, on which the design is afterwards to be darned. The number of stitches must depend entirely on the length required for the curtains. It will require 36 for each pattern; and as, with the mesh we have given, about five patterns will make the depth of a yard, it will be easy to calculate precisely the number of stitches required for curtains of any given length. With regard to the width, this also must necessarily depend on the size of the window. Each stripe occupies 36 rows, or 19 squares, the border being of the same dimensions; and any number of repetitions can be made. Curtains are extremely pretty if worked in alternate stripes of darned netting, and a fancy stitch which is not darned.

The design for the border itself would perhaps be preferred by some people to the flower stripes. A very handsome netted lace border should be worked on one side, and at the bottom of each curtain.



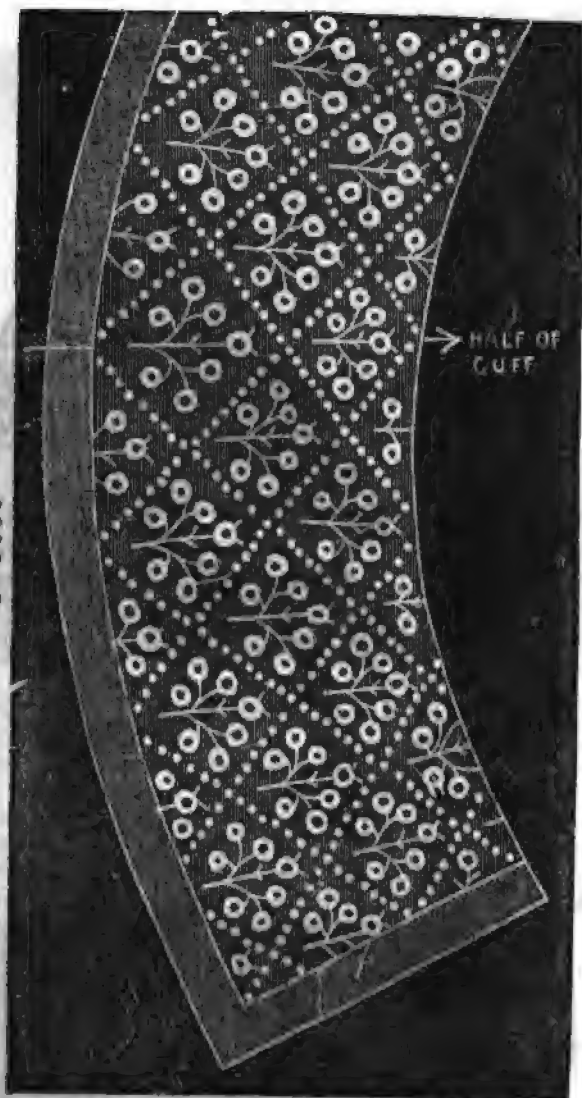
ROBE,

Of plain silk, with trimmings volants of the same material, presenting a plain, but at the same time elegant appearance.

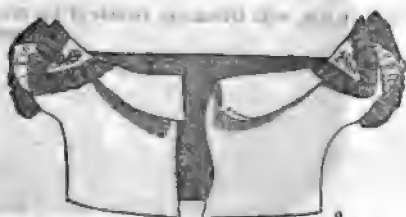


BOY'S DRESS.

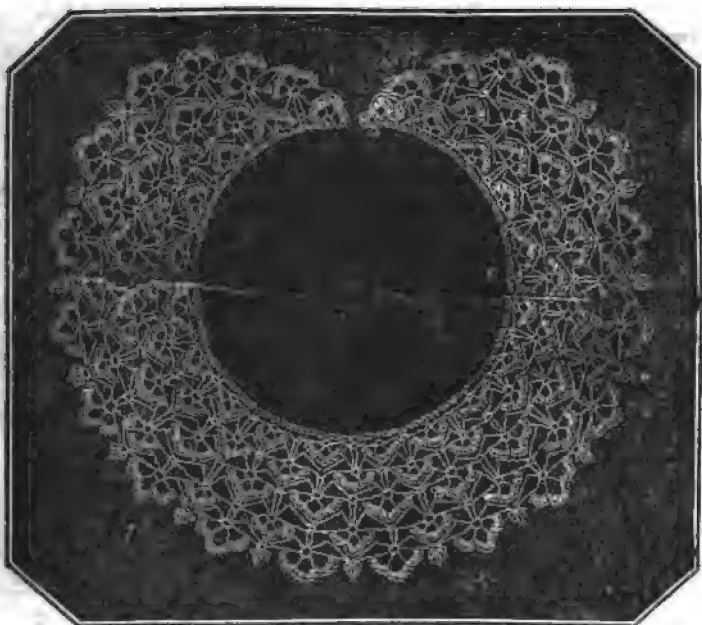
COLLAR.



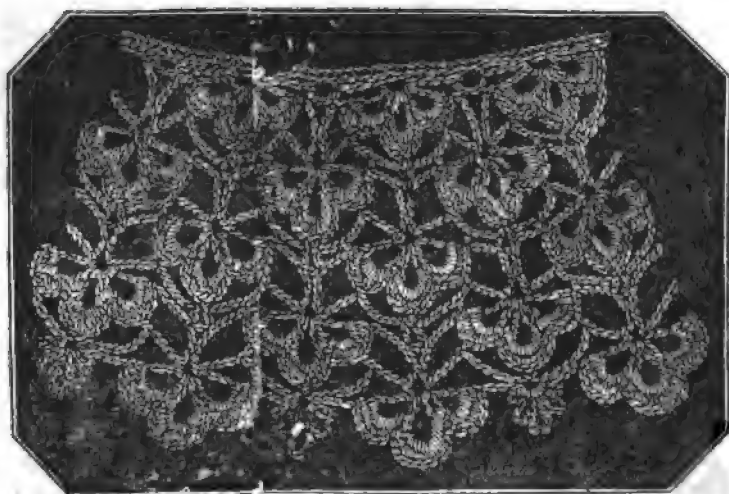
HARLEQUIN WATCH POCKET.



INFANT'S SHIRT.



CROCHET COLLAR-POINT D' EGLANTIER

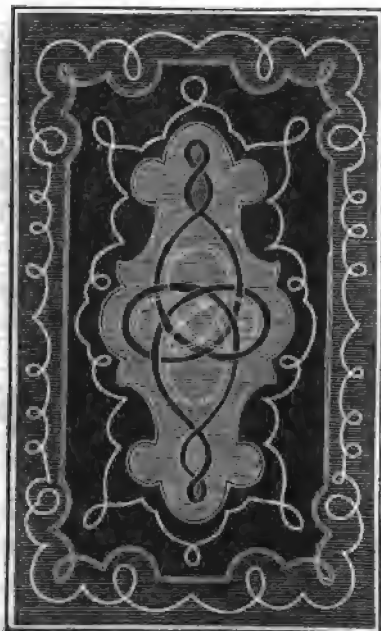


SECTION OF COLLAR.

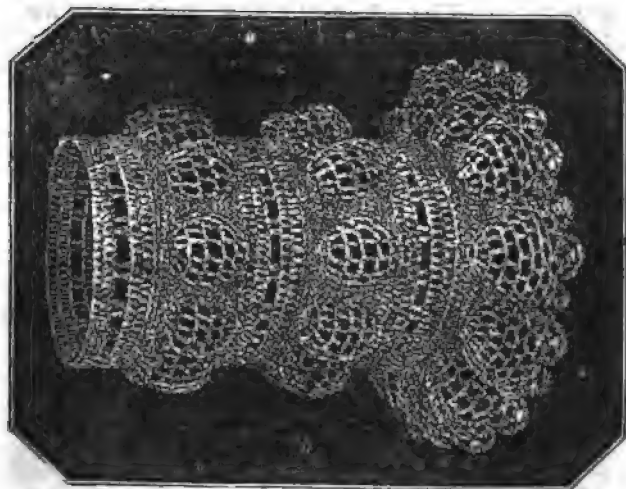


COIFFURE,

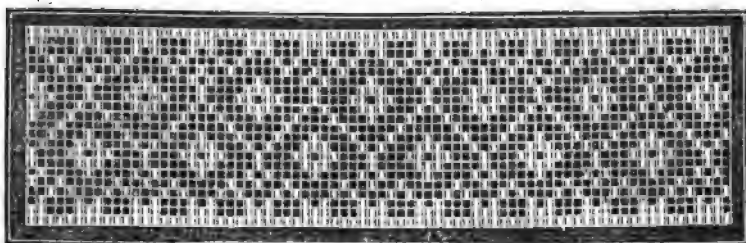
Of point applique; a beautiful design of roses, buds and leaves, mingled with arabesque. It is pointed on the top of the head and at the back, with long flowing tabs confined on the left side with a bow and ends of pink velvet ribbon, while the right side is finished with clusters of pink velvet bows, dotted with a deeper shade of the same color.



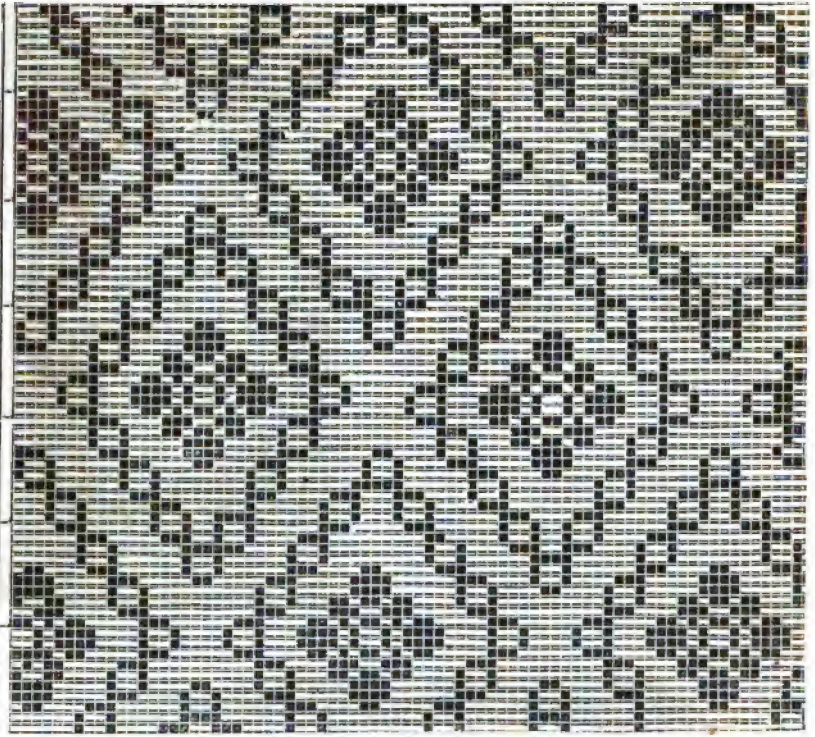
CIGAR CASE



MANCHETTE



CROCHET EDGING.

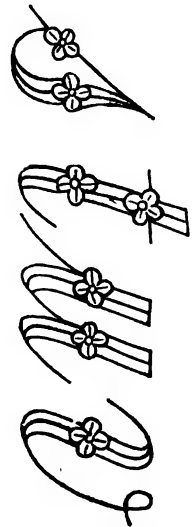


CROCHET PATTERN.



MORNING CAP

LETTERS FOR MARKING.



THE LADIES' Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1860.

THE RICH MAN'S BENEFACTOR.

BY MARGARET LYON, AUTHOR OF "HIDDEN WINGS."

A poor man, miserably clad, was trundling a wheelbarrow load of stones. The day was hot and sultry, and the sweat poured in streams down his wasted, sun-burnt face. He looked labor-worn and discontented. His load was heavy, and as the wheel jarred over the inequalities in his way, the jerkings and contortions of his body were painful to look upon.

An elegant carriage, drawn by a pair of sleek, fat horses, drove by. In it sat the rich owner of many thousands of acres. His face wore, also, a look of discontent. Different as was his lot from that of the indigent day-laborer—surrounded, as he was, by all external means of happiness, waited upon, ministered to, courted, flattered—he was, if the truth were known, no happier than the poor complainant he had swept heedlessly by.

Two men were sitting at the window of a cottage, and saw this passing phase of human life.

"Poor Jim Coyle," said one of them, "I always pity that man."

"And poor Edward Logan," said the other, "I always pity him."

"You waste your pity, then," remarked the other, whose name was Howard.

"I am not so sure of that," was replied; "in my view old Mr. Logan is more entitled to sympathy than Jim Coyle, for he is, I think, the most miserable of the two. And where there is most wretchedness there is most need of pity."

"Let him pity himself," said Howard, a

little sharply, "if he stands in need of that sentiment. I'll waste none upon him. Having all the means of happiness within his reach, if he don't choose to enjoy himself, why, that's his business, not mine. There are enough of the hopelessly and helplessly wretched to look after."

"None more hopelessly and helplessly wretched, in my view, than Edward Logan," said the other, whose name was Strong. "True, he has the means of enjoyment, in rich abundance around him, and the same may be said of Jim Coyle. Both are unhappy because they fail to use aright the God-given powers they possess."

"I should like to see the rich abundance possessed by Jim Coyle," said Howard, looking at his friend with some surprise.

"The sources of happiness are not found in the mere possession of this world's goods, else would the rich only be in felicity, while the poor would be doomed to a joyless life. The true means of delight can be had in as great abundance by the one as by the other. Your Jim Coyles may be as happy as your Edward Logans; yet each remain, as to the possession of worldly goods, in the same condition as now."

"Do you mean to say, friend Strong," said Howard, "that Jim Coyle would not be happier if his toil were made lighter, and his reward continue the same?"

"He might be, but I have my doubts. There is a class of men that, like the bee, take

honey from the flowers; there is another class that, like the caterpillar, feed only on bitter leaves. I think both Jim Coyle and Edward Logan are of this latter class. They get no honey from the flowers. Place them in what circumstances you will, and they find the bitter, but not the sweet."

"Prettily enough said," answered Howard, "but not the fact, in my opinion. Observation tells me that a man's external condition has almost everything to do with his happiness. Can a man be happy who works in pain and weariness; who is hungry, while others are fed to repletion; whose famishing children cry to him for the bread which he cannot give them; who sees his wife wasting daily under the pressure of toil and duty, which he has no power to lighten; who is oppressed, and no one takes up his cause.—I tell you, my friend, the external condition has everything to do with a man's happiness!"

"Why then, let me ask, is not Mr. Logan happy? Could any condition be more favorable?"

"A guilty conscience, perhaps," said Howard.

"I was not aware," remarked Strong, "that there was occasion for trouble in that direction. What has he done? What crime has he committed? I never heard any great wrong charged against him. The world bears testimony that he is an honest man."

"He may be honest," was replied, "in the common acceptance of the word. But how a man, rolling in wealth, can see want and misery all around him, without relieving it, conscience clear, is more than I can understand."

"I judge no man," said Mr. Strong. "If, as to external act, he keeps the commandments inviolate, I leave his conscience with him and his God. But, as I said before, I think Mr. Logan quite as much entitled to sympathy as Jim Coyle—more so, in fact, for from habit, circumstance, and range of thought and feeling, he is capable of greater suffering. Jim Coyle's thoughts move in a very narrow circle; his wants have never grown into very large dimensions; give him idleness, and enough to eat and drink, and he will be satisfied. You cannot say this of Mr. Logan. He has every luxury the body can desire, and time enough to enjoy it. Is he happy? Look at his face!"

"I hardly have patience to hear you talk after this fashion," said the other. "Who cares whether he's happy or not, the hard-

hearted, close-fisted old wretch! Don't talk to me about pitying him."

"I pity him, nevertheless, and from my heart. I never see him but I set myself to pondering his case, turning it over and over, and searching in my thoughts for some way of helping him."

"You! You help Edward Logan!" and Howard laughed heartily at the idea. "You had better elect yourself his benefactor."

"Just what I've seriously thought of doing," said Strong, "Now let me make this proposition. You pity Jim Coyle. Elect yourself his benefactor. I pity Edward Logan, and will elect myself his benefactor. Keeping our own counsel, let us see if we cannot help both of these men to enjoy life better."

Somewhat amused at this novel suggestion, Howard agreed, and the two men separated.

Mr. Strong was really in earnest. His business was that of a conveyancer and real estate agent. This brought him into frequent intercourse with Mr. Logan, and gave him opportunities for close observation. He knew the man well—his character, his means, his peculiarities, his weaknesses, and his prejudices. He loved money, it was his idol. He started in life with a small inheritance, determined to accumulate, and he had been successful. Dollar had been added to dollar, house to house, and field to field, until now, at sixty-five, he was the richest man in his neighborhood. But, as we have seen, wealth had not brought happiness; so far from it, if he was the richest man in his neighborhood, he might also be set down as the most miserable. He had one son, but, as he had loved money more than his child, the boy was neglected for gold. A neglected child is almost certain to wander from the right way, and get into the road to ruin. The feet of Mr. Logan's child went astray. He grew up self-willed, inclined to vices, and impatient of control. At twenty-one he was an idle, dissipated spendthrift. At thirty he was killed in a drunken brawl. Mr. Logan had also a daughter. But the one great pursuit of his life absorbed all his affections, and there were none left for the little blossom that opened in his household. She did not learn to love the cold, abstracted man she called her father. There was something about him that repelled her, something that prevented her from coming to his side or climbing upon his knee. He made chilly the atmosphere of his home, so that this flower did not unfold in richness and fragrance. The mother was a nervous invalid, between whom and her hus-

band no true sympathy existed. If they had ever loved each other, their love died and was buried long before little Helen grew into conscious girlhood.

When Helen was nineteen, a not very remarkable circumstance occurred, but one which had the effect to set the mind of Mr. Logan all on fire with interest for his daughter. A young man in the neighborhood, who had nothing to recommend him but a good education, integrity of character, industry, and poverty, was bold enough to ask for the hand of Helen in marriage. Mr. Logan said "No" in anger and insult. Things turned out as they usually do in such cases, and the young lovers took the responsibility of getting married. The feet of Helen, since that time, had never recrossed the threshold of her father's house, and though ten long years had intervened, she had known more of true happiness during that period than had ever come to her heart before. The neat little cottage, where she lived with her husband and children, stood not very far away from her father's imposing mansion, and if the old man did not look upon it daily, it was because he turned his eyes resolutely away. Long ago the daughter had ceased to make any overtures to her father. All that she could do to break down the hard wall of separation, she had done. But he refused to be reconciled. For a time he sternly forbade all intercourse between the mother and daughter; but the former set, at last, his interdict at defiance, and now few days passed in which her heart did not grow warm in the sunny home of her child.

The husband of Helen was principal in our academy, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. He was a true, good man; but as he did not possess the talent of money-making, he was of no account in the eyes of Mr. Logan.

Thus it was with the richest man in the neighborhood; and Mr. Strong was right when he said he was the unhappiest. On the day following that on which our story opens, the conveyancer called over at Elm Grove, the name of Mr. Logan's beautiful place. He was really in earnest in his desire to throw some gleams of sunshine on the rich man's shadowed way. He had often thought of his case, and often pitied him. The conversation with Mr. Howard stimulated his thought into a purpose, and now he had called to observe Mr. Logan a little more closely, and see if there was any way to lead him out of himself, for he knew that it was because he was immersed in self, that life, as to all enjoyment, had proved a

failure. He found Mr. Logan sitting in the little office where he usually transacted business, holding a newspaper in his hands, and apparently reading. From the expression of his face, as he looked up, it was plain that his thoughts were by no means agreeably occupied.

"Good morning," said Mr. Strong, cheerfully.

"Good morning," returned Mr. Logan, a kind of growling welcome in his voice. He arose, as he spoke, and offered his visitor a chair.

"A fine day," remarked Mr. Strong.

"Is it?" and Mr. Logan turned his eyes wearily toward the window. "I don't notice the weather half the time, unless, maybe, when it rains and I can't get out. Anything new stirring, Mr. Strong?"

"Nothing of special interest."

Mr. Logan sighed heavily, and let his eyes fall to the floor. There were a few moments of silence, when Mr. Strong said:

"You are not well this morning?"

"I can't say that I am ever very well. Between rheumatism and a bad digestion, I never know what it is to feel comfortable in body. But if rheumatism and dyspepsia were all a man had to bear in the world, he might thank God morning and night, and go all day with a cheerful countenance. It is the mind, sir, in which exist the most painful maladies. There are such words as peace, contentment, tranquillity, and the like, but I fear they only express ideal states. Do you know what contentment is, Mr. Strong? Did you ever lie down at night and feel satisfied with the day? I sometimes think that life is a mere cheating dream—that we are the sport of superior beings who laugh at our folly and infatuation."

Mr. Strong had never before seen the rich man in this frame of mind. He was usually cold and uncommunicative. Their intercourse had scarcely ever reached beyond business themes, and he was, therefore, not a little surprised at this revelation of himself.

"The words peace, contentment, and tranquillity," said the visitor, "do not, in my opinion, express mere ideal states; they are conditions of mind attainable by all, and are independent of things external."

"I wish that I could think so," replied Mr. Logan, shaking his head doubtfully.

"It is as true, sir, as that the sun shines. God made every man for happiness."

"Then His work has proved a signal failure," replied Mr. Logan.

"Man's fault—not God's."

"I will not quarrel with you as to where the fault lies; the fact is written everywhere on men's faces. Neither age nor condition is spared. All—all are wretched."

"But not alike," suggested Mr. Strong. "Some faces we meet lie in perpetual shadow, while others are forever breaking into rippling waves of sunshine."

"There is a difference in temperament, I know," said Mr. Logan, moodily.

"But temperament is not all. It is the quality of a man's life that usually makes his shadows or his sunshine."

"I am not sure that I understand you," and Mr. Logan looked at his visitor curiously.

"And I am not sure that you would understand me if I explained myself." Mr. Strong smiled as he said this.

"Suppose you venture the explanation," and the rich man smiled feebly in return.

After pausing a few moments to collect his thoughts, the visitor said—

"Happiness is not a thing to be sought after as an end. It is simply a resultant state of mind. If our life flows on in heavenly order, happiness comes as a consequence; if adverse to heavenly order, unhappiness is the consequence. I narrow the proposition down to its simplest terms. The question arises, what is heavenly order? and the answer is, that order which is in agreement with the character of man's Creator. Now, the Bible tells us that God is love. We need not stop to prove that this love is a love of blessing His creatures. It is not self-love, but the love of doing good. God is infinitely wise, good, and happy. Is it not plain that our love must be like His love if we would be wise, good, and happy; a love that seeks to bless others rather than to secure blessings for ourselves? Mr. Logan, it is because thought is ever turning inward upon the little world of self, and not outward in good will toward others, that so many of us are discontented. We sow our seed upon a very narrow piece of ground, and the harvest is small, instead of scattering it broadcast over rich fields, that would fill our garners with teeming abundance. God made no single man for himself, but a world full of men, to love and minister to each other and be happy together. He who withdraws himself into himself, and tries to be happy alone, always fails miserably. It has been so from the beginning, and will be so to the end. There is no exception to the rule."

Mr. Logan sat very still, with his eyes upon the floor, while Mr. Strong was speaking.

"There is something in what you say that never came into my thought before," said the rich man, lifting his eyes and fixing them steadily on the face of his visitor.

"Turn it over in your mind—look at it upon all sides—ponder it well. As you live, and as I live, the secret of happiness lies within the compass of what I have said."

The two men sat silent, now, for several minutes, with thoughtful faces. Believing that to press the subject on the mind of Mr. Logan would be to confuse it, Mr. Strong thought it best to change the theme, and said:

"I was looking at that acre lot of yours down by the factory the other day, and I'll tell you what came into my mind. You know the wretched way in which the mill people live. There is nothing better for them than shanties and miserable hovels, that disgrace the name of houses. Now, you are rich, Mr. Logan, and you would make yourself a public benefactor by laying that acre out into good sized lots, and covering it with well built, pleasant little cottages for these poor mill people."

"Are you jesting or in earnest?" Mr. Logan looked at his companion with unfeigned surprise.

"In earnest."

"Humph! I don't see that these mill people have more claims on my benevolence than any of the ten thousand poor wretches that may be picked up within a circle of twenty miles. I may be rich to-day, but if I began the work of squandering my money after that fashion, I would be penniless in less than six months. Oh, no! Mr. Strong, I am not so charitable as that! Let the mill owners provide proper tenements for their operatives. It is their business, not mine."

"I speak of it as an investment," remarked the other.

"Such as no prudent man would make. I'm too shrewd for an operation of that character," and his eyes gleamed with mingled cunning and intelligence.

"Don't dismiss the subject quite so summarily," said Mr. Strong, smiling. "I think I can show you that the investment I propose will pay handsomely. In a day or two, if you do not object, I will bring plans and specifications that I am sure will interest you. Shall I do so?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly! no harm can be done. Looking at specifications will not commit me to the foolish work of building the cottages."

"So much gained," said Mr. Strong, as he

went musing on his way homeward. In a few days he returned to the house of Mr. Logan with his plan for the cottages, in a perspective drawing, that made quite a handsome picture. It presented a score of pretty little houses, each with its neat yard filled with shrubbery. Mr. Logan was pleased with the sketch, and listened patiently to all the conveyancer said on the subject. In the end he was won over, not, however, we are free to say, through any benevolent feeling toward the poor operatives, but because he saw that pecuniarily the investment would be a good one.

"So far so good," was the thought of Mr. Strong. "Once get him fairly into this work, and his interest in these poor people must be awakened. My task shall be to keep the thought of them before him. Humane feelings are almost dead in his heart, but not past recovery, I hope. There are states of pity and compassion laid up there in childhood, which, if we can revive, will stir its pulses with kind emotions."

Within a month after this improvement of Mr. Logan's acre lot, near the mill, was suggested, workmen were on the ground. Mr. Strong had been forward in speaking of the plan as involving a public benefit, and highly creditable to the projector. Taking the cue, people congratulated Mr. Logan on his liberal spirit, and some made free to tell him that he was the only man in the neighborhood who had let true benevolence go hand in hand with enterprise.

The rich man was flattered by all this, and took credit to himself for a generosity that he did not possess. It was better for him, however, to do good from a selfish end than not to do good at all—better for himself and better for others.

As the cottages progressed Mr. Logan took more and more interest in them. He was on the ground every day, giving directions to the workmen. Mr. Strong, without seeming to intrude, managed to throw himself in Mr. Logan's way frequently. He always said something pleasant about the little cluster of cottages that were springing up under the hands of busy workmen, as if by magic.

"What a pleasant change it will be for these poor work people," he would remark sometimes; "how happy they will be! These light, neat, airy rooms will seem like palace-homes to them in contrast with the mean, filthy hovels in which they are now living. Health of mind as well as body will result in the change. And their little children—what a

blessed translation for them also! I seem to hear their voices singing musically from every part of that acre lot, on which pleasant houses are now springing up, where only rank weeds flourished a little while ago. Every good act has its reward, and for this good act yours will surely come."

In due time the cottages were completed. Many little conveniences not at first contemplated were introduced by the proprietor, adding to the cost, but securing greater comfort to the tenants. Some generous feelings were beginning to stir in the heart of the rich man. He was so often praised for his benevolence that he began to wish for the real sentiment, and actually forced himself to make expenditures upon the cottages beyond the original estimates.

On the day Mr. Logan's new tenants took possession of their pleasant homes, he was on the ground, a witness of their delight. It was years since he had felt so all pervading a sense of pleasure. Mr. Strong was there also, closely observing the rich man, toward whom his feelings of benevolence had moved so earnestly, and, as the sequel had proved, so fruitfully, a year ago.

"Have I done him any good? Is he any happier than on that day when I looked at his miserable face as he rode in his elegant carriage past Jim Coyle, the tired, discontented day laborer? Yes! he is happier, and I trust something better, or, at least, in the way of growing better. But why is he happier? Because he has made a good investment, and has the interest, or rents, secured to him by the mill owners? No. This is not the real source of his better feelings. He is conscious of having done good—of having improved the condition of more than a hundred men, women, and children. It is the thought of this that warms his heart, and sends a pleasant glow through all his being."

Does the reader ask, what of Jim Coyle? Did Mr. Howard try any benevolent experiments with him? Let us see.

Jim Coyle was an Irishman of rather a low order of intellect. He could neither read nor write, and was very little removed from the animal as to appetites and propensities. He had to work hard at the lowest kind of drudgery, because he was unskilled in any art, and could not be trusted where thought and intelligence were required. His tools were the pick-axe and shovel, and a wheelbarrow was the most complicated piece of machinery with which he could be trusted. So Jim Coyle dug

cellars and ditches, bent wearily under hods of brick and mortar, trundled heavy stones in his wheelbarrow, broke stones on the roads in the hot July days, and did other useful work of the same laborious character. Jim Coyle was a useful man in his way. If he had possessed more intelligence and more ambition, he might have been useful in a higher degree, when the mind, sharing the body's toil, would have made lighter the burden that rested on his shoulders. But Jim Coyle, like most people, was not fond of work. He knew he had a hard time of it, and he took care that others should know it as well as himself, for he was the most inveterate complainer in the neighborhood. Jim had a wife and two children, and if he had denied himself his tobacco and grog—though we will not say that Jim drank to intoxication—they would have had many more comforts than they now enjoyed.

Mr. Howard, stimulated by the conversation with his neighbor Strong, resolved to befriend this Irishman. So he stopped Jim on the road a day or two afterward, to have a talk with him. The kind interest he manifested drew out Jim, who talked volubly of his hardships and troubles.

"Dade, an' yer honor," said Jim, straightening himself up, "this whalin' of stone is the most back-akinist work iver done by mortal mon. Whin I git home at night I feel as if ivery bone in me body was out ov jint. Och, sure! but it's a misery to live in this way, yer honor. Bether be dead an' lyin' in the grave—and afther all, not to get more nor enough to kape sowl and body together—to feel the hunger-pain that wont let ye slape at night, yer honor. Ah, sirs! thot's the throuble!"

"How much do you make a-day?" asked Mr. Howard.

"Niver more nor a dollar, yer honor, when I have work."

"And you have a wife and two children?"

"Yes, yer honor—Nell and the two babbies, bless their dear sows!"

"A dollar a day, and not employed all the while?" said Mr. Howard thoughtfully.

"Thot's all, yer honor, ivery cint—and a wife and two childther to see afther."

"It's a hard case, certainly," remarked Mr. Howard.

"Dade, and yes may well say thot!" answered Jim.

"Can't you get into some easier work—something that will give better wages, and be more certain?"

"I don't know, yer honor. There's nobody to care for Jim Coyle, or to spake a word for him when a good sitation is to be had."

"What can you do, Jim?"

"Do, yer honor, is it? Faix, an' a'most ony thing that ony other handy boy can do."

"Very well, Jim, said Mr. Howard encouragingly, "I'll bear you in mind, and if I see anything lighter and better than your present employment, will put in a good word for you."

"Och! hiven bless yer honor!" ejaculated Coyle, lifting his brimless straw hat. "Yer the first Christian mon that's said a rael Christian word till me these two years. Hiven bless yez!"

Mr. Howard now took up Jim Coyle's case in good earnest, and tried to interest people in his favor; but Jim's character and capabilities were pretty well known throughout the neighborhood, and it was generally thought that he was about as well off as he deserved to be. So Mr. Howard failed to awaken any very decided interest in his protégé. He was getting rather discouraged, when one day a miller, who lived five or six miles distant, asked him if he knew of a good, trusty man, who was out of employment. He wanted him to work about the mill and make himself generally useful, in and out of doors. Among his duties would be the receiving and weighing of grain, and the delivery of flour; and as the mill would have to be left sometimes entirely in his charge, the miller was particular in saying that the man must be intelligent and trustworthy.

"What wages will you pay?" asked Mr. Howard.

"If a single man," replied the miller, "twenty-two dollars a month and found. If a married man, thirty dollars a month, with a small house and a garden."

Mr. Howard thought a few moments, and then said, against his better convictions—

"I think I know just the man."

"Who, and where is he?" asked the miller.

"He is an Irishman named Coyle, who has been working about here for some time as a common laborer. It is only a few weeks since I was talking with him about his circumstances, and he expressed himself very desirous of getting into a situation where he would be less exposed to the weather and have a more certain income. He lives about a quarter of a mile from here; suppose you call and see him."

"If I were not in such a hurry to get back home," replied the miller, "I would call

on him. But I think I may venture to take him on your recommendation."

"Then I will send him over," said Mr. Howard. "I think you'll find him just the man you want. A little awkward, at first, no doubt, but he'll come into your ways and make a valuable assistant."

The miller went on his way, and Mr. Howard sought Jim Coyle, not, it must be owned, without some misgivings as to the Irishman's fitness for the place. Jim was in ecstasies at his promised good fortune, and called upon all the saints in the calendar to shower their blessings on the head of his benefactor. On the next day he went over to the mill with a note from Mr. Howard, and secured the place. The miller was very far from being favorably impressed at first sight, but he knew Mr. Howard very well, had confidence in him, and took his word against his own impressions.

One week after Jim Coyle entered upon his new employment, the miller, who had found him not only stupid, but unreliable, where strict accuracy was important, ventured to leave him in charge of the mill while he went to the landing, two miles distant, to see about some grain he designed purchasing. Very particular directions were given to Coyle about observing the hoppers, lest they should become empty. The head of water was even, the mill-stones carefully adjusted, and the only thing required was to see that the hoppers were supplied with grain. To make Coyle thoroughly understand what he had to do, the miller, before leaving, took him to the garners above the grinding floor, and explained to him that he must keep the grain well heaped up over the feeding spouts.

For half an hour after the miller left, Coyle stalked about the mill, up stairs, and down, with quite a feeling of self-consequence at being in sole charge of the establishment. Walking out, at length, upon the forebay, his eyes were attracted by a multitude of fish swimming about in clear water. He had done some little fishing in the mill-dam since his change of residence, and the sight of two or three large sun-fish threw his mind into quite an excitement. His rod and line, which were in the mill, were brought into immediate requisition, and Jim's vocation changed from that of miller to angler. Mill-stones, hopper, garner, grain, and all that appertained to miller-craft, vanished from the thoughts of Coyle. He had made a dozen finny captives, and was just casting his hook again, when a terrific explosion in the mill caused him to

spring full five feet in the air; a crash and jar followed which seemed as if it would shatter the building to its very foundation.

With an exclamation of terror, Jim started off, running at a wild speed; and but for the timely arrival of neighbors, the building would have been consumed by fire.

The hopper above one of the pairs of mill-stones had become empty, and the resistance of the grain being lost, the stone revolved with such an increased speed that fire was struck out in the friction of the upper upon the lower stone, and this had set the wood-work surroundings in a blaze. The explosion was occasioned by the bursting of the upper mill-stone, consequent upon its great velocity. The fragment thrown off weighed over six hundred pounds, and it struck the wall of the building with such violence as to shatter it seriously. The fire was readily extinguished; but the injury occasioned by Jim Coyle's neglect of duty in a position of responsibility, cost the miller over a hundred dollars to repair. It might have cost him thousands.

Thus much for Mr. Howard's benevolent, but ill-advised attempt to improve the condition of an Irishman who was filling the highest position he could occupy with safety to the interest of others, and who complained of a lot that was the best for him, all things considered.

And so ended the work of this poor man's benefactor, who gave up the case as a hopeless one, and retired ingloriously from the field.

But Mr. Strong's success stimulated him to further efforts in behalf of the "rich repiner," whose unhappy condition had awakened his sympathies. There could be no peace of mind for him while he lived in angry estrangement from his child, and his benefactor's next effort had in view a reconciliation.

In pursuance of his general purpose, Mr. Strong threw himself frequently into Mr. Logan's way, and showed an intelligent interest in all his affairs that came into view. After a while, Mr. Logan began to talk with him about himself and his affairs more freely than to any other living man. He was naturally suspicious of those who approached him with any degree of familiarity, but Mr. Strong had managed to disarm him, and he was entirely off of his guard. He believed the conveyancer to be a true, disinterested friend, and he was right. He was always pleased to converse with Mr. Strong, who had a manly, straightforward, common sense way of looking at things, and who could demolish

a false position, or dissolve a sophism, in such fitting words, that truth became self-evident. To himself, Mr. Logan acknowledged the correction of more than one erroneous view of life, in acting upon which he had aforesometimes met sad disappointments.

One day, some three or four months after the completion of the cottages, Mr. Logan and Mr. Strong stood together upon a gently rising piece of ground not far from the academy conducted by his son-in-law, between whom and himself not a word had passed since the day of his daughter's marriage. The piece of ground was owned by Mr. Logan.

"Why don't you build here?" asked Mr. Strong. "I have always thought this one of the most beautiful sites in the neighborhood."

"It is a beautiful site," replied Mr. Logan; "but why should I build here?" He looked at Mr. Strong as he said this, as if he suspected that there was something in his mind.

"It would be such a handsome improvement," was suggested, "and if the house were not too costly it would readily find a purchaser."

A shadow darkened over the rich man's face. Mr. Strong saw his lips close tightly, and noticed that his hands were shut, and that the fingers worked uneasily against the palms.

"No, sir," he answered, with marked feeling—"no, sir; I will not sell this property, sir!" and he turned suddenly upon Mr. Strong, his countenance showing much agitation. "Sir! I bought this piece of ground more than twenty-six years ago—bought it on the day my daughter was one year old—bought it for her!" The muscles of his face quivered almost convulsively. He paused, still looking at his companion steadily—"no, sir"—more emphatically, I will not sell this lot so long as I live!"

This was a revelation not expected by Mr. Strong. He saw deeper into the heart of the rich man than he had ever seen before, and gained a knowledge of what he knew would give him increased power over him—a power that he meant to use only for good.

They walked down from that greenly swelling eminence in silence, and neither spoke again until they had reached a point where their ways divided. Then, as they stood still again, Mr. Strong said—

"You are right, sir—do not sell that property; but"—and he looked earnestly at Mr. Logan—"for all that, build!"

They had clasped hands, as friends do, about parting. Nothing more was said; but

they looked at each other steadily for a few moments, hand closed tightly upon hand—then the grip was relaxed, they turned from one another, and each went his own way.

"Build—build!" murmured the rich man to himself as he walked slowly homeward; "what does he mean?" Some light must have dawned upon his mind, giving birth to a purpose; for one day, about three weeks afterward, as Mr. Strong was passing in the neighborhood of the ground just mentioned, he was surprised to see half a dozen men busily at work. On approaching nearer, he perceived that they were digging for the foundation of a house.

"So you are going to build," said he to Mr. Logan, on meeting him two or three days afterward.

"Yes; your suggestion pleased me on reflection. The spot is beautifully situated, and I mean to improve it handsomely."

As Mr. Logan did not seem disposed to communicate anything further at the time, Mr. Strong was careful not to press him with any questions.

Steadily the new improvement went on, and at the end of four or five months an elegant and commodious house stood forth in all its fair proportions. Then the grounds were laid out in the most tasteful style, choice shade and fruit trees were planted, and vines and shrubbery scattered around in liberal profusion. It seemed as if Mr. Logan did not know where to rest the work of ornament.

One day he was standing alone on the piazza of the house, looking over a grassy lawn that stretched away to a pleasant little summer-house, against which newly planted vines were just beginning to spread out their delicate green leaves, when a little boy about six years old came singing along one of the gravelled walks. The child did not see Mr. Logan until he came within a few feet of him. Then he stood still and looked up into his face. He had dark, lustrous blue eyes, a broad, white forehead, and a soft, loving mouth. At first there was a startled look in the child's countenance, and a shadow like fear in his eyes; but these vanished in a moment; he came a step or two nearer, still looking up at Mr. Logan; then paused again and said, in a musical voice, and in a free, confident way,

"Aint you my grandpa?"

Nothing could have taken Mr. Logan more by surprise than this question. In the hardness of his heart he had refused even to notice his daughter's children, although their grandmother occasionally brought one and another

of them home with her, in the faint hope that their presence might stir in his heart some tender emotions. But Mr. Logan had suspected her motive, and so held himself sternly aloof. He did not, therefore, know this child when its tender little face was first uplifted to his. But the word "grandpa" went like an electric throb to the centre of being. There was no mistaking the child—his daughter's eyes looked up into his. A strange softness came over him, a tenderness that seemed foreign to his nature; his heart swelled in his bosom, his vision was dimmed. For some moments he stood looking at the fair creature before him, with no answer upon his tongue. Then sitting down he reached out both hands, and the child came and laid his soft little hands within them, still looking up, half doubtfully, half lovingly, in the old man's face.

"Aint you my grandpa?" The question was repeated more earnestly than at first.

The fingers of Mr. Logan closed tightly on the little hands that lay within them, and bending down, he left a kiss on the boy's pure forehead.

"I knew you was my grandpa," said the child innocently, and he began stroking Mr. Logan's beard and patting his cheeks in a fond, familiar way. Every touch of that little hand was like a giant's stroke against the ice barrier which pride, selfishness, and avarice had built up between him and his long estranged daughter—and in a few moments it lay upon the earth in ruins.

"Who's going to live here, grandpa?" asked the little one. Now that he had made terms with the stern old man, at whom he had only looked, heretofore, timidly, and at a distance, the questioning spirit of childhood began to run free.

"Somebody," replied Mr. Logan, giving a smile of encouragement.

"Who is somebody?" was asked, with that earnestness we see in children.

"You shall know one of these days," and Mr. Logan moved his hand caressingly over the little one's head, and played musingly with the soft curls of his sunny hair.

"Willie! Willie!" a voice in anxious tones suddenly startled the old man. He looked around, but saw no one.

"Here I am, mamma," answered back the child, without stirring from his place. In the next moment a woman, with a half frightened face, came into view around one of the angles of the house, and stood still within a few feet of Mr. Logan. She clasped her hands and

looked at him with a surprised, eager, hopeful expression on her countenance, as fixed, for a moment, as a marble statue. She had come at the right time. Mr. Logan extended his arms and said—

"Oh, Helen!" with a gush of feeling in his voice that swept aside everything that stood between him and his child. The next instant Helen lay sobbing on his bosom.

It happened that Mr. Strong was passing that way, and that he had turned in from the road a little while before to look at the new building; and it happened that he came in view of the piazza in time to witness that touching scene. It was sacred to them alone, and he retired quickly, without being observed. A week later, and the reconciliation of Mr. Logan with his daughter and her husband was the talk of the neighborhood. Everybody seemed pleased, and it was a common remark that the old man had a softened look, and a kinder manner than had been observed in him for years.

The improvement around the new house went steadily onward; then the work of furnishing began, under the supervision of Mrs. Logan.

"For whom is all this?" asked Mr. Strong, with a pleasant smile, as he looked in one day at the new dwelling, and admired the tasteful elegance with which it was furnished in every part.

Mr. Logan took his hand, and pressed it warmly, saying—

"You have guessed, of course. Do you remember that day you said to me 'build?' My mind was just then groping about in the dark, trying to find the right way. That word gave me the clue, and I have found it. I said that I would never sell this ground, and I will not. I bought it for my child, and it is hers. May God make us both happier than we have been for the last ten years—me especially, for in this long estrangement I have been the most wretched of the two. Mr. Strong! I call you my benefactor; for your suggestions, your leadings, your wise, true, earnest words, fitly spoken, have led me on, step by step, though I knew not whither my feet were tending, until I stand this day where I never thought to stand in this world. I am a happy father, and, compared with what I have been in times past, a happy man. I thank you from my heart! I repeat, you are my benefactor, and in blessing me you have made me the instrument of blessing many others. May your reward be sweet!"

And it was sweet.

AFTER THE STORM.*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAP. XXIV.

A clatter of machinery, a rush of waters, and the boat glanced onward; but still, Hartley Emerson stood motionless and statue-like, his eyes fixed upon the shore, until the swiftly-gliding vessel bore him away, and the object which had held his vision by a kind of fascination, was concealed from view.

"An angel, if there ever was one on this side of heaven!" said a voice close to his ear. Emerson gave a start, and turned quickly. A man plainly dressed stood beside him. He was of middle age, and had a mild, grave, thoughtful countenance.

"Of whom do you speak?" asked Emerson, not able entirely to veil his surprise.

"Of the lady we saw go ashore at the landing just now. She turned and looked at us. You could not help noticing her."

"Who is she?" asked Emerson, and then held his breath awaiting the answer. The question was almost involuntary, yet prompted by a suddenly awakened desire to hear the world's testimony in regard to Irene.

"You don't know her then?" remarked the stranger.

"I asked who she was." Emerson intended to say this firmly, but his voice was unsteady. "Let us sit down," he added, looking around; and then leading the way to where some unoccupied chairs were standing. By the time they were seated he had gained the mastery over himself.

"You don't know her then?" said the man, repeating his words. "She is well known about these parts, I can assure you. Why, that was old Mr. Delancy's daughter. Did you never hear of her?"

"What about her?" was asked.

"Well, in the first place, she was married some ten or twelve years ago, to a lawyer down in New York; and in the second place, they didn't live very happily together—why, I never heard. I don't believe it was her fault, for she's the sweetest, kindest, gentlest lady it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Some people around Ivy Cliff call her the 'Angel,' and the word has meaning in it as applied to her. She left her husband, and he got a divorce, but didn't charge anything wrong

against her. That I suppose, was more than he dared to do, for a snow-flake is not purer."

"You have lived in the neighborhood?" said Emerson, keeping his face a little averted.

"Oh, yes, sir. I have lived about here pretty much all my life."

"Then you knew Miss Delancy before she was married?"

"No, sir; I can't say that I knew much about her before that time. I used to see her now and then, as she rode about the neighborhood. She was a gay, wild girl, sir. But that unhappy marriage made a great change in her. I cannot forget the first time I saw her after she came back to her father's. She seemed to me older, by many years, than when I last saw her, and looked like one just recovered from a long and serious illness. The brightness had passed from her face, the fire from her eyes, the spring from her footsteps. I believe she left her husband of her own accord, but I never knew that she made any complaint against him. Of course, people were very curious to know why she had abandoned him. But her lips must have been sealed, for only a little vague talk went floating around. I never heard a breath of wrong charged against him as coming from her."

Emerson's face was turned still more away from his companion, his eyes bent down, and his brows firmly knit. He did not ask farther, but the man was on a theme that interested him, and so continued.

"For most of the time since her return to Ivy Cliff, the life of Miss Delancy has been given to Christian charities. The death of her father was a heavy stroke. It took the life out of her for a while. Since her recovery from that shock she has been constantly active among us in good deeds. Poor sick women know the touch of her gentle hand, and the music of her voice. She has brought sunlight into many wintry homes, and kindled again, on hearths long desolate, the fires of loving kindness. There must have been some lack of true appreciation on the part of her husband, sir. Bitter fountains do not send forth sweet waters like these. Don't you think so?"

"How should I know?" replied Emerson, a little coldly. The question was sprung upon him so suddenly that his answer was given in confusion of thought.

"We all have our opinions, sir," said the man, "and this seems a plain case. I've heard said that her husband was a hot-headed, self-willed, ill-regulated young fellow, no more fit to get married than to be President. That he

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1880, by J. W. Bradley, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

didn't understand the woman—or, maybe, I should say, child—whom he took for his wife, is very certain, or he never would have treated her in the way he did!"

"How did he treat her?" asked Mr. Emerson.

"As to that," replied his talkative companion, "we don't know anything certain. But we shall not go far wrong in guessing that it was neither wise nor considerate. In fact, he must have outraged her terribly."

"This, I presume, is the common impression about Ivy Cliff?"

"No," said the man, "I've heard him well spoken of. The fact is, people are puzzled about the matter. We can't just understand it. But, I'm all on her side."

"I wonder she has not married again?" said Emerson. "There are plenty of men who would be glad to wed so perfect a being as you represent her to be."

"She marry!" There was indignation and surprise in the man's voice.

"Yes; why not?"

"Sir; she is a Christian woman!"

"I can believe that, after hearing your testimony in regard to her," said Emerson. But he still kept his face so much turned aside that its expression could not be seen.

"And reads her Bible."

"As we all should."

"And what is more, believes in it," said the man emphatically.

"Don't all Christian people believe in the Bible?" asked Mr. Emerson.

"I suppose so, after a fashion; and a very queer fashion it is, sometimes."

"How does this lady, of whom you speak, believe in it differently from some others?"

"In this, that it means what it says on the subject of divorce."

"Oh! I understand. You think that if she were to marry again it would be in the face of conscientious scruples?"

"I do."

Mr. Emerson was about asking another question, when one of the party to which he belonged joined him, and so the strange interview closed. He bowed to the man with whom he had been conversing, and then passed to another part of the boat.

With slow steps, that were unsteady from sudden weakness, Irene moved along the road that led to her home. After reaching the grounds of Ivy Cliff she turned aside into a small summer house, and sat down at one of the windows that looked out upon the river as it

stretched upward in its gleaming way. The boat she had just left was already far distant, but it fixed her eyes, and they saw no other object until it passed from view around a wooded point of land. And still she sat motionless, looking at the spot where it had vanished from her sight.

"Miss Irene!" exclaimed Margaret, the faithful old domestic, who still bore rule at the homestead, breaking in upon her reverie, "what in the world are you doing here! I expected you up to-day, and when the boat stopped at the landing and you didn't come, I was uneasy, and couldn't rest. Why, child, what is the matter? You're sick!"

"O no, Margaret, I'm well enough," said Irene, trying to smile indifferently. And she arose and left the summer-house.

Kind, observant old Margaret was far from being satisfied, however. She saw that Irene was not as when she departed for the city a week before. If she were not sick in body she was troubled in her mind, for her countenance was so changed that she could not look upon it without feeling a pang in her heart.

"I'm sure you're sick, Miss Irene," she said, as they entered the house. "Now, what is the matter? What can I do or get for you? Let me send over for Dr. Edmondson?"

"No—no, my good Margaret, don't think of such a thing," replied Irene. "I'm not sick."

"Something's the matter with you, child," persisted Margaret.

"Nothing that won't cure itself," said Irene, trying to speak cheerfully. "I'll go up to my room for a little while."

And she turned away from her kind-hearted domestic. On entering her chamber Irene locked the door in order to be safe from intrusion, for she knew that Margaret would not let half an hour pass without coming up to ask how she was. Sitting down by the window, she looked out upon the river, along whose smooth surface had passed the vessel in which, a little while before, she met the man once called by the name of husband—met him, and looked into his face for the first time in ten long years! The meeting had disturbed her profoundly. In the cabin of that vessel she had seen him by the side of a fair young girl, in earnest conversation; and she had watched with a strange, fluttering interest, the play of his features. What was he saying to that fair young girl, that she listened with such a breathless, waiting air? Suddenly he turned toward her, their eyes met, and were spell-bound for moments. What did she read in his

eyes in those brief moments? What did he read in hers? Both questions pressed themselves upon her thoughts as she retreated among the crowd of passengers, and then hid herself from the chance of another meeting, until the boat reached the landing at Ivy Cliff. Why did she pause on the shore, and turn to look upon the crowded decks? She knew not. The act was involuntary. Again their eyes met—met and held each other until the receding vessel placed dim distance between them.

In less than half an hour Margaret's hand was on the door; but she could not enter. Irene had not moved from her place at the window in all that time.

"Is that you, Margaret?" she called, starting from her abstraction.

"Do you want anything, Miss Irene?"

"No, thank you, Margaret."

She answered, in as cheerful a tone as she could assume, and the kind old waiting-woman retired.

From that time every one noted a change in Irene. But none knew, or even guessed, its cause or meaning. Not even to her friend, Mrs. Everet, did she speak of her meeting with Hartley Emerson. Her face did not light up as before, and her eyes seemed always as if looking inward, or gazing dreamily upon something afar off. Yet, in good deeds, she failed not. If her own heart was heavier, she made other hearts lighter by her presence.

And still the years went on in their steady revolutions—one, two, three, four, five more years, and in all that time the parted ones did not meet again.

CHAPTER XXV.

"I saw Mr. Emerson yesterday," said Mrs. Everet. She was sitting with Irene in her own house in New York.

"Did you?" Irene spoke evenly and quietly, but did not turn her face toward Mrs. Everet.

"Yes. I saw him at my husband's store. Mr. Everet has engaged him to conduct an important suit, in which many thousands of dollars are at stake."

"How does he look?" inquired Irene, without showing any feeling, but still keeping her face turned from Mrs. Everet.

"Well, I should say, though rather too much frosted for a man of his years."

"Gray, do you mean?" Irene manifested some surprise.

"Yes; his hair and beard are quite sprinkled with time's white snow flakes."

"He is only forty," remarked Irene.

"I should say fifty, judging from his appearance."

"Only forty." And a faint sigh breathed on the lips of Irene. She did not look around at her friend, but sat very still, with her face turned partly away. Mrs. Everet looked at her closely, to read, if possible, what was passing in her mind. But the countenance of Irene was too much hidden. Her attitude, however, indicated intentness of thought—though not disturbing thought.

"Rose," she said at length, looking up at Mrs. Everet with a sober face, "I grow less at peace with myself as the years move onward."

"You speak from some passing state of mind," suggested Mrs. Everet.

"No; from a gradually forming permanent state. Ten years ago I looked back upon the past in a stern, self-sustaining, martyr-spirit. Five years ago, all things wore a different aspect. I began to have misgivings; I could not so clearly make out my case. New thoughts on the subject—and not very welcome ones—began to intrude. I was self-convicted of wrong; yes, Rose, of a great and an irreparable wrong. I shut my eyes; I tried to look in other directions; but the truth, once seen, could not pass from the range of mental vision. I have never told you that I saw Mr. Emerson five years ago. The effect of that meeting was such that I could not speak of it, even to you. We met on one of the river steamboats—met, and looked into each other's eyes for just a moment. It may only be a fancy of mine, but I have thought, sometimes, that, but for this seemingly accidental meeting, he would have married again."

"Why do you think so?" asked Mrs. Everet.

Irene did not answer for some moments. She hardly dared venture to put what she had seen in words. It was something that she felt more like hiding even from her own consciousness, if that were possible. But having ventured so far, she could not well hold back. So she replied, keeping her voice into as dead a level as it was possible to assume.

"He was sitting in earnest conversation with a young lady, and from the expression of her face, which I could see, the subject on which he was speaking was evidently one in which more than her thought was interested. I felt, at the time, that he was on the verge of a new life-experiment; was about venturing upon a sea on which he had once made shipwreck. Suddenly he turned half around, and looked at me before I had time to withdraw my eyes—looked at me with a strange, surprised,

startled look. In another moment a form came between us; when it passed I was lost from his gaze in the crowd of passengers. I have puzzled myself a great many times over that fact of his turning his eyes, as if from some hidden impulse, just to the spot where I was sitting. There are no accidents—as I have often heard you say—in the common acceptation of the term; therefore this was no accident."

"It was a providence," said Rose."

"And to what end?" asked Irene.

Mrs. Everett shook her head.

"I will not even presume to conjecture."

Irene sighed, and then sat lost in thought.

Recovering herself, she said:

"Since that time, I have been growing less and less satisfied with that brief, troubled portion of my life which closed so disastrously. I forgot how much the happiness of another was involved. A blind, wilful girl, struggling in imaginary bonds, I thought only of myself, and madly rent apart the ties which death only should have sundered. For five years, Rose, I have carried in my heart the expression which looked out upon me from the eyes of Mr. Emerson at that brief meeting. Its meaning was not then, nor is it now, clear. I have never set myself to the work of interpretation, and believe the task would be fruitless. But, whenever it is recalled, I am affected with a tender sadness. And so, his head is already frosted, Rose?"

"Yes."

"Though in years he has reached only manhood's ripened state. How I have marred his life! Better, far better would it have been for him if I had been the bride of Death on my wedding day!"

A shadow of pain darkened her face.

"No," replied Mrs. Everett. "It is better for both you and him that you were not the bride of Death. There are deeper things hidden in the events of life than our reason can fathom. We die when it is best for ourselves and best for others that we should die—never before. And the fact that we live is in itself conclusive that we are yet needed in the world by all who can be affected by our mortal existence."

"Gray hairs at forty!" This seemed to haunt the mind of Irene.

"It may be constitutional," suggested Mrs. Everett; "some heads begin to whiten at thirty."

"Possibly."

But the tone expressed no conviction.

"How was his face?" asked Irene.

"Grave and thoughtful. At least so it appeared to me."

"At forty." It was all Irene said.

Mrs. Everett might have suggested that a man of his legal position would naturally be grave and thoughtful; but she did not.

"It struck me," said Mrs. Everett, "as a true, pure, manly face. It was intellectual and refined; delicate, yet firm about the mouth, and expansive in the upper portions. The hair curled softly away from his white temples and forehead."

"Worthy of a better fate!" sighed Irene.

"And it is I who have marred his whole life. How blind is selfish passion! Ah, my friend! the years do not bring peace to my soul. There have been times when to know that he had sought refuge from a lonely life in marriage, would have been a relief to me. Were this the case, the thought of his isolation, of his imperfect life, would not be forever rebuking me. But now, while no less severely rebuked by this thought, I feel glad that he has not ventured upon an act, no clear sanction for which is found in the Divine law. He could not, I feel, have remained so true and pure a man as I trust he is this day. God help him to hold on, faithful to his highest intuitions, even unto the end!"

Mrs. Everett looked at Irene wonderingly as she spoke. She had never before thus unveiled her thoughts.

"He struck me," was her reply, "as a man who had passed through years of discipline, and gained the mastery of himself."

"I trust that it may be so," Irene answered, rather as if speaking to herself than to another.

"As I grow older," she added, after a long pause, now looking with calm eyes upon her friend, "and life-experiences correct my judgment and chasten my feelings, I see all things in a new aspect. I understand my own heart better—its needs, capacities, and yearnings; and self-knowledge is the key by which we unlock the mystery of other souls; so, a deeper self-acquaintance enables me to look deeper into the hearts of all around me. I erred in marrying Mr. Emerson. We were both too hasty, self-willed, and tenacious of rights and opinions to come together in a union so sacred and so intimate. But, after I had become his wife, after I had taken upon myself such holy vows, it was my duty to stand fast. I could not abandon my place and be innocent before God and man. And I am not innocent, Rose!"

The face of Irene was strongly agitated for some moments. But she recovered herself and went on:

"I am speaking of things that have hitherto been secrets of my own heart. I could not bring them out even for you to look at, my dearest, truest, best of friends. Now, it seems as if I could not bear the weight of my heavy thoughts alone; as if, in admitting you beyond the veil, I might find strength to suffer, if not ease from pain. There is no such thing as living our lives over again and correcting their great errors. The past is an irrevocable fact. Ah, if conscience would sleep—if struggles for a better life would make atonement for wrong—then, as our years progress, we might lapse into tranquil states. But gradually clearing vision increases the magnitude of a fault like mine; for its fatal consequences are seen in broader light. There is a thought which has haunted me for a year past like a spectre. It comes to me unbidden, sometimes to disturb the quiet of my lonely evenings, sometimes in the silent night watches, to banish sleep from my pillow; sometimes to place silence on my lips as I sit among cherished friends. I never imagined that I would put this thought in words for any mortal ear. Yet, it is coming to my lips now, and I feel impelled to go on. You believe that there are, as you call them, 'conjugal partners,' or, men and women born for each other, who in a true marriage of souls shall become eternally one. They do not always meet in this life; nay, for the sake of that discipline which leads to purification, may form other and uncongenial ties in the world, and live unhappily—but in heaven they will draw together by a divinely implanted attraction, and be there united forever. I have felt that something like this must be true; that every soul must have its counterpart. The thought which has so haunted me is, that Hartley Emerson and unhappy I were born for each other."

She paused, and looked with a half startled air upon Mrs. Everett, to mark the effect of this revelation. But Rose made no response, and showed no surprise, however she might have been effected by the singular admission of her friend.

"It has been all in vain," continued Irene, "that I have pushed the thought aside—called it absurd, insane, impossible—back it would come, and take its old place. And stranger still, out of facts that I deduced to prove its fallacy, would come corroborative suggestions. I think it is well for my peace of mind that I

have not been in the way of hearing about him, or of seeing him. Since we parted it has been as if a dark curtain had fallen between us; and so far as I am concerned, that curtain has been lifted up but once or twice, and then only for a moment of time. So, all my thoughts of him are joined to the past. Away back in that sweet time when the heart of girlhood first thrills with the passion of love, are some memories that haunt my soul like dreams from Elysium. He was, in my eyes, the impersonation of all that was lovely and excellent; his presence made my sense of happiness complete; his voice touched my ears as the blending of all rich harmonies. But, there fell upon him a shadow; there came hard discords in the music which had entranced my soul; the fine gold was dimmed. Then came that period of mad strife, of blind antagonism, in which we hurt each other by rough contact. Finally, we were driven far asunder, and instead of revolving together around a common centre, each has moved in a separate orbit. For years, that dark period of pain has held the former period of brightness in eclipse. But of late, gleams from that better time have made their way down to the present. Gradually, the shadows are giving way. The first state is coming to be felt more and more as the true state—as that in best agreement with what we are in relation to each other. It was the evil in us that met in such fatal antagonism—not the good. It was something that we must put off if we would rise from natural and selfish life into spiritual and heavenly life. It was our selfishness and passion that drove us asunder. Thus it is, dear Rose, that my thoughts have been wandering about in the maze of life that entangles me. In my isolation I have time enough for mental inversion—for self-exploration—for idle fancies, if you will. And so I have lifted the veil for you; uncovered my inner life; taken you into the sanctuary over whose threshold no foot but my own had ever passed."

There was too much in all this for Mrs. Everett to venture upon any reply that involved suggestion or advice. It was from a desire to look deeper into the heart of her friend, that she had spoken of her meeting with Mr. Emerson. The glance she obtained revealed far more than her imagination had ever reached.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The brief meeting with Mrs. Everett had stirred the memory of old times in the heart of Mr. Emerson. With a vividness unknown for

years, Ivy Cliff, and the sweetness of many life-passages there, came back to him, and set heart-pulses that he had deemed stilled forever, beating in tumultuous waves. When the business of the day was over, he sat down in the silence of his chamber and turned his eyes inward. He pushed aside intervening year after year, until the long-ago past was, to his consciousness, almost as real as the living present. What he saw moved him deeply. He grew restless, then showed disturbance of manner. There was an effort to turn away from the haunting fascination of this long buried, but now exhumed period; but the dust and scoria were removed, and it lifted, like another Pompeii, its desolate walls and silent chambers in the clear noon-rays of the present.

After a long, but fruitless effort to bury the past again; to let the years close over it, as the waves close over a treasure-laden ship; Mr. Emerson gave himself up to its thronging memories, and let them bear him whither they would.

In this state of mind he unlocked one of the drawers in a secretary, and took therefrom a small box, or casket. Placing this on a table, he sat down and looked at it for some minutes, as if in doubt whether it were best for him to go further in this direction. Whether satisfied or not, he presently laid his fingers upon the lid of the casket, and slowly opened it. It contained only a morocco case. He touched this as if it were something precious and sacred. For some moments after it was removed, he sat holding it in his hand, and looking at the dark, blank surface, as a long expected letter is sometimes held before the seal is broken and the contents devoured with impatient eagerness. At last his finger pressed the spring on which it had been resting, and he looked upon a young, sweet face, whose eyes gazed back into his with a living tenderness. In a little while his hand so trembled, and his eyes grew so dim, that the face was veiled from his sight. Closing the miniature, but still retaining it in his hand, he leaned back in his chair and remained motionless, with shut eyes, for a long time. Then he looked at the fair young face again, conning over every feature and expression, and letting the eyes dwell in his eyes until sad memories came in and veiled it again with tears.

"Folly! Weakness!" he said at last, pushing the picture from him, and making a feeble effort to get back his manly self-possession. "The past is gone forever. The page on which its sad history is written, was closed long ago,

and the book is sealed. Why unclasp the volume and search for that dark record again?"

Yet, even as he said this, his hand reached out for the miniature, and his eyes were on it ere the closing words had parted from his lips.

"Poor Irene!" he murmured, as he gazed on her pictured face. "You had a pure, tender, loving heart——" then suddenly shutting the miniature, with a sharp click of the spring, he tossed it from him upon the table, and said—

"This is folly! folly! folly!" and leaning back in his chair he shut his eyes, and sat for a long time with his brows sternly knitted together, and his lips tightly compressed. Rising, at length, he restored the miniature to its casket, and the casket to its place in the drawer. A servant came to the door at this moment, bringing the compliments of a lady friend, who asked him, if not engaged, to favor her with his company on that evening, as she had a visitor, just arrived, to whom she wished to introduce him. He liked the lady, who was the wife of a legal friend, very well; but he was not always so well pleased with her lady friends, of whom she had a large circle. The fact was, she considered him too fine a man to go through life companionless, and did not hesitate to use every art in her power to draw him into an entangling alliance. He saw this, and was often more amused than annoyed by her finesse.

It was on his lips to send word that he was engaged, but a regard for truth would not let him make this excuse; so, after a little hesitation and debate, he answered that he would present himself during the evening. The lady's visitor was a widow of about thirty years of age—rich, educated, accomplished, and personally attractive. She was from Boston, and connected with one of the most distinguished families in Massachusetts, whose line of ancestry ran back among the nobles of England. In conversation this lady showed herself to be rarely gifted, and there was a charm about her manners that was irresistible. Mr. Emerson, who had been steadily, during the past five years, growing less and less attracted by the fine women he met in society, found himself unusually interested in Mrs. Eager.

"I knew you would like her," said his lady friend, as Mr. Emerson was about retiring at eleven o'clock.

"You take your conclusion for granted," he answered, smiling. "Did I say that I liked her?"

"We ladies have eyes," was the laughing rejoinder. "Of course you like her. She's going to spend three or four days with me. You'll drop in to-morrow evening. Now, don't pretend that you have an engagement. Come; I want you to know her better. I think her charming."

Mr. Emerson did not promise positively, but said that he might look in during the evening. For a new acquaintance, Mrs. Eager had attracted him strongly, and his thoughtful friend was not disappointed in her expectation of seeing him at her house on the succeeding night. Mrs. Eager, to whom the lady she was visiting had spoken of Mr. Emerson in terms of almost extravagant eulogy, was exceedingly well pleased with him, and much gratified at meeting him again. A second interview gave both an opportunity for closer observation, and when they parted it was with pleasant thoughts of each other lingering in their minds. During the time that Mrs. Eager remained in New York, which was prolonged for a week beyond the period originally fixed, Mr. Emerson saw her almost every day, and became her voluntary escort in visiting points of local interest. The more he saw of her, the more he was charmed with her character. She seemed, in his eyes, the most attractive woman he had ever met. Still, there was something about her that did not wholly satisfy him, though what it was did not come into perception.

Five years had passed since any serious thought of marriage had troubled the mind of Mr. Emerson. After his meeting with Irene he had felt that another union in this world was not for him; that he had no right to exchange vows of eternal fidelity with any other woman. She had remained unwedded, and would so remain, he felt, to the end of life. The legal contract between them was dissolved; but, since his brief talk with the stranger on the boat, he had not felt so clear as to the higher law obligations which were upon them. And so, he had settled it in his mind to bear life's burdens alone.

But, Mrs. Eager had crossed his way, and filled, in many respects, his ideal of a woman. There was a charm about her that won him against all resistance.

"Don't let this opportunity pass," said his interested lady friend, as the day of Mrs. Eager's departure drew nigh. "She is a woman in a thousand; and will make one of the best of wives. Think, too, of her social position, her wealth, and her large cultivation.

An opportunity like this is never presented more than once in a lifetime."

"You speak," replied Mr. Emerson, "as if I had only to say the word, and this fair prize would drop into my arms."

"She will have to be wooed if she is won. Were this not the case, she would not be worth having," said the lady. "But, my word for it, if you turn wooer the winning will not be hard. If I have not erred in my observation, you are about mutually interested. There, now, my cautious sir! if you do not get handsomely provided for it will be no fault of mine."

In two days from this time Mrs. Eager was to return to Boston.

"You must take her to see those new paintings at the rooms of the Society Library, to-morrow. I heard her express a desire to examine them before returning to Boston. Connoisseurs are in ecstasies over three or four of the pictures; and, as Mrs. Eager is something of an enthusiast in matters of art, your favor in this will give her no light pleasure."

"I shall be most happy to attend her," replied Mr. Emerson. "Give her my compliments, and say that, if agreeable to herself, I will call for her at twelve to-morrow."

"No verbal compliments and messages," replied the lady; "that isn't just the way."

"How then? Must I call upon her and deliver my message? That might not be convenient to me, nor agreeable to her."

"Oh!" ejaculated the lady, with affected impatience, "you men are so stupid at times! You know how to write?"

"Ah! yes, I comprehend you now."

"Very well. Send your compliments and your message in a note; and let it be daintily worded; not in heavy phrases, like a legal document."

"A very princess in feminine diplomacy!" said Mr. Emerson to himself; as he turned from the lady and took his way homeward. "So I must pen a note."

Now, this proved a more difficult matter than he had at first thought. He sat down to the task immediately on returning to his room. On a small sheet of tinted note paper he wrote a few words; but they did not please him; and the page was thrown into the fire. He tried again, but with no better success—again and again, but still, as he looked at the brief sentences, they seemed to express too much or too little. Unable to pen the note to his satisfaction, he pushed, at last, his writing materials aside, saying—

"My head will be clearer and cooler in the morning."

It was drawing on to midnight, and Mr. Emerson had not yet retired. His thoughts were too busy for sleep. Many things were crowding into his mind—questions, doubts, misgivings—scenes from the past, and imaginations of the future. And amid them all came in, now and then, just for a moment, as he had seen it five years before, the pale, still face of Irene.

Wearied in the conflict, tired nature at last gave way, and Mr. Emerson fell asleep in his chair. Two hours of deep slumber tranquilized his spirit. He awoke from this, put off his clothing, and laid his head on his pillow. It was late in the morning when he arose. He had no difficulty, now, in penning a note to Mrs. Eager. It was the work of a moment, and satisfactory in the first effort.

At twelve he called, with a carriage, for the lady, whom he found all ready to accompany him, and in the best possible state of mind. Her smile, as he presented himself, was absolutely fascinating; and her voice seemed like a freshly tuned instrument, every tone was so rich in musical vibration; and all the tones came chorded to his ear.

There were not many visitors at the exhibition rooms—a score, perhaps—but they were art-lovers, gazing in rapt attention, or talking in hushed whispers. They moved about noiselessly, here and there, seeming scarcely conscious that others were present. Gradually, the number increased, until, within an hour after they entered, it was more than doubled. Still, the presence of art subdued all into silence, or subdued utterances.

Emerson was charmed with his companion's appreciative admiration of many pictures. She was familiar with art-terms, and special points of interest, and pointed out beauties and harmonies that to him were dead letters, without an interpreter. They came, at last, to a small, but wonderfully effective picture, which contained a single figure, that of a man sitting by a table, in a room which presented the appearance of a library. He held a letter in his hand—an old letter; the artist had made this plain—but was not reading. He had been reading; but the words proving conjurors, had summoned the dead past before him, and he was now looking far away, with sad, dreamy eyes, into the long ago. A casket stood open. The letter had, evidently, been taken from this repository. There was a miniature; a bracelet of auburn hair; a ring, and a chain of gold

lying on the table. Mr. Emerson turned to the catalogue and read—

"WITH THE BURIED PAST."

And below this title the brief sentiment—

"Love never dies."

A deep, involuntary sigh came through his lips, and stirred the pulseless air around him. Then, like an echo, there came to his ears an answering sigh; and turning, he looked into the face of Irene! She had entered the rooms a little while before, and in passing from picture to picture, had reached this one a few moments after Mr. Emerson. She had not observed him, and was just beginning to feel its meaning, when the sigh that attested its power over him, reached her ears, and awakened an answering sigh. For several moments their eyes were fixed in a gaze which neither had power to withdraw. The face of Irene had grown thinner, paler, and more shadowy, if we may use that term to express something not of the earth, earthy, than it was when he looked upon it five years before. But her eyes were darker in contrast with her colorless face, and had a deeper tone of feeling.

They did not speak, nor pass a sign of recognition. But, the instant their eyes withdrew from each other, Irene turned from the picture and left the rooms.

When Mr. Emerson looked back into the face of his companion, its charm was gone. Beside that of the fading countenance, so still and nun-like, upon which he had gazed a moment before, it looked coarse and worldly. When she spoke, her tones no longer came in chords of music to his ears; but jarred upon his feelings. He grew silent, cold, abstracted. The lady noted the change, and tried to rally him; but her efforts were vain. He moved by her side like an automaton; and listened to her comments on the pictures they paused to examine in such evident absent-mindedness, that she became annoyed, and proposed returning home. Mr. Emerson made no objection, and they left the quiet picture-gallery for the turbulence of Broadway. The ride home was a silent one, and they separated in mutual embarrassment, Mr. Emerson going back to his rooms instead of to his office, and sitting down in loneliness there, with a shuddering sense of thankfulness at his heart for the danger he had just escaped.

"What a blind spell was on me!" he said, as he gazed away down into his soul, far, far deeper than any word, tone, or look from Mrs. Eager had penetrated, and saw needs, states, and yearnings there, which must be filled, or

there could be no completeness of life. And now, the still, pale face of Irene stood out distinctly; and her deep, weird, yearning eyes looked into his with a fixed intentness that stirred his heart to its profoundest depths.

Mr. Emerson was absent from his office all that day. But on the next morning he was at his post, and it would have taken a close observer to have detected any change in his usually quiet face. But, there was a change in the man. A great change. He had gone down deeper into his heart than he had ever gone before, and understood himself better. There was little danger of his ever being tempted again in this direction!

CHAPTER XXVII.

It was more than a week before Mr. Emerson called again upon the lady friend, who had shown so strong a desire to procure him a wife. He expected her to introduce the name of Mrs. Eager, and came prepared to talk in a way that would forever close the subject of marriage between them. The lady expressed surprise at not having seen him for so long a time, and then introduced the subject nearest her thought.

"What was the matter with you and Mrs. Eager?" she asked, her face growing serious.

Mr. Emerson shook his head, and said—"Nothing," with not a shadow of concern in his voice.

"Nothing? Think again. I could hardly have been deceived."

"Why do you ask? Did the lady charge anything ungallant against me?"

Mr. Emerson was unmoved.

"O no—no! She scarcely mentioned your name after her return from viewing the pictures. But she was not in so bright a humor as when she went out, and was dull up to the hour of her departure for Boston. I'm afraid you offended her in some way—unconsciously, on your part, of course."

"No—I think not," said Mr. Emerson. "She would be sensitive in the extreme, if offended by any word or act of mine."

"Well; letting that all pass, Mr. Emerson; what do you think of Mrs. Eager?"

"That she is an attractive and highly accomplished woman."

"And just the one who reaches your ideal of a wife."

"No ma'am," was the unhesitating answer, and made in so emphatic a tone that there was no mistaking his sincerity. There was a

change in his countenance and manner. He looked unusually serious.

The lady tried to rally him; but, he had come in too sober a state of mind for pleasant trifling on this subject, of all others.

"My kind, good friend," he said, "I owe you many thanks for the interest you have taken in me; and for your efforts to get me a companion. But I do not intend to marry."

"So you have said——"

"Pardon me for interrupting you." Mr. Emerson checked the light speech that was on her tongue. "I am going to say to you some things that have never passed my lips before. You will understand me; this I know, or I would not let a sentence come into utterance. And I know more, that you will not make light of what to me is sacred."

The lady was sobered in a moment.

"To make light of what to you is sacred would be impossible," she replied.

"I believe it, and, therefore, I am going to speak of things that are to me the saddest of my life, and yet are coming to involve the holiest sentiments. I have more than one reason for desiring, now, to let another look below the quiet surface; and I will lift the veil for your eyes alone. You know that I was married nearly twenty years ago, and that my wife separated herself from me in less than three years after our union; and you also know that the separation was made permanent by a divorce. This is all that you or any other one knows, so far as I have made communication on the subject; and I have reason to believe that she who was my wife, has been as reserved in the matter as myself.

"The simple facts in the case are these. We were both young and undisciplined; both quick-tempered, self-willed, and very much inclined to have things our own way. She was an only child, and so was I. Each had been spoiled by long self-indulgence. So, when we came together in marriage, the action of our lives, instead of taking a common pulsation, was inharmonious. For a few years, we strove together, blindly, in our bonds, and then broke madly asunder. I think we were about equally in fault; but, if there was a preponderance of blame, it rested on my side, for, as a man, I should have kept a cooler head, and shown greater forbearance. But, the time for blame has long since passed. It is with the stern, irrevocable facts that we are dealing now.

"So bitter had been our experience, and so painful the shock of separation, that I think a

great many years must have passed, before repentance came into either heart—before a feeling of regret that we had not held fast to our marriage vows, was born. How it was with me, you may infer from the fact, that after the lapse of two years, I deliberately asked for and obtained a divorce, on the ground of desertion. But, doubt as to the propriety of this step stirred uneasily in my mind, for the first time, when I held the decree in my hand; and I have never felt wholly satisfied with myself since. There should be something deeper than incompatibility of temper to warrant a divorce. The parties should correct what is wrong in themselves, and thus come into harmony. There is no excuse for pride, passion and self-will. The law of God does not make these justifiable causes of divorce; and neither should the law of man. A purer woman than my wife never lived; and she had elements of character that promised a rare development. I was proud of her. Ah, if I had been wiser and more patient! If I had endeavored to lead, instead of assuming the manly prerogative! But, I was young, and blind and willful!

"Fifteen years have passed since the day we parted; and each has remained single. If we had not separated, we might now be living in a true, heart-union; for I believe—strange as it may sound to you—that we were made for each other. That when the false and evil of our lives are put off, the elements of conjunction will appear. We have made for ourselves of this world a dreary waste; when, if we had overcome the evil of our hearts, our paths would have been through green and fragrant places. It may be happier for us in the next; and it will be. I am a better man, I think, for the discipline through which I have passed; and she is a better woman."

Mr. Emerson paused.

"She? Have you seen her?" the lady asked.

"Twice since we parted, and then only for a moment. Suddenly, each time, we met, and looked into each other's eyes for a single instant. Then, as if a curtain had dropped suddenly between us, we were separated. But the impression of her face remained as vivid and permanent as a sun-picture. She lives, for most of her time, secluded at Ivy Cliff, her home on the Hudson; and her life is passed there, I hear, in doing good. And, if good deeds, from right ends, write their history on the human face, then her countenance bears the record of tenderest charities. It was pale

when I last saw it—pale, but spiritual—I can use no other word—and I felt a sudden pain at the thought that she was growing into a life so pure and heavenly, that I must stand afar off as unworthy. It had sometimes come into my thought, that we were approaching each other, as both put off, more and more, the evil which had driven us apart, and held us so long asunder. But, this illusion our last brief meeting dispelled. She has passed me on the road of self-discipline and self-abnegation, and is journeying far ahead! And now, I can but follow through life at a distance.

"So much, and no more, my friend. I drop the veil over my heart. You will understand me better hereafter. I shall not marry. That legal divorce is invalid. I could not perjure my soul by vows of fidelity toward another. Patiently and earnestly will I do my allotted work here. My better hopes lie all in the heavenly future.

"And now, my friend, we will understand each other better. You have looked deeper into my thoughts and experiences than any other human being. Let the revelation be sacred to yourself. The knowledge you possess may enable you to do me justice sometimes, and sometimes to save me from an intrusion of themes that cannot but touch me unpleasantly. There was a charm about Mrs. Eager that, striking me suddenly, for a little while bewildered my fancy. She is a woman of rare endowments; and I do not regret the introduction, and passing influence she exercised over me. It was a dream from which the awakening was certain. Suddenly the illusion vanished, as I saw her beside my lost Irene. The one was of the earth, earthy; the other of heaven, heavenly—and as I looked back into her brilliant face, radiant with thought and feeling, I felt a low, creeping shudder, as if just freed from the spell of a syren. I cannot be enthralled again, even for a moment."

Back again into his world's work Mr. Emerson returned, after this brief, exciting episode, and found in its performance from high and honorable motives, that calmly sustaining power which comes only as the reward of duties faithfully done.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After the storm! How long the treasure remained buried in deep waters! How long the earth showed unsightly furrows and barren places! For nearly twenty years there had been warm sunshine, and no failure of the dews, nor the early and latter rain. But grass

had not grown, nor flowers blossomed in the path of that desolating tempest. Nearly twenty years! If the history of these two lives, during that long period, could be faithfully written, it would flood the soul with tears.

Four years later than the time when we last presented Irene to the reader, we introduce her again. That meeting in the picture gallery had disturbed, profoundly, the quiet pulses of her life. She did not observe Mr. Emerson's companion. The picture alone had attracted her attention; and she had just begun to feel its meaning, when an audible sigh reached her ears. The answering sigh was involuntary. Then they looked into each other's faces again—only for an instant—but with what a volume of mutual revelations!

It was four years subsequent to this time that Irene, after a brief visit in New York to her friend, Mrs. Everett, returned to her rural home. Mrs. Everett was to follow on the next day, and spend a few weeks with her father. It was yet in the early summer, and there were not many passengers on the boat. As was usual, Irene provided herself with a volume, and soon after going on board, took a retired place in one of the cabins, and buried herself in its pages. For over three hours she remained completely absorbed in what she was reading. Then her mind began to wander, and dwell on themes that made the even pulses of her heart beat to a quicker measure; yet still her eyes remained fixed on the book she held in her hand. At length, she became aware that some one was near her, by the falling of a shadow on the page she was trying to read. Lifting her head, she met the eyes of Hartley Emerson. He was standing close to her, his hand resting on the back of a chair, which he now drew nearly in front of her.

"Irene," he said, in a low, quiet voice, "I am glad to meet you again in this world." And he reached out his hand as he spoke.

For a moment Irene sat very still, but she did not take her eyes from Mr. Emerson's face. Then she extended her hand, and let it lie in his. He did not fail to notice that it had a low tremor.

Thus received, he sat down.

"Nearly twenty years have passed, Irene, since a word or sign has passed between us."

Her lips moved, but there was no utterance.

"Why should we not, at least, be friends?"

Her lips moved again. But no words trembled on the air.

"Friends, that may meet now and then, and feel kindly one toward the other."

His voice was still even in tone—very even, but very distinct and impressive.

At first, Irene's face had grown pale; but now, a warm flush was pervading it.

"If you desire it, Hartley," she answered, in a voice that trembled in the beginning, but grew firm ere the sentence closed. "It is not for me to say 'No.' As for kind feelings, they are yours always—always. The bitterness passed from my heart long ago."

"And from mine," said Mr. Emerson.

They were silent for a few moments; and each showed embarrassment.

"Nearly twenty years! That is a long, long time, Irene." His voice showed signs of weakness.

"Yes, it is a long time." It was a mere echo of his words, yet full of meaning.

"Twenty years!" he repeated. "There has been full time for reflection; and, it may be, for repentance. Time for growing wiser and better."

Irene's eyelids drooped, until the long lashes lay in a dark fringed line on her pale cheeks. When she lifted them they were wet.

"Yes, Hartley," she answered, with much feeling; there has been, indeed, time for reflection and repentance. It is no light thing to shadow the whole life of a human being!"

"As I have shadowed yours."

"No, no," she answered quickly, "I did not mean that; as I have shadowed yours!"

She could not veil the tender interest that was in her eyes; would not, perhaps, if it had been in her power.

At this moment a bell rang out clear and loud. Irene started, and glanced from the window. Then rising quickly, she said—

"We are at the landing!"

There was a hurried passage from cabin to deck; a troubled confusion of thought; a brief period of waiting, and then Irene stood on the shore, and Hartley Emerson on the receding vessel. In a few hours, miles of space lay between them!

"Irene, darling!" said Mrs. Everett, as they met at Ivy Cliff on the next day—"how charming you look! This pure, sweet, bracing air has beautified you like a cosmetic. Your cheeks are warm; and your eyes are full of light. It gives me gladness of heart to see in your face something of the old look that faded from it years ago."

Irene drew her arm around her friend, and kissed her lovingly.

"Come and sit down, here in the library. I have something to tell you," she answered; "something that will make your heart beat quicker, as it has mine."

"I have met him," she said, as they sat down and looked again into each other's faces.

"Him! Who?"

"Hartley."

"Your husband?"

"He who was my husband. Met him face to face; touched his hand; listened to his voice; almost felt his heart beat against mine. Oh, Rose, darling! it has sent the blood bounding in new life through my veins. He was on the boat yesterday, and came to me as I sat reading. We talked together for a few minutes, when our landing was reached, and we parted. But, in those few minutes, my poor heart had more happiness than it has known for twenty years. We are at peace. He asked why we might not be as friends who could meet now and then, and feel kindly toward each other? God bless him for the words! After a long, long night of tears, the sweet morning has broken!"

And Irene laid her head down against Rose, hiding her face, and weeping from excess of joy.

"What a pure, true, manly face he has!" she continued, looking up with swimming eyes. "How full it is of thought and feeling! You called him my husband, just now, Rose. My husband!" The light went back from her face. "Not for time; but—" and she glanced upward, with eyes full of hope—"for the everlasting ages! Oh, is it not a great gain to have met here in forgiveness of the past; to have looked kindly into each other's faces; to have spoken words that cannot die?"

What could Rose say to all this? Irene had carried her out of her depth. The even tenor of her life-experiences gave no deep sea-line that could sound these waters. And so, she sat silent, bewildered, and half-afraid.

Margaret came to the library, and opening the door, looked in. There was a surprised expression on her face.

"What is it?" Irene asked.

"A gentleman has called, Miss Irene."

"A gentleman?"

"Yes, Miss; and wants to see you."

"Did he send his name?"

"No, Miss."

"Do you know him, Margaret?"

"I can't say, Miss, for certain; but—" she stopped.

"But what, Margaret?"

"It may be just my thought, Miss; but he looks for all the world as if he might be——" She paused again.

"Well?"

"I can't say it, Miss Irene, no how, and I won't. But the gentleman asked for you. What shall I tell him?"

"That I will see him in a moment," answered Irene.

Margaret retired.

The face of Irene, which flushed at first, now became pale as ashes. A wild hope trembled in her heart.

"Excuse me for a few minutes," she said to Mrs. Everet, and rising, left the room.

It was as Irene had supposed. On entering the parlor, a gentleman advanced to meet her, and she stood face to face with Hartley Emerson!

"Irene," he said, extending his hand.

"Hartley," fell in an irrepressible throb from her lips, as she put her hand in his.

"I could not return to New York without seeing you again," said Mr. Emerson, as he stood holding the hand of Irene. "We met so briefly, and were thrown apart again so suddenly, that some things I meant to say were left unspoken."

He led her to a seat, and sat down beside her, still looking intently in her face. Irene was far from being as calm as when they sat together on the day before. A world of new hopes had sprung up in her heart since then. She had lain half asleep and half awake, nearly all night, in a kind of delicious dream; from which the morning awoke her with a cold chill of reality. She had dreamed again, since the sun had risen; and now the dream was changing into the actual.

"Have I done wrong in this, Irene?" he asked.

And she answered,

"No—it is a pleasure to meet you, Hartley." She had passed through years of self-discipline, and the power acquired during this time came to her aid. And so she was able to answer with womanly dignity. It was a pleasure to meet him there, and she said so.

"There are some things in the past, Irene," said Mr. Emerson, "of which I must speak, now that I can do so. There are confessions that I wish to make. Will you hear me?"

"Better," answered Irene, "let the dead past bury its dead."

"I do not seek to justify myself, but you, Irene."

"You cannot alter the estimate I have made

of my own conduct," she replied. "A bitter stream does not flow from a sweet fountain. That dead, dark, hopeless past! Let it sleep if it will!"

"And what, then, of the future?" asked Mr. Emerson.

"Of the future!" The question startled her. She looked at him with a glance of eager inquiry.

"Yes; of the future, Irene. Shall it be as the past? or, have we both come up, purified, from the fire? Has it consumed the dross, and left only the fine gold? I can believe it in your case, and hope that it is so in mine. But this I do know, Irene: After suffering and trial have done their work of abrasion, and I get down to the pure metal of my heart, I find that your image is fixed there in the imperishable substance. I did not hope to meet you again, in this world as now—to look into your face, to hold your hand, to listen to your voice as I have done this day—but, I have felt that God was fitting us, through earthly trial, for a heavenly union. We shall be one hereafter, dear Irene—one and forever!"

The strong man broke down. His voice fell into low sobs—tears blinded his vision. He groped about for the hand of Irene, found it, and held it wildly to his lips.

Was it for a loving woman to hold back coldly now? No—no—no! That were impossible.

"My husband!" she said, tenderly and reverently, as she placed her saintly lips on his forehead.

There was a touching ceremonial at Ivy Cliff on the next day—one never-to-be-forgotten by the few who were witnesses. A white haired minister—the same who, more than twenty years before, had said to Hartley Emerson and Irene Delancy, "May your lives flow together like two pure streams that meet in the same valley,"—again joined their hands, and called them "husband and wife." The long, dreary, tempestuous night had passed away, and the morning arisen in brightness and beauty.

[THE END.]

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble come upon you: keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.

EFFIE THE WATCHER.

BY WAIF WOODLAND.

"At dark he will be here," she said,
"And now the day grows dim,
And sighing through the pines, I hear
The night-wind's wailing hymn;
And marvel that so sad a strain
Should be his welcome home again.

"Ah me! how long the day has been;
How strange its light has seemed:
And I have longed, and longed for night,
Have fallen asleep and dreamed:
Dreamed that I heard the well-known fall
Of his dear foot along the hall;

"And felt his hand, so soothingly,
Upon my temples laid;
That every wildly throbbing pulse
At once was sweetly staid;
And my poor heart, in joyful lays,
Took up again its song of praise.

"And once, just once, I heard him speak,
O, I remember well!
'Twas but a word, one tender word,
That from his loved lips fell—
My name, so soft, so touchingly,
That I forgot my misery.

"And those blest valves, in mercy formed
To cool the scorching brain,
Relaxed their tension, till the tears
Deluged my face like rain.
Oh, God! to think that golden gleam
Of light, was scattered with a dream.

"But now, the day is waning fast,
The shadows come and go,
And in my breast it seems as life
Kept heaving to and fro.
The day has been so long," she sighed,
"That hope, and health, have almost died."

Poor Effie! 'twas not strange, she thought
The time so long and sad;
For months had nursed the grass upon
His grave, since she was mad.
It fell, her heart's first crushing woe,
And reason reeled beneath the blow.

Yet, day by day, as life burned dim
Within her yearning breast,
She wrapped her wasting form in robes
That used to please him best;
And closer drew beside the pane
To keep her weary watch in vain.

And ever, as upon her lips
The murmurs fainter grew,
Through the rich masses of her hair,
Her fingers slowly drew;
And weeping back and forth she sighed—
"He bade me watch till eventide."

But when the solemn night came down,
With footsteps soft and still,
And hung her sable curtain round
The distant, hazy hill;
A silence, like some holy spell,
Upon the watcher's white lips fell:

And sweetly, through each throbbing vein,
There stole a hallowed peace,
For, touched with pity, God had sent
His *Angel of Release*.
But they who saw her sitting there,
Within her crimson cushioned chair,

So gentle was the passing change
That o'er her features grew,
Deemed—till from off her stony breast
The graceful robes they drew,
And put aside the curls which swept
Her dewy brow—that she but slept.

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. V.

"I should be glad to read, but I can never get time." Now girls, Aunt Hattie had been sitting an hour, with her knitting work in her hand, not pretending, but really knitting, with Adam Bede open on the desk before her, when Miss Coralie uttered that sentence! It sounded almost like a rebuke, for why was I privileged to have time to read, when others were cruelly deprived of it, and so I closed the offending book, and thus eyes and thoughts were left free for observation. The young lady was very busy just then, arranging her hair before the mirror. It was cut short, according to the prevailing mode, and she was trying to wave and puff it, which, as nature had made it very smooth and straight, proved a time-absorbing task. She parted it in the centre, and then on one side, brushed it up over puff combs, then down on her cheeks, and at last left it—pretty as it could be—in the usual style, which would have taken her just ten minutes; but which did take her forty. Her morning collar then did not exactly suit her, and, contrary to her mother's pleading, to wear it until the girl starched and ironed the favorite one, which would be that very afternoon, Miss Coralie started for the kitchen, and after an absence of an hour, returned with two collars indifferently done up, heated cheeks, and a burn on her finger, which called forth many a pause and lingering lamentation, and seriously impeded the labor of the day. But at last her work-box was in her hand, her sewing un-

rolled, and a few moments spent over it, when a carriage drove up to the house opposite. At such an important event, cousin Flora had to be called down stairs, and through the half closed blinds, the horses and carriage, faces and garments of the visitors were scanned and commented upon, until the carriage house closed door hid the one, and the parlor shades the other, and nothing remained but wonderings who they could be, to gossip over.

In the intervening time between the bells for dinner, I summed up the work she had accomplished, and found it this; dusted the dining-room, arranged one vase of flowers, combed her hair, starched and ironed two collars, and sewed what one could easily sew in a quarter of an hour, and yet the poor girl had, or thought she had no time to read. Since then I have heard the same remark from a number of other different persons, but I never shut up Adam Bede or any other book; I only mentally say, "if you loved to read as well as Aunt Hattie, you could find time, and read on without any pity or compunctions of conscience, because I have a feast, and tantalize them by enjoying it in their presence.

If some poor mother, with a sickly, crying babe in her arms, and three or four children looking to her for preparations of food and raiment, or a father with the night hours added to his abroad ten hours of labor, makes the same remark, I believe, sympathize, and am ready to weep with them; but you girls, with your skirts heavily embroidered, and your collars so traced with leaves and flowers that the foundation is not even visible—all the handiwork of your own hands—do not complain to me that you have no time to read; only economise your moments, and dispense with superfluous labor, and three hundred pages weekly will be mere pastime; and think of the stores of knowledge thus gained—if you select well—in a year. Rosy, pouting lips, uplifted eyebrows, indignant with me, every one, over that sentence—"superfluous labor." Listen to me: You are questioning—can Aunt Hattie be so unreasonable as to ask us to dress plain as our grandmothers, comb our hair back smooth behind our ears, wear collars with a straight edge, and skirts simply hemmed? No—no; she would merely say there is a medium, and leave it to your good sense to decide where you shall stop considering this last, that not having time to read implies not only the present loss of one of earth's sweetest pleasures, but the starvation of the soul in that coming winter of age, if you live to be old,

where no seed can spring up and grow amid the bleak winds and ice. Oh, what a dreary desolation is that mind which has no stores garnered to feed upon through the long months and years. Society, even of sight, is gone, for loved companions are in the grave, dress is mockery, for the form is palsied and the eye is dim; gossiping has no charms, for its interest has fled; and what is there left but the mind, which, if filled in youth with imperishable food, will ever send out sustenance that will yield happiness, youthfulness, vigor, and companionship, though all outward sources of enjoyment become like the dead, which only come back to us in memory, and the visions of the night.

Berea, Ohio.

PRESS ON!

BY ALICE G. COLAHAN.

"Press on! for it shall make you mighty among men,

And from the eyrie of your eagle thought
Ye shall look down on monarchs. Oh, press on!
For the high ones, and powerful, shall come
To do you reverence; and the beautiful
Will know the purer language of your soul,
And read it, like a talisman of love."

Press on! surmount the rocky steep that are before the Temple of Knowledge. Climb boldly over the torrent of difficulties which impedes your progress. Set your mark on high, whether it be on the broad shield, on which fame loves to inscribe the names of her worshippers, or in the Book where angels write the good deeds of men.

It was a happy thought, that of the old master, in representing the Temple of Science as being situated upon a "rocky steep," to be ascended only with great difficulty, and he who lingers despondent by the way, and does not press "onward and upward," with his might, will not receive the meed of praise awarded to those who perseveringly ascended the rugged rocks, and were received with joy at the portals of this glorious place. Nobly press on! the way will not be strewn by flowers, or brightened by Pleasure's smiles; though the syren may seek to allure you from the path of Duty, heed her not, her smiles are flattering and empty.

Press on! past the mere pleasure, the sensual gratification of the moment. There are pleasures in which the soul takes the most calm delight; the true and refined pleasures which ever follow in the steps of Knowledge. For

without a perception of the true and beautiful, there can be no true refinement. "Press on!" 'tis godlike to unloose the spirit and forget yourself in thought. Weave garlands of sunny thoughts, and hang within the chambers of your soul, to brighten darker hours. Let not your labors cease, for there can be "no true excellence without labor." Cherish all those lovely principles which keep the "soul flower" growing. Peace, with her unwavering light, shall shine upon your path, and should dark clouds of sorrow gather threateningly above your home, the star of Hope will glimmer in the distance, and her "angel lay" reverberate in your ears. Care has conquered many hearts, and has placed his iron crown upon many brows, already furrowed by his hard hand; "moans of sorrow creep veinlike through the sunshine, and underlie the laughter, however gay and loud."

What is fame? "To die and leave some worthy work to earth?" Fame places her bays on many aching brows, and applause grates harshly on the ear of him who, in search of happiness, bowed at her shrine, fancying she had the precious jewel in her possession. "Most loved are they of whom Fame speaks not with her clarion voice." If Happiness has not her seat within the breast, she cannot be ours. We need not go in search of her, as the Persian brothers did of yore, for we cannot find her. Our youth is bright, the mind is active, free, and easily moulded—the future is the home of our thoughts. It seems as if time passed but slowly, so impatient are we to act for ourselves in the great Drama of Human Life. Clouds may rise and pass over the sky of youth, but they only serve to mature, or bring to a certain degree of perfection, the unripe faculties of the mind, and as the clouds and showers of Summer refresh the flowers, and help to ripen the fruits and grain for the coming Autumn, so clouds upon the skies of youth will serve to bring the thoughts and ideas, which hitherto have known no seriousness, to a sober judgment which will become the man or woman.

East Rockport, Ohio.

If men could find the fabled fountain that is said to restore youth, and health, and beauty, with what eagerness they would rush to drink its waters. Yet with scarcely less eagerness do they now rush to drink of waters that bring upon them premature old age, and disease, and loathsome ugliness.

"TEMPTED, BUT NOT OVERCOME OF EVIL."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Come now, Ralph."

And the lady sprang up with a blush and a frown, and a little flutter of a smile, while the slipper which she was embroidering dropped to the floor.

"Well, hang it! you've no business to look so pretty that a fellow can't help kissing you."

And he stood there, with his handsome, saucy face, his bright, amused eyes, his jaunty air, and the half mischievous, half penitent look which he had taken on for the occasion.

She tried to look serious and dignified, as became a wife of three years' standing. "Cousin Ralph, you forget that we are no longer children, and that it isn't quite proper that you should be so—so rude."

"It's a fact, May," gently seating her, and picking up the slipper; "but looking at you sitting there as I came past the window, with your face bent down over your work, and your curls fluttering about it, I quite forgot that you were anything but May Darling, and I Ralph Upham, your boy lover, who used to tease you from morning until night, and end by loving you better than ever.

"You have the sweet face that used to laugh out on me from betwixt the lilac bushes, at the old south window at Uncle Jacob's; and I only thought of this when I kissed it."

His words had touched some secret chord of memory and feeling—you would have seen that, by the tremulous shadows which went over the sweet face—by the small, faint sigh that fluttered out of the lips, red as a stem of ripe currants.

He had seated himself by her side, and had caught the tassels of her dressing-gown, and was swinging them back and forth while he talked.

"Those were pleasant times, Ralph; but perhaps it's as well, now, not to talk of the past."

"Why not, pray? There is nothing, surely, in that fair picture lying away back in the memories of both our hearts, that we should not recall it together."

"Oh, Ralph, you haven't lost your old trick of talking everybody into just your way of thinking," and this time the lady looked up and smiled in her companion's face; but there was a little shadow of doubt and pain in the smile.

"And you haven't lost your old face, May

Darling, with its childlike, wistful look—the dear, sweet face that was the angel of my boyhood and youth."

He was stroking the glossy, golden hair now, with that sort of restless grace with which Ralph Upham always did everything.

A deep flush mounted to the lady's brow. "Oh, Ralph, you *must* not talk to me in that way!" and she moved uneasily.

"I beg your pardon, May, but how in the world can I help forgetting, every other minute, that you are the wife of another man! By the by, I want to hear something of this husband of yours. I shall always owe him a grudge for cutting me out; but then he must be an incarnation of all excellencies to have found his way into that best room of your little heart."

"He is a good, true, noble man; and he would sacrifice his very life to make me happy."

She spoke the words out strong and bravely, as though they expressed a settled conviction of her heart.

"I am glad to hear it, May. Whatever scapegrace I may have been in times gone by, my heart has always cherished the warmest desires for your happiness."

He saw these words had their effect, and continued, after a little pause, "Well, tell me something further about this husband of yours. Is he handsome?"

"No; but fine looking."

"The world calls him a most promising young lawyer. Really, May, you can have nothing more to wish for!" watching her face with his bright, keen eyes.

"No—oh, no; nothing!"

She spoke quick and emphatically, but not exactly with enthusiasm.

"Well, I'm satisfied now, May, respecting your life—fully, entirely; and I need not tell you how my heart rejoices in this."

"You are very kind, Ralph," and now she looked up and smiled openly and warmly in his face.

"I was at Winsted last week. The old place looks just as it used to."

This was opening into a great storehouse of old memories and associations. Mrs. Denison's thoughts instantly leaped forth to grasp them, for she was an impulsive little creature; and she sat by the sitting-room window with her cousin that summer morning, and talked of her childhood, and walked amid the scenes which they two had lived together. Her cousin led her adroitly up and down the green, fragrant passages of her youth—he spoke of frolics in

the fields, and berryings in the woods, and sails on the pond.

He flashed up before her the old winter evenings at the brown parsonage, with their crackling birch fires, their piles of nuts and apples. The years of the past were his loom, and like a skillful weaver he shot out of it just what devices and patterns he liked; every word that he uttered brought some new vision before his hearer—opened some window to the eastward of her life. Nothing was too small or trivial for his notice, from the robin's nest in the great pear tree, to the swing in the garret, and the ears of small corn which they brought down from the bushel basket under the rafters in the garret, every winter.

And Mrs. Denison drank in every word, and her face kindled, and quick laughs rang out of her lips, almost as sweet as the birds' songs did out of the lilac trees outside, and were caught and lost in the current of another laugh, stronger and deeper.

Oh, she was a pretty, pretty creature, sitting there with her blue eyes so full of light, her fair, round cheeks kindled into quick flushes, and her glossy, golden curls flickering like lights about her face.

May Darling had been the only daughter of a clergyman, who had been for more than thirty years installed over the South Church in the quiet old country town of Winsted.

The daisies grew over her mother's grave before she could remember her; and about the large grave clustered a company of small ones telling the number of her brothers and sisters who were angels in heaven. May was the light of her father's eyes. She was a generous, impulsive, fascinating little creature, and her life was much like the robins', which made their nests every May in the branches of the pear tree that grew close to the kitchen door.

She had just touched her eighth year when Ralph Upham came to the parsonage. He was three years her senior, one of those off-hand, sparkling, fun-loving boys that are sure to be favorites with everybody.

He was the son of the minister's oldest sister's first husband, and he was left quite alone in the world when his parents and his step-mother were called away from it.

So the kind-hearted clergyman received him into his own family, and he became as a son to him, and as a brother to his child.

But Ralph caused his foster-father many hours of anxiety and pain, for, despite all his bright, merry ways, the minister could not fail to discern the lack of truth and fixed principle

which the boy so frequently indicated, and without which there is no foundation to build up a character either permanently good or beautiful; and as the boy and girl grew up to man and womanhood, the old pastor watched with vague regret their growing attachment to each other.

He resolved to send Ralph to college, but he passed all his vacations at the parsonage, and, on his entering on his junior year, May was betrothed to her cousin with her father's consent.

She had blossomed, in that quaint old parsonage, into a rarely beautiful girl-woman, and she gave to Ralph Upham all the sweet flowing fountains of her woman's faith and tenderness.

But a terrible blow was appointed her, for though Ralph Upham graduated at college with the highest honors of his class, his conduct during the first year of his professional studies, made the clergyman withdraw his consent to his daughter's engagement.

May yielded to her father's will; but her obedience cost her a long and severe illness, from which she had scarcely recovered before her father was gathered to his wife and his children. Afterward May went to reside with an aunt of her mother's in the city, and it was not strange that her loveliness won her many admirers.

Her aunt was, however, a judicious and Christian woman, and softened and nourished by the rains which had fallen into her life, the character of May Darling blossomed into new strength and beauty, and the man who at last won her affections was one to whom her father and mother in heaven would have rejoiced to commit the earthly welfare of their child.

May Darling had been for three years the happy and dearly beloved wife of George Denison, when one afternoon, on coming out of a dry-goods store, she suddenly stood face to face with Ralph Upham.

The meeting was demonstrative on his side, and embarrassed on hers, for May had not looked on that graceful figure, and those rings of bright brown hair, since she watched them go out of the old parsonage one May morning seven years ago, when she was the betrothed wife of Ralph Upham.

No wonder she was fluttered and embarrassed when she looked into that handsome face, that the old memories arose and knocked at her heart.

Mrs. Denison had known little of Ralph Upham's career subsequent to their parting,

save that he was practicing law at the West. He congratulated her on her marriage, and to her inquiry whether she should respond with like sentiments, he answered, half gayly, "Oh no, May, I am an ordained old bachelor, you know."

But the glance which accompanied the words could not be misinterpreted, and Mrs. Denison knew that Ralph Upham meant her to understand it was for her sake that his heart could never hold another love.

He accepted her invitation to call, and the next day—but you know this, reader.

Ralph Upham was a skillful reader of human nature, and he was a *bad* man. Perhaps not exactly so, as the world goes, but he was bad in comparison with a truly good and noble ideal. Vanity and selfishness were the great underlying motives of his life. He was impulsive and susceptible, capable of rising into temporary appreciation of all that was good and true in man or woman, but incapable of a noble, persistent life. The stream was corrupt at the fountain, and his was the more dangerous because of his fascinating social qualities. No man was a greater favorite with women, and no man ever studied their hearts and characters, their hidden lives of emotion and feeling, with more analytical shrewdness than he did.

He had conversational powers of no ordinary kind, and as he was sympathetic and reflective, he had a remarkable degree of social pliancy and adaptation; he could be brilliant, tender, gentle—whatever the time and circumstances demanded—and nothing stimulated his vanity so much as the knowledge of his success in awakening an interest in the hearts of women, and wicked and contemptible as was this object, it had become a habit and a passion with Ralph Upham.

There is no question but something of his better nature had awakened in his interview with Mrs. Denison—for all that was freshest and best in his heart had loved the beautiful girl with whom he had passed his boyhood and youth. But he was resolved to ascertain whether his old power over her was entirely gone, and he was bad and base enough to sit beneath the roof of another man's dwelling, and leave no effort untried to awaken in the soul of his wife those feelings and associations which it could only be wrong to him for her to cherish for one moment.

"Is it possible! one o'clock! I have been here three whole hours!"

Ralph Upham glanced at the French clock

on the mantel, whose silvery voice had just swung through the air.

"Where have these three hours gone to?" exclaimed Mrs. Denison. "I'd no idea it was eleven."

"Neither had I. You will pardon me, May, for engrossing so much of your time. They have been pleasant and precious hours to me;" and now he took her hand with the freedom of a brother, and something of the tenderness of a lover, and clasped the soft, white fingers in his own. "But there is no use, I must come back to the hard, barren present, from the dear old lanes where I have walked to-day with you, May, where we walked together in our youth;" and then he repeated, as though half to himself, those exquisite verses in Longfellow's "GLEAM OF SUNSHINE:"

"Here runs the highway to the town,
There the green lane descends,
Through which I walked to church with thee,
Oh, gentlest of my friends!

"The shadow of the linden trees
Lay moving on the grass,
Between them and the moving boughs,
A shadow thou didst pass.

"Thy dress was like the lilies,
And thy heart was pure as they;
One of God's holy messengers
Did walk with me that day."

Then there fell a little silence. Mrs. Denison's golden lashes were dropped low over her blue eyes, and her companion fancied they were blurred with something which did not let her see clearly the half finished embroidery in her lap.

"We dine at two. You will stay, Ralph? I want to present you to George."

"Thank you. Nothing would afford me greater pleasure; but I have an imperative appointment at that time. I shall, however, be disengaged at four, and with your permission will call at four, and take you to ride in the suburbs."

She looked up, a little doubtful and disturbed.

"Oh, come now, May, you won't hesitate to grant so slight a privilege to one who was for so many years your brother? Say you will go; for the sake of the old rides we used to have."

"I think I will go, Ralph."

He bent down and kissed her cheek; this time she did not reprove him, but she turned away from the door and listened to his parting

steps; and then she sat down, and sobb shook to and fro the delicate figure of May Denison.

"Don't, George, you'll tumble my hair," and the lady drew her head back with an impatient movement, and there was a quiver of petulance in her tones.

George Denison bent forward, and gazed earnestly in his wife's face; it looked cold and forbidding.

"What's the matter, little lady—got the blues?"

"Why—what makes you ask?"

"Because, when a man comes home to dinner he likes to have the smile and kind word that he's always used to."

The words touched May Denison, for she was an impulsive little woman; part of the coldness went out of her face as she leaned forward, saying—"Well, excuse me; I was just a little absent-minded, George."

At that moment the bell rang for dinner.

George Denison was not, socially, a brilliant or fascinating man, but to know his character long and deeply, was to respect and love the man.

His affections were singularly warm, and deep, and constant, but his habits were reticent and undemonstrative, and it was with difficulty he overcame them.

But he was a man honorable, generous, noble, with the springs of his poetry and tenderness lying deep and serene in his soul; not flashing up readily to the surface, in all graceful acts and words, but flowing through his life—still, strong, perpetual currents.

He loved his beautiful young wife, as such a man would be apt to, the woman of his heart's election.

"Oh, guess who's been here to-day?" asked Mrs. Denison suddenly, in a pause of the conversation at dinner; for the little cloud had quite passed out of her face.

"I can't, dear. Anybody that I should be glad to see?"

"I hope so. It was Cousin Ralph Upham."

The young lawyer put down his knife and fork in his surprise. "What! that old beau of yours?"

"Yes."

"How long did he stay?"

"Oh! some time. You know we had a good deal to talk about—of our old home and the days when we were children."

"Why didn't he remain to dinner, and give me a chance to look at him?"

"He had an engagement, or he would have done so. You've never met him?"

"Never."

Then there fell a little silence betwixt the husband and wife, and, somehow, both felt uncomfortable, especially the gentleman, who half unconsciously linked his wife's manner, on his return home, with this visit of her old friend, for May had acquainted him with her engagement to her cousin.

Mrs. Denison opened her lips to speak, and then closed them, while a thought darted through her mind—"What is the use of telling George? I can just take my ride with Cousin Ralph, and say nothing to him about it"—for she had an intuition that the announcement of the invitation would not be agreeable to her husband.

But she put aside the thought the next moment, for she was too honorable for the slightest concealment.

"Well, you will probably have an opportunity to meet Cousin Ralph at tea, as he invited me to ride out an hour or two with him, this afternoon."

"And you accepted the invitation?"

"Certainly. You have no objections?"

There was no immediate answer, but May read her husband's face.

"Oh, George, you are not so absurd as to mind my riding out for an hour with my cousin, and the old companion of all my childhood?"

"Why don't you add, also, your old lover?"

The blood flashed into the lady's cheek; for the speech wounded and irritated her; and it was one that, in a better mood, her husband would not have made.

"It would not be very wise or delicate for me to say it before a jealous husband."

The answer stung him. "You can apply what terms you like to me, Mrs. Denison; I simply wish to know if you accepted the invitation?"

"Of course I did!" she said it defiantly, tapping her little feet on the carpet. "Have you any objections to urge?"

"No, you will do as you like; I never laid my commands upon my wife. It is against my principles."

The dinner was finished in silence; George Denison sat stern and pale, May flushed and lowering; and the husband rose from the table and went out without so much as bidding his wife good afternoon.

"It was outrageous, cruel!" exclaimed Mrs. Denison, as she walked up and down the

room, slipping the rings round her small fingers, while the tears stood still on her cheeks. "To think he was angry because I am going out with Cousin Ralph! I shall just have my own way for once. Oh, dear! if things had only turned out differently!" She did not finish the sentence; she was fairly frightened at the angry, repellant feelings which gathered gloomily in her heart against her husband.

And as Mrs. Denison leaned her head on the marble table, a book which her arm brushed away fell heavily at her feet. She picked it up. It was a small prayer-book, with covers of crimson velvet. The leaves had dropped open, and her eyes fell upon the marriage service, and those solemn, mysterious words flashed through her soul—"And live together according to God's holy ordinance."

They stilled the storm of passion and pride of gloom and bitterness which had gathered in her soul. Mrs. Denison sat down and thought what depth and holiness of meaning dwelt in those words, and what that sacrament was which set them twain apart, and shut them up from the world—husband and wife.

"And live together according to God's holy ordinance," not simply in word and deed, but in thought, in feeling, in *spirit*, forbidding all wanderings of the heart, all foolish imaginations, making each to the other tender, pitiful, forgiving, self-sacrificing—just as God, the Father, interpreted those words when, standing at His altar, she had taken on her soul the vows of her wifehood.

There was a long, sharp struggle in Mrs. Denison's mind; but she was a Christian woman, and she knew whence strength would come for her weakness.

"Well, little lady, all ready for your ride?"

Ralph Upham asked the question in his pleasant, assured way, as he twisted the cord of his whip round the handle.

There was a little pause, and a little flush crept up and settled itself in the sweet face. Then the answer came, low and steadfast, "Ralph, you will have to excuse me from riding out with you to-day."

"Why, May, is it possible you are not going with me!" surprise, disappointment, and chagrin combining in the tones.

"There are reasons, Ralph, and good ones, which I do not consider myself at liberty to mention, which make it best for me to ask you to excuse me."

"Can't do it, May," in that graceful, posi-

tive, off-hand way that was usually so irresistible with ladies. "I've set my mind on the ride, and you won't disappoint a poor fellow that's come two thousand miles for this little bit of enjoyment?"

It was hard to resist the look which gave the right point and emphasis to these words, but Mrs. Denison did not waver. "Ralph," she began.

But he broke in, taking the soft fingers—"Come now, May, you won't be so absurd or squeamish as to refuse to give me, your brother, this little ride, for the sake of those other long ago rides that one of us, at least, can never forget?"

It was harder still to resist this last tone and look; but if she faltered a moment her voice was steady and earnest as it answered—"I have not declined your invitation, Ralph, without duly considering it, and therefore it can be of no use to urge it."

Ralph Upham's handsome face darkened, and his eyes flamed out suddenly. "I see the drift of all this, May. Your husband isn't willing to trust his wife with me for an hour. I do hate to have a man set so low a value on himself that he's afraid his wife may fall in love with an old friend, if they happen to be brought together for an hour."

Ralph Upham had gone further, and revealed more of his true character in his disappointment and chagrin than he intended.

Mrs. Denison lifted her eyes, and confronted her guest with a quiet, steadfast gaze; he would not have known how much he had stirred her if it had not been for the deep flush which had run into her cheeks.

"Ralph, you forget that George Denison is my husband, and that you must not speak thus of him, in his own house, to his wife."

No man would be likely to, after hearing those tones.

Ralph Upham was thoroughly crestfallen, but minds like his are seldom susceptible of real contrition, and it was with a feeling of petty anger and wounded vanity that he answered: "I beg your pardon, Mrs. Denison; I shall never offend you so again. Good afternoon;" and he turned toward the door.

And then the memory of their childhood, and her father's love for Ralph Upham, came over May Denison's soul, and she sprang toward him with outstretched hand. "Ralph, do not let us part in anger. Come back and take tea with us to-night, and you and George shall be friends."

"Thank you; I shall leave the city to-

night. I wish you all happiness and prosperity, May," but, somehow, the tones belied the words, and so did the cold, polite touch of his fingers as he bade her good afternoon.

"What! I didn't expect to find you returned so soon—and alone?"

George Denison said these words as he opened the door of the sitting-room, and found his wife seated by the window with her sewing, as sweet and perfect a little home picture as ever gladdened the heart of a husband; and, somehow, it took away half the coldness and bitterness which had been in his heart that afternoon.

"Cousin Ralph stayed only a few minutes," answered Mrs. Denison.

There was a little pause. The young husband did not come forward and kiss his wife, as was his habit. He removed the papers from his pocket and laid them on the table.

"Did you have a pleasant ride?" he asked the question coldly.

"I haven't been to ride, George."

"Haven't been to ride!" facing square about, and looking in her face.

"No."

"Didn't your friend come for you?"

"Yes."

"And why did you decline going with him?"

She opened her lips to speak; but something shut the words back in her thoughts.

Her husband saw it; he came toward her and laid his hand softly on her bright hair.

"May, was it for my sake?" his voice was scarcely above a whisper, and it was not just steady.

She bowed her head.

The young husband lifted her silently in his arms, and sat down in the chair; he held her very close to him, and he whispered softly,

"My own, precious wife!"

Then her tears broke out, a quick torrent; but they were tears in which was neither sorrow nor shame—tears of peace and gladness—and they flowed amidst sweet, soothing caresses, that healed whatever of pain was left in May Denison's heart.

And at last, when the tears were over, or only hung in still, bright drops on her lashes, she told her husband all that had been in her heart that day.

"Will you forgive me, George?"

And his eyes—those deep, beautiful, brown eyes, made full and satisfactory answer.

And sitting there they held, afterward, a long, sincere, loving talk, such as two can have who come out from doubt and darkness into perfect knowledge and peace—and *love*, which comprehends both the others.

And May Denison learned then, as she never had before, how her husband loved her, and what she was to him.

And when, in the bright, serene years of her after wedded life, May Denison looked back upon that day, she blessed God that when she was "tempted" she was not "overcome of evil."

Oh, young wife, reading this story, has it for you, too, neither message nor warning?

STANZAS.

BY SARAH J. C. WHITTLESEY.

THEY are watching for me now,
In the little cosy cot,
Gemming childhood's greenest spot,
Through the gleaming cups of gold,
Of the fragrant jessamine,
Hemming the low lattice in.

Small white fingers part the vines
From the flower-scented sill,
And adown the smooth green hill
Blue eyes pierce the twilight's gray,
Wond'ring "if she'll come to-day!"

I can see the summer smile
Fading from the lips of Kate,
Wond'ring "why she is so late!"
When the life-blood of the day
Bubbles from its wounded breast,
Crimsoning the murderous west.

I can hear the quiet words
Softly spoken of me there,
Sweetly as an evening prayer,
Wondering "how the many years
Gone, have left their finger-trace
On her happy, childish face!"

Oh! the rose-tree by the gate,
May not cast its ruby leaves,
Underneath the low brown eaves,
And the vine-work round the sill,
May not lose its morning breath
Of perfume, in scentless death.

Ere the blue eyes shining there
Shall look, sparkling, down in hers,
After all the many years,
Changeful, that have come and gone—
Years of trials, tears, and gloom—
Since we met in that old home!

Alexandria, Va.

THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE.

It is the habit to complain that the servants in this country are about the worst in the world. They are very bad, at times, we grant; but in England the same complaints of them are made with no less justice. There has been a book written about them by Mr. Mayhew, illustrated by George Cruikshank, in which they are spoken of as "The Greatest Plague of Life." We have before us an English journal called *The Detective and Public Protector*, in which this great social evil is fully discussed.

"There is no doubt," says this authority, "that servants are, in the main, just what mistresses make them. The raw material, it is true, is none of the best, but it is not turned to the best account, except by a few strong-minded women." Is not this asserting too much? At any event, the first declaration here will not hold water. The mass of servants, in this country, are Irish, because the American girls are generally too proud and "sassy" to become domestics. In England, not one-third of the female domestics are Hibernian. The other two-thirds are chiefly supplied from the rural districts of Scotland and England, and may readily be trained into great helps and comforts in a household. The Scotch are the best, we think, and the Irish the worst, among the female domestics of England. Here, as we have said, the majority of female domestics are Irish. A few Americans, some Scotch and English, and a larger proportion of Germans, make up the whole complement—but as the Germans chiefly reside in German families, they are not to be taken into account here.

The Irish remit, as the Parliamentary statistics of Great Britain show, not less than \$5,000,000 a year for the purpose of enabling their relatives and friends to come over into this land of Goshen. Of the female immigrants (not emigrants) who are thus brought over, two-thirds become domestic servants. A very few of these have previously been in service in Ireland, and have learned something in that capacity. The remainder, in all probability, have never been a dozen times in their life in a carpeted room, and have seldom indulged in the luxury of wearing shoes and stockings, before their arrival here. The wages of domestic servants, in Ireland, run from \$5 to \$15 per annum. But the rawest of the Irish girls who hire themselves into domestic service here, will not commence at less than \$1 per week, or \$52 per year, and as soon as ever they learn anything of their

business, as servants, demand from a dollar and a half to two dollars a week—that, instead of \$5 to \$15 a year, they get from \$75 to \$100 before they have been six months in this country.

The sauciness of these "helps" is wonderful. In fact, it is not too much to say that "it is the servant who hires the master, and not the master who hires the servant." Accustomed in their own country to the humblest food—many of them only tasting meat two or three times in the year, (at Christmas and Easter,) no sooner are in service here than they turn up their noses at food which is good enough for their employer, and—like Mr. Whiffers, the Bath footman mentioned in "Pickwick," who resigned because asked to eat cold meat two days in succession—they sometimes leave their situations because the delicacies of the season are not provided for them!

With such servants, who will leave a family which has treated them with the utmost kindness and consideration, provided the change will, in the slightest degree, augment their emoluments, it is almost impossible for masters and mistresses to have much sympathy. Time was when female domestics became attached to families, and would remain with them from that attachment, even under worldly reverses. That has greatly changed. Self-interest alone actuates the servant now.

Female education, which professes so much and performs so little in this country, is much to blame for most of the discomfort afflicting households by reason of servants' misconduct. A young lady—the future mistress of a house and mother of a family—is taught a great many useless and unprofitable things. What use algebra, mathematics, natural philosophy, and such fancy attainments may be for such a young woman, we never could discover. In Germany, where the people are practical, these "higher" branches are not taught, but every young woman, from the highest rank to the lowest, is taught how to keep a house, how to cook, how to spin, how to cut out and make her own clothes. Add these essentials to the accomplishments—music, singing, drawing, dancing, languages—which also form part of this education, and you see, at once, why German women generally make good wives. They can do everything in their houses which they expect their servants to do, and therefore *their servants cannot impose upon them*. To some extent this is also the case in England, where the female head of the house sometimes is a

practical housewife, and, when she is, the business of that domicile goes on with the regularity of clockwork. These are the houses, *par excellence*, in which servants who neither impose nor are imposed upon, remain for a considerable time—until they marry, or after they settle down into established single-blessedness.

When the young housekeeper—the algebraic and mathematical prize pupil of the female “college” or “institute”—is ignorant of her business as mistress of a household, and painfully helpless from that ignorance, she is wholly at the mercy of the kitchen despots. Of course, waste and robbery then come into play, and domestic comfort, under the tyranny of the Biddies, is not to be looked for. The cases in which the domestic servants discountenance their mistresses’ visits to the kitchen are not rare, even in this well-regulated city. Nine-tenths of the domestic unhappiness of families is caused by the blundering ignorance, dishonest rapacity, and audacious tyranny of our domestic servants: but, primarily, by the imperfect education of the wives and mothers themselves, who can work a problem in Euclid, but cannot tell how long a boiled leg of mutton ought to be on the fire.

A correspondent suggests that it would be a decided improvement to introduce female Coolies as domestic servants, and he assures us that, within his own knowledge, the Chinese are easily trained into habits of service, and soon become real “helps” in a household. The idea is original, but the drawback would be the difficulty of teaching these people to speak English. They readily pick up several words of the language, but scarcely sufficient. At the same time, the experiment may be worth making, for any change *must* be for the better.

Philadelphia Press.

WORDS FROM MY CHIMNEY CORNER.

DEAR LADIES:

I do not see, and I never could see, even with my excellent spectacles, why people should not try to live just right. Even when I was a little child I used to ponder over those stories in the Bible, where all in the highways and byways of society were invited to come in to the feasts of rich men to share their hospitality, and those remarks in James, rebuking pride, for I saw among devout and earnest Christians that, though they might be very charitable and benevolent, still, the poor did not meet the wealthy on common ground—as

brothers. I often pity, now, the humble waiter who stands behind the chair of the epicure, with a great heart, perhaps, beating in his bosom; and the tired nurse, as she patiently watches over some restless child, while the handsome and admired mother is out at the midnight dance, or loitering in the parlor with the gay and trifling.

And why do good people despise the early and beautiful morning light, and waste their powers over the lamp, because to go early to bed is not elegant enough for them, and quite out of fashion? Do, dear ladies, read what Dr Franklin says about the discovery of that great luminary, the sun. I like old Franklin, and I do wish he was alive now. I certainly would invite him here to supper, for the sake of his good common sense, the most uncommon thing in the wide world.

Dress, too; oh! I am sick thinking of its abuse.

How much good might be done with the extravagant sums of money folks carry about on their shoulders. Why don't they wear calicoes and gingham? Just because their neighbors don't. But I will, just as truly as my name is Hannah Spectacles.

Supposing the ladies should agree, in any town, to dress simply, neatly, and cheaply. The money saved in this way alone, would do—oh! so much for the poor and ignorant, and for their own self-culture! I have a good mind to set Sister Honeybee out on such an attempt. She has more influence in her quiet way; and I never care who does the good, seeing it is done; which, I notice, is the great fault of philanthropists, for they want the credit of what is done. Owing to my spectacles showing the causes and consequences of things, I have really cured this propensity of my nature.

All I ask of the world is to be rational, dear ladies. They have mostly lost their true reason, or never had any; and all this is not so much from depravity, as from rank carelessness and thoughtlessness. Men, too, are much to blame for the folly and expensiveness of women. A sensible man knows that satins and silks pull the money just as straight out of his pocket, that money which should be given to God, as if any pickpocket in the land had stolen it; and he knows, or might know, if he would only look at our Kate, that a pretty calico at home, and some simple thing abroad, is quite as becoming as anything else can be.

But, as the book says, “There's no use crying,” and I suppose people will jog on pretty much so till the millennium, notwithstanding

me and my spectacles. I wish I could afford to lend them my spectacles; but I suppose they wouldn't know how to use them, and their loss might be fatal to me, to say nothing of the indirect injury to society at large.

Now, dear ladies, if I throw down my pen and go out milking, for the "men folks" are all gone, this afternoon, after the milk is strained and put away, I may feel like writing something more; but, on the whole, I believe the safest way is to clap my letter into one of these yellow envelopes, and send it to the Post Office by the first opportunity, as it is one of the peculiarities of my nature that there is no peace nor rest to my soul till my letters are in the Post Office.

Yours truly,

HANNAH SPECTACLES.

GOING AFTER THE COWS.

BY MRS. NELLIE C. FENN.

"MAY," said my uncle, as he passed his cup to be filled the third time, "we're all busy this evening; don't you want to ride down to the bottoms after supper, and bring up the cows?"

"Certainly! I will go with pleasure," I replied, pouring the fragrant tea into the mixture of cream and sugar which I had measured out with scrupulous exactness—for Uncle Zeke was very particular about the seasoning of his favorite beverage.

"That's a good gal—I knew you'd go, and I reckon we'll get that piece of corn hoed before dark, if we don't have to stop to do chores," was his congratulatory rejoinder, and, having finished his meal, he shoved back his chair, and, with a "come, boys," donned his slouched straw hat, and led the way to the cornfield.

It did not take me long to put away the china, and get the sitting-room in order; and, bridle in hand, I set forth to capture *Flash*, as I called the spirited black pony that was kept up, most of the time, for a saddle-beast.

He heard my voice, and anticipating some tit-bit from my outstretched hand, came trotting, with a tremulous neigh, toward me. "There, let *that* stay your stomach for a short canter!" I exclaimed, giving him a piece of bread and butter, and holding him by the forelock till he had devoured it, I slipped the bit into his mouth, pulled his pretty ears through the head-stall, buckled the throat-latch, and, leading him around to the stable door, I adjusted the saddle and padding, carefully let down the stirrups, for Aunt *Becky* had used it last, and she always persisted in sitting

in a most uncomfortably cramped position while riding—and, leaving the horse to follow me to the block, I hastened in to get my hat and habit, and, as it was only six o'clock, I ventured to take my portfolio, hoping to catch inspiration from a sunset scene which I knew awaited me, and resolving to take my own time for bringing up the cows.

"Now, *Flash*, for a merry, rollicking gallop! We know how to have our fun when we get into the free, glad wildwood, don't we? Good-bye to old Father Long-face; I shall breathe freely when I get out from under those spying eyes of his. Welcome, saucy zephyrs; kiss me all you like, and toss my curls till you make a gipsy fright of me—I care not, your cool caresses are delicious. Oh! what odors you bring me! and listen, hear that oriole, will you? Sing away, darling, your heart is no lighter than mine—'As free, as free as the winds are we!' Whoop! Away with you, *Flash*!" and chatting to myself, my pony, the birds, and the breezes, I dashed exultingly down the winding forest path that led to the river.

Now, then, I know you wish to be informed concerning the individual from whom I was so glad to escape; and, therefore, I will satisfy your curiosity in as few words as possible. Two weeks before, my uncle, with whom I had lived since early childhood, and whose faithful care of the lonely orphan had been as tender as a parent's, had received a letter from a young lawyer in St. Louis, requesting the privilege of becoming a boarder at our house during a short sojourn in our romantic region, for the purpose of restoring his health, which was suffering from too close an application to business; and, as Aunt *Becky* was one of the easiest, best-natured souls in the world, Uncle Zeke declared that, although he didn't much like them city chaps, he reckoned he'd let him come, as there didn't seem to be any other place for him; and so, two days after, the best room was given up to Mr. Merton.

I confess that I was considerably interested in him at first—that is, *before he came*. I had drawn my own picture of him, and, with a naturally lively imagination, which had been cultivated a little by a smattering of novel reading, I had fancied him possessed of my ideals of manly beauty. I was sure that he was tall, slender, and graceful—that his hair and eyes were as black as midnight, his smoothly-shaven cheek "*interestingly pale*," his lips curved in a fascinating smile, and his teeth of pearly whiteness: "WOULDN'T I make

Jim Harris wish he hadn't gone home from that sugar party with my blue-eyed Cousin Anna—as I rode, and walked, and seemed on very friendly terms with my town acquaintance; and many were the plans I laid for flirting, or *seeming* to flirt, with the expected stranger; for, if the truth must be told, I had had my little dream of school-girl love, and Jim Harris, with his bright black eyes, and merry voice, not to mention the fine farm that his father had promised him, possessed many attractions for me, and I did not fancy his apparent preference for Anna Fielding.

But what an awakening from my visions when their hero arrived. Tall enough he was, surely, but, almost aldermanic in breadth of shoulders and expansion of chest. "Mighty delicate he must be to need rest and country air," Aunt Becky said; and I thought the same, for he ate our corn bread, and drank milk, with rather too much of an appetite for an invalid. And then, his eyes were blue, and his hair a light brown, while the lower part of his face—lips, teeth, all—were concealed by *horrid* whiskers, and an ugly moustache, most unpoetically verging upon a sandy shade. Bah! I could not flirt with him, even to tease Jim Harris.

Then, he invested himself with such a provoking dignity; never laughing at any of my gay sallies, never noticing my kittens, but always gazing at me with such a look of commiseration that I fancied he was thinking—"You poor, silly child you, how ignorant you are." I could hardly keep from crying when I thought of my folly in permitting myself to associate him with anything like romance; he twenty-eight and I *seventeen*, how ridiculous! I grew to dislike him, to answer his kind, patronizingly simple questions pettishly, and to shun the gaze of his great blue eyes, that seemed to haunt me at every turn.

I could never look up, while at table, without encountering their melancholy look of dreamy absence, and they were always pursuing me as I fled to my domestic duties. Just as sure as I went into the cellar with sleeves rolled up and my churning apron on, just so sure would "Father Longface" follow me there to get a glass of milk, a dish of clabber, or a little sweet cream to dip over a saucer of strawberries; and it was very embarrassing to be obliged to hold a conversation while engaged in skimming milk, turning the churn-orank, or working over butter. I couldn't frighten him away by spattering cream or butter-brine over his broad-cloth, in my energetic application to

my tasks; he persisted in carrying up the pails of sour milk, though assured that Dinah would come for them—he liked the *exercise*, he said, and, not until I had informed him that no one about the place was permitted to interfere with the butter-making, which I had undertaken to superintend for the summer, would he believe that I was in no need of assistance in dairy matters. If I sewed, he watched me nervously—as if fearful that I had not sense enough to keep from pricking my fingers; if I walked in the garden he was there, always ready with his knife to sever a rose for me, and I could not arrange a tasteful bouquet to save my life, under the supervision of those criticising eyes. His dignified, fatherly watchfulness had become a perfect restraint upon me. And now you know why I congratulated myself upon the prospect of one of my free forest rambles, as I set forth with Flaah after the cows.

Oh, that ride! how I enjoyed it! My steed and I seemed one, a being possessed of unseen wings, floating, and rocking, and bounding along with thistle-down motion, as we sailed upon the fragrant waves of air. I could have *wept* in my excess of happiness, as, wearied with talking and laughing, and singing and shouting, my full heart swelled with its sense of beauty and joy, till it actually ached with its imprisoned ecstasy. "Oh, if I could only embody the beauty, the music, the poetry of nature upon canvas, and impart to a kindred heart, by my glowing touch, a tithe of the rapture I feel while gazing upon such scenes, I could indeed be happy!" I thought; but I banished the theme, for it always brought vague dreams and discontent; and so, shaking the reins, and patting my pony's neck, I cheered him on, conscious only of the enjoyment of a most exhilarating exercise.

We reached the "bottoms," as the river banks were called, and, seeing at a glance that among the drove of full-fed, sleek cows before me were those I came to seek, I stopped upon the bluff, slipped from the saddle, and opening my portfolio, prepared to sketch a scene upon the opposite bank.

But I had ridden fast, and felt heated; so I ran down into a gorge where I knew there was a clear, mossy pool of cool water, and made a hasty toilette. "You gipay elf, you!" I exclaimed, addressing my mirrored self, as a glimpse of my dark face, with its flushed cheeks, its flashing eyes, and its frame of disordered tresses, black as ebony, arrested my attention. "Why couldn't you have been fair,

gentle, and lovable, like Cousin Anna," I continued, almost fiercely regarding the emerald framed image before me. That dear little pool—what a silvery, moss-encircled mirror it was; every night the stars peeped into its limpid depths, and perhaps the eyes of my angel mother smiled upon it sometimes—it was a soothing thought, and, bathing my glowing cheeks, and dipping my brow into the crystal fount, I shook down my jetty ringlets, all sparkling with the gems that dripped from them, and stooped to take a draught from the little rill which came laughing down from a cleft in the rock above, and fell with soft murmurs into the tiny lakelet below.

"Primitive fashion, I declare!" and a low, musical laugh startled me from my devotional attitude, and, looking up toward the head of the gorge, I saw—oh, misery!—my tormentor, "Father Longface."

Now, in contemplation of such an event, I know I should have fancied myself putting on an air of dignity, assuming chilling tones, and a haughty glance, and possessing the power of nearly annihilating the presumptuous Mr. Merton, just as you, gentle reader, are doubtless thinking you would have done; but, somehow, I couldn't summon my heroics, but, taken altogether by surprise, I blushed, laughed, and then, as a sense of my awkwardness and embarrassment, my disappointment and chagrin overcame me, I dropped my face forward into my hands, sank to a seat upon an old gray rock, and sobbed like a detected truant.

"May! darling! what is it?" and I knew that he was beside me; and, as he drew my head upon his bosom in his tender, brotherly way, I was weak enough to let it remain there, just a moment, till I had controlled my foolish tears; and then, vexed at my lack of decision, I raised it, and sweeping back my disheveled hair, recalled some of the half-smothered fire to my eyes, and asked, indignantly—

"Mr. Merton, why do you follow me so?"

"You must pardon me, May—Miss Leslie, I mean; I did not follow you this evening; I believe I set out *first*, but took another path to this favorite retreat of mine; I have visited it often, and had not the slightest idea that your search for the cows would lead you here; but, seeing your horse grazing riderless upon the bluff, and finding your portfolio open, and its contents scattered upon the ground, I became alarmed about you, fearing you might have been thrown, and, dismounting at the head of the ravine, I ran down just in time to see you turn from your quaint toilette, and

kneel to quaff the waters of this gushing spring, like a true forest maiden; and, if I have been betrayed by the vision and what followed into too warm an expression of my feelings, you will forgive me, will you not, my little friend?" and he extended his hand with an air of frank sincerity, while an ingenuous blush mantled his cheeks and brow, and a light beamed from those hitherto disagreeably-blue eyes that thrilled me with its soft radiance, and invested them with a strange fascination.

Before I knew it I had grasped his hand, laughingly assuring him of forgiveness, and thanking him for his kind interest in such a worthless little baggage as myself.

"I was not aware till this evening that you *painted*, Miss May; I knew, from your physiognomy, that you had a taste for the fine arts, but I did not suppose that you had ever had an opportunity for its cultivation," said Mr. Merton, as we walked up the gorge.

"Oh, I hope you did not see those daubs? I have never had any instruction. My mother was fond of painting and drawing, and I have copied some of her pieces, and made a few attempts at sketching from nature, but I would not for the world submit them to criticism," I replied in confusion.

"Nevertheless, I have been ~~ruled~~ enough to look at them, and shall take the liberty of criticising them, too, believing that by so doing I shall only act the part of a friend. Your pieces are imperfect, of course, but they show a true eye, a fine conception, and a skillful hand; you will make an artist, May, with proper advantages, and you must go where those advantages can be enjoyed."

"*Will*" and "*must*"—how he talked; just as if he had a *right* to pass his judgment upon me, and direct my future course; and yet, I rather liked it; it was so different from the coaxing tone and flattering language usually adopted by my uncle and aunt when they addressed their wayward pet; so I replied—"Indeed, sir, I don't think I am likely to improve much by any teaching I shall get in this out-of-the-way place."

"I shall be most happy to assist you while I remain, if you will permit me to become your teacher."

He was an artist, then; I felt a suddenly inspired reverence for him. "Thank you, Mr. Merton; you are very kind, but you would find me a troublesome pupil, I fear; and I think it would only make me dissatisfied with my humble efforts, while it gave me but little

chance of improvement to take a few lessons, and then be left without guidance."

"But if I could persuade your uncle to send you to town, where you could have a better teacher, and take a full course of lessons, what then?"

My eyes flashed up to meet his gaze, full of anxious inquiry and earnest gratitude, and I thought his melancholy face really beautiful as he answered my glance with a tender smile, saying—

"I have taken an interest in you, little May, from the first; you so closely resemble in form and expression of features, though entirely different in complexion, a dear sister who was all the relative I had to love, and who went up to join the angels last autumn, leaving me alone in this dreary world."

He, too, was an orphan then, and had drank deeply from sorrow's cup—and the dreamy gaze from which I had shrunk had been called forth by my resemblance to the loved and lost, and I had often, by my pouting lip, averted face, and peevish replies, broken the delicious spells into which that memory-awakening likeness had cast him. A chord of sympathy was touched in my heart. I regretted that I had ridiculed his grave manners, and resolved never to call him nicknames again.

I could not tell you, even if I had time, all that we said as we remounted our horses, herded the cows, and pursued our way home. Suffice it to say, that we were very good friends after that, and, after taking a sort of preparatory course in drawing and painting, under Mr. Merton's tuition, I was placed by my ever-indulgent Uncle Zeke at an excellent school in town, where I learned many useful things, and made rapid progress in my favorite art. At the expiration of three years I concluded that, although May Leslie was "a charming name," as all the school-girls declared, May Merton was quite as musical, and, having changed my mind as to some of the important requisites of a husband, I, who once declared that I would never marry a man over five years my senior, and he must be slender and graceful, and have black eyes too—became the wife of the dignified, portly Mr. Merton. I cannot tell how it happened; but my husband is said to make excellent pleas, and when he told me that he *must* have his little May to grace that sweet home of his, I could not say "No," and I have never wished that I had.

I could not be contented with city life, however. Like a true country girl, I pined for nature's wild haunts, where I could best enjoy

my taste for the beautiful; and besides, I was *unromantic* and practical enough to think a good deal of sweet butter and fresh eggs; and, as my husband had a taste for farm life, and Uncle Zeke and Aunt Becky were getting old, and wanted to give up care, we concluded to come back to the *dear old homestead*, among the quiet scenes of which we have already found more peaceful enjoyment than often falls to the lot of mortals.

I paint a little, occasionally, and the walls of our pretty parlor are garnished with some of my best pieces; but the most beautiful work that adorns our happy home, and the one of which I am most proud, is yonder sleeping cherub, whose rare loveliness nature alone can essay to create, the pencil of Art may scarcely venture to *copy*. We call him Alfred, after his father, but his pet name is *Allie*.

I make my own butter, hunt eggs in the old barn, sing a lullaby to Allie while doing my sewing with the assistance of "Jennie"—as I call my good "Raymond machine"—and, if you should ask me what put it into my head to write this little sketch, I should tell you that, after listening to Cousin Anna Harris's declaration that she believed that true love always manifested itself at *first sight*—quoting the attachment between herself and Jim, among other instances, to prove her assertion, I was reminded of the dawn of *my first real love* by the judge's abrupt question, as he saw Andy leading up Flash and Princess, saddled for our evening ride—

"Wife, don't you want to ride down to the bottoms with me to bring up the cows?"

THE TALENT OF SUCCESS.

Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, "that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion." The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us, to be always looking in the face of others for approval, to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say, to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.—*Longfellow*.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

"THAT LITTLE CHILD."

A True Story.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

We stood in the front door and looked up and down the street. It was a bright May morning, and the sun poured its light everywhere, and painted all things with its golden glory for the joy of shining, just as God's heart rains down continually its showers of gifts on the whole earth, for the joy of giving.

We looked up and down the street with wistful eyes, while the sweet spring sunshine warmed and gladdened our hearts, for we were a "stranger in a strange city," and the tall brick houses, with the narrow breadth of sky overhead, and the sound and turmoil which filled the air, all fell upon our soul and fairly sickened it, while we thought how, out in the still country, the new green leaves were fluttering in the soft winds, and the birds were singing among the early blossoms the sweet songs of another spring.

But suddenly, all these things were swept out of our thoughts by a spectacle which arrested our attention, and fairly made our heart stand still.

A policeman was coming up the street leading a young man, whose face was so covered with blood that the sight would have sickened you, and you could see, too, that the face was a harsh, sullen one; while behind the two men walked a young woman, wearing no bonnet, her hair dishevelled, and her face smeared with blood, and, most pitiful sight of all, she was leading a little child by the hand.

It just "toddled" along at her side, its sweet face full of careless wonder and innocence, with no thought of the shame or sorrow that had fallen on its young head—the sunshine playing in its hair as brightly as the thoughts did in its little heart.

It was going to the "station," and from thence, likely, to prison with its father and mother, for by these sweet and holy names it probably called that miserable man and woman, who had been fighting with each other as wild beasts would hardly have fought in dens and caves of the earth.

But just as the four got opposite the door, the child's shoe slipped off its foot, and the woman and the two men paused a moment and looked down on the little thing.

"Put on that child's shoe," said the young man to the woman, in a tone such as we never before heard a man use to woman—such as we hope we never may again.

The mother bent down, and her fingers slipped about the little foot and the small shoe, but she might have been dizzy from her loss of blood, or faint from her shameful strife, for though the little thing stood very still, the shoe did not go on.

"Put on that child's shoe;" *this time* it was the policeman that spoke, somewhat as the father had done; but the woman either could not or would not succeed.

And at last the policeman bent down himself and took the little foot in his large hand, tenderly as the tenderest mother would have done; and he lifted the shoe in the other, and slipped it on the small foot; and the child stood still, and the faces of the men and the woman seemed to soften as they looked on it.

Then they started on again—the two men ahead, the little, toddling thing by its mother's side; and oh! little children, who read this story, can you think with what feelings we stood in the front door and gazed after them. We thought what a "little child" was—what a precious and blessed thing everywhere; how it softened and touched the hardest and worst hearts, and found its way to something sweet, and gentle, and tender in the worst human souls.

And we thought of that little child going in its sweet, trusting innocence, from its home of disgrace and sin to another darker and more shameful still, without a shadow of care or fear, and we thought of its future—oh, God! take care of "that little child!"

Oh, little children, you know not what you are—angels and ministers of God sprinkled as flowers are sprinkled over all the earth, filling its highways and barren places with beauty, and grace, and fragrance.

ROVER AND HIS LITTLE MASTER.

"Come, Rover!" said Harry, as he passed a fine old Newfoundland dog that lay on a mat at the door; "come, Rover! I am going down to the river to sail my boat, and I want you to go with me."

Rover opened his large eyes, and looked lazily at his little master.

"Come! Rover! Rover!"

But the dog didn't care to move, and so Harry went off to the river side alone. He had not been gone a great while before a thought of her boy came suddenly into the mother's mind. Remembering

that he had a little vessel, and that the river was near, it occurred to her that he might have gone there.

Instantly her heart began to throb with alarm.

"Is Harry with you?" she called up to Harry's father, who was in his study. But Harry's father said he was not there.

"I'm afraid he's gone to the river with his boat," said the mother.

"To the river!" And Mr. Lee dropped his pen, and came quickly down. Taking up his hat, he went hurriedly from the house. Rover was still lying upon the mat, with his head upon his paws and his eyes shut.

"Rover!" said his master, in a quick, excited voice, "where is Harry? Has he gone to the river? Away and see! quick!"

The dog must have understood every word, for he sprang eagerly to his feet, and rushed toward the river. Mr. Lee followed as fast as he could run. When he reached the river bank he saw his little boy in the water, with Rover dragging him toward the shore. He was just in time to receive the half-drowned child in his arms, and carry him home to his mother.

Harry, who remained insensible, was placed in a warm bed. He soon, however, revived, and in an hour or two was running about again. But after this, Rover would never leave the side of his little master when he wandered beyond the garden gate. Wherever you found Harry, there Rover was sure to be—sometimes walking by his side, and some-

times lying on the grass, with his big eyes watching every movement.

Once Harry found his little vessel, which had been hidden away since he went with it to the river, and, without his mother's seeing him, he started again for the water. Rover, as usual, was with him. On his way to the river he saw some flowers, and, in order to gather them, put his boat down upon the grass. Instantly Rover picked it up in his mouth, and walked back toward the house with it. After going a little way, he stopped, looked around, and waited until Harry had got his hand full of flowers. The child then saw that Rover had his boat, and tried to get it from him; but Rover played around him, always keeping out of his reach, and retreating toward the house until he got back within the gate. Then he bounded into the house, and laid the boat at the feet of Harry's mother.

Harry was a little angry with the good old dog, at first, but when his mother explained to him what Rover meant, he hugged him around the neck, and said he would never go down to the river again any more.

Harry is a man now, and Rover has long since been dead; but he often thinks of the dear old dog that saved him from drowning when he was a child; and it gives him great pleasure to remember that he never beat Rover, as some boys beat their dogs when they are angry, and was never unkind to him. Had it been otherwise, the thought would have given him great pain.

Mother's Department.

NOISY BOYS.

No. II.

"What shall we do with our boys?" was the rather anxious inquiry made by Mr. Watson to his wife, on the first evening of their return to their city home from a long summer vacation, spent amidst the charming variety of country life.

The two boys, Edwin and George, and even the youngest pet, little Ella, had been consigned at an unusually early hour to the repose which they so much needed after a day of excitement and fatigue, and were, therefore, not present to give their advice in the matter. But the mother had been settling that question in her mind for the last few weeks; so she was fully prepared with an answer, and looked up with a smile that might have driven away a much darker cloud than that which rested on the brow of her husband.

"O, I have a fine plan for them," she answered;

"I thought it all over when we were at Aunt Nelly's, and I have only waited for a convenient opportunity of telling you. You know how impossible it has always seemed to us, to tame down the spirits of our two boys, when they have been used to the freedom of the woods and the hills for so many months. Nay, how cruel it has been, too; for in a few weeks their bright red cheeks would fade and become sickly hued, and their fine country appetites dwindle down into a fretful whine for dainties and confectioneries, that almost always made them ill. How often I have wished that we could live in the country always, and have our children become strong and healthy from exercise in the open air!"

"But as we cannot do that, little wife—neither you nor I being fitted in our habits and associations for such a life—we shall have to be content with inhaling, for a short season, its wholesome breezes, and feasting our eyes with its beauties, making what

arrangements we can in the meantime, to secure health and vigor to our children. So what is this famous plan of yours?"

"Well, you remember how fond Edwin is of tools. Uncle said he really gave him a great deal of help when he was making those two large gates for the clover lot; and if he could have had his way he would have put a blouse on him, and apprenticed him to a carpenter, instead of sending him back to the city to pine within four brick walls. Then George has a perfect mania for making little models with his knife; and he seems so happy when he is at work—whistling or singing the whole time. Now, husband, this is my plan. You know there is an unoccupied room over the wash-house. If you will furnish the boys with some boards and a few necessary implements, I will have it put in perfect order; and then, at their play hours, they can not only be kept out of mischief, but enjoy themselves finely."

"Agreed," said Mr. Watson, looking much relieved; "I shall think the investment of a few dollars quite a profitable one, if the plan work well. Only I shall expect to have a full trial made of the enterprise, and will give you a whole week to prove its utility and practicability, before you report finally upon its advantages and disadvantages."

During the time specified Mr. Watson forbore to ask any questions either of his wife or boys, concerning their new mode of employing leisure hours. Indeed, there appeared to be a tacit agreement on their part, as well as on his, to keep silence on the subject; although many mysterious hints and looks passed between the two boys and their mother whenever they were summoned from their employments to meet their father. Only he could not help observing that their spirits were much higher than was usual for them, after a season of recreation and return to their accustomed studies; and he thought that both mother and children looked happier.

"Well, how come on our knights of the saw and the turning lathe?" he asked one afternoon, when the allotted period had come to a close. "Have you succeeded as well as you expected in your model manual labor school?"

"Beautifully," said Mrs. Watson laughing; "I have never had such a week. I think I shall be able, soon, to do all my own work, for little Ella has been as amused and absorbed as any one. I have contrived to spend the whole of their recreation time with them, to encourage them in their primary attempts; and though, at first, the noise of their tools was anything but agreeable, I soon became accustomed to it. Then, when we were all tired of work, we sang, and little Ella sat on the floor twining shavings for curls among her pretty hair, and crowing with delight."

"And how many cut fingers and blistered hands have you had to tie up in that time?"

"O, there is nothing like experience for curing

such things. The boys have become quite expert already, and in a little time will learn to use their tools without awkwardness. But come, you must see that our week's probation has been one of usefulness as well as of pleasure."

She led the way, as she spoke, to the little workshop, which had, through her exertions, taken the place of the lumber loft above the wash house. Two windows, set wide open, made a pleasant current of air to pass through the apartment; and there, at their favorite employments, were the two boys, busy as if their daily bread depended on their exertions. How proud and happy they looked, as the various articles that had employed them through the week were brought forward for exhibition. First there was a footstool, neatly put together, which their mother had covered with some tasteful embroidery; then a set of shelves or book rack, for their father to have his favorite volumes close beside him; and this was also ornamented by her skillful hand. A few neatly turned articles for her work box, and a curious toy or two for the baby, who was their pet and plaything, completed the show.

"Well done," said Mr. Watson, as he finished his survey both of the premises and the articles that had been produced therein; "this is something better than the old fashion of making a nuisance of noisy boys, and treating them as one would a monkey in a china shop. I see I shall have more beefsteaks and potatoes to buy, and less of those endless phials and pill boxes that used to adorn your shelves."

So we say to all parents, provide your children with some proper employment for their leisure hours, such a one as shall work off their superfluous energies, and increase the strength, and develop the play of their muscles. In the case of very young children, edged tools will, of course, be dangerous, but other occupations may be resorted to. And so order your time as to spend, if possible, those leisure hours in their company. Nothing so much encourages the efforts of children as the presence and smiles of the mother. If it be only a block house that is in progress of building, let the mother's eye but be directed toward it, and how much more rapidly it goes up! how great the zeal to win her approbation and deserve it!

But let every such exercise be taken in a well ventilated and neatly kept apartment. There are few city houses that cannot spare a room for such purposes. In the country it is not needful, and there can be no excuse for noisy boys in the house, abundant space being given to them in the open air for the free exercise both of limbs and lungs. See to it, then, mothers, that your children are provided with healthful employment for their bodies. This will serve to strengthen their mental powers likewise, and is as necessary for the welfare of both, as food and air to their mere existence.

Hints for Housekeepers.

VENTILATION IN BED-ROOMS.—Pure air is essential to health, and at night the free supply of it is of especial moment. Each sleeper draws into the chest, about fifteen times in every minute, a certain quantity of the surrounding atmosphere, and returns it, after a change within the body, mixed with a poison. 150 grains by weight of this poisonous ingredient are added to the air of a bed-room in one hour by a single sleeper, more than 1,000 during the night. Unless there be a sufficient quantity of air to dilute this, or unless ventilation provide for a gradual removal of foul air, while fresh comes to take its place, health must be seriously undermined. Dr. Hunter states, in his work on the "Diseases of the Throat and Lungs," that impure air alone will bring on consumption in the soundest constitution. The oxygen of the air we breathe regulates our appetite, and to the weight of a grain the nutriment that is built up in the system. The chyle undergoes its last vital change in the lungs, and that change depends on the perfect performance of respiration, and on a sufficient supply of pure air. When respiration is obstructed by disease, the appetite fails and the body wastes away. When the air breathed is impure, the same thing takes place.

OUR FOOD.—About 704 lbs. of solid food are consumed annually by a healthy, vigorous man, and the daily consumption of carbon in his system is about 5,500 grains, and of nitrogen 125 grains. A diet of 12 ounces of beef, and 20 ounces of bread, with half an ounce of butter, will supply this daily waste. If there is a deficiency in clothing, a large quantity of respiratory food must be consumed to keep up vital heat. The Hottentots and Bushmen of South Africa consume enormous quantities of lean flesh, for there is little heat-giving principle in it. An Esquimaux will eat 20 pounds of flesh and oil daily; and the Russians and others, living in cold climates, use large quantities of fats and oils, heat-producing or respiratory ingredients. Of the saline elements of food, common salt is the most important. Both man and animals must have it. Boussingault found that when cows were deprived of salt, they got lean; their hair became matted; bald patches appeared upon their bodies, and they became cold and phlegmatic.

Wheat comes nearest the type of what our food should be. Barley contains less nutritious matter. Oatmeal makes a good diet for those who work hard; it contains a great deal of fatty matter, as well as gluten, and is very nutritious. Barley-meal

is not nearly so nourishing. Indian meal contains a large quantity of fat, but is deficient in gluten. Rice is the least nutritious of all the cereals, and even birds will starve upon it. Potatoes are far from being nutritious, and require to be taken along with nitrogenous kinds of food. Tea and coffee, though not very nourishing in themselves, serve a very important purpose in the body. The cooking of food has much to do with its economy and nutritive value. Overdone meat is not easily digested. The objects of cooking are—to soften the intercellular matters; to coagulate the fluid albuminous constituents; and to produce flavors. If boiled meat is to have the greatest possible amount of nutriment and flavor, it must be suddenly plunged into boiling water, and then boiled at a temperature of 160°. In roasting meat, it should first be placed near a very sharp fire, then withdrawn, and kept at a temperature of 160° till well cooked. To make a rich broth, macerate chopped meat for a few hours, and then, after slowly heating to ebullition, let it boil for some minutes, and flavor and brown, as is commonly done.

RICE FROTH.—A cheap and ornamental dish. For one third of a pound of rice, allow one quart of new milk, the whites of three eggs, three ounces of loaf sugar, finely pounded, a stick of cinnamon, or eight or ten drops of Extract of Almond, or six or eight young laurel leaves, and a quarter of a pound of raspberry jam. Boil the rice in a pint, or rather less of water; when the water is absorbed, add the milk, and let it go on boiling till quite tender, keeping it stirred to prevent burning. If cinnamon or laurel leaves are used, boil them with the milk, and remove them when the rice is sufficiently boiled. If essence of almonds be used for flavoring, it may be dropped among the sugar; when the rice milk is cold, put it in a glass dish, or china bowl. Beat up the egg whites and sugar to a froth, cover the rice with it, and put bits of raspberry jam over the top.

FRENCH MUSTARD.—We offer you the following simple recipe for French mustard:—One ounce of mustard and two pinches of salt are mixed in a large wineglassful of boiling water, and allowed to stand twenty-four hours. Then pound in a mortar one clove of garlic, a small handful of tarragon, another of garden cress, and add to the mustard, putting vinegar according to taste.

TO IMPRESS PATTERNS OF EMBROIDERY ON LINEN.

—The black sheets, (which may be bought separately,) belonging to a Manifold Writer, is an effective agent in transferring patterns. Place on the linen such a black sheet, on that the pattern to be transferred; then trace with a knitting needle or other blunt point over the pattern, and every line will be faithfully reproduced on the linen.

OATMEAL CAKE.—Put one pound of Scotch oatmeal, soaking in sour buttermilk over night, the next day rub a quarter of an ounce of carbonate of soda into one pound of fine flour, a little salt, mix in with the oatmeal; roll out any size required, and bake in a moderate oven.

MUFFINS.—Melt three spoonful of butter in three pints of new milk. Add three beaten eggs, and a teaspoonful of salt, when quite cold. Stir in flour to make a batter as thick as you can well stir. Add two table-spoonful of fresh yeast, then cover, and allow it to rise. When quite light, bake in muffin rings.

APPLE GINGER.—Two pounds of hard apples, pare, core, and cut them into eight pieces; put into cold water, as you cut them, simply to preserve their color. Make a rich syrup of three pounds of white sugar, four ounces of *tincture* of ginger; put in the apples, and boil it all up until transparent. The longer it is kept the better it is.

Health Department.

SUGGESTIONS ON HEALTH.

No. I.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Spring, with its cheering sunshine and balmy breezes has come—the woodlands and groves resound with the singing of birds—the peaceful sheep and playful lamb roam over the hill-sides, or through the meadows, with renewed activity and delight.

Confinement seems more endurable during the cold blasts of winter, than at any other season; but, when these are past, instinct impels animals to roam for food and exercise. Mankind, their superior, needs to go forth to renovate their wasted or relaxed energies, no less than animals.

Those who have been the most confined within doors during the cold, stormy winter, need more than others, out-door exercise in pleasant weather. The wise must realize that an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure, when cure can be obtained; but all know that cure is not always effected. There is a point, beyond which, violated nature can no more rally.

There are physical laws which must be observed. To preserve the lives and health of men and animals. Men engaged in sedentary employments, women and children confined within doors, suffer greatly in health and muscular strength. They also suffer mentally from the same cause.

All breathing animals have lungs filled with innumerable air-cells, which must have room to expand, and fresh air to fill them, (occasionally at least,) or sickness and death will inevitably supervene, as a result of violated physical law.

How can the lungs of women and children expand, when their clothing is so tight as not to allow room for expansion? How can they breathe pure air, when they seldom go where it freely circulates? And how will it find access to the lungs, if their outlet, (the mouth,) is closed or covered? People often ride out for the purpose of an airing, with their mouths covered with muffs, cravats, &c., as if they feared imbibing a breath of pure air. This shows the defect of an education that teaches so little of the structure and needs of the human system.

No knowledge is more essential to individuals, societies, and the world, than that which tends to preserve the life and health of the body and strength of the mind! "The harp of a thousand strings," unmarred by ignorance or vice, exhibits the most perfect and judicious workmanship of an all-wise and benevolent Architect. How truly has sin brought death into the world, prematurely; for all violation of physical law is sin, which brings its inevitable results, sickness, pain, sorrow, and premature death! Our Creator designed that the physical laws of all beings should be observed and practiced, for the preservation of health, life, beauty, and usefulness. Sound health, combined with judicious mental and moral culture, insures soundness of mind and judgment.

How absurd to think women and children must be dressed, so as to cramp some of the organs of the body to the smallest compass—fetter others—overburthen some parts—and expose others! How many mothers think the little tender arms of their infants feel not the cold air of winter—that the

bare necks, and almost bare limbs of the little girl, can safely repel the influence of the chilling air that so freely circulates under hooped skirts!"

Women, children, invalids, and sedentary people, should seek every opportunity to take out-door exercise, at the approach of spring. Thousands

of faded forms may find the "fountain of youth," and renovated energy, exercising in the garden, or among the flowers which their own hands may plant around their dwellings. Spring, with balmy breezes, invites to engage in these invigorating exercises, which restore health, strength, and happiness.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

PLATE OF COLORED DESIGNS—LADY ON THE LEFT.

Toilet for the Country.—Undulating straw hat, very low in the crown, and trimmed with velvet strings and field flowers.

Dress and *casaque* of white marseilles, braided with red and white *soutache*. The buttons on the *casaque* are of mother-of-pearl, put on with rings and oilets. The body of the *casaque* fits closely, with high neck, surmounted with a small *ruche* collar.

The fitting sleeve terminates in a *Louis XV.* cuff. On each side of the skirt is a pocket under a scalloped flap. Drab kid gloves, and *satin français* laced boots.

This costume—only a shorter *casaque*—was received with great favor by our demoiselles, year before last; since which it has maintained vogue, and with the increase of its length the ornamentation has become more and more elaborate.

The present fashion of Riding Habit is quite in this style of cut, being made of nankin and trimmed with white. Of course, the riding skirt is plain, being four yards wide, and three-quarters of a yard longer than for promenade. The hat for riding costume is of straw, has a crown of drab silk, and drab silk lines the brim; and it is ornamented with a tuft of yellow or drab cock feathers, tipped with green. The crown is three and a half inches deep, round tip, and the brim, about three inches wide, is curled slightly on each side. High satin lasting lace-boots are regarded as more modestly becoming for ladies' riding wear, than the real boot; but with the Rosa Bonheur costume for rural promenade, fishing, &c., &c., the calf-skin or patent-leather boot is preferred.

As the Rosa Bonheur costume is coming into vogue, and increasing in favor for wear on rural recreations, we will here describe it:—

The hat is of thin, fine felt, half stiff; oval, convex crown, three and a half inches deep; brim three inches wide, and flat set; velvet ribbon band and strings; no binding to the brim. The color may be black, brown, or drab. Straw hats of this shape and trim may be substituted.

Short French basque to fit the form of the body, and close with a row of buttons up the front. Rosa Bonheur wears a short, loose velvet basque, over a vest cut like that for gentlemen's wear; but the close basque, without vest, rolling on the chest to disclose a finely plaited breast of a *chemisette*, is preferred by our ladies. The skirt of the dress reaches to about the middle row of the trimmings of skirt, fig. 1 on picture plate. Skirt and basque entirely plain edges, and the lower skirt buttons or buckles to straps on the under side of the basque at the waist, to prevent the necessity for wearing the dress too close for vigorous exercise.

Grecian trousers, cut remarkably full, and full to a band at the ankle. If boots are worn, the legs should be very large, and from eight to ten inches long, to admit the very full bottoms of the trousers; but many ladies prefer lace-boots, high enough to cover the band to which the bottom of the trouser is gathered.

Light mixed cashmerette, *drap d'été*, or cassimere, are the goods preferred; and boots are the best wear on trouting excursions, through pastures, meadows, and along the rippling brooks, whose waters kiss the bending willows and overhanging alders.

This costume is entirely classical, being composed of a Rosa Bonheur hat, a French *basque*, Styrian skirt, Grecian trousers, gauntlet gloves, and Suwar-row boots.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.

Dinner Dress.—Head dress in puffed *bandeaux*. In order to dress the hair in such lively and yet rich *bandeaux*, the ladies of Paris employ horse-hair thread, around the elastic bands of which they roll the hair so artistically as not to disclose the support of the hair. It is a charming fashion

for summer-time, so comfortable, and yet so rich, without the aid and weight of ribbon and floral confections.

Robe of triple *taffetas*, *broche* with little bouquets *à la Pompadour*.

The high body is closed with little silk buttons.

The cuts formed by taking out the pinches on the stomach are covered with darts of green silk, and three darts trim the back in harmony with the front.

The silk waist-ribbon is closed at front by a steel clasp, or *agrafe*.

The close-fitting sleeve is ornamented on the under side with a row of buttons reaching from the elbow to the turn-back wristband.

The jockeys to the sleeves are trimmed with ribbon like that which trims the body.

The plain skirt is edged at the bottom with a narrow velvet ribbon.

Collar of embroidered muslin edged with lace. *Manchettes* in keeping. Gloves of straw-colored kid.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The important subject with *demoiselles*—and one of the most interesting to their anxious mammas—is the type of the Broadway Bonnet most suitable to their years and complexions. Types of this *genre* are multiplying so fast that even we feel puzzled in selecting those best calculated for the lady readers of the Home Magazine. There are now three distinct types, as follows:—The plain front and cap crown—the border and *passé* being in one piece, with a full crown covered with lace, like the following engraving:



BROADWAY BONNET.

Border and passé in one piece.

The plain front may be of fine Leghorn straw, or it may be of green, lilac, or drab silk. The curtain is the same color and material. The crown is of a

relief in color, full and sloping, covered with white lace for evening wear, and black lace, or lace netting, for morning. Between the crown and the front (*passé* and border) is a rouleau of ribbon to harmonize with the under crown; and the heading of the curtain is of a very narrow *ruche* in the same color. The strings are either of ribbon of half width, like the crown, and half like the front, or like the front and curtain.

Although at the inauguration of the Broadway Bonnet many fine *artistes* in millinery thought it advisable not to ornament with a *dessous*, but to leave the hair—as nature's ornament—unaided; yet this has since been found not to answer, and both the edgings and *dessous* are now subject to the caprice of the wearer or the milliner. The bonnet from which we made the drawing for the above engraving, is by the most talented *artiste* of the house of Brown & Co., opposite the Metropolitan Hotel. It has not a single floral ornament, the edges are entirely plain, but the *dessous* is made of ribbon and jets; the knots and bows of ribbon to harmonize with the color of the border. It is one of the most stylish bonnets that we have seen.

The next type of the style is composed of a plain border, a shirred *passé*, and a triple band crown, similar to the following engraving:—



The border of this bonnet is of plain drab silk; crown of the sloping cap form, with either three box-plaits, or three ribbons of same color, falling over the back of the crown, and caught up lightly under the narrow pinked *ruche* which heads the curtain. Curtain of same material as the border. The *passé* is shirred, and either of French blue or green silk. The (brides') strings, are of the two colors composing the bonnet. The *ruches* are the same color as the *passé*. The *dessous* is composed of floral ornaments, with cheeks of blonde. This forms a general bonnet, fit for most occasions. The colors may be selected to improve the com-

plexion; and green would be better than blue—as the *pease*—for a pale complexion.

The third type of the Broadway Bonnet is the same shape as the first engraving, except that the crown is hard and covered with lace.

One of the most beautiful bonnets of this *genre*, was entirely of straw, with ornamental straw bands over the full straw crown, and borders of straw in exquisite workmanship.

The drab border and curtain, with the crown covered with figured lace, is the favorite style.

The picture-plate with the next number, will represent one of the most attractive bonnets of the season.

Pure white kid gloves is again the fashion for full toilet, and *tarlatane* is a favorite material for an evening party robe. The cut, for a party *dansant*, is a square neck, quite high on the shoulders and behind, and not low at the front of the neck. It can scarcely be termed *décolleté*, though the sleeve is barely a round flounce extending six inches below the arm-hole; underneath is one very large puff or balloon of tulle, drawn close to the arm, four or five inches above the elbow. The neck is made with a plaiting at the top one and a-half inches wide, below which is a cherry ribbon separating it from a wider plaiting below; and below this still, a plaiting like the top one is repeated. There is a plaiting also at the ends of the short sleeves. These plaitings are headed and divided by cherry-colored ribbon, and the bottom and ends of sleeves are trimmed with an inch wide fall of lace. The waist is square, with a narrow waist-ribbon bound with cherry ribbon; and towards the left side of the *ceinture* is a large double-bow knot, with long,

wide, diagonal-ended lappets, edged with cherry ribbon, and diagonally striped with infinitesimal black velvet ribbon. The skirt is plain one-third below the waist, and the remainder is divided into five flounces, headed and edged with a cherry ribbon and row of very narrow black lace. The goods is white *tarlatane*, sprinkled over with black peas. White satin shoes, white kid gloves; with gold bracelets, like large hoops, chased on the surface. Head dress of a turban of cherry-colored silk or velvet, trimmed with gold.

Of jewelry, it is not now the fashion to wear precious stones, except upon occasions of high ceremony, such as a wedding, or in honor of a very distinguished guest. The taste sets in favor of excellency in the artistic designs and chasings of gold jewelry. Unless on great evening occasions, neither ear-rings or necklaces are worn;—nothing but a set of bracelets in the form of a hoop, or wagon-tire, richly chased on the outside and square edges, the shape being like the morning hoop earring, as shown by a cut in the last number of the Home Magazine.

The summer thin goods for robes, such for example as *barege* and *organdy*, are repeated in the style of making silks, which are either flounced, or a plain skirt is divided by five rows of pinked ruffles of the same, diminishing in width upward, and two rows on the end of the *pagode* sleeve. The body is pointed, waist rather long, body closed by rows of buttons of same up the front, very narrow lace collar for full toilet, and even the *décolleté* robe noted above has a very narrow white lace ruffle, as a lively and lightsome finish round the top of the neck.

New Publications.

THE BIBLE AND SOCIAL REFORM; OR THE SCRIPTURES AS A MEANS OF CIVILIZATION. By R. H. Tyler, A. M., of Fult-
ton, New York. Philadelphia: Jas. Challen & Son.

The design of this book is to exhibit the power and influence of the Bible in the civilization of the world. The author discusses the genuineness of the Sacred Writings, and proves that they have been handed down to us in the form in which they were originally written, and that they are inspired writings. He then enters upon the subject of the Bible as a means of Civilization, and argues, *pro* and *con*, from the condition of various nations of ancient and modern times, that no nation can become fully civilized without the Bible—that the highest Civilization is where the Bible is most free; and that Civilization always follows the introduction of the Scriptures.

MADAMEMOISELLE MOREL. A Tale of Modern Rome. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We have not read this story, but we hear it well spoken of. The scene is laid in Rome during the revolutionary period of 1848-'9; and the leading dramatis personæ are either acting or suffering in the cause of human liberty. Referring to the events of this time, the preface says: "It was written among those who had taken an active share in them. Some of the scenes described in it will be recognized as real occurrences, such as the murder of the two supposed spies by the populace; the attendance of the Roman ladies at the hospital during the siege; the existence of the child-regiment, called *la Speranza*, the flight and pursuit of the traitor, and his rescue by the eloquence of a priest."

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Parke Godwin. Vol. I. (Ancient Gaul.) New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

American authors take rank among the first historians of the world. They have given us some of the best works in this department of literature that are to be found. Prescott, Irving, Bancroft, Motley, and others, stand out in strong relief; and, judging from this first volume of the History of France, Parke Godwin (son-in-law of Bryant, the Poet,) will soon take his place in public estimation where they stand.

This first volume describes ancient Gaul, and closes with the era of Charlemagne. A portion of this period lies in obscurity, but the author has, with great care and industry, brought the leading personages and events into light, so that we see them distinctly. Running through a period of several centuries, we gain a knowledge of the sources of national life, of fundamental races and institutions, and of the events by which direction was given to the national development. This is essential to the right understanding of the character of any people.

The plan of this new history of France contemplates a narrative of events down to the outbreak of the great Revolution of 1789. The second volume will describe Feudal France, closing with St. Louis; the third, France during the national and civil and religious wars; the fourth, France under the ministries of Sully, Mazarin, and Richelieu; the fifth will describe the reign of Louis XIV.; and the sixth give us events in the eighteenth century.

Mr. Godwin writes with an easy grace of style, that is so desirable in history, to the cold details of which so many authors fail to impart warmth and interest.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By George Elliott, Author of "Scenes of Clerical Life," and "Adam Bede." New York: *Harper & Brother*.

As we were about closing this department of our Magazine, a new book from the author of "Adam Bede" was laid on our table; and, though yet unread, we must not let its appearance go unannounced in the present number. "Adam Bede" took the world of novel readers by surprise. It was so fresh, so genial, so original. Its characters were new, and yet evident portraits from life. "Who is the author?" was the next question; George Elliott being understood as a name assumed. After many guesses and pointings to known authors, it turned out that the writer was an English lady, Miss Evans by name; and now we have another book from her pen, which, by the time this notice meets the eyes of our readers, will have been read by thousands with delight. We have yet the pleasure of its perusal in reserve.

POEMS, LYRICAL AND IDYLIC. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. New York: *Charles Scribner*.

A little volume, containing poems that show taste, metrical skill, and a delicate fancy.

SAY AND SEAL. By the Authors of the "Wide, Wide World," and "Dollars and Cents." Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

Just as we were going to press last month, these two large volumes of five hundred pages each, were laid on our table; and so, long before we have had an opportunity to speak of them, the public verdict has been given, and this is of the most favorable character. No recent book has had so large a sale, in the same brief space of time, as "Say and Seal." A novelty in its construction, is the fact, that it is the joint work of two women; and so perfect has been the union between the parts, that few, if any, can say where the production of one mind ceased, and that of the other began. The whole book is genial, healthy, and charming. We have heard no one object to its length. The authors have the rare skill to hold their reader's attention, from the first chapter to the last.

THE PIONEERS, PREACHERS, AND PEOPLE OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY. By William Henry Milburn. New York: *Derby & Jackson*.

Whatever the "Blind Preacher" touches, grows instinct with a life and interest. There is a way of looking at things, and a natural eloquence about him, that invests whatever he writes with a charm. His "Rifle, Axe, and Saddle Bags," and his "Ten Years of a Preacher's Life," gave vivid pictures of frontier life; and now we have, in a series of ten well compacted lectures, sketches of early explorers, adventurers, and settlers in the "great valley," making a volume of a most instructive and readable character.

STORIES OF INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS. A Book for Old and Young. By John Timbs, F.S.A. With Illustrations. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

This is one of the books that we can recommend with a hearty good will, as full of instruction and interest. The glance it gives us of the curiosities of science in earlier times, is very attractive. The view, also, of the struggles, trials, disappointments, and successes of inventors, cannot fail to hold the attention of every one. It is written in a clear, intelligent manner.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CHRISTOPHER CARSON, THE CELEBRATED ROCKY MOUNTAIN HUNTER AND GUIDE. By Charles Burdett. Fully Illustrated. Philadelphia: *G. G. Evans*.

A book, as the reader may infer from the title, of wild adventure and exciting frontier incidents. It gives pictures of life that are strange, startling, and scarcely to be realized by the quiet denizens of cities and peaceful rural districts.

OLD LEAVES; GATHERED FROM HOUSEHOLD WORDS. By W. Henry Wills. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

A lively, readable book, made up of pleasant articles, originally published in "Household Words." It contains much useful information, conveyed in a very attractive manner.

LETTERS ON THE DIVINE TRINITY, ADDRESSED TO HENRY WARD BEECHER. By B. F. Barrett. New York: *Mason Brothers*.

These ably written letters, on a subject of most vital interest to all Christians, first appeared in the "Swedenborgian," a monthly magazine published in New York, and edited by Mr. Barrett. They give the Swedenborgian doctrine of the Divine Trinity, which is not a trinity of three distinct persons, but a trinity of Love, Wisdom, and Power, in the one person of the Lord Jesus Christ.

A TRIP TO CUBA. By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

A woman's view of Cuba, spicy, shrewd, independent, and something novel. Mrs. Howe has eyes of her own, and a way of telling what she sees, in language which cannot be complained of for triteness.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

We have part fifth of this entertaining story.

THE FLORENCE STORIES. By Jacob Abbott—Grinkie. New York: *Sheldon & Co.*

This is the second volume in the series of "Florence Stories." Like all of Mr. Abbott's stories, it is practical, natural, useful, and gives healthy reading for the young.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND STUDY IN ITALY. By Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

These notes run through 1856 and a part of 1857, and contain the observations of a thoughtful and cultivated mind. Italy, as seen through the eyes of Mr. Norton, has higher points of interest for men of taste, than Italy as seen through ordinary tourists.

CATHARA CLYDE. A Novel. By Inconnus. New York: *Charles Scribner*.

A story with many fine points, and showing the author to possess much knowledge of the human heart. The hand that penned it is not over-skilled in the art; but the promise of higher achievement is good.

Editors' Department.

"ALL GONE."

"I can't stand it any longer," murmured Mrs. Wyman, as she threw herself down on the crimson lounge in her sitting room, and surveyed its tasteless appointments with a dissatisfied gaze. "I must just have a new carpet, and curtains for my sitting room. This ingrain looks shabby enough, and those yellow shades are a disgrace to the front of the house. They'll do well enough for the second best chamber, but I must have a Brussels carpet with lace curtains to match on this room. That pattern was exquisite that I saw this morning; white blossoms, with green leaves scattered over a russet ground. I must get hold of Harry this night, and make him fork over. These men are so hard to get a dollar out of, when they take a notion, and Harry has been so glum and pre-occupied of late, that I've been glad to let him alone. But I shall just make up my mind to go at him to-night, for I must have the carpet and the curtains, before Miss Morgan comes to pass the day with me."

Mrs. Wyman was a pretty woman, somewhere in her early thirties. She went through this monologue, while she was removing her gloves and unfastening her bonnet strings, and brushing her fur cape, and smoothing the fringe of her parasol, for she had been down Broadway, making calls, and pricing carpets at Stewart's.

She was one of that innumerable company of

women whose souls have become enamored of dress and elegance, and a false, showy, luxurious style of living. The great purpose which governed her was to have all her surroundings as smart as her neighbors, or the "set" in which she moved; composed mostly of women with as miserable, petty aims and ambitions as her own.

Mrs. Wyman had been for eight years a wife. Her husband, from a book-keeper had become a junior partner in a large wholesale dry goods firm, and the lady's social pretension had kept pace with the increase of her fortunes.

But, as she sat there, with the twilight drawing its curtains of brown and gold about her, she heard the front door open, and a well-known step along the hall. It paused a moment, and then came heavily up the stairs, and the door opened.

"Oh, Harry, I'm glad to see you, for I've something to say to you."

"Have you—what is it?"

The tones struck her ear coldly, but Mrs. Wyman had set her heart upon a new carpet and curtains, and she resolved not to be frustrated: but she would have paused if she could have seen her husband's white face or the fearful smile with which he answered her.

"Why, I've seen to-day the greatest beauty of a Brussels carpet, and a pair of lace curtains, that I want for the sitting room. You know our old ingrain and shades are not fit to be seen; and beside

Major Morgan's daughter is coming here for a day or two next week, so I want to order them to-morrow. The whole went cost more than sixty dollars, and you must let me have the money."

"Must!" Mr. Wyman sat down and laughed—a laugh which fairly made his wife's heart stand still.

"Harry what ails you—what is the matter?"

"Carpet and curtains!" the man muttered, more to himself than to his terrified listener, "when we haven't a roof over our heads, and the sheriff will soon have all the furniture that's under this."

"Oh, Harry, what do you mean?" and now Mrs. Wyman sprang to her feet with a face as white as her husband's.

"It means, Annie," speaking with a slow, distinct, but unnatural utterance, "that I've failed to-day—utterly gone to smash. I'm a ruined man."

Oh, where was her wifely heart, her woman's true, sheltering tenderness, that now in this hour of her husband's need and weakness, she did not spring brave, and strong, and hopeful, his good angel to his side?

Alas! alas! what miserable, selfish, callous hearts, vanity, and pride, and petty ambition will make?

Mrs. Wyman paced up and down the room, and wrung her hands, and sobbed. "Oh, dear! dear! what shall we do? I shall never be able to lift up my head again, and all my friends will look at me with scorn. I'll never show my face on the street again. I wish we had all died before this had happened to us!"

A deep, hollow groan, answered her, as her husband buried his face in his hands. Ay—he might well say "all had gone!"

"Papa,—mamma, what is the matter?"

The little voices came softly slipping into the room, and the two little children stood there—a golden-haired, brown-eyed, boy and girl, and their young, sweet faces were filled with wonder and dismay, as they looked at their parents.

"Matter, children," answered the mother, turning wildly upon them. "Your father's failed to-day, and there's no help for us; we must all starve."

The little girl stood still a moment, with wondering, frightened, puzzled thoughts, going in and out of her face. Then she turned, and ran very eagerly up to her father, and endeavored with her small hands to lift up his face, and dipped her little fingers into his thick locks of hair. "Papa!" she cried, "must we starve, you and mamma, and Eddie and I?"

"God only knows, my poor little child!" answered the wretched man, and his tears fell thick into the golden locks which crowned his fair child's head.

And the wife and mother kept on her walk, meaning and sobbing to herself; and thinking mostly of her own mortification, of the social caste which she had lost, and of all those ten thousand

petty trials which her pride must experience, when her husband's failure became known among her fashionable friends.

At last Mr. Wyman rose up, and rushed out of the room, like one driven suddenly mad. He went up stairs. He had nothing to sustain him, neither faith in God nor hope in man; and the wife, to gratify whose tastes he had been reckless and fool-hardy in his business relations, had failed him in his sorest straits.

There was the quick, sharp report of a pistol—a heavy fall, and it was "all gone" with Henry Wyman!

This last blow roused the wife from her selfish sorrow; but tears and self-reproaches could not bring back the dead.

Oh, wife or mother, who shall read this story though your riches shall take to themselves wings and fly away, may your heart have precious jewels locked up, and laid away in its closet, so that whatever may be spoken of you on earth, it shall never be said in Heaven "All Gone! All Gone!"

V. F. T.

WORK AND ECONOMY.

When Flaxman married, Sir Joshua Reynolds took it upon himself to say that Ann Denman had "ruined John Flaxman for an artist." But the true wife said to her husband—"A great artist you shall be, and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great. "But how?" asked the doubting Flaxman. "Work and economize," rejoined the brave woman. And by patient work, economy, and self-denial, the prophecy was made good.

And thus it will be in all cases of rightly directed purpose in this world. Poverty is a great hindrance, but more in imagination than in reality; for our real wants are few in comparison with those that are only imaginary. Patient work and strict economy are sure to bring success in any pursuit. Marriage is only a hindrance to genius when it brings in worldliness, pride, and a poor social ambition. There are not many Ann Denmans, we are sorry to say, and therefore Sir Joshua was not wrong in the scope of his prophecy, for marriage has ruined many an artist.

THE indignant denial of a newspaper charge of opium eating against the historian Macaulay, was made in this decided language:—"The story which is going the round of your papers, is an impudent lie, without the slightest shadow of a foundation. All the opium that I have swallowed in a life of fifty-three years does not amount to ten grains. * * * I will venture to say that the writer of the letter in which the falsehood first appeared, never approached even the outskirts of the society in which I live, or he would have made his fiction a little more probable."

WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

What is a woman's mission?
Wherefore is she of earth?
What angel, of God's myriads,
Presided at her birth?
Was't not meek, pitying Mercy,
Who, with her mystic eye,
Saw through the dim Hereafter—
And knew the by-and-bye?—
When man, in life's stern battle,
Should falter and grow weak,
With marble whiteness on his brow,
And pallor on his cheek;
When, faint with many burdens,
His feet from Right should stray,
And, losing faith in God and Heaven,
He'd leave the Perfect Way!

A woman's voice calls upward,
Her finger points above;
A shield against temptation
Is in her virtuous love;
Respect it, men and fathers!
Respect it, bold young man!
Your mother was a woman, too,
With her your life began.
And, sisters, your true mission
Lies not in halls of state;
Let rougher natures brave the brunt,
And scheme and legislate—
Nor yet upon the battle fields
Amid the roar of guns—
Leave hall and forum, camp and war,
Unto your hardy sons.

'Tis yours to bind the broken heart,
To feed the famished poor;
To see that not a sorrowing one
Goes empty from your door;
To spread abroad sweet love and faith,
To glorify your God,
And lead your children in the way
The happy saints have trod!
To woo the erring back to peace,
To kill intemperate sin;
From the black void of endless death
The God-less soul to win!
To keep alight the beacon fire
Upon the cliffs of hope,
And lead the pilgrim safely up,
Across the treacherous slope.

Yes, this is ours! our work to do!
This is our noble right!
And, Duty, let thy path be clear,
And, Heaven, vouchsafe us light!
And when our men fall back and shrink
Like cowards, from the strife,
'Tis time enough for us to take
The sword, and conquer life!
Full ample time to frame the laws,
And rule the passive state;
Full time to write our names in blood
Among the titled great!
Till then, we'll keep our sacred way
Whatever trials come,
And with our hands upon our hearts
Be priestesses of none.

A NEW STORY BY MISS TOWNSEND.

We shall commence in the next number of the Home Magazine a new story by Miss Townsend, entitled

"DAYS OF MY LIFE."

It will be continued through several numbers.

NIGHT AIR.

In her notes on nursing, Florence Nightingale says, in regard to the common impression that night air is injurious:—"What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say, if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the disease we suffer from is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. This is not to say that light is not necessary for recovery. In great cities, night air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better understand in towns shutting the windows during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to making night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate, has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut; a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without; every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital the better."

DIFFICULTY.

Burke says:—"Difficulty is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental Guardian and Legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and he loves us better too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves, and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our subject, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial."

A man of taste has a kind of property in every beautiful thing he sees, and is often more truly the possessor of a picture or a statue than the ostensible owner.

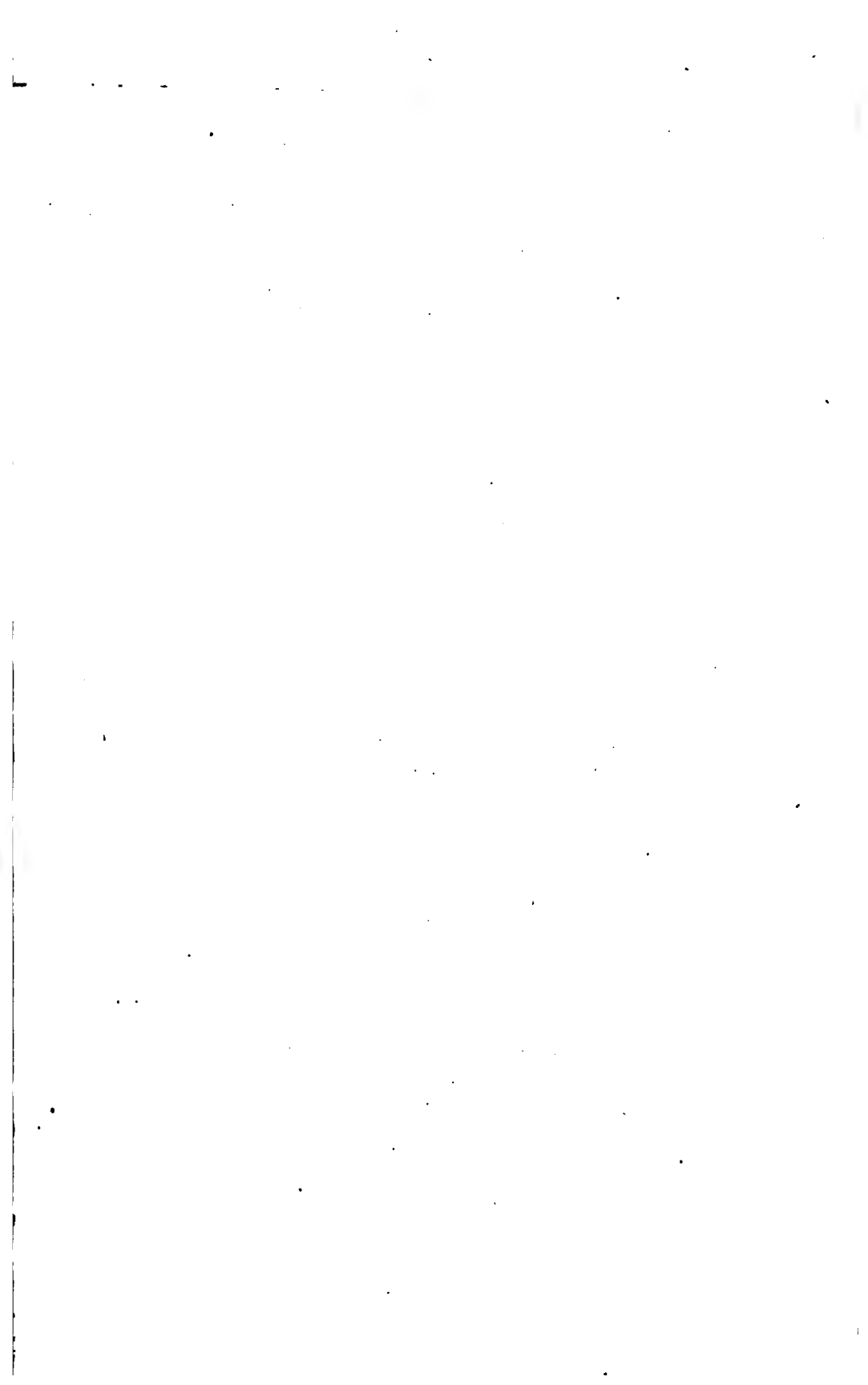
"A man in a passion is like Vesuvius in an eruption—vomiting forth flames and red-hot stones, which descend immediately into its own bosom, till chance directs it over the edge of the crater, to deal destruction to others."





THE CHILDREN.

THE CHILDREN'S PAPER FOR HOME MAGAZINE



RECEIVED FOR HOME WORKING



THE YOUNG FAMILY.



THE
LADY'S
HOME MAGAZINE:

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR

AND

MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

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VOL. XVI.  
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From July to December.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.
1860.

THEORY

0.1. The first part of the theory is the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ which is defined on the interval $[a, b]$ and satisfies the condition $f(a) = f(b)$.

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0.6.

0.7. The sixth part of the theory is the study of the properties of the function $f(x)$ which is defined on the interval $[a, b]$ and satisfies the condition $f(a) = f(b)$.

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DECEMBER.

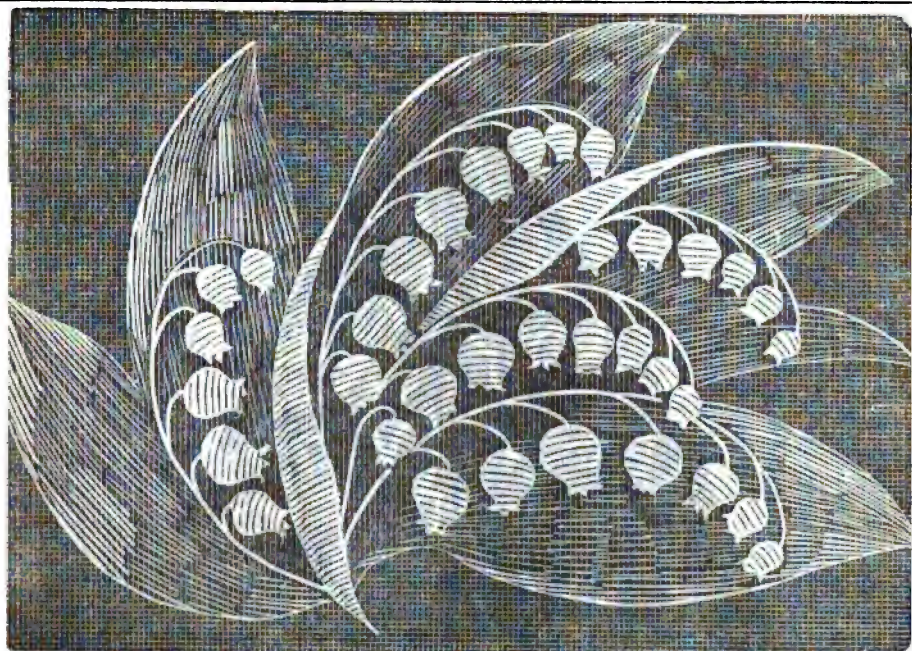
1. "Protection." (Steel Plate.) 2. Colored Fashion Plate. 3. Higher. 4. Needlework Embroidery. 5. Caps. 6. New Style of Cloak. 7. Masonic Anti-Macassar.





SMOKING CAP.

Made of six pieces of velvet of the above size. If the material is green or red, embroider with gold, and if blue, with silver braid, surmounted with bullion; tassel color of braid.

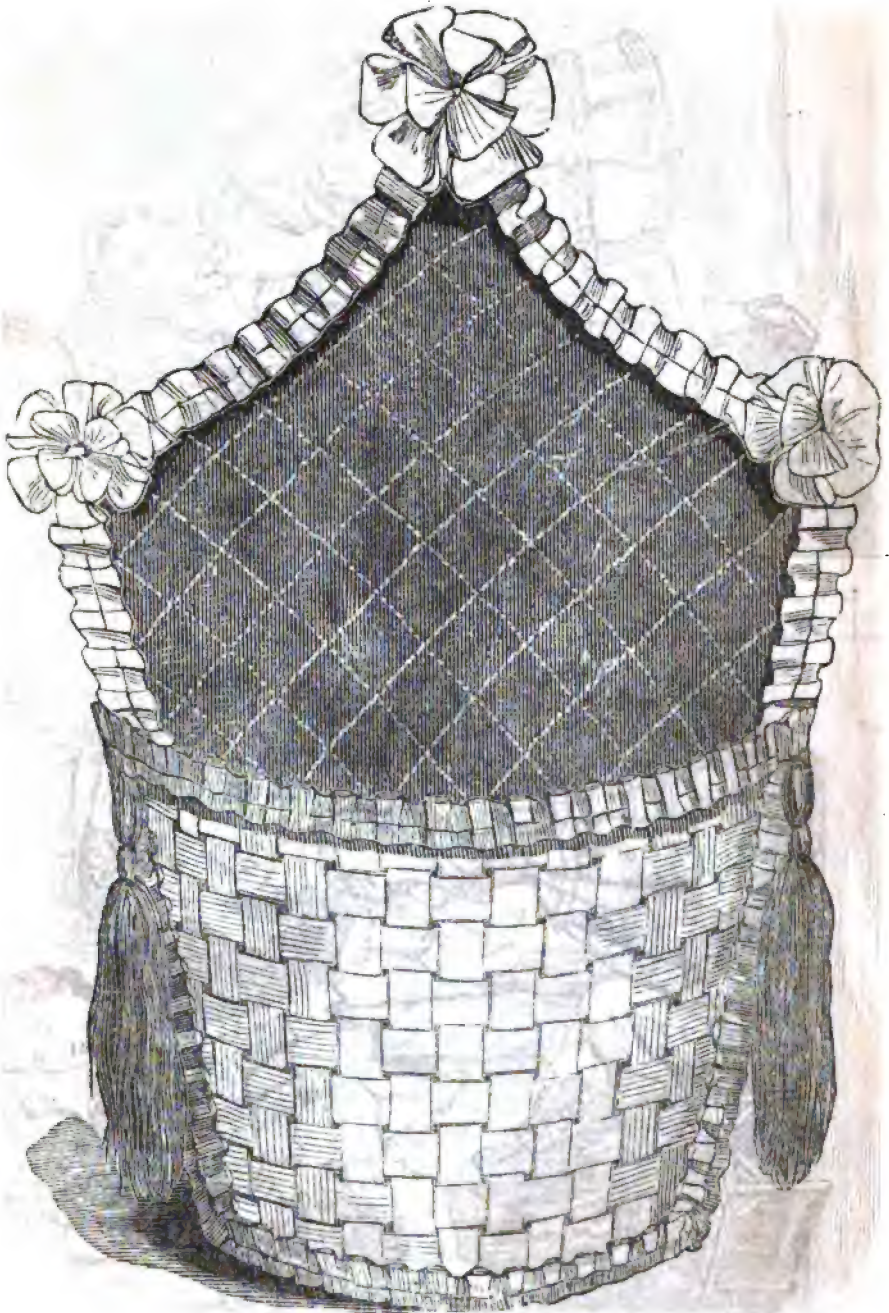


OTTOMAN COVER.

LILY OF THE VALLEY SPRIG.—The broad leaves on which the flowers rest are to be embroidered in green Berlin wool, having a tendency to blue. There should be sufficient distinction of depth and color between the stripes. The flowers in white floss silk, shaded with grey.



SQUARE NETTED ROSE ANTI-MACASSAR.

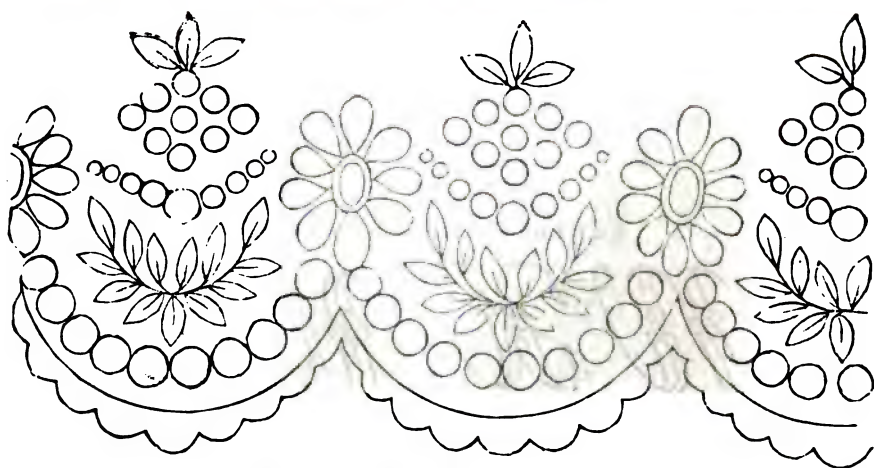


SWISS WATCH POCKET.

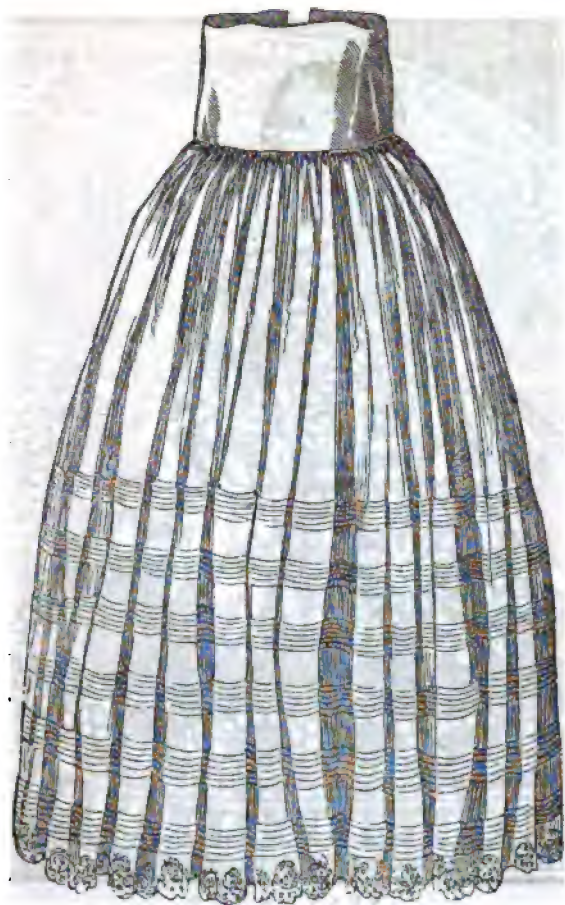




INFANT'S CAP.



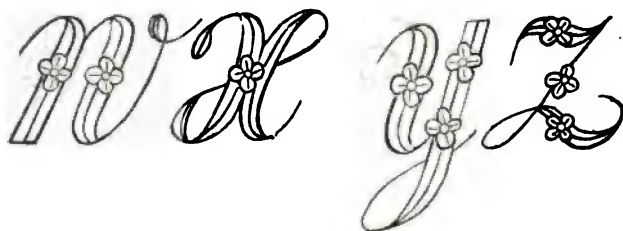
NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



BABY'S SKIRT

Of Jaconet Muslin, made very full and gathered into a plain linen band, neatly stitched. The edge is bordered with a deep row of scalloped needlework; groups of narrow tucks, placed at equal distances, extend rather more than half the length of the skirt.

LETTERS FOR MARKING.





SUMMER WALKING DRESS.

In the above illustration we give the design for a Robe, whose rich trimming and material adapts it for either a promenade or visiting dress. It is of violet-colored "poult de soie." The skirt is ornamented with three stripes of Rusche "à la veille," interwoven with the same material as the dress. The stripes are arranged at corresponding distances from the waist. The sleeves hang in folds their entire length, with two puffs of Rusche neath a broad reverse of velvet. The girdle is of the same material as the dress, trimmed with velvet.

THE LADIES' Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1860.

A LITTLE MISUNDERSTANDING.

BY SARAH A. WENTZ.

CORA Brentwood stood at the bay window of her sitting-room one March morning, when the air was so delicious she half expected to see the grass wake up under the blushes of Spring. She was still a bride, and happy—only this poetic atmosphere out of doors created some deep, infinite longing in her breast that reached after joy and triumph; a breezy stir went through the kingdom of her soul. Her husband was a handsome man, fifteen years her elder; he was very wealthy; she had never loved any one as well as she *liked* him—she was grateful that he loved her, and, yielding to her mother's eager wish, she married, with an exterior sensation of pride and security; but across the waves of her inmost heart, there passed smothered, sighing winds—there panted a breath of unrest. All this, however, was temporary; with her marriage vows a new affection came for Mr. Brentwood; she found that a wife cannot easily separate her hopes, and fears, and interests from an affectionate husband. He seemed to love her far more than she had imagined. In the days of her courtship she had sometimes said to herself, "Well, we will have such a pretty home, and I shall be in my room with my books, and music, and embroidery. I shall dress so neatly and prettily, and can spend my time just as I like; he will only come in to see me in his dignified way when he comes to dinner. I shall be amiable and polite, and talk of the news of the day. Yes; it will be very pleasant!" But away down in her heart there had been a something that made her feel as if she would always want to put out her hand to keep him away from all that was most especially her own. It was not so afterward; she was pleased to hear his step; she drank in, with satisfaction, his look of delight at meeting her. All had gone on as harmoniously as if neither had a will to assert.

But Cora, although in the main she strove to develop the possible angel within herself, was passionate, a little exacting, a little arrogant, and more than a little dreamy and romantic; there were deep wells in her nature that had never been sounded; she was capable of beautiful sacrifices and quick rebellions; yet it had been easy, thus far in her life, to bend to the sway of conscience. Even now, as she stood at the window and dreamed that God was breathing through the pulses of nature a divine poem, whose ecstasy had never passed *through* her—although before her she let loose the bird of fancy, and was borne away from her home she drew back the enchaining bird, and drove him to his silent chamber in her spirit, with a shake of her young head, and the murmured words—"I will not dream! I will be practical and good, then realizations will come to me some time—*some time!* Ah! Where? Well! well! it will be *some time*; that is sweet, although the future is so far divorced from this hour as to sight, I cannot see it! I cannot feel it! but I know it can come. Faith reaches, like a crystal spar, into the ethereal sky." She smiled with a vague gladness, and fell into thought.

When Mr. Brentwood came home to dinner, she opened the door of her sitting-room for him, and leading him to the sofa, seated herself beside him, exclaiming, with a merry smile—"O, Joseph! I have a bran new idea! I'm going to join the Dorcas Society that belongs to our church! Wont it seem funny? But I need something to occupy my thoughts. I can't remain a bird of Paradise, as you call me, unless I feed my soul, you know!" She hesitated, blushing and losing her words, by seeing that he did not sympathize with her. "Now, I can't say all that was in my mind, but I must do good, or grow unhappy—I must!" she stroked his whiskers coaxingly, then with a quick laugh and pout, hid her face on his shoulder, as he would have placed his hand over her lips in token that he would not hear of her scheme.

"I am going to take you to the opera to-night," he said, good humoredly.

"Are you? thank you!" She looked up, but less brightly than before; a light gradually came into her face as she met his smiling expression. "I'm going to join, shall I? may I, say?" she tried to open his lips, which had closed very tightly at her last words; he only snapped at her pretty fingers under pretence of biting them.

"Have you learned the song that I brought you yesterday?" he next said.

"No."

"I want you to sing it for me when I come to tea."

"Indeed! I'm going to the opera, and shall be too busy to look at it," she answered, with a kind of resentful indifference. She rose and went to a table where her work lay, then remembering the dinner, left the room and proceeded to the kitchen.

When she was left alone that afternoon, a tide of wicked feeling rolled in upon her. "I should like to know why I can't do as I choose," she soliloquized. "He does as he wishes in everything. If I am too young to be governed by my own judgment, I am too young to be his wife. I don't see why I should obey him! he's older, it's true; but a wife is an equal. I believe we made a bargain of it: I sold him my youth and beauty (for I know I'm good looking, at least,) for his wealth, position, and kind affection. I have been thinking that I loved him very much—I see, now, that he *reflected* love upon me, and I was satisfied with it. How easily and lightly he wore the look of decision that denied me: he looked as if it didn't hurt or disturb him to

shut back in my heart its desire. I couldn't deny him a reasonable request without feeling badly, if I saw he was *so anxious* about it as I am. I won't learn that music—prosy old song! I won't gratify him if he won't me! It's dreadful to be checked in this way. I never thought of it before! Perhaps he wasn't in earnest! perhaps he'll consent! I wish I hadn't said anything about it, and had gone. But I like to tell him, always, where I've been. I wish I were not married! I wish I were at home! I do, actually! O dear! dear me!" Cora looked around her pretty room, thinking there she was in a splendid cage, fairly caught, and that she could never escape. But somehow, after she had cried a little, it didn't seem so very dreadful to be the beloved wife of such a man. How handsome he looked when he came in the door smiling—he did not smile as often as many men. She went to the piano, and looked at the music which he had brought her—it was a song of Burns'; she played and sang it, for she knew it, although Mr. Brentwood had never heard her voice in it.

Underneath the music lay "Old Joliffe, or a Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," which her husband had brought her with the song.

"He is kind, isn't he?" she said to herself, as she took it up, and remembered that she had spoken her wish for it the day before. She seated herself in the embrasure of the window, and read the little work through without looking up. When she closed it her face beamed as if good angels were with her. "You have saved me from being a perfect dunce!" she apostrophised it impulsively. "I must be a sunbeam in my home! Yes! I'll be perfectly devoted to Joseph's happiness. I will melt away his prejudices by love and gentleness! How sulky and cross I was! And yea! surely my duties must and will extend beyond my own roof. I'll give up the Dorcas Society for the present—the *present* only—and I'll take a class in the Sunday-School. Now I must dress for the evening."

She arrayed herself as seducingly as possible, and when her husband returned from his business, she met him with—"I'm going to do just as you think best, Joseph, in everything; *almost* everything," she archly added, seeing he looked pleased to find her in a good humor. "Now sit down, and let me sing you this song!" She placed herself at the piano, and carolled forth the happy lightness of her heart. Her husband rewarded her with a compliment, and thought her April disposition charming, as she turned around, chatting and laughing.

Sunbeams broke over her face, and over the landscape of her spirit, concealing the strong, solemn, earnest deeps that must move when bidden.

When the next Sunday came, Cora began to put her bonnet on a little before nine o'clock.

"Why, you have mistaken the hour, child," Mr. Brentwood said, taking out his watch.

"O no, Joseph!" she answered; "Mr. C—— said he could give me a class of little ones to-day, and I'm going to take it. I should like to sit with you in church, but I suppose I can't."

"What's the use of your taking a class?" he asked, in an annoyed tone. "There are plenty of old maids to take your place! I'm not going to church alone." He took up a paper, and began to read.

Cora flushed with sudden anger, and her lip curled with passionate scorn of such love as he had for her; but she kept silent, and averted her face.

"Why didn't you tell me of this?" Mr. Brentwood asked, hurt at her reserve.

"Because you would not have sympathized in my wish to do good," she rashly responded.

He reddened, but replied with cool sarcasm, "I think your efforts won't amount to much."

A dead pause succeeded, in which hot tears fell over Cora's cheeks; she stood with her back to her husband, holding her Hymn Book in her hand. At last she said: "I'll come from school and go to church with you, if you would rather." By a great effort she had choked back her resentment, to speak these words.

"Don't bore me with the subject!" he returned, unfolding the newspaper.

She looked at him hastily, while her flexible lips put on an aspect of resolution. She walked from the room, and proceeded to her new field of labor. That day she said to herself, "I will live my life, and he shall live his—he never more shall cross the threshold of my soul's sanctuary; he does not care for my 'holy of holies.' It shall be shut to him, as he desires." But while she spoke of her "holy of holies," her breast was torn with its first powerful rebellion against God and her destiny; it seemed as if her heart would burst with its desire to spring from him and be free. It is a moment perilous to wedded happiness when the desire for freedom arises; it may pass away, and peaceful tranquillity may follow—nay, even joy in the bond. An act of selfishness, unkindness, or even thoughtlessness, may push a husband or wife into temptations

that cause the spirit to swing for days between heaven and hell. Woe is he who does not hasten to make reparation, by bringing forth generous riches of heart to lay at the feet of the elect! Happy is he who hurries to acknowledge his error—if the acknowledgment be frankly met; if hand in hand the twain appeal to the Merciful for a holier tenderness, then a band of demons will be swept from the married path. They who marry for love, and they who do not, alike need to tread their way with care, inasmuch as few persons develop their characters fully, except in the nearest relations.

Cora was young and undisciplined; she believed her husband loved her, and wished her to be happy, but in his way, not in her own. She had surely thought he would allow her to gratify herself by teaching a class, as she had striven so cheerfully to give up her first scheme for doing good, according to his will. She brooded over the disposition he showed to ignore her earnest purposes, to trample them out of sight, and to take pleasure in her only when she smilingly conformed herself to his character, which was quite different from her own. When she joined her husband after church she would gladly have been as cordial as usual, for her better feelings had partially gained the ascendancy, and she had a vague sense that she might possess the key to all that was best within him, if she were only a saint, which she was not. He sat where she had left him.

"It is a beautiful day!" she exclaimed, observing that he did not notice her; "it has driven away my low spirits, I believe."

He did not reply; she saw, from the expression of his countenance, that what she mildly denominated "low spirits," he styled temper. An experimental "streak" had seized him during her absence; he thought he would see how long Cora would suffer him to be stern and cold before she would dissolve in tears, and request the sunshine of his affability. His silence fell upon her like the stroke of a hammer upon hot iron; sparks of anger flashed; she had offered to conciliate; either policy, or duty, or love, had stifled her pride, and bent her to this. Now her haughty spirit raised itself, steeled with the resolve to speak no reconciling word until he had done so. An estrangement began from this mere trifle. Mr. Brentwood had long been accustomed to directing others, and seeing his wishes instantly complied with; he was scarcely aware of the authoritative tone which his mind had acquired, but as it was acquired mainly by habit, it made him appear

more inaccessible to argument and persuasion than he really was. Against a capacity for deep and constant affection, a persevering self-will was balanced; he silently made up his mind that Cora should learn that her happiness depended upon her docility. But he had aroused all the pride and persistence of her character; she moved quietly about her home, demonstrating little of thought or feeling; she grew pale and thin; her bright eyes took a haggard and care-worn expression; she wept with passionate sorrow and anger, in secret; she vainly longed for her husband's former affection, but even while she wished its return she steadily followed her own judgment in the disposition of her time. If he objected to anything absolutely, she at once complied; if he denied her anything she made no remonstrance, only her quiet lips grew a trifle firmer. Matters grew worse; Mr. Brentwood, hoping to goad her into a desire for the fondness she made no effort to win, pleased himself in company by selecting the prettiest girls, and appearing charmed by their society; he gave to them the smiles and jests that had once been Cora's. The stroke went home, and lodged, festering, in her heart. Attention to others gives a wife no pain when she knows herself beloved; but it becomes anguish when she sees turned upon herself cold looks. At last Cora flirted; then, feeling that thus she might lose the joys of heaven, in addition to those of earth, she desisted. But again she flirted, when she saw that it caused her husband to watch her with jealous anxiety. Thus months passed away, in which the young wife listened alternately to angels and to fiends. Had Mr. Brentwood had the least idea that his flexible, impulsive Cora held within her nature this quiet persistence, he never would have provoked it; but he was proud and firm to the last degree, and waited daily for her to say—"Forgive me!"

She, on the contrary, said to herself, "If we live so until the break of doom, I never will demean myself by a lie—only a lie could satisfy him, and it must run in this wise: 'Joseph, I repent! I should have yielded to you, rather than to God and duty!'"

One day Mr. Brentwood came home at an unusual hour, and said, "Cora, I find that I must go to the West Indies, to be absent six months."

She looked up from her work and asked, quietly, though a deep color rose in her cheek,

"When will you leave?"

"To-morrow. Can you get ready as soon as that?"

"Me?"

"Yes; who else should go with me?" he looked a little surprised at her.

The whole remembrance of his injustice swept in a volume through her heart—she had never given vent to her feelings in his hearing, and he did not understand the work he had wrought. Now she said, though a tremble went through her decided utterance, "I had rather not go."

"Not go!" he repeated, turning quickly upon her. "Why, I thought you had a passion for travel?"

She did not answer; she was trying to control her agitation. Laying down her work she went to the window. "Why don't you want to go, Cora?" he inquired, with anxiety. A sudden fear swooped down upon him like undreamed-of darkness in the day time.

"I think we shall be happier *apart*!" Her accent was clearer than before, yet after she had spoken she shut her teeth tightly together to keep down the regretful vision of past days. She heard his step approaching her—his arm even was about her waist; she glided from him and left the room, saying to her heart—"After wounding and bruising me so long, he thinks, with the lordly egotism of a man, that one caress, one tender word, will restore to me all that he tore from me." She went to an unoccupied chamber, locked the door, and had a soul-refreshing cry—and then! you imagine, gentle reader, that then she went to her husband and flung herself in his arms, sobbing—"O, Joseph, I'm so glad we're reconciled!" No! she did nothing of the kind! she sat down by a window with smiles on her lip and laughter in her heart—it was the sweet laughter of triumph and gratulation—it was the break of morning—the ending of her night. She had seen, with swift comprehension, that her husband's pride had melted like dew at the thought of losing her affection. She saw transferred to him the harrowing anxiety that had preyed upon herself, but she thought—"Nothing but reflection upon the course he has pursued, and its results, will make him accord to me, in future, the innocent liberty I ask." Her deep womanly intuition served her better than slow logic; her late experiences had passed her on from childhood to womanhood.

She went to her chamber, and opening her husband's traveling trunk, laid in it such articles as he would require; she heard him

pacing the sitting-room below with heavy, hasty steps. Thinking that possibly some misfortune made this journey necessary, she went to him; his eyes turned upon her with a sort of repressed entreaty; far back in their depths there lay the yearning love she had sickened for so long; involuntarily she laid her hand upon the knob of the open door by which she stood, to prevent an approach and an appeal. "Are you in any business trouble, Joseph?" she asked; "this journey is so sudden!"

"My business was never more prosperous," he returned, going to a secretary to look over some documents. He had observed her gesture of retreat as he had taken one quick step toward her. She went away, closing the door after her. With a fierce biting of his lip he pushed back his papers, and walked the floor again; his fierceness was all directed against himself. "I deserve it! I richly deserve it! Richly!" came from between his ground teeth. "Hang my infernal pride, and disposition to have things my own way. While I was watching her motions, and looking for the day of her capitulation, she was learning to hate me—to wish we might live *apart*. O, intolerable! I never wished or dreamed of any future which she did not charm. She has turned out such an astounding little thing; I thought she was as soft as wax. There has been my injustice; I shame to confess it to my own ears. I thought her yielding, and I meant to keep her so! I see it all! she would have been docile as a lamb forever, if I had been generous, and had studied her happiness as much as I desired that she should study mine. Now I have hardened and alienated her; but, God willing, I will repent and win her once more—my priceless little wife. How little I dreamed that I was to hunger for her smile, her presence, her nestling head, her pretty, playful actions—when I thought I could have them by a word, a motion of my hand, and an inviting smile, I did not understand what I was jeopardizing!" He quitted the room to look for her; she was in the dining-room, meditating. When she heard him coming she turned her head quickly, with a blush and smile breaking over her face, and the, aforesaid jubilant laughter in her heart. But by the time he entered the apartment he had the infelicity of seeing her dress disappear through another door that led to the kitchen, where the servants were. He was greatly vexed, but, having made up his mind, obstacles were like feathers. He followed her after a moment's reflection, and ah! the dear old tone went to her heart.

"Cora, will you come here a moment?"

She looked gravely at him, but obeyed, leaving the communicating kitchen door open. He closed it; then, passing his arm around her, led her to a small reception-room where they would not be interrupted.

"Cora, I have been in the wrong. I am sorry for your sake and my sake. Will you forgive me?"

"Yes," she simply uttered, looking down, with changing color.

He took her hand, and, bending down, kissed it silently. "Cora," at last he softly pronounced.

She looked up through a glittering mist of tears; he kissed her lips, her forehead, and even then she said to her heart, "He thinks it can erase the past."

"Wont you kiss me?" he asked, regarding her downcast face and grave expression, and seeing a kind of obduracy in her whole aspect.

She hesitated in her looks, then tranquilly answered, "I had rather not."

"Why not?"

"It would give me no pleasure, and I would rather act as I feel." She was very truthful at this moment, for she was a woman, and not a "model of all the virtues."

"Cora, you will not be so cruel as to say I have lost all your love. I have not deserved so much as this, for I loved you all the time."

"You had a strange way of showing it." The pathos of her voice took the sting from the sarcasm.

A long silence followed; then he said, taking both her hands, "Cora, go with me on this journey. You will not refuse me the opportunity of winning you again? A life of devotion shall retrieve the past. Your happiness shall be my daily, constant study."

"You said so before I risked my hand and heart in your care. I believed you then." She withdrew her hands, covered her face with them, and turned a little away from him.

"Go with me, Cora!" he entreated, passionately.

"I had rather stay!" she answered. "Mother can be with me." She hastened from the room, leaving her husband in a most perplexed and distressing state of mind. He would have given worlds to have undone that which had been done so easily. He saw his peculiar faults of disposition arrayed before him, as if they had been destroying fates, and there arose in his mind a purpose to make a crusade against them; they stood between him and Cora. Perhaps his reflections would have

been of a less melancholy aspect, if he had heard his wife's soliloquy, which ran thus:—"He will send for me to come out in the next vessel, under the captain's care, and of course I'll go, and then it will be delightful, and he will be so guarded in his conduct, so good, quite an angel in fact. Yes, I'm right; this is what I call practical lecturing,—penetrating to the first causes of things." Then her heart listened again to the music of his passion-toned utterance, and she saw his redeeming qualities, made mellow under the wise and tender touches of her who had been given him as a help-meet for him.

The next morning, even at the last moment, as he sat on his trunk and held out his hand to her, he said, "Put on your shawl as you are! Come! I'll send for everything."

She shook her head slowly; the crimson of wounded pride and love rose to his forehead: he was angry that this involuntary appeal had escaped him only to be rejected; she stood leaning against the bureau, the deep impulses of her love almost changing her purpose; tears fell over her cheeks, and dropped upon the floor: for the first time, she went to him voluntarily, sat beside him, laid her hand in his, and rested her cheek upon his shoulder.

"You shall love me yet, my darling, my little Cora," he uttered, clasping her to his heart, as burning tears were wrung from his eyes, unused to the melting mood.

He went away. Absence is very like death in its effects: it makes us just and wise in our estimates—we long to make reparations. Cora was startled to see where she had been in fault, and she lifted her heart up to the Supreme; she saw that her stubborn pride and self-righteousness had long been in the way of a reconciliation: she had held on to her misery when there might have been an end to it long before. Yet when she joined her husband in the West Indies, and he saw her happy, laughing face, he never remembered that she had been a great sinner, as well as himself.

CASUAL WORDS.

A casual word—mere sounding breath—how light its import seems! how "big with fate" it often proves! Not alone words that are the voice of daily thoughts, but words that are only the utterance of a transient emotion, forgotten as soon as felt; words that are but an idly spoken impulse melt not away with the air that holds them, but assume mysterious shapes of good or evil, to influence and haunt the hearer's life.

IT IS WELL WITH THEM.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

She lifted her sad, patient eyes to the speaker's face, and gazed at her steadily.

"When we say death, the angels understand resurrection."

Still no remark, but an earnest, questioning look.

"There is no death, in the sense you and I have understood the word. Does the worm really die, or only rise, through a wonderful transformation, into a higher state of being? Is it death, or only a resurrection into a new life? And has the soul of man a feebleness of vitality than the life-spark of a stupid grub? When its earthly state is completed, shall it not rise in a new and more beautiful body, made of spiritual substances, and with a new development of powers, infinitely transcending all mortal endowments?"

And still, there was no answer: but a few rays of light came into the sad eyes.

"Paul tells us, that the invisible things of the other world may be understood by the things that appear in this. Let us take the birth of a lovely aerial being simultaneously with the apparent death of a repulsive worm, as a type of the soul's resurrection. The worm did not really die; but its life put on in a new birth, higher beauty of form, and developed higher instincts. Before, it was all of the earth, earthy; in its transformation, it became changed into a creature of more ethereal substance, fitted to enjoy the heaven of sunshine, air, and flowers. If it is so with the worm in its death, what may we not hope and believe for man?"

"Oh, my sister," said the sad-eyed listener, speaking for the first time, and in a voice that was mournful as the sound of falling tears: "if I could but comprehend this—if I could only see anything but the grave's impenetrable darkness, and my babes lying there dead, I would feel like a new being. But I saw all beauty, sweetness, and love go out of their dear faces, and their soft flesh put on marble coldness. They were dead—dead! I thought my breath would stop when the close coffin lids shut over them: and I have felt the weight of earth that covers them, lying ever since their burial upon my heart. Dead—dead! The breath went out of them, and they were gone—gone forever!"

"It was a resurrection, dear Agnes!" replied the sister, who had come, in her love,

from a distant home, to speak words of consolation in a time of sorrow,—“A resurrection of their souls, clothed in forms of immortal beauty. When they ceased to breathe in this natural world, their lungs expanded with the air of a spiritual world, and their hearts, bounding with love, sent the currents of a heavenly vitality through all their veins. Look past the grave: past the shadows and darkness: past the cold dead clay. Your children are yet alive. What you saw buried, was only their cast-off earthly garments. They have garments now of spiritual substance, that cannot be soiled by evil, nor marred by sickness.”

“If I could only be sure of this, sister,” answered the bereaved one.

“From whence came the tender love that filled your heart, sister? Was it born of yourself? No. God gave it when he gave you those children. He sent this love for them into the world for their protection. It was his love, not yours; only yours as the children were yours. Can you believe this?”

The mourner was silent.

“From whence have you life?”

“It is God’s gift.”

“Yes. We have no life in ourselves; else would we be gods. If, therefore, life is God’s gift, so are all good affections; and as a consequence that tenderest of all affections, a mother’s love for her children. Now, if mother-love is from God, will it not go with the children he takes from earth to heaven? And will he not give them into the care of angels? I can believe nothing else.”

“It is a beautiful thought,” said the sister, her sad eyes growing more luminous. “Oh, if it were to me an unquestioned truth!”

“Let your mind dwell upon it. Picture to yourself angelic homes, filled with the beauty, and grace, and happiness of childhood. Homes, into which there is the birth of a child simultaneously with the death of a child on earth. Think of your babes in one of those homes, lying on the breast of an angel, into whose heart God has given a fullness of mother-love as far above yours as are her celestial capacities.”

Was that a smile winning its way over the face of sorrow? It was something so far removed from pain or grief, that it looked like a smile.

“If I were only certain that it was so with them!” she said, with an almost fluttering eagerness.

“Is it not a more rational thought than yours? More rational than to think of so much beauty and sweetness, buried up in the earth? It was the loveliness of their souls that gave such exquisite grace to their bodies; their innocence that enspired them with love, and made every motion, look, and tone so full of all winning attractions. This did not, and could not die. It was not flesh, but spirit. The soul merely laid off its robes of clay, to put on garments such as the angels wear.”

“And you fully believe this, my sister?”

“As undoubtingly as I believe in my existence. Did not the Lord say of little children, ‘Their angels do always behold the face of my Father?’ Take this as you will, and is it not an assurance to us, that children are under the especial care of angels? Not their bodies only, but in a more intimate degree, their immortal spirits, which are of infinitely more value than their bodies. Can this care and love cease when the clayey vesture is laid off forever? No! For then, these loving angels—their angels—can have them more entirely as their own, and draw nearer to them, because all earthly and perverting influences are removed from their souls.”

“Dear children!” said the sister, clasping her hands together, and looking upward with eyes full of light. “Dear, dear children! May it indeed be thus with you! May you be in your Father’s house, cared for by His angels.”

“Doubt it not for an instant,” was replied to this—“not for a single instant! It is well with them; better even than your imagination, made fruitful by love, could portray. Does not the word Heaven, include, in one thought, all perfection, all beauty, all felicity? Your babes are in Heaven. What more could you desire for them?”

“In Heaven; in Heaven!” The sister closed her eyes, and sat very still, trying to bridge the dark gulf of death, and walk over it in thought. She made the passage, and saw her babes on the other side. The grieving arch of her lips lost its clear outline in a smile that covered it like opening flowers.

“Yes, in Heaven, Agnes, where our mother went years ago.”

“Dear mother! If she should know them as mine! Do you think that possible, sister?”

“Why not?”

“Oh, if I could believe that!” said the mourner.

“You may believe, dear sister, that God will

let our mother know your babes, if in that knowledge would come to her any increase of happiness."

"Oh, I am sure it would make her happier," was answered, with a new-born enthusiasm. "How the thought warms my heart! Oh, sister! I feel that it must be as you say. That my lost ones are in a heavenly home."

"It is just as true love, as that you and I are in an earthly home. There are two worlds. This natural world, and the spiritual world. Here, all forms are of natural substance; there, all forms are of spiritual substance. That world is the world of causes; this world the world of effects; and as all effects correspond with their causes, we may, with the clearest reason infer, that such things as exist here in a natural manner, exist in that world in a spiritual manner. If there are trees and flowers here—green fields and shining rivers—habitations—cities—garments—and the like, made of natural substances; is it any stretch of probability to conclude that all such things exist in the other world, but made of spiritual substances? Can we form any idea of a world without them? I cannot. We have permitted all ideas of the spiritual world to float through our minds in shapes indefinite, and this because in the word spirit we thought of something unsubstantial, like a breath of wind. But, really, our spirits are the only things substantial that we possess. Our bodies are frail, changing, and finite. In a few years they will cease to exist, and be absorbed wholly into elemental nature; but our souls are imperishable and eternal. And must not the world in which they are to live forever, be real and substantial? It is harder to doubt than to believe this. Agnes, my sister—there is a bridge of light across the river of death. Pass over it, in your thought, and stand securely on the other side. There are your babes; and let an assurance that it is well with them drive all the shadows from your soul, that peace may come in with sunshine."

And peace did come into the heart of the sorrowing one. Not in vain had been the sister's words of consolation. They covered up, as it were, from the mourner's eyes, the graves of her children, and showed her their forms, clothed in garments of such beauty as mortal eyes had never seen. They were no longer dead, but alive. The marble effigies, livid with signs of dissolution, and ghastly to behold, which she had lately remembered as all of her babes that love could cling to, faded from vision,—and in heavenly homes, with love,

and life, and all of beauty around them, she saw the darlings of her soul.

It was well with them, and she believed it.

COME AND GO.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER I.

"Put it up, put it up, my child," said the doctor.

He said it in his kindly, dignified manner—a manner which combined, at once, so much decision and gentlemanlike urbanity, that one never thought of questioning, or doubting it—a manner that was certain to bring with it inherent conviction and outward compliance.

My first impulse was to lay down my pen, for I am not naturally combative or pertinacious in small matters; but a second thought deterred me.

I began, "but, doctor, it is absolutely necessary that I should finish this story. I have promised it, and——"

He stopped me with a shake of his head, and a smile as pleasant as it was determined.

"My dear girl, there is a law more absolute than any literary engagement can be, and that is *self-preservation*. You have violated it too long already, and the only way for you to regain your health, or even to preserve your life, is to give up writing—persistently, absolutely."

I laid down my pen across the half finished sheet. "For how long, doctor?"

"For a year, at the least, probably two."

"O—h, doctor!"

He drew his chair a little nearer to me. I was a favorite with him, and he always remained a little longer in my room than he did in any of the other patients during his morning visits. "It is astonishing what a passion, an infatuation, your profession becomes with you writers. You are the hardest patients in the world."

"But, doctor, you don't understand. It is not because I am fond of writing, but because it is a necessity with me. I take up my pen many times, loathing the very sight of it; but—there is no help for it."

"There *must* be. I solemnly assure you, Miss English, that my treatment can do you no good while you persist in your work. Your physique is completely worn out with it now; your nervous system miserably relaxed, and one of two consequences will inevitably follow your present course."

"What are they, doctor?"

"Death, or insanity. I cannot answer which it may be; but here, you have been making drafts on your brain which only a foundation of strong muscles, and elastic nerves could have sustained; and the great wonder is, that you, you delicately organized, highly strung, susceptible little woman, haven't given out before."

"Perhaps it would have been as well if I had."

"Oh, come now, my dear girl, you mustn't sink into despondency at the first stage. You're a long, trying ordeal before you—one that will make heavy demands on your patience and persistency. We doctors know too well that it is the hardest, slowest work in the world for an exhausted, nervous system to recuperate."

"Above all things, you must keep up an habitually cheerful tone of thought and feeling, avoiding all those despondent views of life and fate, which persons of your temperament have such a terrible habit of indulging. Come, give all that to me now."

I looked up my small writing desk mechanically, and handed it to the doctor; and after feeling my pulse, and writing a few prescriptions, he left the room.

I went to the window and sat down, out of mere habit, and looked out. It was a beautiful June morning, and the summer stood before me crowned and royally robed for the year.

I remember every shade and tint of that wondrous landscape—the far-off mountains, over whose green roofs the day commenced its service—the meadows between hung with streams, as the robes of a bride with jewels; the woodlands, which made of the winds unseen censers that swung sweet, spicy fragrances into my window all day; the great bridge, which hung like a silver lacing over the distant waterfall, and across which the long trains of cars crept every morning and evening, looking like brown serpents with shining scales; and nearer were old farm homesteads, with deep gardens, and graceful clouds of smoke sailing out of wide-mouthed chimneys; and homely orchards and far-reaching grain-fields completed the picture.

My eyes wandered, for a moment, over all this beauty, calling to the heart, rejoicing the sight; and then I buried my face in my hands.

"It's a beautiful world," I thought, "but it wasn't made for such as I—not for such as I," and then I sat still, while the waves and the billows went over my head.

I, Constance English, was that summer a

patient of a celebrated Water-cure establishment at a small inland village among the hills of Massachusetts. I had been an inmate of it only four weeks, and I had found that the treatment benefited me, and I had entire confidence in the skill and judgment of the principal of the establishment, Doctor Williams. I had written assiduously ever since I left school, six years previous—not for fame, as the world said, not for pleasure, but for my daily bread, ay, for the very life of those dearer to me than my own.

For I was an orphan, with two brothers and two sisters, the eldest of these scarcely sixteen, and all fragile as I was.

The flagrant dishonesty of my father's partnernry and the sudden discovery of the wreck of our entire fortune, when the former was no longer a young man, threw him into a brain fever, from which he never recovered. In a little while my broken-hearted mother followed him, and then we all removed to the little village of Woodford, where my widowed aunt resided in the old homestead, which had belonged to our grandfather, and which was all that she owned on earth.

It is no small, nor light matter, whatsoever the unutilized may dream of it, for a young girl, without friends or influence, to make for herself a name and a reputation in the world of letters.

But I had done this; I said it over to myself many times, with a smile which was sadder than tears. I knew just how much reputation—what the world calls *fame*—was worth to a woman; what a poor, cold, mocking gift it was, after all.

For I had toiled early and late, weaving up into poem, and sketch, and story, the dreams which filled my fancies, or the thoughts which stirred my soul, and earned—a little more than a district school-teacher, and less than a saleswoman of ordinary capacity; and for this I had bartered the strength of my youth, the health and hope of my life.

For I had not flagged until the pen dropped from my nerveless fingers. Day after day I had gone to my task, as the factory child goes to his labor, and pillowed my aching forehead on my hand, and written, written, until all the lines ran together, and I had groped my way to my bed, and fell down upon it in the stupor of nervous exhaustion.

And at last there had followed days of utter debility and slow pain, and nights filled with feverish starts and dreams, while the pills and

powders of the village doctor had utterly failed to reach my case.

And at last the friends whose judgment I trusted most said to me, "You will never get better here. You want rest and change of air and scene. Try the Water cure."

And I went, intending to stay but a month, and sighing sometimes to myself, as I thought of the fearful inroads which that month's expense must make upon the little sum I had so carefully hoarded.

I was beginning already to experience benefit from the treatment, from early rising and regular exercise, and implicit obedience to the rigid dietetic regulations; and I had gone back to my first story as soon as my fingers had strength to guide my pen across the lines; and here the doctor had found me, and I knew that every word which he had spoken to me was the truth.

I took up my purse and shook it in the sun, and laughed as the gold coins flashed through the silken meshes; and then I looked all about me, thinking the laugh belonged to somebody else, for my voice sounded so wild and strange as I remembered that purse contained all the money which I owned in the world, and now my only means of support had failed me.

Then I glanced at the little lava basket on the table, piled to the very brim with notes and letters, traced by hands which had never clasped mine, and yet most of them fragrant with such words of love and gratitude that they had fallen into my heart like the song of birds or the breath of flowers—words thanking me for the good purposes I had stirred and strengthened, for springs which my pen had opened, for souls lightened, refreshed, healed, by the messages which I had sent them.

And the tone of all these letters was full of compliment and congratulation. The writers fancied the name I had won was enough to satisfy all other wants and needs—that I

"Lay in the lilies, and fed on the roses of life."

And they had written to me from the shelter of quiet home roofs, with fathers, and brothers, and friends to shield them from every want, and I—oh, God forgive me if in that hour of utter desolation and weakness my heart rose up angrily and bitterly against my fate.

But what was to be done? The words walked up and down my mind that morning, and found no rest nor answer.

What was to be done with those boys and girls, too young and too fragile to take care of themselves, and on the green leaves of whose

lives poverty must lie like a canker and a mildew?

There was no one to think or to do for them, for my aunt was one of those timid, flexible natures who could no more battle with the storms of fate than a child.

Gentle and self-sacrificing, she had devoted her life to her brother's orphan children, but she had none of that independence and creative force of character, that quickness of perception and movement, which serves one in all practical emergencies.

And as I revolved this question in my mind, only one answer forced itself upon me: "Go to the city and establish a private boarding-house. Your aunt has domestic tact and economy, and you must make up what she lacks in foresight and sagacity, then you will have made friends, which will secure to you the class of inmates you desire; and then your brothers and sisters will have better social and literary advantages in the city, and if you represent this to your aunt, she will sell the old homestead and remove to the city, and take a house there." Alas! I was so young and inexperienced, and there was no one to counsel me, and I did not know that this project of keeping boarders, the resort of so many widows, and wives whose husbands had failed and broken down in business, was one which seldom succeeded, one which a sensitive, refined woman must usually prove to be a life of long vexation and suffering, placing her, of necessity, in such close social and domestic relations with the coarse and ill-bred, the selfish, the dishonest, and the vile.

CHAPTER II.

"Oh, isn't it pleasant? I wish that you and I could stay here forever, Miss Cestance."

"I wish that we could—oh, Florence, I wish it away down in my soul!"

It was the second day after the doctor had issued his prohibition respecting my writing. I had passed as much of this time as the rules of the establishment permitted, in my own room.

I do not think that I had had full possession of my reason during this interval, for I remember glancing frequently at a small ivory pen-knife which lay on the table, and thinking how the bright steel blade would at once put an end to my misery, and at last, because of a vague fear and apprehension, I had placed it out of sight.

We sat under a great gnarled apple tree,

whose branches swept the long grass in the orchard back of the house—Florence Wilbur and I.

She was a beautiful child, just mounting her eleventh year, with the delicate grace of a water-lily. She was an orphan; like myself, and had been placed at the Water-cure by her guardian and uncle, on account of a hereditary weakness of eyesight, which no one would have suspected, looking into those long fashed orbs, which were like springs, still and azure, hidden in old mossy woods.

Florence and I had taken to each other wonderfully, from the first. There was little pleasure to me in the society of the crowd of fashionable people who gathered at the "Water-cure" for the novelty of the thing, and because of the beautiful scenery amid which it was situated; but I was too ill in soul and body to be lionized, and avoided every one but Florence, thus earning for myself the reputation of a recluse and a blue.

Soft winds combed through the long grass, and shook the leaves overhead, and a little way from us a shallow brook tangled with gurgling laughter, the silver skeins of its waters over the stones.

Florence Wilbur gathered the buttercups and clover blossoms in the grass; and twined them in my hair; and at last she said to me, suddenly throwing the flowers out of her lap—

"I wish you would tell me a story, Miss Constance?"

"What kind of one, darling?" kissing the sweet young face, which had fallen on my shoulder.

"Oh, like some of those in that little book which you gave me."

She alluded to a small volume of juvenile stories, which I had written during the long evenings of the previous winter, thus cheating myself of the rest which I needed. What wonder that my nerves had exacted a fearful account at last!

"I shall never write another book, Florence."

I must have uttered the words as mournfully as I felt them, for she looked up hastily, with wonder and regret in her eyes.

"Why shan't you?"

"Because I am sick, and the doctor has forbidden it."

"But you will get well, you see, one of these days."

"I don't know; it will be a long, long time first."

Then there fell a silence betwixt us. She pulled the long spires of grass, and wound them around her slender fingers, and braided and knotted them together; and suddenly, with a childish intuition that I was in trouble of some kind, she put her arms around my neck and whispered, "I love you, I love you very much, Miss Constance."

They were just the best words which could have been spoken to me at that time, and I was drawing the little girl into my lap, when a loud voice, close at hand, startled us both.

"Ah, my bird, so you've left your cage and taken to the apple boughs?"

Florence sprang up, and, turning round, faced the speaker. Her face broke into sudden gladness, and with a cry, she leaped forward—"Uncle Graham! Uncle Graham!"

He gathered her into his arms, and up to his heart, lavishing such caresses on her as fathers do not often on their children.

At last, he placed her down, and approached me with a smile wavering about his lips. "I beg you will excuse this demonstrative meeting between my niece and myself, but I am the nearest relative she has on earth."

"I knew that, and you too, sir, through Florence, so your apologies are quite unnecessary."

"But I am not so fortunate as you are," glancing at the little girl. She understood him, and came forward with that half shy grace so habitual to her. "This is Miss Constance English, and this is my uncle, Graham Wilbur."

He lifted his hat, and then he took my hand, and said, with that same half defined smile, which was neither bright nor glowing, but which made a light over his face, like that which the sun leaves in the west, just after it has dropped behind a mountain, "I have a pleasant superstition about informal introductions."

He darted one keen, searching glance into my face,—such only as a man would do who had seen much of human nature, and who from large experience and knowledge therein had come to form his opinions rapidly, though not with ill-advised haste.

"Do you allow any intruders under the shadows of your green tent?"

"It is entirely at your service, sir," and I was about to leave the tree, thinking the uncle and niece would prefer to be alone together, but he shook his head—"I shall not be comfortable if I drive you away—besides, Florence and I have no secrets."

"No, do stay, Miss Constance," pleaded

the little girl. "I want you and uncle to get acquainted."

So we sat down together on the grass, and the gentleman drew the little girl on his knee, and they fell into a light running conversation, broken by occasional remarks to myself, although I liked best to listen, and this, I believe, both understood.

Graham Wilbur was a dark, slender man, not an inch above medium height. He was not handsome, but he had a face which interested, and puzzled, and attracted one—a face which the more you studied the more you placed confidence in it.

The features were strong and slight, and the eyes were of a deep, steady brown, when they looked you calm and full in the face; but when in conversation, their hues varied, and brightened and darkened into as many different shades as veined agate held in sunlight.

The lips were close, and firm, and thin when at rest, and it took me a long time to discover that they had as many varieties of meaning as the eyes.

Florence's uncle had been absent two years, traveling in Europe and the East, and I was deeply absorbed in the stories which he told her of the strange people amid whom he had been, the scenes he had witnessed, and the life he had led,—all depicted in such vivid language, that each picture seemed to start and grow out of his words, until it stood, a living reality before us.

And at last he told us of a narrow escape which he had had from a company of wild Arabs, who were securing a tract of country in the southern part of Persia, and came upon him while he was returning from a visit to the ruins of Persepolis, with no one but his guide.

"Oh, uncle, what if they had killed you?" cried Florence, shuddering and drawing closer to him, for her small fingers had been moving up and down his thick, long hair, while he talked.

"My little girl, it was God who took care of me: it was His good will and pleasure that I should come back to you."

He said these words with a tender solemnity which strangely moved me. All the anchors of my faith and trust in God's overruling wisdom and love seemed to have failed me, and I was drifting out over deep waters, and there were no stars set in the sky, no lights on the distant shores to guide me.

"Do you believe," I asked, "that there is a God who loves and takes care of us?"

Mr. Wilbur turned and looked in my face

without speaking; but though the glance was long and searching, and pierced beyond my features to the heart and soul within them, I did not shrink, I am not even certain that my eyes fell, for they had confronted him, calm, and level, and steady, when I asked the question.

At last he spoke, so kind and pitiful, that I felt the springs which had been frozen in my heart loosen themselves. "There was once a time when I asked myself this question, and God answered it for me; but I know it is one which no soul ever utters, especially a woman's, without it has passed through terrible doubt and suffering."

"That is true," I said, more to myself than to him.

"And of you, even more than of most women, because one can very easily see how strong an element in your character reverence and faith must be."

I did not answer him, I sat still and thought a moment, playing unconsciously with the broken and withered flowers which Florence had scattered in my lap.

At last I asked "But would your faith in God's love and care come back to you if He had left you all alone in the darkness and despair, with no light to guide, no hand to lead you?"

"He never does, if we will only look up, and see the one, and take hold of the other." It is only when we view things from our low, narrow standpoint, that we feel like this. The light shines, though we do not see it. You are walking in the valleys now, but remember what I say, God will lead you up to the mountains, where you will have clearer vision, and understand something of what that means—Our Father who art in Heaven."

He bowed his head reverently, and my heart broke up at those words, the unspeakably blessed and precious inheritance of every human soul. I never felt before what hidden treasures of trust, promise, and love there were in them, and I burst into tears.

Florence crept out of her uncle's lap, and into mine: he did not speak to me, he knew those tears were appointed for my healing.

Just then the bell rang for tea. It was one of the regulations of the establishment that we should be punctual at our meals.

He rose up, took Florence's hand, and offered me his arm. I cannot remember that we conversed going up to the house, but I know that something of pain, and bewilderment, and darkness had gone out of my heart, that I had

less fear of the future, because I had more faith in God.

Immediately after tea, I was summoned to the parlor to see an old class-mate, whom I had not met since we parted, six years before.

The evening wore rapidly away, until the hour for retiring, and I did not see Florence or her uncle until the next morning. The former came to my room after breakfast, and her face was full of some new tidings.

"Do you know," she said, in breathless eagerness, "that we are to leave to-day—uncle and I?"

"Oh, Florence, what does it mean?"

"He had letters from his lawyer last night, which will take him at once to the West and South on business, and he has consulted Doctor Williams, and they both think the journey will do me good."

"What shall I do without you, my little girl?"—lifting her on my knee.

Her soft hands stroked my face—"I am very sorry to leave you, dear, darling Miss Constance, and do you know, I think Uncle Graham likes you as much as I do."

"Oh, that is just a fancy of yours."

"No it isn't," (very positively), "because he asked me all sorts of questions about you last night, and I showed him your book, and he looked a long time at that picture of you on the front page, and he said, 'It is like her—the soft, delicate outline, the shadowy eyes, and sweet drooping mouth, I should know it, anywhere, and yet it wants something of her expression—the something which individualizes and idealizes her face.'"

"Well, Florence, your uncle might not like you to repeat what he said."

"He wouldn't care, I am certain, just to you. But you will go down, and sit with me a little while, under the grape vines? It will be the last time, you know."

Mr. Wilbur met us on the landing and accompanied us out into the garden. "It is a great disappointment that I must go away so suddenly, I had promised myself a week's rest and recreation, but my summons is imperative."

"I am very sorry too to lose my little pet."

He did not answer me, but sat still, playing with the ivory head of his slender cane, as though lost in thought.

"How beautiful the morning is." I said this to break the silence, which had begun to grow oppressive, as we sat in the deep cool shadows of the vines.

He started as one does from a sudden reverie.

"Yes, such mornings always bring a message

to me, and I hear it, as though sweet bells rung it through and through the air above me—'God is good.'"

Another brief silence, and then he turned round, and faced me, and spoke in his earnest way:

"Miss English, I am not a conventional man; and I have something to say to you, which only a longer acquaintance would warrant. Will you promise, at least, not to take offence at its freedom?"

"I will promise."

"Then, I was not regretting that I must leave this morning, for any reason, saving that an opportunity for cultivating a further acquaintance with you is just now denied me."

"Thank you, sir—I am, however—"

"No; you are answering me courteously as you would any gentleman who had made a similar remark to you. Let me anticipate the remainder of your reply. And now, I have a favor to ask of you. May I?"

"Yes," smiling at his abrupt manner, and my monosyllabic answer.

"I saw an engraving of your face, last night, in the little volume which I gave to my niece. Have you any of these pictures with you?"

"Several."

"Well, for good and sufficient reasons, and those which no lady could disapprove, I wish to look on your face occasionally. Will you give me one of these pictures?" I hesitated a moment—it was a strange request—then I looked up at him and I saw by his manner that he read what was passing in my mind.

"You do not hesitate to trust me?"

"No, I will give you one."

"It must be at once, then, for we have only ten minutes left," looking at his watch.

I gave him the picture in the front hall, just as he left, with Florence clinging around my neck, and her cheeks stained with tears, because of her regret at leaving me.

"Thank you," he said, "some time I will tell you why I wanted it: God willing, we shall meet again. He will lead you up the mountains in a little while, as I told you last night."

He kissed my hand, and silently and gently drew Florence away.

"Good-b'ye, not as the world says it, say I to thee."

"Good-b'ye, Mr. Wilbur."

And they went out of the gate, and I stood alone, in the hall, and the memory of all my acquaintance with Graham Wilbur was like a dream, that is gone when one awaketh.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE ENVIED LOT.

BY MARGARET LYON.

"Nothing to do but to sit at the window and read; to make calls, to receive visitors, or to enjoy herself in any way that suits her fancy. Some people in this world have all the work allotted to them, while others sport like butterflies in the sunbeams. I belong to the working class."

And Mrs. Fulton sighed wearily. She stood, holding a great fat baby in her arms, looking across the street through the half-drawn curtains, at a neighbor who sat by her parlor window reading. Every day Mrs. Fulton saw her sitting there, neatly dressed and ready for company; almost every day she saw her going out or coming in. She had, apparently, no work to do, and seemed free from care. Mrs. Fulton envied her. Even as she stood now, looking at her neighbor, a hand pulled vigorously at her dress, and a voice cried, fretfully,

"Mamma! mamma! Jane's got my doll's bonnet, and wont give it to me."

Mrs. Fulton let fall the curtain which she had drawn aside, and turning with a quick movement, said, with some excitement of manner, for she was just in the state of mind to feel disturbing influences,

"Quarrelling again! It is too bad! Why did Jane take your doll's bonnet? What did you do to her?"

"I only pushed over a chair in her baby-house. Shant she give me my doll's bonnet?"

"Did you push over the chair on purpose?" asked Mrs. Fulton.

"I asked her to let me take it out, and she wouldn't," said the child.

"And then you pushed it over?" Mrs. Fulton looked at her sternly.

"Shant Jane give me my doll's bonnet? I want my doll's bonnet," and the little girl began to cry passionately.

"Stop this instant!" exclaimed the mother, grasping her arm.

There was menace in her voice, and the child knew by experience that if she did not stop her cries, a blow would, most likely, fall upon her.

Still holding tightly the child's arm, Mrs. Fulton passed with her to the room above, where, a little while before, she had left her children at play.

"Jane," she said, "what is the trouble between you and Mary? Why don't you give her the doll's bonnet?"

"Because she knocked over a chair in my baby-house, and wouldn't set it up again." And Jane looked angry and revengeful.

"And so," said the mother, by a sudden effort regaining her self-possession, and speaking in a subdued tone of voice, "you return evil for evil."

"She'd no business to knock over my chair," replied Jane, with scarcely a sign of relenting.

"That is true, my daughter; but as I have often told you, two wrongs never make a right. I am sorry that, because she acted badly, you have done the same. Mary," and she turned to the younger child, "go and put that chair in its right place."

Mary knew that to hesitate would be to involve her in punishment; so, with pouting lips, and a slow, reluctant hand, she obeyed her mother, and put the chair in its right position.

"Now, Jane," added the mother, "give Mary her doll's bonnet."

And that was done, but in so very gracious manner.

Mrs. Fulton tried, now, by a few rightly spoken words, to make her children see the evil of their conduct. But passion blinded both of them, and she made, apparently, no impression.

"Naughty children!" she exclaimed at last, impatiently, losing her own self-control, and turning from them with a sad, bitter feeling in her heart, saying to herself, "I am discouraged! There seems to be no good in them. Oh, if my children were only kind to one another! If I could see them growing up in love and good will, all of my life's burdens would be easy to bear."

And she sat down with her heart in shadow. Mrs. Fulton had not felt very well since morning. She had risen with a headache, which had accompanied her thus far through the day. It was a dull, deep-seated headache, attended by a disturbance of the whole nervous system, and bringing depression of mind as well as body. As often happens in the best ordered households, everything had seemed to go wrong for the day. The cook was late with her breakfast, and sent nearly every article of food spoiled to the table. Mr. Fulton complained of his coffee; said something unpleasant about the badly-cooked steak; grumbled over his hard-boiled eggs; and finally left the table and the house in evident ill-humor. Mrs. Fulton did not eat a mouthful—she would have choked in the attempt to swallow food. After

leaving the breakfast-table, Mrs. Fulton went up stairs to the sitting-room, where she commenced the work of washing and dressing her baby. In the midst of this, and while the baby lay half washed on her lap, John, her oldest boy, who was just ready to start for school, caught his sleeve on a nail, and tore in it a great rent. If she waited to finish washing and dressing the baby before mending this rent, John would be too late for school. So she had to cover the naked baby in her lap while she mended the garment. The child was already out of patience with the washing and dressing business, and now commenced screaming to the full capacity of its lungs. Fretted, in consequence of the torn jacket, and the necessity for mending it under such unfavorable circumstances, and now more fretted with the child's screaming, Mrs. Fulton's head began to ache with greater intensity, the pain almost blinding her.

"Now, off to school as fast as you can go!" said the mother, as she pushed John from her, after he had put on the mended jacket. But, instead of leaving the room at once, John commenced rummaging through the book-case.

"Why don't you go to school?" demanded Mrs. Fulton, in a sharp voice.

"I can't find my Philosophy," replied John.

"What did you do with it?"

"I didn't do anything with it. Somebody's hid it away," answered the boy, in a dogged manner.

"I wish you'd take care of your books," said Mrs. Fulton, fretfully. "There's always some trouble about them. Go and look up stairs in your room."

"It isn't there, I know," said the boy, positively.

"Then look down in the dining-room."

"I have looked there."

"Well, go and look again."

John went down stairs, but returned, in a little while, saying he could not find the book.

"O, dear! there's always some trouble. Go and look for the book right. It hasn't flown away, nor walked away." Mrs. Fulton spoke with angry impatience.

John went again to the book-case, and searched deliberately through all the shelves. Then he went to the closet, and reduced things to disorder there, but without finding his Philosophy.

"You'll be late to school," said the worried mother.

"Well, I can't go without my Philosophy."

"What's the reason you can't?"

"I'll be kept in, so I will."

As Mrs. Fulton could not leave off washing the baby to look for John's book, and as John wouldn't go without it, the school hour came and found him still at home. As soon as Mrs. Fulton could lay her baby in the cradle, she went to the book-case, and almost the first object on which her eyes rested, was John's Philosophy.

"Here it is, you troublesome boy! and I've a mind to box your ears. Now run off to school as fast as your feet will carry you."

"I want an excuse," said John, standing firm.

"Tell your teacher the reason why you are late."

"She won't take that excuse. It must be written."

So Mrs. Fulton had to sit down and write an excuse, though her hand trembled so that she could scarcely hold the pen, and her headache was so blinding that she could scarcely see the paper.

After John had gone to school, and Jane and Mary had been enjoined to keep very quiet, and not wake the baby, who was sleeping in the cradle after his morning ablutions, Mrs. Fulton went down into the kitchen to give some directions about dinner, and to say a word to the cook about her morning delinquencies. The cook was far from being in an amiable mood, and on the first word of complaint went off into a passion, and indulged in some very unwarrantable impertinences, at which the lady became naturally indignant. Certain things that she said in a cutting and authoritative way offended madam cook, who gave notice that she would leave on the next day.

As this scene with the cook closed, the curtain rose on another scene of excitement. Jane and Mary had quarreled, and in their noisy strife awakened the sleeping baby before his nap was half-finished. His screams, mingled with the passionate vociferations of Jane and Mary, smote on the ear of poor Mrs. Fulton, as she emerged from the kitchen.

"O dear!" she ejaculated, clasping her throbbing temples, "I shall go crazy with all this," and running up stairs, she silenced the angry children with a sharp reproof, and taking up the baby, soothed it to quiet on her breast.

It was a little while after this scene, that she stood at the parlor window, looking through the half drawn curtain at the envied lady on the other side. Even while she sighed over the heavier burdens that were laid on her weak

shoulders, she was called away from the parlor, as the reader has seen, by a renewal of strife among her children. As she sat, after the subsidence of this little storm, in despondency and discouragement, she heard the bell ring. A lady friend had called, and she went down into the parlor to meet her.

"Are you not well?" said the lady, as she took her hand and looked into her pale face, the smile on which did not obliterate all marks of pain.

"Not very well," she replied, the smile fading quite away, and leaving on her countenance an expression of weariness and care. "It is one of my headache days. I have had them ever since I can remember. Time was when I could find a quiet room, where I could remain undisturbed, until the quivering nerves found rest and ease; but that day passed long ago. There is no rest, nor ease, nor quiet, for a mother. Well or ill, she must be at her post. Ah, my friend; there are times when I feel that my lot is a hard one; that my burdens are heavier than I can bear."

And Mrs. Fulton, overcome for the moment, by her feelings, gave way to tears.

The friend sat silent until she had a little recovered herself, and then offered some words of comfort; but they did not reach the heart of Mrs. Fulton. She was in a complaining and desponding mood. The current of her thoughts had taken a wrong direction, and no right word could turn it back again. The comforting suggestions of her friend were pushed aside as of no value.

"It is work, work, toil, toil, early and late, sick or well, fresh or weary. That is my lot, and I think it a hard one. Look at Mrs. H— sitting idly by the window opposite, dressed for company, and with nothing to do but to read, visit and go out and come in at her own good pleasure."

"And yet," answered the friend, "your lot is blessed and your home a paradise compared with hers. Did you ever study her face? There, look at it now. She has lifted her eyes from the book—I doubt if her thought is on its pages. Notice her mouth. She cannot see us as we stand behind this curtain, and gaze through the small opening. Did you ever see a sadder expression?"

"It is sad," said Mrs. Fulton, "very sad. I never noticed it before."

"Patient and sad," remarked the friend, in a tone of sympathy.

"Do you know her?" asked Mrs. Fulton.

"Not personally. But I know something of her life and history, and there are some pas-

sages, that I can never think of without shuddering. She is not happy with her husband, and never can be. Ten years ago she was engaged to a young man, between whom and herself existed the tenderest passion. Mr. H—who is now her husband, addressed her at the same time with the young man to whom I have referred, but she declined his suit and favored that of the other. Her father was on the side of Mr. H—, who was wealthy; but she was true to her lover against all opposition from her parents, and all overtures on the part of Mr. H—.

"Unwilling to marry without the full approval of her parents, the union of the lovers was deferred from month to month, until nearly two years of patient waiting had elapsed, when, a free consent being still withheld, the marriage was about being consummated in the face of all opposition.

"Just one week before her appointed wedding day, the young man was arrested for the crime of forgery. Under these circumstances, the ceremony was, of course, put off. Notwithstanding the young man's persistent declaration of innocence, there was sufficient evidence on the trial to convict him, and he was sentenced to the State's Prison for five years. It was nearly a year before the almost broken-hearted girl again appeared in society. Mr. H— then renewed his attentions, and pressed his suit so earnestly, that, in time, she yielded, what most persons believed, a reluctant consent. They were married. A year afterwards, some friends of the unhappy young man, who still lay in prison, received intimations from an unknown source, that there had been foul play. That he was really innocent of the crime for which he had been sentenced to a fearful expiation. Enough was communicated to put them on the right track of investigation. Having the clue, they followed it steadily, but surely, until the whole mystery was unraveled. Sufficient evidence was obtained, to show that the forgery was committed by some other person; and this person, while concealing himself under an assumed name, gave such a clear detail of facts and circumstances bearing on the case, as left no doubt whatever of the young man's innocence, and he was immediately pardoned by the Governor. But the information received did not stop here; it charged H— with being an accomplice in the matter; not as a sharer in the crime, so far as receiving a portion of the money was concerned, but as an adviser of the ways and means, by which an innocent young man should be convicted and sent to prison.

There was not sufficient evidence against him for legal prosecution, but in the minds of all who looked closely into the matter, he was considered guilty of one of the basest crimes that can stain human nature.

"It is said, that the young man on being released from prison, went to the house of Mr. H—, and charged him, in the presence of his wife, with the dastardly crime of which he had been guilty; alleging, at the same time, that he had all the proofs of his complicity, and would not only expose him before the world, but prosecute him to the law's fullest extent. It is said further, that his appeal to Mrs. H—, on this occasion, was of the most agonizing character, and that she was so shocked as to lose all consciousness and lie insensible for many hours. Friends interposed to prevent any public exposure of the matter. The young man, whose innocence was made clear, returned to his old social position, and assumed his old business relations. A few years ago, he married one of the loveliest girls in our city. He lives only in the next block, and few days pass, I think, in which Mrs. H— does not see his sweet young wife and pleasant child go past her window."

The lady paused, looking still into the face of Mrs. Fulton.

"You envied Mrs. H—, a little while ago," she continued, "are you ready to exchange places with her now?"

"No—no—no!" said Mrs. Fulton with much feeling. "You said truly, that my lot was blessed and my home a paradise compared with hers. Exchange places! God forbid! I would sink down and die under the burden that rests upon her heart."

"We have all our burdens," said the friend.

"You have your burdens and I have mine; and sometimes they seem heavy and hard to bear. But oh, they are light as thistle-down compared with what some others have to endure. You have a kind, honorable husband, and children, of whom any mother might be proud—not sinless charubs, of course, but touched with faults and evil inclinations, that require their mother's care, discipline and patience. If she is faithful to her high responsibilities, great will be her reward—rich her blessing."

"Thank you, my kind, wise friend," said Mrs. Fulton, light breaking over her face, "I stand corrected; you have taken a mist from before my eyes, and I see things in new and truer relations. Poor Mrs. H—! Is she case indeed so sad with her? There is no compensation in ease and leisure for a trouble like

hers. If I am worn and weary with my day's work, I can lie down at night, in peace, and sleep. If I am sometimes fretted at the faults of my children, how much oftener is my heart full of gladness in their tender love? Have I not cause for thankfulness? And yet I have been murmuring over a lot that is full of blessings. Thanks for the lesson you have taught me. I shall be wiser in the time to come."

HALF HOURS IN THE LIBRARY.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book.—MURDER.

Says Bulwer:—

"All books grow homelike by time; they are Temples, at once, and landmarks. In them we live, Who, but for them, upon that inch of ground We call 'the present,' from the cell could see No daylight trembling on the dungeon bar. Turn as we list, the world's great axle round, Traverse all space, and number every star, And feel the 'near,' less household than the 'far!' There is no past so long as books shall live."

Books! glorious books! Nothing that has come into the world ever came bringing with it such light and joy as books; nothing so perpetually nourishes into bloom the flowers of eternal youth and peace. This constant rejuvenescence produced by books was frequently the theme of the earlier writers, always fresh and naive in their illustrations, and in the spirit with which they conceived a new thought. Richard de Bury, that most learned prelate, and Bishop of Durham, who probably gathered together the very first private library in England, and whose love of books was remarkable for an age not literary, says, in his admirable tribute to the value of books, "In books we find the dead, as it were, living. * * * A book made, renders succession to the author; for as long as the book exists, the author, remaining immortal, cannot perish." Here we find the original of Bulwer's verse above—

"There is no past so long as books shall live," and written as long ago as 1344.

The delights that cluster around a well arranged library, are not to be compared with any other pleasures the world can afford. The changes and fluctuations of every other earthly thing have no part here; nor do we ever find, in books, ingratitude, coldness, spite, malice, envy, or mockery. Not the grand public library, with its insincere show, and almost uncourteous welcome, very different

from the cosy comfortableness of the more humble snuggerly in that most humble of places, home. You know what Leigh Hunt has to say about public libraries—"immense apartments, with books all in museum order, especially wire-safed. They are not places to sit in," he says; "the jealous silence, the dissatisfied looks of the messengers, the inability to help yourself, the not knowing whether you really ought to trouble the messengers, much less the gentleman in black, or brown, who is, perhaps, half a trustee, with a variety of other jarrings between privacy and publicity, prevent one's setting heartily to work." No, no; you want your books to yourself, just as much as you want your wife and children. If such exclusiveness teach a man selfishness, what then? Your jealous care brings you into nearer communication with your treasures, so that they teach you all knowledge, and wisdom, as well, and one cannot afford to be liberal in everything, you know. You want to be walled in with books, like that glorious old Gascon, Montaigne, in his Round Tower; or Charles Lamb, in his second story back room, with one window; or Leigh Hunt, in that Italian chamber of his, with its two windows, one looking toward the mountains, the other out upon the sea, and Hunt himself sitting with his back upon the one, and the other securely fastened up.

Montaigne, from the third story of his Round Tower, tells us that there he used to pass away most of the days of his life, and most of the hours of the day. "I am," he says, "in my kingdom, and I endeavor to make myself an absolute monarch, and to sequester this one corner from all society." And again—"I enjoy it as a miser does his money, in knowing that I may enjoy it when I please; my mind is satisfied with this right of possession." There is a philosophy in Montaigne's love of books after this fashion of undivided and unmolested, especially unmolested, ownership, which few modern readers will appreciate. Some one may call this a fling at the borrowers, as if they were not transgressors of an infinitely bad type, and were to be any more exempted from blame than other evil-doers. They may be a necessary evil, at least D'Israeli, the elder, notices them as an all-prevailing evil, for, says he, "Great collections of books are inevitably subject to certain accidents besides the damp, the worms, and the rats; one not less common is that of the borrowers, not to say a word of the purloiners." Let no one suppose that the accumulation of books can be conducted as

satisfactorily or as successfully under circumstances different from those mentioned by Montaigne. A mere handful of books, a dozen volumes, may be the nucleus of a promising library, but the promise will be realized just in the ratio that the books are regarded, and taken care of as property. This may be an ultra theory, and unpalatable to the extremists; but lovers of books—we mean those who glory in them for a possession, like Chapman, who sat among his tomes "like an astrologer among his spheres and altitudes,"—will not dispute our word.

Wherever there is a genuine love for books there is a desire for their accumulation. The gentle Elia found all his treasures at the book stalls, and his library showed "a handsome contempt of appearances." Leigh Hunt, who also spent as happy moments at the stalls as any literary apprentice boy who ought to be moving onwards, says of the library of his friend—"It looks like what it is, a selection made at precious intervals—now a Chaucer at nine and two pence, from one stall; now a Montaigne or a Sir Thomas Browne, from another, at two shillings; now a Jeremy Taylor; a Spinoza; an old English dramatist, Prior and Sir Philip Sidney; and the books are 'neat as imported.' The very perusal of their backs is a discipline of humanity. There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old radical friend; there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden; there the Lion, Martin Luther, lies down with the Quaker Lamb, Sewell; there Guzman d'Alfarache thinks himself fit company for Sir Charles Grandison, and has his claims admitted; even the high, fantastical Duchess of Newcastle, with her laurel on her head, is received with grave honors, and not the less for declining to trouble herself with the constitutions of her maids." Southey had a tremendous love for the accumulation of books, which, indeed, to him was the business of his life—prosecuted as a system, or a part of that system which severe application and arrangement perfected to the accomplishment of the grandest results. Perhaps no one ever better understood the absolute resources of his literary treasures than this indefatigable and most methodical worker in literature. His house at Keswick was a veritable Literary Museum, the walls of rooms, halls, entry passages, and stair cases, being literally hung with treasures in the "art of arts," often arranged in a unique manner, and contemplated with unflinching pride and pleasure by their industrious owner. One entire room was set apart for certain volumes

which had lost their freshness by long usage, but which, by a novel design, were made the most attractive in the house. These were the special charge of his wife and daughters, who would re-cover them in muslins of various colors, taking care to suit the pattern to the contents, clothing a sober book in drab or gray, a volume of poetry in some flowery design, romance in gay colors, etc. Near two thousand volumes were rejuvenated in this way, and these Southey playfully styled his Cottonian Library. Cowley's love of books began in earliest boyhood. Selden was called "the walking library," and his "Table Talk" proves his familiarity with books to have been wonderful, and the title not bestowed on him in vain. Dean Swift's "Battle of the Books" is the brilliant fancy of a lover of libraries.

It is pleasant to think of that excellent scholar and estimable gentleman, Sir Philip Sidney, as a lover of books. Leigh Hunt used to throne himself among his volumes, perhaps like Chapman, and, stealing a sidelong glance at one, a furtive top look upward at another, a backward glance at Dryden and Pope, a left hand affectionate gaze at Chaucer, and a sort of overhauling look at all, settle himself gradually into the contemplation of some one special favorite. "A single congenial volume," says Tuckerman, "represents to the imaginative mind the idea of literature, just as a sketch or statue symbolizes art." Who then so eloquent, at such a time, to lend his graces to the reader, and to absorb him utterly, as the ever gentle and honorable Sir Philip Sidney:

"Sidney, as he fought,
And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot."

SHELLEY'S ADONIS.

Of all the gentle and chivalrous spirits that ever exercised an influence in the world, or left a name for after ages to love and delight in, foremost for honor, and bravery, and truth, and Christian worth, stands the valorous soldier, and true-hearted knight, the pride of the Court of Elizabeth, and the glory of the humanizing spirit of the age. The golden era which produced Spenser, Skakspere, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Francis Drake, Burleigh, the sagacious, and a host of other registered glories, produced no one more gifted or voluntarily great than Sidney, who was the pride of the brilliant company. Of a more chivalric type, even, than Bayard, the chevalier "without fear and without reproach," he was not merely the model Christian soldier, displaying on the field of Zutphen a courage and humanity

never surpassed, but in the various capacities of poet, scholar, and statesman, he never failed to excite the admiration of the polished, the learned, and the great. His earliest biographer, Fulke Greville, pronounces him "a true model of worth; a man fit for conquest, plantation, reformation, or what action soever is greatest and hardest amongst men;" and the latest, in our own times, who has written of him,* calls him "a hero born to greatness, achieving greatness; and having greatness thrust upon him;" not the greatness of massive intellect, or of hereditary position, but rather that which is the result of a perfectly harmonious nature; the union of inherited worth and rare culture, with a heart spontaneously generous, earnest, and true. When we add to this the personal endowments of manly beauty, of stately presence, and of gentle speech, we may not marvel that he was the cynosure of the court and the idol of friendship; that the partial queen claimed him as 'her jewel,' or that famous men sought posthumous praise in the monumental record—"The friend of Sir Philip Sidney."† Campbell pronounced his brief, but beautiful life, poetry put into action; Thomson has embalmed his memory in his most harmonious verses; Spenser commemorated his poetic appellation of Astrophel; "Sidney trod," says the author of the *Eclogues Poeticæ*, "from his cradle to his grave amid incense and flowers, and died in a dream of glory;" the noble Camden wrote of him: "Whatever we loved and admired in him will continue in the memories of men, the revolutions of ages, and the annals of time;" an elegiac plaint from King James, of Scotland, swelled the universal voice of praise; even the flinty heart of Philip II. was softened at the death of so good a man, as he prophetically exclaimed, "England has lost in one moment what she may not produce in an age." He was mourned as never man was mourned before; and Oldys asserts in his manuscript additions to Winstanley's *Lives of the Poets*, that he could "muster up two hundred writers of distinction who had spoken in praise of Sir Philip Sidney." His whole life

* See *The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney*, an exquisitely printed duodecimo volume, from the press of Ticknor & Fields, Boston, 1886.

† The amiable divine, Dr. Thomas Thornton, had it recorded upon his tomb that he was "the tutor of Sir Philip Sidney." A similar ambition affected others, and Lord Brooke had the inscription placed over his grave—"Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James, and Friend to Sir Philip Sidney."

was one continued illustration of the practice or the patronage of all that is noble or elegant in action and in art.

But Sir Philip requires to be read and studied in his works. Hand in hand with the record of his life, these never fail to increase our admiration of the man in his genius and personal character. If the age in which he lived became glorious through the reflected lustre of its scholars and wits, it was Sidney who shone, the early morning star, the first to catch the fire of that intellectual revolution which swept over England, changing the face of things, transmitting grand thoughts to one and another, and advancing the time.

"The spacious times of great Elizabeth,"

into the most glorious that the annals of sovereignty can boast. The new principle of sympathy and contagion kindled its earliest flame in Sir Philip Sidney. When the *Defence of Poesy* was written, Bacon was but a youth of twenty, Spenser was only planning the *Faery Queen*, and Shakspeare was but a boy playing youthful frolics in Sir Thomas Lucy's deer-park. The immortal "*Apologie*" thus immediately preceding the advent of Shakspeare and his fellow bards on the dramatic scene, suggests many pleasant and significant reflections. It must be remembered that no master hand had touched the lyre in England since the days of Chaucer and Gower, who lived when Petrarch and Dante woke Italy with its echoes. Intervening ages had done nothing, absolutely, to sustain its dignity or elevate its tone; and the *Apologie* mourns over the degradation into which the art had fallen from its place in "the highest estimation of learning to be the laughing stock of children." But the ridicule of generations, and the sneers of philosophers and wits, were turned aside by the glowing argument. The champion was youthful, but he conquered the world. And every succeeding age has hailed this masterly production, this "hymn of intellectual beauty," not merely as the "noblest tribute ever offered to the allurements of the muse," but as one of the most eloquent, thoughtful, and finished essays in the language.

To quote the many who have spoken in praise of the *Defence of Poesy* were to cite the multitudes who have been delighted with Sir Philip himself. Even Hazlitt and Horace Walpole, the only two men of note who spoke habitually in disparagement of the majority of Sidney's works, could find no excuse for detraction here. "Here," says Hazlitt, "we find

him quite at home, in a sort of special pleader's office, where his ingenuity, scholastic subtlety, and tenaciousness in argument, stand him in good stead; and he brings off poetry with flying colors, for he was a man of wit, and sense, and learning." And Southey calls the *Defence* "a beautiful treatise, distinguished by good sense and propriety of thought." He adds, "I should never forgive myself were I ever to mention Sidney without an expression of reverence and love."

Hazlitt, with some pretence to truth, speaks of Sidney as one "who was universally read and enthusiastically admired for a century after his death, and who has been admired with scarce less enthusiasm, but with a more distant homage, for another century, after ceasing to be read." Perhaps the imputation here conveyed had come with better grace from the author of *The Spirit of the Age*, had he not elsewhere confessed his inability to acquire a taste for Sidney. Nevertheless, the audience, "fit though few," has never been as meagre or contemptible as Hazlitt pretended; and it is growing again right bravely—a good sign of the healthy, improved tone of the age, basing the assumption on precisely the same foundation which Hazlitt distorts into a meaning exactly the reverse. We say that Sidney's readers are multiplying again. Among the literary revivals of the year is one of no ordinary attractiveness.* This noble volume is prefaced with a biography of Sidney, as full and comprehensive as most readers will desire who have not the time to enter upon an exhaustive study of so multifarious and crowded a life. Whether in relating this career, or estimating with appreciative reverence the critical scale of Sidney's writings, Mr. Gray never finds occasion to falter in his praise of so fitting a subject. The "*Miscellaneous Works*" proper, immediately following the biography, open with the immortal *Defence of Poesy*. This is followed with the collection of sonnets and songs, written in commemoration of Lady Rich, and entitled *Astrophel and Stella*. Next are miscellaneous poems. These are followed by the *Lady of May*, a Masque, written for Queen Elizabeth at a time when her majesty was entertaining the proposals of

* The *Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sidney, Kn't.* With a Life of the Author, and Illustrative Notes. By William Gray, Esq., of Magdalen College and the Inner Temple. 1 vol., octavo, elegantly printed on tinted, laid paper. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

the Duke of Alençon; Valour Anatomised in a Fancy, now for the first time included in Sidney's collected writings; the celebrated letter to Queen Elizabeth, Anno 1580, Dissuading her from Marrying the Duke of Anjou, written, says Hume, "with unusual elegance of expression, as well as force of reasoning," "so that," observes Strype, in his *Annals of the Reformation*, "this letter, abounding with such close application of arguments, seems to have swayed the queen to decline this notion;" the Discourse in Defence of his Uncle, the Earl of Leicester, pronounced by Lord Oxford "infinitely the most valuable of Sir Philip's writings; Letters Reprinted from the Sidney Papers, Biographiana, etc., and Letters from the Unpublished Originals in the British Museum. These last, sixteen in number, here make their first appearance, and are especially valuable as throwing fresh light on Sidney's character. The *Arcadia* alone, of all Sidney's writings, is excluded from this ample volume. Of this work, now known to most readers by name only, though once hailed as "the charm of ages," it was Sidney's own wish that it might pass into that oblivion which it has now very nearly found. The fate of Harrington's *Oceana*, Moore's *Utopia*, and Bacon's *Atlantis*, is similar. Though written by men of distinguished ability, they have been lost to fame for their want of directness, of earnestness, and sympathy; so sure is it that an infusion of the writer's own nature—a living belief in his work, is essential to a lasting success.

To pass from one noble spirit to another, the transition is easy from Sidney to the great and good Dr. Arnold.* Arnold's has been pronounced the noblest life of modern times. Certainly it was among the most useful. Unsuited purity of character, a charity that stopped not at creeds or beliefs, unflinching integrity of purpose, unwavering determination of effort, and a most unselfish disinterestedness of action, these, with high intellectual power, great diversity of attainments, true Christian fearlessness of conduct, and the most unassuming modesty, unite in one man

our highest conception of what constitutes the good and great in the moral and intellectual nature. There is no tinsel about a life like this. It is sturdy, open, healthful, and honest; beautiful and cheering to the gaze of all men. Mr. Stanley pictures Arnold's character and conduct clearly and familiarly, as by one who was admitted to the personal knowledge and loving confidence of his friend, gained first while in the capacity of a Rugby pupil. Thomas Hughes, in his famous narrative of *Tom Brown's School Days*, sketches Rugby inner school life, as it has never been sketched before, and shall never be again. These two books are closely allied, and yet are entirely dissimilar. So far as we may estimate the intimate personal knowledge of the revered head master exhibited in either narrative, or the affectionate veneration for his memory entertained by each author respectively, they are not unlike, but the resemblance goes no farther. Both Mr. Hughes and Mr. Stanley were Rugby pupils. Both are prouder of that title than of any other honor or occurrence in their lives. Rugby shaped their minds and moulded their natures, and gratitude to Rugby never grows cold in the bosom of a Rugby boy. But Mr. Stanley's narrative goes before and beyond the associations and the mere system of that honored institution. His is a narrative that takes in the whole career of his teacher and friend; shaping itself in a comprehensive succession of pictures, with Arnold for the central figure. *Tom Brown's* narrative is but a single picture! The canvas is large, and the grouping extensive, but the picture is one; and yet a picture so exact, so spirited, and so minute, that every reader feels that nothing is wanting, in tone, color, or shade, to complete it.

For those who hold that a man's after life is according to the impression which has been stamped upon it in his early years, or that whatever greatness he may attain is but the result of seed sown and nurtured in youth, the contemplation of Arnold's career presents many confirmatory proofs. The one long triumph at Rugby was but the consequence of the experiment at Lallham, or the still earlier experiences of Oxford. This is clearly shown in Stanley's biography, and the interesting chapter supplied to the opening pages of the narrative by Mr. Justice Coleridge, Arnold's fellow collegian. This chapter refers to Arnold's career as an under-graduate at Oxford, fresh from Winchester college, "a mere boy in appearance as well as in years, but quite equal to take his part in the arguments of the common-

* Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D. D., Late Head Master of Rugby School, etc., etc. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M. A., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford. Third American from the last London Edition. 2 vols., 12mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

School Days at Rugby. By an Old Boy. Illustrated from Designs by Larkin G. Mead, Jr. 1 vol., 12mo. New edition, beautifully printed on tinted paper. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

room." It presents a lively picture of his character and peculiarities as a young man, showing how intense was his interest in literature, ancient and modern—always preferring history rather than poetry, and truth rather than romance—and how deeply he was attracted by the stirring political occurrences of the time, embraced in the important crisis of English history covering the period between 1810 and 1815, and surging with the Peninsular battles and the Continental campaigns. His studies and relaxations at this period were found in Aristotle, Herodotus and Thucydides. On these, in connection with the Bible, he thought the knowledge of a Christian was the best based. He took a high degree, gained the prose prizes, and obtained a fellowship at Oriel, then reputed to be the blue ribbon of the University. His colleagues were eminent men—Whately, Keble, Hawkins, Copleston, Davison, Pusey, Newman, and other celebrities of great religious earnestness and intellectual activity, were of the number, "stirring up the long stagnated waters," of English thought and theology.

Himself an intellectual giant, and a Reformer, he combatted, fearlessly and perseveringly, what he considered existing religious abuses, and startled his associates, in the very stronghold of Toryism, by his energetic assaults on institutions and principles, which had been considered, immaculate, unassailable, and inviolable. He gloried in distinguishing Christianity against all Churches that claimed to be "chartered corporations, and the privileged channels of salvation. He did not limit his definition of the 'Church' to the clergy alone, but included the laity also in this 'Congregation of Christians,' of which he maintained that the true Ecclesia was constituted. He also upheld the authority of Scripture against the technical phraseology of Councils, Fathers, and Tractarians, which he condemned as distorting the truth, tending to popery and priestcraft, and substituting unrealities for realities." "I have seen," says Mr. Coleridge, "all the leaders of the common-room engaged with him at once, and not always with great scrupulosity as to the fairness of their arguments." "Never," observes the Quarterly Review, "did man better merit the triumphant reception he met with from all classes when, having lived down calumny and opposition, he appeared in the crowded theatre of the University as Professor of History. This was deemed by him to be the greatest honor he could possibly receive, for he loved Oxford from the first to

the last, and in spite of all her faults and antagonism to himself, turned to her with the most faithful filial affection."

After a nine years' residence at Oxford, Arnold removed to Lallham, married, took private pupils, and passed another nine years—these nine in a paradise of peace. "Here his powers ripened, and full of lofty designs and panting for a wider field of usefulness, he in 1828 succeeded Dr. Wool, in the Head-Mastership of Rugby: now his professional life began, and he plunged into fourteen years of uninterupted toil." Nor did he rest from his labors until he had fully verified the prediction of the Provost of Oriel, that he would change the face of education all through the public schools of England.

We have referred to the feelings of affection, veneration, and confidence which Arnold inspired in his pupils. Their love for him amounted almost to personal idolatry. The grim Ogre which the school-boy's fancy usually erects out of the petty tyrant, to learn how to circumvent whom soon becomes the highest ambition of the boy, had no place in a Rugby lad's imagination or experience; but every Rugby pupil looked up to his master as a superior being, as one on whose devotion and unceasing concern he might rely, whose plans were drawn solely for the comfort and benefit of the little community, and whose trust, in turn, was centered in the honor and manliness of each individual member for the promotion of the honor and dignity of the school. The ingenuousness of youth could not fail to respond faithfully to a trust where their noblest sympathies were so genially called into action.

The genius of Arnold found another secret of power in work; hard self work, and work for every pupil. He intensified life, a Lallham pupil tells us, and made every scholar "feel that there was a work for him to do, and that his happiness as well as his duty lay in doing that work well." We might wonder how Arnold could have transformed into a pleasure, what boys generally find so obnoxious: a discipline; but here Tom Brown himself comes to our aid—

"We felt him to be a man, who, with all his heart, and soul, and strength, was striving against whatever was mean, and unmanly, and unrighteous in our little world. * * * that his was the warm living voice of one who was fighting for us, and by our sides, and calling on us to help him, and our ourselves, and one another. And so, wearily, and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young boy, for the

first time, the meaning of his life; that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise into which he had wandered by chance, but a battle-field ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death. And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them at the same time, by every word he spake in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them, their fellow-soldier, and the captain of their band. The true sort of captain too for a boy's army; one who had no misgivings and gave no uncertain word of command, and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out (so the boy felt) to the last gasp, and the last drop of blood."

Tom Brown's whole narrative is a spirited defence of Arnold's method of instruction and discipline, not written as a defence nor extended analysis of a system, but incidentally illustrating the enlightened wisdom of the Head-Master's policy as it naturally presented itself in the everyday school experiences of Tom Brown, the author. In no part of the narrative is this more eloquently illustrated than where the Doctor, whose knowledge of boy nature was almost intuitive, perceiving the capability of good in Tom, placed in charge of that unmanageable boy, a new lad, of delicate frame and refined tastes. The touching incident of the prayers, Tom's sudden interest, and his protection of the delicate youth, will be vividly recalled by every reader. Tom who had almost run to waste, and had fallen under the serious displeasure of his master, running into the very teeth of the Doctor's famous specific, expulsion, was completely changed by the tender influence of the home-sick and helpless outting. Nor was the experiment less beneficial on the shrinking, sensitive nature of the new boy. "The gentle stranger found in his sturdy guardian a buttress and a backbone, and one who made school things pleasant, or less unpleasant to him; while Tom, feeling the new dignity of responsibility, and the duty of watering a twig placed under his care, turned over a new leaf himself, budded, flowered, and in due season produced excellent fruits. His dominant qualities were developed, and by protecting a helpless client, he protected himself. The spirit of the wild animal was tamed, and Tom was saved while on the very brink of destruction. The working out of this favorite experiment of Arnold's forms the turning-tide in Tom's affairs; the narrative,

cleverly told step by step, becomes saddened by the death of one of the school-boys, and by a critical illness of Arthur's; the key-note is pitched in a lower key, and is attuned by serious events * * * * * this note rises with the catastrophe, and the conclusion is heightened by the pathos, which is contrasted by the liveliness, dash, and glitter 'of the commencement; the drama passes from the comic to the tragic, and the curtain falls on the sudden and most deplored death of Arnold."

His work was done, faithfully and well. No man who ever occupied a position at all identical with Arnold's ever labored more directly, devotedly or successfully. His influence has extended beyond his generation, and has been felt in other lands than his own England. Many of the men of mark now occupying high positions in their country's service, glory in tracing the beginnings of their greatness to his teachings. Possibly the very might and strength of England is largely due to the faithfulness, and conscientious and courageous discharge of duty exhibited in this one man.

For those who would trace the development and growth of this influence in one Rugby boy; he who has already made himself so attractive to a million of American readers—a rare pleasure is offered in Mr. Hughes' new narrative, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, a sequel to the *School Days at Rugby*. The six monthly parts which have already appeared—from the press of the same royal literary benefactors who introduced to American readers the Rugby narrative—prove that the same naturalness, simplicity, and quiet strength which gave elegance and vigor to that remarkable book, are as eloquent and marked in the sequel, and that Tom at Oxford is indeed our old friend Tom of Rugby, more matured and studious perhaps, but still the same brave, sturdy, hearty, honest English lad.

ADVICE.

Be and continue poor young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; bear the pain of defeated hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have in such a course grown gray with unblemished honor, bless God and die.

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. VI.

THERE, Lucy, or Mary, or Jane, do not let that pout come, and spoil all the dimples, that a moment ago were nestling around your pretty mouth, just because your mother said, "Child don't muss up that drawer so," or called you back to straighten out the mat, that you in your haste sent flying round to a right-angle with the door. What if you do have to tarry a moment, before you get out into the bright sunshine, and your hands wait a little ere they twine the fern and the honeysuckle beneath the shadow of the great oak, that has lived for centuries, in the heart of the dim old forest! What if you could not go out at all, girls? There, think of that!

Suppose you change places with your mother, let her throw on her *cape-bonnet*, and pass out through the garden gate, and you don her checked apron—turn housekeeper and tend the baby! Willie is as sweet as a rose-bud, fresh from his morning bath—but you can only stop to toss him once—give him a kiss, and turn him off to little sister Fannie, and go out into the kitchen, to see about the puddings and meat for dinner! The flies are buzzing around, and the sun is pouring in through an unclosed door, and the air seems most suffocating—but there you must stay, for it would never do to go into the nice, cool parlor or hall, with eggs, butter, and milk, to concoct dishes, to say nothing of the fatigue of running down stairs for added portions of salt, spice, and flour that will be sure to be needed. Whipping the eggs is quite an arm-aching process—and basting the meat, gives you the headache; and just as you think of sitting down, Willie's loud cry calls you to the nursery! The tears have run down his cheeks and mingled with the stains of cherry-jam, with which little Fannie has seen fit to feed him, and his white sack and dress are in a deplorable plight, and tired, cross, ready for his daily nap, he has to go into his bath again. Amid screamings and shoutings that show plainly Nature has fitted him for a stump speaker, he is re-dressed, and Nellie Bly, in your loudest key, is struck up for his particular benefit.

After a weary half-hour of singing, coaxing, and rocking, his winking eyes close, and you consign him to his crib, and darkening the room, and rubbing your aching arms—for Willie is a plump baby—you hasten to the

kitchen! If the sun is hot—the fire is cool, and the puddings ditto, and it wants a little over an hour to the noontide meal, and in a perfect fever—for papa is a precise man—you kindle the coals! There is no rest, much less romance, as you sit hither and thither—heating your face as you hurry the sauces, and wearying your feet as you step busily over the hard, uncarpeted floor.

Amid all this bustle and preparation, pictures of the cool, shadowy woods, with a mound of moss, and a little brook that slowly ripples along, mirroring the ferns that dip their plumes into the waters,—steal into your mind, and you wonder how any one can bear to be shut up in the house working all day! A pang of remorse strikes you, as you think of your poor mother, prisoned from year to year; but you drive it away by saying, "Oh! mother don't care for the woods and the meadows—she had rather be busy in the house!" How do you know mother don't care for the woods and the meadows? Did you not find some mosses bright and green, on the window-sill—that you brought home from a ramble weeks ago, and threw carelessly down by the kitchen door? Who watched over and watered them, that she might see daily a bit of the green wood? Who gazed at them with tears in her eyes, and when questioned, replied "I was thinking of the old oak, beneath which Minnie and I used to sit to twine wreaths when children—It seems but yesterday." There, it seems but yesterday to her, and do you not think you will like to go there to-morrow? You must not think that because mother patiently and uncomplainingly walks her weary round at home, because it is her duty, that she has no longings for the ease and freedom of life: but there is one thing you may think, and be both the happier for the thinking, if you will only act accordingly. Not to pout if your mother only asks you to replace what you have misplaced, but cheerfully to deny yourself some of your pleasures that she may have more; and the memory of those acts will be dear to you, as the haunts of childhood—when the birds sing and the lilies wave above her, you now call mother.

Berea, Ohio.

TILLOTSON says it is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavoring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or another.

THE RUSE.

BY LIZZIE LINWOOD.

"Must I accept them? O God, hast thou forsaken me!" Althea Du Pont rested her arm upon the table, and, leaning her head upon her hand, wept tears of anguish, such tears as the poor, the desolate, the wronged, only weep. Little parcels were scattered around upon the table—a few yards of ribbon in one, some dress trimmings in another, a roll of cotton cloth, a pair of gloves, and some small plaid for aprons finishing the little stock of dry-goods. Upon the floor stood a market-basket with tea, coffee, sugar, raisins, and several pounds of dried fruit, all done up in a merchantable way, and corresponding with the bill that laid open upon the table—receipted.

The sorrowful stillness was interrupted by little feet. Mischievous fingers were presently pulling upon a raisin stem that had protruded through the brown wrapper, while the sweet, coaxing—"Mayn't I, Allie, have one?" aroused the weeping girl, and brought a look of care and tenderness where the tears had been.

"Wait, Willie, and I'll give you some," was the half absent response. And the child, accustomed to obedience, stood aside and waited for the promised dainties.

Althea Du Pont was an orphan, and—poor. But, when the beginning and the end are known, and all the intermediate events, then will the name of the village where a portion of her childhood was passed, where her first great sorrow came upon her, and where her first great struggle of life was endured—stand out bright and clear from its surroundings, for, in its history will be written—"Once the home of an angel."

Mons. Du Pont, the father of Althea, was a Frenchman, and had been a man of some standing in his country. But, having been stripped of his possessions during a great national convulsion, had, with his young and accomplished wife, and infant daughter, sought a home in America. They both became successful teachers in one of our northern cities; but, not being accustomed to such exertion, the health of both had given way, and, with a little remnant of property, they at length removed to a neighboring village, with the hope of finding in its purer atmosphere the health and strength that had stealthily left them. But their will was not God's will. Month after month they failed, and year after year did the approaching change become more certain. Their little property wasted with their

lives, and when Althea was but sixteen years of age, she found herself an orphan, portionless, and with a little brother three years of age clinging to her, affrighted at the sight of the dead, the open grave, and the anguish upon his sister's face.

Over and over again did Althea count the few small pieces of gold she had left after the last funeral expenses were paid; and, very minutely, upon her fingers, did she calculate the several necessary articles each piece would buy. Carefully, with the tears falling fast upon them, did she fold them in a piece of paper, and lay them away in the bottom of her trunk. Only one did she reserve, which the landlord changed for her, when he called that evening to see if she was going to keep the house. She asked him to lease her two of the rooms at a less rent, which he agreed to do as his eye rested upon the coin in her hand.

Various ways were suggested to the mind of the orphan girl, by which she might earn a living for herself and helpless little brother. But barriers arose to each. Sympathizing friends were in and out—some wondering what in the world was going to become of her—some wishing, most earnestly, she had friends to go to—while "other some" quietly laid down, here and there, where no eye but hers would be likely to rest, something for present necessities.

The first great pressure of grief was still upon her heart, when the fatherless and motherless girl bent over her task—the first labor life had ever pressed upon her. She had procured sewing from a store in the village. She had thought of teaching, for which she was fully competent, but the sad effect that employment had had upon her lost parents, deterred her. She was quick with her needle; and with that she determined to see what she could do.

Ellis Edmunds, the proprietor of the store where Althea had obtained her work, was an unmarried man, though he had worn for some years the marks of full manhood; and, when she, in person, had applied to him for sewing, he readily handed to her materials for clothing, forgetting, in his momentary admiration of her beautiful face, some of the directions necessary to accompany them. A call was the result of this oversight, and, finding the young girl as sensible as she was beautiful, calls and errands were multiplied, until, at last, it became almost a daily occurrence for Mr. Edmunds to see the orphan girl, provide her with employment, and attend to the supplying of her wants.

Alathea soon found that the result of her greatest efforts were insufficient to provide food and clothing for herself and little brother; and, with feelings of gratitude, she accepted, for a time, the generous provision her employer made for her. But, gradually, a feeling of delicacy stole upon her, and she began to have an indistinct and undefinable dread of receiving articles from Mr. Edmunds' store, for which she knew her labor had not paid. Not that there had ever been anything in the words or appearance of her employer to offend her; his whole bearing toward her having been one of marked respect since their first acquaintance; but, she began to feel that her obligations were becoming heavy, and she knew not how they were to be cancelled.

It was in the distress of mind that these thoughts and feelings had occasioned, that we find her exclaiming in her helplessness,

"Must I accept them? O God, hast thou forsaken me!"

The little pet brother alone had power to dispel the gloom which the thought of her helpless condition had drawn upon the mind of the orphan girl. The sweet kiss, and sweeter "thank you, sister," brought back the smile to Allie's face, and, with new courage, she bent again to her tasks.

The day wore away, and when the darkness began to gather, and the objects around to grow indistinct, little Willie left his play, and, kneeling upon the stool at Allie's feet, laid his curly head in her lap. He did not feel the big tears that dropped down upon his thick curls, or hear the convulsive beatings of the breast that for so long a time had nightly pillowed his head as tenderly as a mother could have done. But, he missed the song his sister always sang him at nightfall, and, after a few moments waiting, asked, impatiently,

"Why don't you sing, Allie?"

"Sister is tired, dear," replied Alathea, "she does not want to sing to-night."

"Well, then, I wis Mr. Ed'unds would come—he'll tell Willie a story."

The pretty, pouting lips had not yet closed over the last word, when a light rap was heard, and Mr. Edmunds, with the familiarity of a frequent visitor, opened the door and walked in before Alathea had time to disengage herself from the child, and do her duty as hostess.

"Sitting in the dark, eh? Didn't I send you some candles to day?" remarked the gentleman, taking a seat near the young girl, and drawing the willing Willie to him.

Alathea felt oppressed with the fullness that will not allow of words, and, without replying, she arose and lighted a candle.

Mr. Edmunds noticed that all was not right. Lifting the little boy upon his knee, he whispered, loud enough for the sister to hear,

"Is Allie cross to-day?"

"Yes—no—I don't know—she wouldn't sing to me to-night."

"Well, she's ugly, isn't she?"

"No—no—no—she isn't!" exclaimed Willie, with so much vehemence that his questioner broke into a hearty laugh, and Alathea was forced to smile.

"One sunbeam has broken through the cloud. Come, smile another such a smile, and I shall be at your feet in humble confession."

"I don't know what you would have to confess," replied Alathea, naively, sitting down near the light, and taking up her sewing.

Mr. Edmunds smiled—a rich, deep smile, which, as it faded away, left a deep, holy expression upon his countenance, while his eyes remained fixed upon the lovely face before him, bending low over the work, and flushed with the now, conflicting thoughts within.

Little Willie's head soon began to droop with weariness, and his bright eyes grew dim. He had forgotten all about the story he was going to ask for, and, when Mr. Edmunds gently laid him upon the lounge, it did not require a song to woo him to slumber.

Alathea sat there stitching, stitching, as if her life depended upon her work being finished that night; and her visitor, after disposing of his burden, walked back and forth through the room with his hands behind him, and his gaze bent intently upon the floor.

Neither spoke, until at length the young man paused in front of the industrious girl, and taking hold of her work, drew it playfully from her hands.

"It is necessary for me to work," said Alathea, with a blush and a half pout, "please let me have it."

"You have done enough for to-day," said the young man, taking a seat beside her; "I want to talk with you now."

"Well, let us reckon up our accounts, then, and see how we stand," said Alathea, the blush deepening upon her face as she felt the gaze that was upon her.

"And suppose we should find that you was in my debt—what then?"

"Why, I should have to eat less and work more, I suppose."

"Alathea," said the young man, taking her

hand suddenly, and speaking with an earnestness that made her shudder, "you are a good, sensible girl, and I want you for a wife. Will you give up your sewing and come and live with me, and let me love you and take care of you?"

A thousand thoughts flashed through Alathe's mind during the short pause that followed. She had not expected an offer of marriage from Mr. Edmunds. She did not know just how she ought to feel before refusing or accepting such an offer. She was not sure but she was too young to think of such a thing at all. And the last and most bitter thought was, that she was under obligations to him, and that, probably, he would expect her to accept him without hesitation. Her pride revolted at this, and a feeling, very like bitterness, arose in her heart toward him for whom she had heretofore felt naught but gratitude and the kindest of feelings. She withdrew her hand and turned her face from him to hide the tears she did not wish him to see.

"Then you refuse me," said the young man, with a solemnity that chilled every vein of the young being by his side.

"I am under obligations to you," at length Alathe found voice to say.

Mr. Edmunds felt annoyed. "I was not speaking of the past," said he, "I was thinking of the present and future."

Alathe's face was still turned from him, her head supported with one hand, while the fingers of the other toyed with the work in her lap.

Mr. Edmunds waited for her to speak again. But all power of utterance was closed down. Half angry, half irresolute, he sat in thought for a few moments; then, rising abruptly, bade Alathe good evening and departed.

Again alone, the shuddering girl collected her half scattered senses, and threw off the dead weight that had held her lips sealed. Relieving tears fell thick upon the table where her head rested, and, with the sad, hopeless tone of her morning's lamentation, she exclaimed,

"What have I done! *What have I done!*"

The thousand kind words that Ellis Edmunds had spoken to her, and the thousand little acts of kindness he had performed for her since she had been a lonely orphan, passed rapidly through her mind. His ever perfectly respectful appearance toward her, and the deep interest he had shown in her welfare, all came before her—torturing remembrances.

And now she had offended him! Foolishly,

and apparently unfeelingly, she had seen him depart from her presence with a cloud upon his brow. And she felt that he would not come again.

Deeper and deeper in her heart sank the aching, and her grief grew wild as her eyes rested upon the form of her little, innocent, sleeping brother. Now, indeed, she felt that God had forsaken her. The future presented nothing but labor, and want, and loneliness. O, had she but one earthly friend whom she could ask for sympathy, she felt that she, perhaps, might endure it. But alone, with no one to cheer and encourage, she felt that the burden must crush her with its weight.

In the same building, occupying the part opposite her, Alathe had a neighbor—a quakeress, a kind, good woman, a widow who had outlived all her near friends. She lived upon the income from a small amount of property she owned in an adjoining town; and, though she was obliged to be herself frugal to make her year's accounts meet, she had yet often contrived to do the orphan girl many a little favor, and to assist, greatly, by her wider experience, in many of Alathe's little household cares and expenses.

To this kind friend, at last, did Alathe determine to go with her weight of sorrows. The thought was a relief. She wiped away her tears, arose and put away her work, and prepared her little brother for retiring. Half an hour afterward she stood with her hand upon Aunt Mercy's door—Aunt Mercy, as the neighbors lovingly called her. A sound arrested her attention.

"See to it, Aunt Mercy—something must be done." The voice was indistinct; she did not recognize it; and, waiting until she heard the outer door close, and knew the visitor was gone, she rapped lightly and entered her friend's room, as she was privileged to do, without being bidden.

Aunt Mercy laid her hand gently upon the head that was laid confidently in her lap, and smoothing the silken hair, murmured—

"Poor child—poor child! Thee hast seen much trouble for one so young."

Kindness never fails to draw tears from the sensitive, sorrowing being. And so Alathe wept, long and quietly, and found relief for her overburdened spirits.

"But what makes thee so sad to-night, dear?" asked the kind woman.

Alathe hid her face. How could she tell of the strange event of the evening? But, gradually, her friend drew it all from her.

"And is thee sure thee does not love Ellis Edmunds?" asked Aunt Mercy, when, amid tears and blushes, the story was finished.

"I do not know," was the amusingly innocent reply.

"Does thee think thee would like to see him married to another?"

Alathea looked thoughtful. She raised her head upon her hand, and looking up into her friend's face, replied, earnestly,

"No, Aunt Mercy, I don't believe I should. Perhaps I might before——"

"Yes, child, perhaps thee might have seen it before he spake such words to thee as he did to-night. But, my daughter, a young, unoccupied heart like thine does not often resist an offer of love from one like Ellis Edmunds. And love that is not resisted is taken home to the heart and guarded jealously, and whoever meddleth therewith causeth pain."

"But, Aunt Mercy, he will give his love to another and despise me. O, how could I be so foolish and unwise, and apparently indifferent. And he has been so kind to me!"

"Couldn't thee send him a message, telling him thee hast thought better of it?"

"O, no—no—no. I would not for all the world. Nothing can be done unless he should repeat to me what he said to-night, and, of course, he never will. O, if I could only think he wouldn't despise me, and think me an ungrateful, heartless being." And Alathea wept again, the sad, mournful tears such as she had not shed since the great loss that left her fatherless and motherless.

"God will take care of thee, my child," said Aunt Mercy, soothingly. There was a cheerfulness in her tones, and a look of hope upon her countenance that told she saw a brighter future for her young friend than the young girl could see for herself.

It was late when Alathea sought her own room; but the soothing words and friendly counsels of her pious friend had quieted her mind, and her night's rest was sweet and undisturbed.

But, the morrow! O, why does the morrow come to break the quiet slumber we have wooed with faith, and hope, and prayer, and self-control—why does it come to bring back again the burden of life, and crowd us on, on to further cares and troubles.

Alathea sat herself down early to her sewing, and before the sun went down her work was completed—all she had in the house to do. She carefully folded it, and laid it aside until Mr. Edmunds should send—she felt sure he

would not come for it. But he did not come or send, either, and the next day Alathea sent it to the store. She waited anxiously for the messenger to return. But he brought nothing but the pay for the work—no message, and no more work was sent.

And now how was God going to "take care" of the poor orphan girl—poor, only so far as gold and silver were taken into the account? for Alathea Du Pont was not a common seamstress. She had a mind stored with a variety of useful knowledge, and, though innocent and inexperienced, she was one to be admired. Her mental worth was known and acknowledged throughout the little community around, and her young employer had not felt that he was in the least stooping when he asked her hand in marriage. He had gone away sorrowful at her strange reception of his proposals, determined that he would not urge a suit that, perhaps, was disagreeable, though he by no means intended to give up his oversight of the young girl.

Alathea sat brooding over her dark prospects, trying to devise some new way of employment, when the door suddenly opened, and Aunt Mercy entered.

"Did I not tell thee," commenced her friend, "that God would take care of thee, my child? Now listen to me. My little income has been unexpectedly increased one half, and it is no longer necessary for me to live so alone. I desire to rent these rooms with my own, and, if thee wilt accept of a home with me until thee can do better, thee shalt be most heartily welcome. Thee knows that I have sick turns sometimes, and it will be very comfortable for me to have some one to take care of me then, so thee sees thee wilt not be at all dependent, but, in reality, a help to me. And now, my daughter, if this arrangement will be agreeable to thy feelings, we will enter into it without delay."

Poor Alathea! Like the word of pardon to the languishing prisoner, so did this unlooked-for offer of a home come, like a great mercy, in this her hour of need. She threw herself into the friendly arms that opened to receive her, and wept great tears of gratitude.

Busy days followed, during which Alathea had scarce time to think of Ellis Edmunds at all, or to regret his absence. But when they were all settled again, and the long afternoons came and went without a sight of him who had been so frequent a visitor, an uneasy feeling began to creep into her heart in spite of her

frequent declarations to herself, that she had nothing now in the world to trouble her.

Aunt Mercy had never mentioned Mr. Edmunds' name to her since the evening she had repeated to her his offer of marriage; and no one in the house, but Willie, ever inquired after or spoke of him. But in the silent stillness of her own room, the question often arose in Alathea's mind—"Does thee think thee would like to see him married to another?" A sigh, and the pressing of tears to her eyes was always the answer. She met him occasionally in the street, but a bow was the only recognition he gave her. Pride and sorrow held by turns the ascendancy in her heart, and she determined, at length, to send him the small amount that stood against her. At her especial request he had always accompanied whatever was sent her from the store, with a bill of the same, so that she could, at any time, see her exact indebtedness to him. The bills, however, were always receipted. The sale of a piece of embroidery occasionally, since she had been in her new home, had kept her supplied with a little money, so that she easily raised the amount necessary to liquidate the debt.

It was with no little agitation the brief note was dropped in the Post Office. There was nothing in it which called for a reply, but she secretly hoped to get some word in answer. She looked, however, in vain—no answer came.

With new resoluteness, Alathea determined to dismiss all thoughts of Mr. Edmunds from her mind. She selected books from the library her father left, and spent all her leisure time in reading and studying. She laughed, and sang her old, favorite songs, though Willie sometimes complained because she would stop short when he was almost asleep, and leaning her head down upon his pillow, would seem to forget what she was doing. Walking became distasteful to her, until finally, nothing but a pressing necessity could induce her to go into the street.

Aunt Mercy looked on with a quiet smile, seeing much deeper into the young girl's heart, than she could herself. And so the weeks passed away, until six months had rolled around since the new arrangement had been made. The most perfect harmony existed between all the members of the household, from Aunt Mercy herself down to the black and white kitten that nightly purred in Willie's arms.

It was a mild afternoon, late in autumn, that Alathea took a sudden determination to visit a

sick family a little out of the village. Aunt Mercy put up a little basket of delicacies, and full of kindly feelings, she set out on her errand of mercy.

It was a long walk—something over a mile—and the quietness and pleasantness of the day, invited the deepest and holiest thoughts.

As soon as she was fairly beyond the limits of the village, Alathea gave herself up entirely to her musings. Her mind wandered back to the time when she was loved and cherished by fond parents, and then came in sad remembrance the dark scenes of sickness and death—her own desolate condition afterward—then, very naturally, followed the remembrance of Ellis Edmunds' kindness to her, and the long, happy hours they had passed in pleasant and profitable converse—then, the last evening when she had offended—and the same as discarded him. And, despite all her efforts at calmness, the tears flowed freely.

A fallen tree by the roadside offered an inviting place of rest, but just as she was seating herself upon it, the report of a fowling piece near by drew from her a little shriek of terror, and brought her suddenly to her feet again.

"Pardon me," said a voice, and in an instant a young man was by her side.

"Mr. Edmunds!"

"Alathea!"

The surprise was mutual, and, evidently enough, mutually pleasant.

"I am sorry to have frightened you—I have disturbed you unintentionally," remarked the gentleman, "and if my presence is disagreeable, you shall be relieved of it immediately."

"Disagreeable!" Alathea extended her hand with a smile and a look of pleasure that was not to be mistaken, and allowed herself to be led unresistingly to a seat upon the fallen tree.

"I have been treating myself to a ramble this afternoon," said Mr. Edmunds, retaining the hand he had taken and seating himself by the blushing girl, "but I had not dreamed of so agreeable a surprise as this."

Alathea raised her full, dark eyes inquiringly to the young man's face, as though she had not heard aright. But the earnest, admiring gaze she met, dispelled every shadow of a doubt, and deepened the blush upon her face almost to painfulness, and caused her to seek concealment for her embarrassment in downcast eyes and bowed head. But her hand remained clasped in his, and the arm that was gently laid around her gave no offence.

Ellis Edmunds had not been entirely ignorant of Alathea's feelings toward him for the past

six months. He had read them in her heightened color when they had casually met. He was satisfied of her heart's trembling when he received the dainty little note containing the money she pretended to owe him. And—intriguing lover—he had drawn from Aunt Mercy all the rest he wanted to know—the young girl's careful avoidance of all mention of his name—her growing absence of mind and disrelish of company—and now, he felt the time had come for him to take her to his heart and home—a willing bride.

It is not necessary to repeat the words that made Ellis Edmunds and Alatheia Du Pont, one in the sight of Heaven—wanting only the seal of the man of God to make the union valid to the world.

It was a long and satisfactory conference; and not until the sun sank low in the west, were the pigeons, and the fowling piece, and the neglected basket gathered up, and smiling questions asked and answered as to the disposal of the almost forgotten things.

It was decided that the call should be made, and the brace of pigeons added to the delicacies to tempt the appetite of the pale invalid.

It was a rude dwelling they visited, but care and neatness shone out from every spot within and around it; and, as Alatheia presented in her own simple and affecting manner, her little gifts to the feeble being who lay supported by pillows, Ellis Edmunds felt that he had chosen wisely and well.

The call was necessarily short, for the gathering twilight reminded them that it was a long walk back to the village.

Very tenderly did the happy lover draw her shawl closer around his affianced bride, for the dew was falling, and the air damp. But she laughingly assured him that there was sufficient joy and warmth within to repel all outward action of cold.

"Blessings upon ye, darlings," said Aunt Mercy, as the two entered together, and she saw at a glance, the understanding there was between them.

That old, rich smile was upon Ellis Edmunds' lips again, and a deep, beautiful expression, more womanly for the past six months' conflict, shone upon the face of the sweet girl by his side.

"Yes, Aunt Mercy," said the young man, "it is all arranged now. I leave her to your keeping only for a little time longer. Make ready three weeks from to-morrow, for upon that day have we agreed to commence our

life-long, and, we hope, happy companionship."

The news of the approaching marriage spread rapidly through the village, and calls and congratulations came from every quarter. Little Willie was wild with delight at the prospect of having a brother, and at seeing Mr. Edmunds again at the house. He had grieved much at his absence, but his wonderings had always been hashed by his sister, and now that both were unrestrained they soon became fast friends again.

But—Alatheia—a perfect change had come over her. Instead of the blushing, timid girl, she now appeared the calm, collected, dignified woman. She fully realized the greatness of the responsibility that was coming upon her; and, in her great happiness, she plead with her Heavenly Father for wisdom and guidance.

The young man's love deepened almost to veneration, as he saw this great and surprising change in the young being he had won. He clasped her to his heart with a tenderer feeling, and a fuller resolve to make her life happy beyond the possibility of sorrow—so far as lay in his power.

"Hast thee never wondered, Alatheia," said Aunt Mercy, the week before the wedding, "how my income came to be increased, so that I had the means to offer thee a home, when thee felt destitute and deserted?"

Alatheia looked up from the cake she was frosting, and replied—"Yes I did wonder very much about it, but as you did not seem disposed to tell me how it came to pass, I thought I would not be inquisitive."

"Well, here is some one who can inform thee with regard to the matter," and Aunt Mercy's eyes turned toward the door that led into their little sitting room.

Ellis Edmunds entered the kitchen, rapping lightly upon the open door for permission.

Alatheia did not start or blush; but, laying down the knife she was using, she turned around with such a comical expression of wonder, and thoughtfulness, and new intelligence upon her face, that her lover laughed outright, and taking both her hands in his, asked—"What now?"

"Did you hear the question Aunt Mercy just asked me?"

"Well, suppose I did."

"Now, this is too bad," said Alatheia, as the light kept breaking in upon her mind.

"Too bad, was it, you little piece of prudery,

for me to try to keep want from the dearest object I had ever seen?"

"But—I do not like to think—"

"Then dismiss it from your mind, entirely, you foolish little thing; unless, indeed you wish to discard me now on account of *obligations* past."

The look of love and confidence that beautified the face upturned to his, fully satisfied the young man that of all possible thoughts, the thought of *discarding him* would be the last and most terrible that could be presented to Althea's mind. And, gently drawing her with him into the little sitting-room, they renewed their vows of perfect trust, and let their spirits mingle in that delightful union that earth cannot sever, and Heaven will not.

THE DISCIPLINE OF MISFORTUNE.

BY A. L. M——.

ADELE Lehman had reached the ripe age of eighteen, and began to feel womanly and self-important. And why not self-important? Was not her father, Andrew Lehman, the richest man in Ashville? Tired of school, she had persuaded her too yielding parents to let her education close, as full and complete; and now she had nothing to do but play the lady, and wait for a lover. As a school-girl, Adele had been on free and easy terms with most of her companions; her likes and dislikes being grounded in peculiarity of character, and not in external condition. She had, of course, her closer intimacies, as all girls have, and, like most girls, had one particular friend who shared her secret thoughts. This was Flora Lee, the daughter of Doctor Lee, whose pleasant little dwelling stood not very far away from Mr. Lehman's elegant mansion. Flora was a kind, gentle, disinterested girl, with qualities that always attract. She was the favorite of all in her class, but most intimate with Adele Lehman. The two girls left school within a few months of each other—Adele to pass the time in comparative idleness, Flora to join her mother in home duties, and lighten the burdens under which her weak shoulders were bending.

It was now that Adele's thoughts began to take a new range, and her mind to be filled with ideas of her own importance. The associations of the past were for the past time—mere school-girl intimacies, that must close. Her sphere in life was different from that of nearly all her old companions. She must take

one place in society, they another. Adele went home three months before Flora's term closed. During the interval Flora wrote two or three warm letters to her friend, but received only one answer in return, and that filling just two pages of small note paper, and so guardedly worded that its formal sentences chilled her feelings like a winter wind. But she had no suspicion of the true cause of this seeming coldness. Two days after her return home, and before she had time to call upon Adele, she met her in the street. Adele was in company with a richly dressed young lady, to her a stranger. As they approached, Flora paused to speak, her face lit up with smiles; but Adele passed quickly, as if she had not seen her.

"I thought that girl was going to speak to you," said the companion of Adele.

"I thought so myself," was replied, with a toss of the head and a curl of the lip, "but I didn't choose to give her the opportunity."

"Who is she?"

"Oh, a mere school-girl acquaintance, that must, of necessity, be dropped. She's one of the ordinary kind, but while we formed part of the same household circle she had to be tolerated. Now things are changed. I have returned to my sphere in life, and she has returned to hers. We are acquaintances no longer. I am sorry to hurt her feelings, but it can't be helped. She should have known her place better."

Poor Flora! She was hurt severely by this cut direct. She had been sincerely attached to Adele, and looked forward to meeting her with lively pleasure. Of their difference in worldly condition she had never thought. She loved Adele for herself alone. After returning home and thinking over the matter, it seemed so impossible for her late friend to pass her unnoticed, that she tried to persuade herself that Adele had not really observed her. But all doubt was removed a few days after, when she met her again. This time Adele was alone. The meeting was so sudden and unexpected that there was no chance to appear unconscious of the proximity of Flora. A cold, stiff nod was the only response given to her friend's warm greeting. Wounded pride sent the hot blood to Flora's cheeks, and wounded affection filled her eyes with tears.

And so the friends parted, both in an unhappy state of mind, but Adele really the unhappiest of the two, for selfish pride was not yet strong enough to crush out the better impulses of her nature. Still, what she had

done had been from a deliberate purpose, and she had no thought of receding. Of the two young ladies, Flora was the superior in almost everything. She had a finer face and a finer form than Adele. She had also a better mind and a better education. In the way of accomplishments there was only one thing in which she was excelled by Adele. The latter had a fine musical taste, which had been largely cultivated, while Flora had scarcely any talent in that direction, and, after taking a few lessons, had given up the study of music entirely. The refined, educated circle of Ashville was not large enough to be very exclusive, and there were very few who thought of passing by the intelligent Dr. Lee and his wife. Within a year after Flora's return from school, she began to go into company with her father and mother, and soon became a favorite with almost every one. The beauty and refinement of her face, the pleasant frankness of her manner, the good feeling and intelligence she uniformly displayed, won for her a place in the hearts of nearly all who met her. As just said, the refined and educated circle of Ashville was not very large, and as Flora Lee was not excluded therefrom, Adele Lehman often met her on a plane of social equality. But after the cruel repulse which Flora had received, and the estrangement which followed, there was no desire on her part to renew the acquaintance with the purse-proud young lady; and shame united with pride to keep Adele aloof from her. And so they stood apart as strangers.

Dr. Lee was a man skilled in his profession, and his practice steadily increased from year to year. He was poor when he came to Ashville, but his worldly affairs had improved from the beginning. As money came in beyond his needs, he made careful investments, and these turning out favorably in almost every instance, he was now worth quite a handsome little property, which was entirely unencumbered. Though not called a rich man, there were few in Ashville whose affairs were in so easy and comfortable a condition. But neither Dr. Lee nor his family were ostentatious in their feelings, and so continued to occupy the modest home which industry and economy had first secured to them.

Mr. Lehman was a man of altogether a different spirit. He was ambitious for large accumulations. Through sharp business transactions, and bold, but fortunate speculations, he had acquired great wealth. But speculation is only another name for gambling, and one day the cards turned adversely for Mr.

Lehman, and he lost his game. The stake had been a large one, and if he had won he would have doubled his fortune; but "luck," as they say, was against him. He was rich in the morning, but poor as any man in Ashville when the sun went down at night. A brave man was Mr. Lehman when the day was broad and bright around him, and he could see his vantage ground; but he was a weak, bewildered coward in storm and darkness; and now the shadows of an Egyptian night were upon him. The shock prostrated him to the earth. Courage, hope, effort, all were gone. He tottered about like a man who felt the ground shaking beneath him—weak, frightened, and nerveless.

It does not take long for the external condition of a man so hopelessly ruined as Mr. Lehman, to change. In a few months after the disaster we find the humiliated family shrinking together in a small house, far humbler in appearance than the one occupied by the unostentatious Dr. Lee, without means and without income. And to make all sadder and more hopeless, a stroke of paralysis reduced Mr. Lehman to a condition of helplessness. What was now to be done? With all her pride, weakness, and vanity, Adele Lehman had loved her father most tenderly. He had been a fond and indulgent parent, too much so for her own good. But indulgence had tended rather to strengthen, than to weaken her love. In the first step downwards she was overwhelmed with mortification. The anguish of crushed pride seemed more than she could bear; and she shrunk within the narrow walls that enclosed them in their new home, feeling so helpless and disgraced that she wished to die. But the added blow which made her father a feeble invalid, startled her mind with a new thought. Who were they to lean upon, now that he was stricken down? What hand was to sustain them? From whence was to come their support? Her mother was in feeble health, and her sisters but little children. She alone had strength and skill, and love sent her thought out in eager questioning. "What can I do?" Ah! how long she searched for an answer. But it came. She was skilled in music, and competent to teach. But oh! with what an irrepressible aversion did she turn from the thought of becoming a music-teacher—the patient, toiling instructor of those, down upon whom she had looked, only a few months ago, as mean and inferior! But no help came in their need—no way opened before them.

Few friends are left to a family so utterly ruined as that of Mr. Lehman. Many who pity and sympathize, hesitate about visiting them in their altered circumstances, lest their presence should prove disagreeable, as a reminder of the height from which they had fallen; while the more heartless and worldly, having nothing to gain by association, push them out from the circle of their friends. And now it is that some humble acquaintances of their better days, whose familiarity was rather tolerated than desired, draw nearer to them with that true interest, which asks, "How can we help you?"

It happened not long after the Lehman's had removed to their new home, that a friend of this class set in earnest talk with Adele and her mother. The pressure of impending want had made them communicative, and this friend had come earnestly into their councils.

"There is only one thing which I can do," said Adele, her eyes filling with tears when she thought of the great trial and humiliation that lay before her. I understand music and feel competent to give instruction."

"A good teacher is wanted in Ashville," replied the friend, "and I am sure that after you become known, as such, there will be no lack of scholars. The difficulty lies in getting a start. Your former social position will be just so much against you in the beginning. For many in the circle where you moved, and many in the one below it, will hesitate about asking your services; some from delicacy, some from prejudice, and some from the belief that, while you may be a good performer, you can have no skill as a teacher. Much will depend on a right commencement. Let me see. Ah! I think I have it. It was only last week that I was talking to Mrs. Lee about a music-teacher. She said, their eldest daughter, Flora, had no musical taste whatever, but that her two younger sisters showed decided talent, and that they had been talking for some time about placing them in the hands of a teacher. Now you could not have a better beginning. If you can give satisfaction there, all the rest will be plain. Dr. Lee has a large practice in our best families. Both he and his wife are much esteemed. With their influence you will have as many pupils as you want. Go and see Mrs. Lee at once; she is a true, motherly woman, and will be interested in your case. Her daughter, Flora, is a charming girl, and if you have never made her acquaintance, you will now have the opportunity, I think, of securing a friend that is worthy of the name."

Poor Adele! Had it come to this? Was there no other way for her but through this valley of humiliation? The friend went home, and the unhappy girl retired to her chamber to think over the suggestion alone. How vividly did the past come up before her! She was back in her school-girl days; in that pleasant time, when she called Flora Lee her best and dearest friend. Then she remembered the cold heartlessness with which she had turned from this friend; not because Flora was less worthy, but because false pride had come between them. And could she go to her now, in her great extremity? In her wild struggle with pride she felt that death would be easier than this.

But the welf was at their door, and there was no help but in her. For three days a bitter strife went on in her mind, and then, sad, humbled and fearful of the result, she turned her hesitating steps toward the dwelling of Dr. Lee. Was it possible for Mrs. Lee to forgive the indignity she had placed upon her daughter? How could she meet Flora and look her in the face, with the memory of that past time as vividly in her thought as if it had occurred but yesterday? How she despised herself for that mean pride which had prompted to so unworthy an action. This was her state of mind when she arrived at Dr. Lee's house and timidly rang the bell. A few moments she stood with fluttering heart, when the door opened, and she looked into the face of Flora Lee. Her own face was pale, her lips quivered, she tried to speak but found no utterance.

"Adele Lehman!" exclaimed Flora, in a voice of surprise, at the same time offering her hand. There was neither resentment nor coldness in her manner, but a tone of warmth and sympathy that touched the heart of Adele and made her eyes brimming with tears.

"Is your mother at home?" inquired Adele in a faltering voice.

"She is. Do you wish to see her?"

"If you please."

There was something in the subdued, humble manner of Adele, that touched the heart of Flora. She knew of the misfortune that had overwhelmed her family; of the prostrating, almost hopeless illness of her father; and had heard with pain, that they were reduced in circumstances, almost to the verge of want. The sight of Adele's pale, suffering face, revived the old time affection in her heart, and she drew an arm around her waist and led her in to her mother. Mrs. Lee received her with great kindness, and as soon as Adele was com-

posed enough to speak, listened with much interest to the brief story she told of their necessities, and the duty which devolved upon her. Flora entered warmly into her feelings; spoke encouragingly; praised her skill in music, and predicted certain success.

"You can depend on two scholars here," said Mrs. Lee without hesitation, "and I think that I can promise you half a dozen more in a week. If not, the fault will not lie at my door. You are a brave, good girl, Adele; you deserve success, and it will come."

A reception like this, had not been dreamed of by the poor girl. Her own mind had been so warped by foolish pride and false ideas, that she could not imagine anything so forgiving, so generous and so disinterested.

"Shall we not be friends again?" said Flora, as she moved with Adele toward the door, when the visit was ended.

"Friends?" Adele looked at Flora in surprise.

"Yes; we were friends once, why shall we not be so again?"

"I am not worthy to be called by the name," said Adele, completely broken down.

"More worthy than ever," replied Flora; "an enemy came between us, but his power is gone."

As Adele Lehman turned her feet away from the dwelling of Dr. Lee, there was the beginning of a new life in her soul. She had gone trembling and fearful; scarcely hoping for any thing but repulse, or if not repulse, coldness, reserve, and scarcely hidden contempt. There were lions in her way, and only the courage of despair had given her strength to face the evil that loomed up before her. But, like Christian's lions at the Beautiful gate, they were chained, and she passed them harmless.

This visit to Mrs. Lee and Flora, was like a new revelation to Adele Lehman, passing, for a time, her comprehension. But as she became an earnest worker, going through her daily duties under the impulse of filial and fraternal love, her sight grew clearer, and she comprehended the wide difference between selfish pride and genuine goodness of heart.

Mrs. Lee was no mere lip friend. She meant all that she said, and was as good as her word. Through her influence, a number of scholars were immediately obtained, and Adele commenced her new life, a hopeful, patient toiler, sustained in her work by the love she bore the helpless ones at home. And her weak arm sustained them. Bravely she battled with the wolf, and kept the hungry destroyer from their door. And

was she not better for this great worldly misfortune; for this deep humiliation through which she had to pass; this bowing of pride to the very dust? Yes, it was painful, but salutary; and there came a time in her after life, when she lifted her heart upward, and thanked God for humiliation and misfortune, for they had made her what she otherwise would not have been, a true woman.

LOTTIE MERRILL; OR, THE GIRL WITH NO FEELINGS.

BY LUCY N. GODFREY.

I was just sixteen. The severe illness of my mother prevented my entering Madame Boalt's school at the commencement of the fall term, as had been purposed, and my place as room-mate for Hattie Warner was yielded to Cousin Fannie. I regretted this exceedingly, when, but a brief time after, mother's rapid convalescence led her to decide that I should follow my class-mates. My bright anticipations of a merry time at boarding-school were decidedly dampened by the fact that I must be the odd one of our class of seven, and take a room with a stranger; nor was I cheered by the descriptions of my future companion, with which my correspondents at the seminary favored me. Madame Boalt, who had been an early friend of my mother's, wrote only praise of Lottie Merrill, as she congratulated us that I should find her quiet, studious habits, of exceeding advantage in enabling me to improve my time; but I always had a dislike for such paragons of perfection as shame my inferiority, so her earnest praise gave me no pleasure, while the notes of the girls really prejudiced me against their subject.

"I call her Miss Propriety, though I almost wonder how I dare," wrote the mischief-loving Hattie.

"She is a good girl, but then so stiff and notional you never will suit her, any more than she will please you," Cousin Fannie wrote.

"She always does everything precisely as it should be done, at just the right time, and keeps her room, which she has always preferred to have alone, when possible, in the very nicest order; so let me caution you to be careful how you indulge any habit of carelessness," wrote Nellie Conway; while Katie Roe added, as her testimony, "Lottie Merrill is so proud that she never allows herself to enjoy anything like the rest of us, lest she should compromise her dignity."

"The girls say she has never had an intimate friend since she came to the seminary, two years ago. Nor has she ever had a word of difficulty with any one; so you may judge how independent she is," was the judgment of another of these self-appointed critics; while still another gave, as the opinion of those better acquainted with Lottie than herself—"She is exceedingly cold-hearted, and is never roused to any kind of feeling."

When I met Lottie I was surprised to find her more than a year younger than myself, with a bit of awkwardness still hanging about her, from her rapid growth. She evidently was not like the ideal I had dreaded, as I had imagined the various means by which she would make me feel myself an intruder in her room. With most thoughtful courtesy she arranged everything for my convenience, insisting upon my placing my books by the pleasanter window, and yielding to me much the larger portion of the little closet, because I was unaccustomed to being away from home. I did not find her sportive and merry, but she roused my ambition to fully overtake my classmates, who were several weeks in advance of me, kindly assisting me in my studies—a task for which she was quite competent. I was already beginning to love Lottie, when a little incident occurred which made us friends.

A group of girls were conversing gayly in the common sitting-room, when Nellie Otis brought forward a head-dress for our admiration. It was a gaudy piece of millinery, altogether unsuited to her little face and figure, but it had elicited some compliments, when Lottie remarked—

"I think it would be prettier for you, little Nellie, if you should take off that largest bow."

"Who asked for your opinion, Miss Sheared Top? You had better wait till your own head is dressed a trifle better before you criticize other people's things," was the pert reply; and Lottie walked quietly from the room.

"You were too bad, Nellie!" exclaimed half a dozen voices.

"O, pshaw!" said Nellie, "she doesn't care—I would not have said it to any one else, but she never cares. Her mind is on higher thoughts intent."

I knew that Lottie was a trifle sensitive concerning the loss of a fine head of hair, and I felt keenly the insult to one who had been so uniformly kind to me; so I followed her to our room, hoping my sympathy might give her some comfort. I found the bolt slipped,

but in her haste Lottie had not fairly shut the door, so it merely showed me that she wished to be alone, without hindering my entrance. I hesitated before intruding upon her privacy, but the convulsive sobs which I heard decided me. I was really frightened by Lottie's appearance. She did not hear me, indeed, I doubt if she could have heard anything then. She was kneeling by the bedside, both hands clenched in the clothes, as I first saw her, but she gradually sank lower and lower, as though crushed by an overpowering weight, while sobs shook her frame, and occasional interjections, such as—"O, Father, help me! I was angry, forgive me! Help me to bear patiently all that I ought! Make me better! O, make me lovable!"—but made her grief more manifest. As her face sank upon the carpet, her lips moving in half-audible prayer, I stepped forward, and seating myself by her, lifted her head to my lap, as I said—

"Dear, dear Lottie, this must not be. You will make yourself sick!"

"And who will care if I am sick, or if I die?" said she bitterly.

"O, Lottie, don't talk so, you know we would all love you if you would only let us."

"O, yes, there it is," and the sobs came quicker; "it is my fault—nobody can love me, for I am not lovable. I—plain looking, dressed without taste, awkward, always making mal-à-propos speeches—no, nobody can ever love me."

But I will not weary you, my reader, with a further record of our conversation. Before its close I understood Lottie Merrill's character better than any other had ever sought to do, while she believed that I was really her friend. Poor Lottie! how sadly had she been misjudged, from her earliest childhood. Motherless, from her infancy, the aunt to whose care she had been confided had no sympathy with her sensitive nature. Again and again her manifestations of emotion were ridiculed, till she learned to conceal all her deepest feelings. This very concealment made them stronger still, and many a carelessly uttered word had rankled in her memory, inflicting a torture from which its author would have shrunk. Thus had she come to view herself as in reality more plain looking than she was; while her rich, but illy-fitting dresses, and the awkwardness, of which she was conscious, were a constant source of dissatisfaction to her. She was too proud to wish for pity, therefore she assumed a careless, independent manner. Full of social, kindly impulses, she checked them

all with thoughts of her inability to join the other girls, as an equal, in their amusements, and, devoting all her energies to study, she had risen to the very front rank of scholarship in the school. This pre-eminence she did not value, though she loved study for its own sake, and was usually happy in constant occupation.

"I never cry," she told me, "as the other girls do, gently and soothingly—I wait, bearing and concealing everything till I can bear no longer; and then I have a regular storm—a cry like a thunder-shower, enough to kill you, Ninna, but just such as I need to clear out the ugly vapors, which will collect in my heart; so you will understand I did not make such a great fuss, because Nellie was thoughtless. It has been many weeks since I have had a storm before, and I shall feel the better for it; besides," she added, solemnly, "I never so fully realize that God is our Father, as when I am becoming happy again, after such sad times."

From this time I have numbered Lottie Merrill among my dearest friends, and, as I look back upon those years of school-girl intimacy, with thoughtful, philosophic glance, I realize the blessed influence which each of us exerted upon the undeveloped character of the other. Lottie, though younger in years than myself, was older in experience, and her earnest endeavors to do right, at whatever sacrifice of present pleasure, were of untold advantage to one of my volatile temperament. So far as mental discipline and culture were concerned, she contributed more to my advancement than my teachers. Much, however, as I gained from her, our friendship—not myself, particularly, for any affection which would have given her self-confidence would have done the same work for her—exerted a still more marked influence upon her character. The morbid feelings she had cherished were dissipated, by merely bringing them to the light. I showed her some of the notes I had received concerning her, as the candid opinions of her school-mates, and, though they were none too flattering, they proved a salutary lesson, since they showed her that it was her own fault that she had been alone among these companions.

There was no sudden change in Lottie. She was too much engrossed in her studies to join in many of the frolics of the girls, but, when she did allow herself a holiday, she entered into our sports with a heartiness and good will which soon made us wish she would join us oftener.

I recollect one time, during the Indian Summer of that year, when I was heartily provoked with her for what seemed obstinacy in self-denial. A nutting party was proposed, and Lottie was unusually elated in anticipating the holiday. She seemed delighted as a little child, at the prospect of getting out in the dear old woods. As I listened to her enthusiastic accounts of the nice times she had enjoyed years before, when her only brother, whom she now met but rarely, had been her companion, I wanted to ask all the girls to come and see how really handsome her animation made her. None of us doubted but that Madame Boalt would readily give her consent to our plans, as a group of us went merrily, in the name of all, to ask it. The desired permission, for most of us, was given as soon as asked; then she made some exceptions of those girls who had been lately delinquent in their studies, and, as we were about to leave, she added, as an afterthought—

"Tell Lottie this will be a fine opportunity for her to complete that large map she has commenced. I think her good sense will convince her that she will find a longer lived pleasure in doing this, than in straying in the woods with you idlers." Lottie thus to be kept at home with the poor scholars! It roused my indignation, and I said earnestly:

"But, madame, you do not mean that Lottie must not go, do you?"

"I do not think she will wish to go, when she knows, how she may please me better:" was the cold response, as she turned to her book with an air which forbade further interruption.

Lottie was sadly disappointed, yet I vainly begged her to go to Madame herself, for the desired permission—I was sure, her request would be granted, for she was justly a favorite with all the teachers. The only motive, which had any weight with her, was that I should enjoy the day better for her companionship, but this she would scarcely allow. She did not try to conceal the fact that it seemed almost like an unjust punishment, from me.

"It has always been the way," said she, "I ought to be accustomed to it. Madame has no idea that the glorious old woods, with their gala dress and golden light, have as great a charm for me, as for the rest of you. She does not imagine I have any feelings, so she appeals to my good sense. O dear, I believe I wish I had not the name of having good sense. I could not, however, enjoy the day, now, were I to go, since I should keep think-

ing of our teacher's wishes, so I may as well be contented."

Sadly, Lottie made her preparations for a busy day, and then came out as cheerfully, to see us start away, as though she were not longing to join us.

"I should think, you would like to come with us," said Hattie W—.

"And I should think so too, if Madame had not told me better," was the gay reply, as we left her.

Upon my return, I found her very cheerful. After hearing a prolix account of our day's pleasure, from me, she said, "You seem to think I have nothing pleasant to tell you, and truth to say, I was tempted to look at the cloudy side of everything this morning; but I determined that, if I could not please myself, I would, at least, please Madame, so I went to work on that map, with a *will*, and worked till I was very weary? Then I took a run in the garden, which rested me. As I came in, I found poor little Nellie Otis disconsolate over those knotty algebraic problems, which prevented her going with you, and I helped her some. Indeed, as soon as I convinced her that being kept at home was not the most doleful thing in the world, she could help herself. Since then, I have finished my map, and Madame has praised it altogether beyond my expectations; but the very best thing of the day is this letter, which tells me that brother Charles is coming here next week. If I am not mistaken, you and I will have his company for a nutting excursion, which shall put your to-day's pleasure all in the shade."

Thus Lottie was rewarded for her self-denial this time, as well as many others, which I might note. When she denied herself anything, she never made a merit of it, or allowed it to occupy her thoughts, but sought some occupation, from which she could draw cheerfulness.

Gradually, Lottie became a universal favorite in school. Her own quick feelings led her intuitively to avoid wounding those of others, and now that she felt herself beloved, she did not check those social impulses, which made her a delightful companion.

Enough has been said of Lottie, as a school girl, let me briefly picture her as a woman. Our friendship was no slight tie, to be broken by our separation. For two years we were constant correspondents, then, Lottie came to our village as my sister. Brother Edward certainly would have deserved my warmest thanks, for bringing one so dear to me to his home, had he not been actuated by wholly sel-

fish motives. He does not regret, however, that in insuring his own happiness, he has increased mine.

Now, as in the olden time, Lottie is better than I. Now, she is very happy. "The clouds came in my spring time," I have heard her say, "and they made me old in childhood, but I am younger now." In truth, she is livelier than when I first knew her, yet hers is a sportiveness which enlivens, without ever becoming mere levity. She neglects no home duty. Her husband ever finds, that no engagement of hers can interfere with his pleasure, and her children are never yielded to the care of hirelings, unworthy her confidence; yet she finds time for social duties. This time is not frittered away in gossip, for she lives in earnest. "That I may be better; that others may be happier"—seems the motto of her life, and others are certainly happier for her thoughtful kindness. Her cheerful face gladdens many a sick room—her few, earnest words of Christian consolation, reach bereaved hearts, which would be oppressed by more studied phrases. She is loved and respected by a large circle of friends and acquaintances, but most do we rejoice in her many virtues and graces, who are admitted to a closer intimacy in her pleasant home circle.

RICHES AND POVERTY; OR, LOTTIE AND L

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

I am called poor—I believe that is the opinion of the world concerning me. My only sister, the wife of a rich man, speaks of me in a half caressing, half pitying manner, as if I had met with some great misfortune.

"Poor Katy! how I pity her, to be so shut out from the world as she is. A poor country doctor's wife—oh, dreadful!"

So my sister will say, with a plaintive sigh, as she raises her elegant vinaigrette to her dainty nose, as if it made her feel faint even to think of such a mode of living. I am free to say that, so far from agreeing with my sister as regards my poverty, my heart daily overflows with thankfulness to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," who has surrounded me with so many mercies; and I consider myself one of the richest little women this fair earth contains. I poor, when three little, rosy, dimpled faces gather around our table every day! When I have three priceless gems that all the gold of earth could never buy! What is the *Kohinoor* compared to my gems? I poor, when loving friends gather around my pathway—when gentle words and loving

smiles make my life a very Eden of happiness? Why, I cannot begin to count my riches.

In the first place, I have a dear little home, just large enough to hold my dear ones, and leave room enough to entertain any old friends that may visit me. I have a dear, kind husband—one whom I have loved ever since we went to school together, and stood side by side in the spelling-class. The dear old school-house, where I used to sit and watch for Harry to come in at the door, and then what a bound my heart would give when he did come, with his bright, handsome face filling the old school-room with sunshine. What stores of rosy-cheeked apples and ripe brown nuts his pockets used to hold for me. Dear Harry! what pleasant memories thy name brings to me. For years we played together, made snow men, went sliding on the ice, or "coasted down hill on the snow," in the winter, gathered violets and buttercups in the old meadow by the school-house in the springtime, went fishing in the mill stream in summer, and nutting in the autumn. What famous times we used to have in the grand old woods! what luscious grapes we used to find there festooned among the trees! Oh! I am rich in pleasant memories!

We were the only daughters of a country physician—Lottie and I. My mother was raised in affluence, and her family hoped she would make a grand marriage, for she was very beautiful; but while on a visit to a country friend she had a slight attack of bilious fever; my father was called in to attend her, and he nursed her so well she repaid him with her heart. In vain her friends interposed; she loved my father devotedly, and they were married. She lived about eight years after her marriage, then died suddenly with a disease of the heart, leaving Lottie and I, not quite seven years old, and an infant son, who did not long survive her.

My father never entirely recovered from the shock, for she had been a true, loving wife to him, and he almost idolized her. An old lady distantly related to our family consented to come and take charge of our household affairs. She was a kind, pleasant old lady, and very indulgent to us little ones, and we were too young to grieve much for our mother, so we led a happy life.

My mother's sister wished father to let us come to the city and stay with her, so we could have better opportunities for getting an education; but he could not make up his mind to part with us. He had a large practice, and was considered well to do in the world, and he

wished us to have every advantage; so, after Lottie and I had learned all that was to be learned at the village school, he got a governess for us, to teach us the higher branches, till he could consent to part with us to go to the city, for my dear father still thought he would send us there to complete our school education. Dear, kind father! how closely his heart clung to his motherless girls. We had an excellent governess, and we learned rapidly. Lottie was growing up to be very beautiful. Nearly every one said we were very much alike, but I always thought Lottie much prettier than I was.

Harry Levering had left school, and was studying medicine. He was the son of a poor farmer, and had to study very hard so he could graduate as soon as possible; but he came to see us as often as he could, and John Egerton often came with him. He was the only son of Lawyer Egerton, and was considered quite well off. It was not long till I learned that he loved Lottie as Harry loved me, but I could not tell whether my sister loved him or not. She was something of a coquette, and she had a good many lovers; for she was very fascinating in her ways. We were almost seventeen, Lottie and I, when—alas! alas! my dear, kind father died. On his dying bed he took my hand, and laid it in Harry's, and blessed us both. Lottie was kneeling by the bedside, weeping bitterly, and John Egerton stood beside her. My father's gaze rested on Lottie as she knelt there, and he laid his hand caressingly on her bowed head.

"Have you no gift for me, Doctor Walton?" said John Egerton; "I love your daughter truly, and if Lottie will give herself to me I will guard her as my own life. Lottie, what does your heart say?"

She raised her fair young face, hot with blushes, and then she laid her hand in his.

"God bless you, my children," said my father, "now I can die without one pang. Harry, my son, pray for us, and thank God for all his mercies to us."

Harry Levering was a devoted Christian, and while we all knelt about the bed, his voice went up in fervent prayer, and with that prayer my father's spirit passed silently away to a holier and fairer land than ours.

I cannot speak of the dreary season that succeeded my dear father's death. Oh! how lonely, how desolate the place seemed to us. Our aunt came from the city and urged us to return home with her. She said the village was no longer a proper home for us, since our

father's death, and it had been his wish that we should spend some time with her. Neither John nor Harry opposed our going, for they thought the change might be beneficial to us. We left our old home, just as it had been in our father's lifetime. The housekeeper and one servant remained to keep it in order, and John and Harry promised to write to us very often, and let us know all that was going on; and so, with a few fond tears, we left, for the first time, the home of our childhood. We found everything in our new home very elegant. Aunt got very handsome mourning for us, and engaged several teachers to instruct us in music, drawing, dancing, etc. My uncle was also very kind, but I could not feel at home, everything was so different from what I had been accustomed to; but Lottie enjoyed it all, and seemed as much at home as if she had always lived there. My greatest comfort was in reading Harry's letters—dear, precious letters they were, though they used to make me cry to be home again. A year passed by, and then Lottie and I were ushered into the midst of society. Everywhere we went we were surrounded by young men, but I saw no one equal to Harry. At last a middle-aged gentleman, of the name of Harwood, made a proposal to my uncle for me, and highly delighted, my aunt came to inform me of it. I was very much annoyed by it, and told her again of my engagement to Harry. She scolded, ridiculed, and remonstrated, but I told her my father had joined our hands on his dying bed, and I could not give my Harry up for any one on earth. Aunt got very angry, and left me crying. Lottie had sat by her toilet table all the time, taking no part in the dispute, and after my aunt left the room, I went to Lottie, and put my arms around her neck, and cried on her shoulder. She laughed at me, and said I was a little goose to refuse such a rich man for one not worth a cent. I thought her jesting then, so I did not reply to it. In one month from that time he proposed to Lottie, and she accepted him. She was loaded with caresses by my aunt and uncle, and adulation and flattery awaited her wherever she went; but oh! how my heart ached for poor John. Harry said he was almost crazy, but he never reproached Lottie. Her letters were returned to her with a little note that ran thus:—

"God bless you, Lottie, and may he you have chosen make your life as happy as I should have striven to make it. Your true friend,
JOHN."

Lottie shed a good many tears over it, but she was soon comforted again. She would never talk to me about it, and never spent a minute alone with me if she could help it, and this grieved me more than I can tell. Well! we were married the next summer. Harry had begun to practice medicine, and was doing right well. Our father left Lottie and I five hundred dollars a-piece, besides the house and lot, and two valuable horses. Lottie gave me her share in the house and lot as a bridal gift, and would only take one of the horses, which she wished to keep for our father's sake. All her share of the money she spent for her wedding clothes, besides the hundred dollars which uncle gave to each of us. My clothes were very plain, and took very little to pay for them, so I had our old home newly papered and painted, and bought a pretty carpet, and new chairs for our parlor. I fitted up my father's study for Harry, and still I had over three hundred dollars left. Lottie's home was superbly furnished, but I would not have exchanged my dear little home for anything. I felt very sad at parting from Lottie, but she said I must often come to see her, and she would spend part of every summer at our house.

We have been married six years, and in all that time she has only spent about one month with me. Poor Lottie! her heart is full of the world, and what with giving and receiving calls, giving grand parties, and going to balls, concerts, operas, and so on, she has scarcely a minute she can call her own. She has no dear little ones to call her "mamma," no dear little arms to twine around her neck. They are childless, so Lottie has nothing to wear her from the world she loves so well. Rare paintings, worth thousands of dollars, decorate her walls, but there is not one of them to equal the paintings that lie around our home—nature's own handiwork. Her husband is very proud of his fair young wife, but she cannot love him as I love Harry. Deep in her heart must lie the thought that she bartered her love for his gold—that for all her wealth and splendor she wronged a true heart that loved her faithfully.

Lottie has an elegant library containing thousands of volumes, but she gets no time to read. We have a little room we dignify by the name of library, though it only contains two or three hundred volumes, yet when I enter it, who so rich as I? Here is my banquet room. Here I meet and hold sweet converse with the great minds of all ages. I do not have to provide any great entertainment for them, and

when duty calls me elsewhere, I turn the key, and there my guests remain till I can visit them again. I am very, *very* rich in my books, and when Harry has a new package sent from the city, and we sit down of an evening to look over them, I would not change places with the Queen of England. Then when the magazines come, what a grand treat we have! Then my dear husband—oh! Harry, dear Harry, how shall I begin to tell of all thy worth and goodness! When I go out among the neighbors whom I have known and loved from a child, my husband's praises are on every lip. I don't suppose we ever will be what the world calls rich, for Harry's patients are mostly poor, and can pay him but little, yet he often says their blessings and prayers make him feel richer than all the money his wealthier patients pay him.

John Egerton is our minister. About a year after Lottie's marriage he made a profession of religion, and studied for the ministry. He has a lovely wife, dear to me as a sister. Truly my blessings are numberless. Rich in my home, rich in the affection of many hearts, rich in my children, rich in the love of one of the best of husbands, richer still for the hope of meeting them in a fairer world than this—how can I call myself poor? Truly, if *this* is to be poor, then, I say, from the very depths of my heart, thank God for poverty.

MY HAPPY DAY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

I have ecstatic memories,
Of days that lie far back,
Along the em'rald meadows,
That border life's stern track—
Days full of golden sunshine,
And rich with west winds cool,
Days when, a merry lassie,
I tripped away to school.

The school, and the old school-house,
Stood in the odorous shade,
Which tall and stately evergreens
Cast on a pasture glade—
'Twas old, and weather-shattered,
And carved by schoolboy art,
But very dear its humble walls
Were to my childish heart.

I remember well the benches,
The desk, and windows tall,
And the very spot on the wainscot,
Where the sunlight used to fall—
When afternoon's red glory
Streamed from the western sky,
And warned us that the time drew on
To lay our grammars by.

Memory brings back our teacher,

A girl with gold-brown hair,
That rippled o'er her shoulders
Like marble white and fair;

Her eyes were lucid azure,
Her voice a rill's soft flow—
But ah! she lies in quiet rest
Beneath the folding snow!

I have stood in Fame's proud temples,
And read from ancient tomes,
Heard the proud voice of eloquence
Swell up to arching domes!
But my happiest days are mirrored
In memory's crystal pool—
The days of that brief period,
When I was a child at school.

OUR DARLING.

BY LILLIAS M—.

We had a tiny cherub,
All dimpled, pure, and fair;
The sun-beams played at hide and seek
Amid her nut-brown hair:
And round her rosy lips were wreathed
Smiles such as angels wear.

Her eyes were like blue violets,
Mirror'd in some clear stream,
That's dark in shade by green leaves made
And bright 'neath a sunny beam;
Thus dark the blue of her eyes, save when
Lit by a transient gleam.

We loved our dainty blossom,
So fragile, pure, and white;
We bore it on our bosom,
To shield from harm or blight;
And to us it turned most lovingly,
As flowers unto the light.

Our arms we folded round her,
As the calyx folds the flower;
Love's tendril-cords enwound her,
More closely every hour;
Each opening grace and loveliness
Seemed fraught with winsome power.

June's red lips on the roses,
Thrice, lovingly were pressed;
Throughout three golden summers
Our darling we carressed;
Two happy, happy parents, with
One birdling in our nest.

To soothe our babe to slumber,
Our songs rose sweet and clear;
But harp-tones sounded sweeter,
As the angels hovered near;
Thus they lured her up to Heaven,
And we are *lonely* here!

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

ONE STEP.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Had I better get in and row across, I wonder?"

"Nobody would ever know anything about it; and there the pretty new boat lies, rocking to and fro on the river. How fair and dainty it looks, and there are the two oars lying in the bottom. It's only a mile down to the bridge, and I could row down there and back in a little while; and oh! it would be such a pleasant, pleasant sail!"

"Of course, nothing could happen to me, for grandpa said to mamma the other evening, when we went down to the mill, 'Why, Helen, Harry's a natural born sailor! He can manage the boat as well as I.'"

"Oh, dear! I wish he'd never seen that boat!" said mamma. "I expect it will be the death of him yet."

"Well, he didn't inherit his nautical taste from you, that's certain," laughed grandpa; "but women are always nervous about the water."

"And that's all. It's just mamma's nervousness; and I *know* nothing would happen to me, getting in there and having a little sail; and it would be so nice, this beautiful afternoon, with just that breath of wind, rocking the alders that fringe the shore; and the river lies here between the banks like a deep blue mirror, and looks, away up by the bridge, like a brown ribbon, tangled in and out among the young oaks and poplars."

"Nobody would ever know anything about it, either; for, of course, I should get back safe, and I don't believe there'd be a bit of harm in it."

"But then, there's my promise to mother; there's no getting aside of that, and it was the last thing she said to me before she left home on Thursday."

"She called me to the carriage and bent over one side and smoothed my hair, as she always does when she talks to me: 'Now Harry, my dear boy,' she said, 'I want you to promise that you won't get inside that boat until your father and I get home again.'"

"No, mamma, I won't, certainly," I answered, though I hated to bad enough—that's a fact.

"And I think it's quite too bad, that such a big boy as I am can't have his way in such a little matter as this."

"Oh, dear! dear! the longer I look at the sky over my head, and at the sky in the river, and at the banks on either side, and at the bridge, looking like a white fall of lace away off in the distance—the more I want to go. It seems as if I must."

"One more step and I shall be in the boat; but, there again! my promise to mamma has come back to me!"

"And how shall I feel when she comes home and looks in my face with her loving eyes, and calls me her darling boy, and puts her arms round my neck and kisses me over and over again!"

"She won't ask me whether I've been in the boat, because I've promised her I wouldn't, and I never told my mother a lie in my life."

"And I won't now! Beautiful river—pretty boat, it's hard enough to leave you—but I will!"

"Nobody would know it, I said. Yes, God would know it if I got in that boat, if no human being ever did, and the lie would be written against me, and I should have to meet it somewhere—some time."

"I'll get away as fast as I can. Oh, dear! how near I came to telling a lie, and committing a terrible sin. I just begin to see it now!"

"Mamma came home last night. Such a hugging as I had!"

"Has my Harry been a good boy?" she said, "and not done a single thing his mother would have disapproved of?"

"No, I guess not, mamma," I said; but I was thinking about the boat, and didn't speak very positively.

"Mamma held me away and looked in my eyes. 'You guess not? are you not quite certain, Harry?' she asked."

"Well, mamma, I haven't *done* anything, but I've thought about it."

"She drew her arms around me, and held me close to her heart."

"Tell me all about it, Harry dear," she asked.

"And then I did. I told her about my going to the river last Saturday afternoon, and how near I came to getting into the boat and rowing down to the bridge, and what a terrible temptation it was, and how, in one step, I should have been in—but the memory of my promise to her, and the thought that God saw me, held me back when there was only *one step* betwixt me and the boat."

"And when I had done I found mamma's tears falling, just like thick rain drops, in my hair. 'Oh, my child! I thank God! I thank God!' she said."

"And I, too, thanked him then from my heart, that I didn't take that 'one step.'"

THE WINE MERCHANT AND HIS CLERK.

A wine merchant caused thirty-two casks of choice wine to be deposited in his cellar, giving orders to his clerk to arrange them as in the annexed figure, so that each external row should contain nine. The clerk, however, took away twelve of them at three different times; that is, four each time; yet, when the merchant went into the cellar, after each theft had been committed, the clerk always made him count nine in each row. How was this possible?

This problem may be easily solved by inspecting the following figures:—

2d Order.			3d Order.			4th Order.		
2	5	2	3	3	3	4	1	4
5		5	3		3	1		1
2	5	2	3	3	3	4	1	4

CONGLOMERATIONS.

The following words are to be introduced in order as they stand, in an original composition of prose or verse—story, essay, poem, all are admissible.

- | | |
|-----------------|---------------------|
| 1. Mathematics. | 11. Feast. |
| 2. Omnibus. | 12. Plaster. |
| 3. China Jar. | 13. Alabaster Vase. |
| 4. Nymph. | 14. Chimes. |
| 5. Cabbage. | 15. Danseuse. |
| 6. Damask. | 16. Boreas. |
| 7. Curriole. | 17. Railroad. |
| 8. Hong Kong. | 18. Manuscript. |
| 9. Toadstool. | 19. Parasol. |
| 10. Cloud. | 20. Hovel. |

EXAMPLE.

The Rambles of a Student.

When a poor student of *Mathematics*, the desire of traveling seized me, and I resolved to see the world. The *Omnibus* passed our door every morning, at eight o'clock; I took my place in it to the nearest market-town; my traveling companion was a new novel, entitled the *China Jar*, then much in vogue. The *Omnibus* soon after stopped at a cottage, to take up an inside passenger. My new friend, though of the fair sex, was certainly not possessed of a *Nymph*-like form, and on her arm hung—a basket of *Cabbages*! I looked complacently at my *Damask* rose, the last gift of my fair cousin Emma, who, with her father, had that morning driven over in their new *Curriole*, to take leave of me. I opened my book, and was already deeply engaged in a description of the famous city of *Hong Kong*, when the vehicle stopped at the town to which I was going. Dinner was ordered, and I was just going to partake of a fine dish of mushrooms, when I discovered the cook had by mistake dressed some *Toadstools*. I reached London in safety, and was requested by some friends to visit Italy, in hopes of finding some valuable works, said to have been lately discovered there.

Some years had passed, and I was still in Italy. I was saddened, for my mother's death had cast a *Cloud* over my youthful gladness. I received an invitation to spend a few weeks with Count Marini, at Rome; wishing to be present at some of the *Fests*, I accepted it. The Count's palace was spacious, but, to an English eye, uncomfortable. In many places the *Plaster* had fallen off and left bare walls, and there was a want of comfort which contrasted strangely with the *Alabaster Vases* which decorated the rooms. The Count was well acquainted with the English language and literature. Judge of my surprise one morning, on entering the room, to find him attentively perusing the *Chimes*, by Dickens, which he had just received from an English friend. In the evening, I went with him to see a favorite *Danseuse*; he advised me to beware of going out late alone, as there were even then many bravi in Rome. We next visited a popular demagogue, who, from his blustering speeches, was known to the English inhabitants by the nickname of *Boreas*. The Count also showed me the model of a *Railroad*, which was projected between Rome and Naples. We then visited a Capuchin Monastery, where, I had been given to understand, I might find some rare *Manuscripts*, but my search was fruitless.

On leaving the monastery, we conversed on many subjects; among others, on the power of the Italians in preserving appearances. "Yes," said my host—"they starve at home, to blaze in jewels before strangers. For example: Do you see that lady with a *Parasol*, though no one else thinks it necessary to-day?—observe how splendidly she is dressed—what a princess she appears. Do you see that wretched cabin—nay, *Hovel*, near the ruins of the Capital—that is her home.

The next day I quitted the Count's hospitable mansion, and wrote this on board the *Victory*, looking forward in a few hours again to see Old England.

ALLITERATIVE POETRY.

When a twister a twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist, he three times doth entwist;

But if one of the twists of the twist doth untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,
He twines with his twister the two in a twine;
The twist having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twisted in twain.

The twine that in twisting before in the twine,
As twines were untwisted, he now doth entwine;
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He twisteth his twister, makes a twist of the twine.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest, is to have a good, large heart in it; it saves the cost of gymnastics.

Mothers' Department.

HOME EDUCATION.

"Is he or she well educated?" has come to be the question in the present time, far above any desire to pry into the circumstances of the individual, as concerns either wealth or station. It is not so much to be considered what have been the antecedents of the man—who were his progenitors—and whether they have been men eminent for good or evil qualities—as what he himself is? Is his bringing up such as to warrant his admission into good society?

Now, what is education in itself? Mothers are too apt to think that when their sons and daughters have graduated at a select seminary, gone through the usual prescribed routine of studies, grappled with a few fashionable "isms," and made themselves familiar with conventional rules—their education is completed. But there is a home education that should be going on all the time, and in which mothers should be pre-eminently fitted to perform the principal part, because they are, from position and circumstances, brought into more intimate relations with their children; and it is their peculiar province, as it should be their delight, to discharge these duties. Until our daughters are thus properly educated, there will be a danger that the mothers of the land will be, in future years, inefficient, trifling characters; and their influence will, in turn, have its effect in modeling the pliant minds of their offspring.

First, let home be made—as its very name implies—a resting place, a refuge from the cares and troubles without—just as it is to the weary traveler to gain that peaceful shelter, when he has been beat upon and buffeted by the "windy storm and tempest." Through all their after lives let your children have to look back upon home as the pleasantest place in the world, where every childish grief was soothed, and every pleasure made more delightful by the loving, gentle spirit of the mother, who was the very light of the dwelling. Let the mother's smiles brighten the home, and it will always be attractive.

Win the confidence of your children. Be to them, as they grow up, more as an elder sister and friend, than the guardian of their infancy; and you will find that they will be content with a mother in whose bosom they can confide their youthful perplexities, and will be less liable to form those violent friendships for strangers which are often so pernicious. There are few sights more charming than this tender intimacy between a mother and her grown-up sons and daughters; they, taught by her

experience and guided by her example; she in them living over her youthful days, and having the vivacity of their fresh young spirits to cheer her declining years.

But although home should have its pleasures, it must also have its duties. In it the young recruits are to be fitted for the "battle of life," in which their parents have taken an active part. It is the mother's task to mould these future men and women for their positions. It is as if God had placed in her hands the mass of plastic clay, and bidden her write thereon the future destiny of her child. From the time the infant learns the alphabet of smiles and frowns on the mother's face, its character is growing—forming—strengthening—with every new impression that is made. O, mothers, what a sacred trust is yours! Pray for grace to enable you to fulfill it.

While your children are yet quite young, this home education may be turned into a pleasure instead of a task. By accustoming them to converse with you freely, a hold is gained upon them that can never be loosed. Many parents try to assume a certain austere dignity with their children, which repulses every attempt, on their part, of familiarity; and they find too late that they have chilled their young, ardent affections, and made them cold and reserved in their presence. Always encourage your children to bring into the home circle the little news and events of the day, at the same time repressing a tendency to fill-natured remarks, which is apt to degenerate into scandal. Thus, like bees, they will be all working for the common store—bringing honey to the hive. Teach them, also, to be honest in confessing their faults. Your censure, if well directed, will be feared as much as your approbation will be prized.

Another part of home education is to bring your young people to think and act for themselves—to be self-reliant. The mother's eye will not always be upon them, the father's hand cannot always guide and protect them. They should be accustomed, from early childhood, to look upon themselves as the future actors on the stage of life, and be preparing themselves for their parts in a career of usefulness.

Books are to be one instrument in this system of home education. But to read without discussing the character and contents of the volumes you have perused, and forming a judgment upon them, is much like swallowing a variety of food without tasting and enjoying it. It is for the mother—at

least in the earliest years—to direct this mental aliment of the child, and it is the mother who should be well prepared in all the departments of useful literature, for it is she to whom the children usually turn, with their numerous questions and perplexing propositions. See to it, then, that your daughters are well informed in all those branches of common knowledge about which children are so apt to busy themselves, and make inquiries. How disheartening to both mother and child for the former to be obliged continually to answer—"I do not know!" At the same time, a disposition to propose trivial, teasing questions, is to be repressed, and it may occasionally be judged best, in more important cases, to say, as the mother of the celebrated Sir William Jones did to him when a boy—"Read, and you will know."

There is another branch of home education which is so important that I shall only touch upon it very lightly at present, reserving a fuller discussion of the subject to a future paper. This is the training of your daughters to be useful and able assistants to you in every branch of domestic economy. The absurd prejudices of the "dark ages" of fashion and frivolity are fast yielding to the practical experience of every sensible woman, that health of body and vigor of mind are best promoted by a cheerful, earnest participation in the manifold duties called "woman's work." Nor need it be objected that such household employments are "never done," and that there will, therefore, be no time for literary pursuits or the social pleasures. Trust one who has tried the plan, that there will be abundant opportunities for all; and in a cheerful division of labor, home will be made happier, domestic burdens lighter, and in after years the daughters, well prepared to take the management of affairs in their own households, will think with gratitude of their mother, and "rise up and call her blessed."

MY CHILD.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

Little one, little one,
Come to my heart,
Come till I tell thee
How precious thou art.
Close to thy mother's heart
Nestle, sweet dove,
Mamma's own treasure
All treasures above!

When the sweet Spring came
With sunshine and flowers,
Fairer than all, came
This darling of ours.
From the bright sunbeams
Her curls stole their hue,
And her bright, laughing eyes
Are of Heaven's own blue.

Beautiful darling!

Mamma's precious pet!
Fairer than all

I have looked upon yet,
Still, as I gaze on thee,
Trembles my heart,
Still, to thy mother's eyes,
Teardrops will start.

How shall I guide thee, love,
Through earth's dark ways?
How shall I lead thy steps
Through the wild maze?
As I look forward
My fond heart doth shrink,
Bitter may be the cup
Thou must yet drink.
Thorny, perchance, the path
Thou must yet tread;
Ah! how thy mother's heart
Fainteth with dread!

Little one, little one,
Sometimes I dream
That if God called thee
To cross Death's cold stream,
That my heart would not ache
Even as now,
When I think of the ills
That may wait thee below.

Yet could I spare thee,
My beautiful one!
What would life be to me
If thou wert gone?
Father in Heaven!
Oh! pardon these tears,
Pardon this weakness,
These dark, sinful fears!

Can I not trust Thee,
My Father, my God?
Still Thou hast watched o'er
The path I have trod.
By Thy kind help
I will go on my way;
Down at Thy cross, Lord,
My burdens I'll lay.

Watch o'er us both, Father,
Lead us to Thee,
To that bright land
Whence the shadows all flee!
Little one, little one,
Go to thy play;
God will watch over
And keep thee always.

Nothing more impairs authority than a too frequent, or indiscreet, use of it. If thunder itself were to be continual, it would excite no more terror than the noise of a mill.

Hints for Housekeepers.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, one spoonful of flour, three spoonful of sugar, a little butter and salt. Grate off the yellow outside peel to flavor your pie; then pare away the white skin, which is apt to be bitter, and slice the pulp into a plate lined with paste. Dissolve the flour, and other ingredients, in water enough to fill the paste, then cover with another. This is an excellent pie, the lemon being a good substitute for apple.

ANOTHER LEMON PIE.—One table-spoonful of melted butter, one egg, a small table-spoonful of flour, a little salt, and sugar to your taste. Grate off the outside peel, squeeze out the juice, and add to the beaten egg and sugar; then pour in, carefully, boiling water enough to fill your paste. This pie has no top crust.

ANOTHER LEMON PIE.—Grate off the outside peel, then pare off the white part and throw it away. Slice the pulp and lay it into your plate lined with paste. Make a custard with one egg; a little salt and sugar to your taste—all lemon pies require a good deal—pour it over the sliced lemon, then cover with a top crust.

A LEMON PUDDING PIE.—To bake in a deep plate. The grated rind and juice of one lemon; sugar to your taste; one egg and a little flour, or grated cracker, a glass of currant wine, and two large, fair apples, pared and grated; a half-spoonful of butter and a pint of milk. Boil the milk and butter together and let it cool. Beat up the eggs and sugar, and add them—do not add the wine and lemon until the moment before you set your pie in the oven, as it will curdle the milk.

These pies are all good, and do not taste in the least alike.

WHIPS.—Take a pint of rather thin cream, sweeten it quite sweet; then add a large glass of wine, and a table-spoonful of extract of lemon. Good currant wine is quite as good as any other. Let this stand in a cool place until you have cut the whites of three or four eggs to a stiff froth: then add these to the cream, stirring rapidly as you do so, and fill your glasses at once. These whips are delicious, much nicer than those made of whisked cream alone, and can be made in ten minutes.

FOR A DESSERT.—Line a large dish with thin pieces of sponge, or any other cake, spread quite

thick with jelly or marmalade of any kind. Prepare your cream and eggs—half the quantity will be sufficient, as for the whips described above—and fill your dish with it. This is a delicious dessert, and can be made so quickly that it is a convenient resort when you wish to add to your dinner or tea for an unexpected guest.

FOR A DESSERT.—Line a large dish with pieces of cake of any kind; then fill it with a nice boiled custard. With the whites of two or more eggs make an icing, and pour over the top. In making an icing always beat your eggs while adding the sugar, a little at a time, and the longer you beat your icing after the sugar is in, the nicer it will be.

The above are for the Home Magazine from
MRS. P. P. BONNEY.

TOAST AND WATER.—The preparation of this simple, but delicate infusion for invalids, is an object of interest to a considerable number of our readers; and we have, therefore, taken pains to ascertain the simplest, but most effectual method of preparing it. The mode we now communicate will produce, without the chance of failure if the directions are strictly followed, a fresh, sparkling liquor, cool and grateful to the taste, of a bright brown color, and of an almost fragrant empyreumatic flavor. Take a small, solid, square piece of bread, and place it on a toasting fork at about half a yard distant from the fire; let it remain *two hours* at least, and as much longer as convenient, and when it has assumed a light brown color, plunge it, while hot, into a jug of clear, cold water. Cover it over, and let it remain till wanted for use. The longer the bread is allowed to toast, the brighter and browner the color of it becomes; and the longer the maceration of the toast in the water goes on, the better, to a certain extent, and within certain limits, the result will prove.

HOW TO EAT AN EGG.—There is an old saying, taken from the Italian, "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs." This appears an unnecessary piece of information, as people do not suck eggs as they do oranges; but as we believe there are few who know how to eat one properly, we shall give the secret. By the usual mode of introducing the salt, it will not mix or incorporate with the egg; the result is, you either get a quantity of salt without egg, or egg without salt. Put in a drop or

two of water, tea, coffee, or other liquid you may have on the table at the time, then add the salt, and stir. The result is far more agreeable; the drop of liquid is not tasted.

A PLUM CAKE.—

There are few who can make what I term a good cake,

And as such I intend to explain;

Without further parade, how 'tis done, with the aid

Of a little attention. Obtain

Half-a-quarter of dough, which, when worked to and fro,

May be placed by the fire to rise,

Where permit it to stand while you beat up by hand

Sixteen eggs of a moderate size;

And when finished procure fourteen ounces—not more—

Of fresh butter—the best you can buy—

With about the same weight of loaf sugar, and eight

Of large currants, picked, washed, and wiped dry.

Having added all these to the dough by degrees,

With four ounces of sweetmeats, select

A small tin deep and wide, buttered nicely inside,

That—when baked—it may turn out correct.

MEAT BALLS.—A savory way of preparing meat is in the form of Meat Balls, made thus: Cold boiled or raw beef, or pork chopped very fine, put into a dish, together with eggs—one to each half pound of the meat—crumbs of light bread, soaked and mashed fine, a couple of medium-sized onions, chopped, (may be omitted if not liked,) season to taste, with salt, if the meat is fresh, pepper, nutmeg, and allspice, and form into egg-shaped balls with the hand. If too moist to form well, add a little flour, and fry in plenty of lard.

Ohio Cultivator.

OMELET, OR EGG PANCAKE.—Two heaping table-spoonsful of flour, a little salt, and just a pinch of soda, four eggs, and good, sweet milk enough to make a thin batter. The addition of a spoonful of cream, or a bit of butter, is nice, and a tart apple, pared and sliced very thinly, is an improvement. In frying use a long-handled pan, and when ready take a tablespoon half full of lard, and half of butter: when hot pour the batter in, enough of it to make it a little thicker than common buckwheat-cakes. When it is a delicate brown on the under side, slip it into a plate, for, unless very dexterous with the knife, it will break in turning; put a few bits of butter and lard over it, and turn the pan quickly upon it, reverse, and place over the fire, taking the plate off, or it would be heavy. If baked in thin cakes with jelly between, it makes a nice dessert for dinner.

Health Department.

SUGGESTIONS ON HEALTH.

No. II.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

Sow flowers, fair flowers, near your daily view,
Plant shrubs; fair shrubs, bearing fruit for you—
The work will bring you pleasure and health,
Which is better, far, than the idle one's wealth
Set trees and vines, their shade and fruit
To adorn a cottage or palace will suit.
Let tiny fingers gather the berry,
It tends to make them useful and merry.

Flowers spring up from the beautiful earth in the warm spring time. On lawn, garden, woods, and meadows, everywhere, they greet the eye, and warm and humanize the heart. Some planted by the tiny hand of childhood—some by the gentle hand of woman—some by the strong hand of man, and some by the hand of God. Who that beholds these

buds of beauty springing from the earth—hanging on the shrub, or bursting from the tree, does not feel his spirits revive and a healthful glow permeating all parts of his system? Such things of beauty are a joy forever; and the gentle exercise which their culture requires is well adapted to restore health to the faded form of woman, whose sphere of action confines her too much within doors.

Invalids, who have not sufficient strength to engage a few moments daily in the cultivation of flowers, are much benefited by being led out in pleasant weather to observe the changes produced in vegetative nature. But in pleasant weather, all who have sufficient strength to exercise a few moments at a time, will find the exercise profitable to health, if they take rest in the intervals, and do not engage too vigorously or too long. To avoid doing this, it is better to stop exercising before fatigue is experienced, as exercise, in all cases, must

be proportioned to the strength, to render it useful in preserving or restoring health.

When time and strength will permit, women should prize the exercise of cultivating flowers, gathering berries, fruits, and other small vegetables, as such employment highly promotes health, beauty, and serenity of mind. In the garden she may exercise with great profit to herself and others. Here may she obtain that health which is more precious than silver or gold. A walk through the public streets does not afford the same degree of healthful exercise that a few moments might afford in exercising with all the muscles free and unconstrained by superfluous clothing; besides, the time occupied in preparations for a walk, might be spent in the garden without those preparations.

All should realize that we were not designed to live for ourselves merely, but to do good to others, to lessen their toil, or ameliorate their suffering; and whatever is necessary to be done for the com-

fort and happiness of any individual, is useful and honorable labor. So long as food is necessary for the sustenance of life, it is not dishonorable for any lady to assist in its preparation, either by gathering fruits and small vegetables from the garden, or cooking them in the kitchen. Would all ladies engage in these healthful exercises as time and circumstances permit, they would enjoy a much higher degree of health, retain more serenity of mind, and attain greater longevity than many now do.

The husbands and fathers, overburthened with too many cares and pressing application to business, might be greatly relieved, many times, by timely attention, of the wife and daughter, to domestic affairs; while ladies themselves would be doing good, and assisting in the preservation of the health and fortunes of their husbands and fathers, and at the same time securing health and comfort to themselves.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

PLATE OF COLORED DESIGNS—LADY ON THE LEFT.

This represents a robe of *Lyons sarletane*, woven in design. The sleeves and flounces are woven, and the design is repeated in all colors. The style is fresh, enlivening, and fashionable. There is nothing more becoming for midsummer, and it serves equally well for all toilets after breakfast; in fact, a light silk *mantilla*, of the *bermous* shape, with a chip, straw, or light-colored silk bonnet, renders the costume most attractive for promenade, while for an evening party dress it is irreproachable. The hair is elevated in *bandeaux*, as directed in the last number. The collar and undersleeves are of strawberry-pointed lace.

Lady on the Right.—Broadway Bonnet; border and *passé* of rich straw or fine chip, platted and all in one, with either square or sloping crown, covered with white silk net. Curtain of white silk, and the strings white. A narrow lace edging trims the border and curtain, and a ribbon, like the edge of the border, separates the crown from the *passé*, under which is a lace *ruche*. Blonde and roses with foliage forms the *dessous*, while roses, buds and foliage trim the lower part of the crown and part of the *passé*.

Robe and mantilla of figured Lyons muslin, edged with Magenta purple ribbon, as represented. This is the type of a style that is repeated in all colors. Gloves drab or straw color. Plain linen collar and lace undersleeves.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The soft-crowned bonnet is preferred for morning wear, but the square crown, with lace or net covering, is preferred for evening wear. The most beautiful bonnets seen at the Academy of Music, are of purple and Isly green crapes. They are made very large, in the Broadway style, and elaborately trimmed with white point lace and the flowers of the season. We have seen a few fine straw bonnets trimmed with a single bird of paradise on one side of the *passé* and all the rest quite plain, and with a blond *ruche* only under the brim, with the strings of white, edged with figured straw. The curtain is sometimes white and edged with straw, and a very small white lace often edges both curtain and border. The style of bonnet is gradually enlarging forward and upward, but without bringing it farther forward at the sides than the ears. The bonnet which we have presented with the colored plate was reduced by the engraver, who has not given a faithful copy of our drawing; it is therefore a bonnet of scarcely medium size, whereas we intended to represent one as rising three inches above the head at the centre of the border. I am told by the Misses Watson, Mrs. Dougal, and other *modistes*,

who work for our most select ladies, that the oval-pointed border is giving place to one more round, and that the square, stiff crown, covered with white lace, is preferred by their clients of most refined taste. The mourning bonnets of black crape, trimmed with purple ribbons, rosettes, and tufts of lilacs, are among the most beautiful ones of the season. Purple and black and white check are the goods and trimmings for half mourning.

For *Promenade Robes* and *Mantillas* silk checks are quite in favor, the skirt flounced or puffed in numerous rows, and the mantilla in the *Maintenon* shape, with shawl back and front, and scooped shallowly over the arms.

Perhaps the most desirable mantilla of the season is of black silk, trimmed with ruches of the same. It is long, with an oval back and oval ends in front, sewed to a yoke which falls wide off the shoulders. It has a *capuchon*, or hood, which is edged round with box-plaits, and the end is ornamented with two long silk tassels, one above the other. For *demoiselles* the *casaque*, made of black silk and very long, is still preferred.

Diagonally striped and plaided mantillas, in the *bernous* shape and without linings, are numerous on our promenades.

Small checks, of silk, wool and cotton materials, are quite in favor for *negligé* this season.

The trimming of a *dessous*, under the border of a bonnet, in Paris, is with either white lace and *blonde* checks; and from opposite the eyes on the side a *tonnade*, *plissé*, or *ruche* of ribbon, runs over the head, ornamented with a tuft of flowers over the centre of the forehead and at each end of the ribbon opposite the eyes. Sometimes a row of full-blown roses extends over the head from the lace or *blonde* checks. In Paris, square crowns are preferred, and lace and artificial flowers are used in greater profusion than they were last year.

The *demi-gigot*, or half-full sleeve, is quite in vogue, with lace cuffs; but large enough at the wrist to admit the hand easily.

Pointed waists for full dress, and square waists with *ceinture* and brooch for dinner and *demi-toilette*. Skirts for full dress are either flounced, or trimmed in horizontal rows of puffs in threes, being nine rows of puffs on a skirt. Fine white *tarletane*, with puffs of *blonde*, is very fresh, enlivening and attractive for a ball robe. The body is always trimmed in keeping with the skirt, only the rows of trimmings are not so deep. The pagoda sleeve is still in wear. For ball dress, the body is square, not very low, and the sleeve is like a full half-circular cap over a puff of blonde.

SWISS WATCH POCKET.

The Swiss watch pocket is very simple in its formation. Its foundation is composed of two pieces of card-board, cut according to our illustration. The front piece is covered with maize-colored silk braid, plaited in and out, which has a very neat effect, and much resembles delicate basket-work. The back is covered with quilted satin of French blue, done in small diamonds over a layer of wadding. This being stitched over, the card-board intended for the back is then lined and bound round with narrow ribbon. The front piece is also lined with the satin, wadded and quilted, so that the watch may have a secure resting-place, and be well protected from every injury. This piece being also bound, is to be fastened on to the back with a small half-round, similarly prepared, fitted in to form the bottom of the pocket. The trimming consists of a quilling of narrow satin ribbon carried round every part, and the whole is finished off with either pretty bows or tassels, whichever may be preferred.

New Publications.

THE THRONE OF DAVID; OR, THE REBELLION OF PRINCE ABSALON: Being an Illustration of the Splendor, Power and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd. Poet, Warrior, King and Prophet, Ancestor and Type of Jesus. In a Series of Letters Addressed by an Assyrian Ambassador Resident at the Court of Jerusalem, to his Lord and King on the Throne of Nineveh; wherein the Glory of Assyria, as well as the Magnificence of Judea, is presented to the reader as by an eye-witness. By the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, LL.D., Rector of Christ Church, Holly Springs, Mississippi. Author of "The Prince of the House of David," and "The Pillar of Fire." Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

We give the full title of this last volume by Mr. Ingraham, which will inform the reader of its de-

sign, scope, and manner of treatment. The author writes with great fervor of style, and graphic force of description, bringing the scenes which he portrays most vividly before the imagination. The volume will naturally gain a large audience of readers.

FRANK FAIRLEIGH; OR, SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF A PRIVATE PUPIL. By Frank E. Smedley. With Illustrations, by Geo. Cruikshank. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brother.

A new edition of a book which has been for some time before the public.

ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL MELODIES, FOR THE VIOLIN. Selected from all the Favorite Operas. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Company.*

ONE HUNDRED VOLUNTARIES, PRELUDES AND INTERLUDES, FOR THE ORGAIN, HARMONIUM, OR MELODEON. By C. H. Rink. Boston: *Oliver Ditson & Company.*

Two cheap collections of desirable music, which will find their way readily into the hands of those for whose use they are intended.

HARRY'S SUMMER IN ASHCROFT. With Illustrations. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

This story of the employment and amusement of a little boy and girl, during a Spring and Summer passed on a farm, will teach children how to gain from a few months' residence in the country, a world of pleasure and instruction. It is a capital book.

MANUAL OF GEOLOGY. Designed for the use of Colleges and Academies. By Ebeneser Emmons. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. Second Edition. New York: *A. S. Barnes & Burr.*

The author of this text-book says:—"The true interests of Geology require its pursuit upon American ground, and upon and among American rocks. For this reason, a text-book for American students should be supplied with American illustrations; though, so far as the naked principles of the science are concerned, a British or French text-book might answer the purpose of instruction; yet American Geology will never take the stand it ought and is entitled to, so long as foreign works or their compilations are used for teaching." In regard to the plan of the work he says:—

"The plan we have followed in the preparation of the work, differs somewhat from others. We have given in each chapter treating upon the system of rocks, a general history of the period to which they belong. To this we have added a brief description of the rocks and their order of sequence. Each system is illustrated by the organisms or fossils which it is known to contain, and which have been generally selected from those which are the most common. The geographical distribution of American formations complete the history of the several systems."

THE LIFE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS. By James W. Sheahan. New York: *Harper & Bros.*

We have here a full account of the life and public services of a man who for the last six or seven years, has been prominently before the people of this country; and who now aspires to the office of Chief Magistrate. The history of a life such as he has lived—struggling up from obscure boyhood, by the force of will and talents—is always full of instruction, and must be read with interest. Stephen A. Douglas was born at Brandon, Vermont, on the 23d of April 1813, and on the 1st day of July in the same year, was orphaned by the sudden death of his father, Dr. Stephen A. Douglas. His mother removed to a farm about three miles from Brandon, where she resided with a brother. At fifteen Stephen, who had worked on the farm with the expectation of being sent to college, found that hope

dissipated. He then determined to learn a trade. At Middlebury, fourteen miles distant, to which town he went on foot, he apprenticed himself to a Cabinet maker. At the end of two years his health became so bad, that he was obliged to abandon the shop, which was done with great reluctance, as he liked the trade, and showed remarkable mechanical skill. He then devoted himself to study with great enthusiasm, and afterwards commenced reading law in Canandaigua, New York, where his mother, after a second marriage, removed. At an early age he went to the West, and soon became absorbed in politics. Since that time, he has been one of the most earnest, and we might say, ambitious men in the political field; and whatever honors he has gained, are due to energy, talent, and an undying enthusiasm.

AMERICAN HISTORY. By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. I.; *Aboriginal America.* New York: *Sheldon & Company.*

We have here the opening volume of a new series of books from the fertile pen of Mr. Abbott. Their design is to "narrate in a clear, simple, and intelligible manner, the leading events connected with the history of our country, from the earliest periods down to the present time." The several books will be illustrated with all necessary maps and engravings, to render them useful and entertaining. In this first volume on *Aboriginal America*, the following subjects are clearly treated in as many chapters:—Types of Life in America; Face of the Country; Remarkable Plants; Remarkable Animals; The Indian Races; The Indian Family; Mechanic Arts; Indian Legends and Tales; Constitution and Character of the Indian Mind, and the Coming of the Europeans. It will be seen at a glance, that the volume is full of interest.

Cousin GUY. By Geo. B. Taylor, (of Virginia.) New York: *Sheldon & Company.*

This is the second volume in that pleasant series, "*The Oakland Stories.*" The first was called "*Kenney.*" The publishers announce "*Claiborne,*" as the title of the third volume, which is in press. The young people are largely indebted to Messrs. Sheldon & Co., for the many good books they are constantly issuing.

LETTERS OF ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE, FROM 1827 to 1858. New York: *Runkel & Carellon.*

We cannot but feel regret in looking through these letters, that they were ever permitted to reach the public. Only a very few of them can be regarded as contributions to either literature or science, and by far the larger portion are of the most trifling value to the public—well enough in their way, as missives from friend to friend, but not worthy of being made lasting in print. The writer does not always show a tolerant or amiable spirit towards his cotemporaries, and a few of the letters are unhappily, shadowed by a contempt of Christianity, and its sacred ordinances. They have dimmed the fine lustre of a brilliant name.

CHILD'S BOOK OF NATURAL HISTORY: Illustrating the Animal, Vegetable, and Mineral Kingdoms, with Application to the Arts. By M. M. Karll. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

This first book of natural history, seems to have been prepared with a careful philosophical estimate of a child's mental powers and modes of reception. Teachers will comprehend its value better than we can, however, and on their judgment will depend its introduction in our schools.

THE BAREFOOTED MAIDEN: A Tale. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by Eliza Buckminster Lee. Illustrated. Boston and Cambridge: Jas. Monro & Co.

There is a tenderness, a heart-interest, and a pious trust in God, in most German stories for children, that make them always acceptable. This seems to be one of the best of its class, and has been rendered into English by a graceful pen.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart, Author of "Emilie the Pease-maker," "Stories of Scotland," "Truth in Everything," &c. &c. New York: Sheldon & Co.

One of those epitomized histories that should always precede the more elaborate compositions; and which are useful to take up at any time for a refreshment of the memory. As a writer for the young, Mrs. Geldart is doing a good service. She has already given them quite a number of good books; and we are pleased to see that she still keeps her pen busy.

HARPER'S SERIES OF SCHOOL AND FAMILY READERS. By Marcus Willson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We have never seen a set of school books, which apparently offer so much to the favorable regard of teachers and parents, as this new series, commencing with a primer, and going up, through eight volumes, to an Academical reader. The primer and four readers are now ready for use.

"The author is himself an experienced teacher of youth, and has brought to the preparation of his work not only a rare fertility of resource, but no small degree of practical sagacity, which has evidently been exercised to advantage in the daily routine of the school-room. He has employed the leisure of several years in perfecting his method and completing the necessary details, so that the series possesses a solidity and permanence of character which can seldom be claimed in manuals of elementary instruction. It is no less than fourteen years ago that the plan was submitted to that distinguished educationist, Mr. Horace Mann, from whom it received the warmest approval, although he was in doubt whether the expense attending the thorough pictorial illustrations, which form an essential feature of the series, would not place it beyond the reach of the great mass of children in the public schools of this country. The difficulty is obviated, however, by furnishing the books at an equally low price with other Readers, the first cost of which was not one-tenth the cost of these. The main idea of Mr. Willson in preparing the series, was to popularize the higher branches of English study to the capacities of children, so that they might obtain some useful knowledge of the various departments of natural history and physical science, while engaged in their ordinary reading exercises. At the same time the matter is arranged in a series of volumes, adapted

to the wants of children of different ages and attainments, and forming a system of progressive Readers, by which the pupil is led on, by an agreeable succession, from the most simple to the higher and more difficult results of scientific investigation."

The clearness of typography, and the surpassing excellence and artistic beauty of the abundant illustrations that cover almost every page of these volumes, render them the very *ne plus ultra* of school books.

EL FUREIDIS. An Oriental Romance. By the Author of "The Lamplighter," and "Mabel Vaughan." Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The author of "The Lamplighter" has tried her powers on an entirely new theme, passing from homely every-day New-England life, to Syria, and taking her readers into the heart of Mount Lebanon. El Fureidis is the name of a village resting against the side of a mountain, and the prominent characters are an Englishman, a young Bedouin Arab, and a lovely Syrian maiden, with New England blood in her veins. The interest of the story lingers around these, and there is a rivalry in love between the Englishman and the Arab. The girl is a sweet, original creation, and the character with which she is invested by the writer is well sustained. Charming descriptions of scenery abound in the work, and an intimate knowledge of Eastern life is displayed. El Fureidis will add to the well-deserved fame of the author.

STORIES OF RAINBOW AND LUCKY. By Jacob Abbott. SELLING LUCKY. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is another in the series of "Rainbow and Lucky" stories. The order of the volumes, four in number, is as follows:—1. Handie. 2. Rainbow's Journey. 3. The Three Pines. 4. Selling Lucky. They will make a capital addition to every juvenile library.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD: A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By Thomas Hughes. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Part VI. of this admirable story of college life has appeared.

DICKENS' SHORT STORIES. Containing Thirty-two Short Stories, never before published in this country. By Charles Dickens. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Two editions of these stories are given by the publishers; one bound at a dollar a copy, and the other in paper covers, at fifty cents.

CLARA MORELAND, OR ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH WEST. By Emerson Bennett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Among our descriptive story writers, Mr. Bennett ranks high. He deals with men in adventurous action, and is especially at home in frontier life and the excitements it naturally involves. His stories, as far as we have seen them, are free from the objections that lie against so many that take the same range of subjects. He does not pander to depraved tastes, or prurient imaginations! He holds his readers by a strong grasp, and therefore finds a wide circulation for his books.

Editors' Department.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was wearing late into the afternoon, a spring afternoon, smothered up in cold, gray, repellant clouds—when we rang the door-bell of Mrs. Sigourney's pleasant, quiet, old-fashioned homestead.

We had gone under the shadow of the deep veranda with reverent steps, and with a feeling that we were treading on consecrated ground, for we remembered it was the home of one whose songs had gone abroad into all the land, and hallowed every fireside—that they had breathed their sweet aromas around the marriage altar, the cradle, and the grave—songs that had crowned the bride with a new sacredness and beauty, that the mother had tangled them in and out of sweet lullabies over the slumber of her first born, and that they had dropped blessed balsams of healing into the broken hearts of the mourners over "whom God had spoken."

The door opened softly, and there stood before us a lady of gentle and dignified presence, but whose countenance we did not at once recognize, though we are familiar with the engravings of Mrs. Sigourney.

But it was not until the lady had taken her seat beside us in the parlor, and we had repeated our errand, that we were startled by the soft-falling announcement—"Yes, I said this was Mrs. Sigourney."

Now, we by no means usually relish a first interview with literary people. There is the awkwardness and embarrassment of a first meeting, and the pain of reconciling our ideal and expectations with the real presence and manner. But our visit to Mrs. Sigourney was one to be laid away and embalmed in our memory.

There is, probably, no woman in our country who has received so many, and such especial tributes to her genius as the lady of whom we are writing—none to whom has been awarded so much of honor, applause, renown—all of those gifts which are so stimulating and intoxicating to woman.

But she whom the nation's heart has delighted to honor sat there full of kindly hospitality and cordial interest, and a little child might have gone up in its grief, and slipped its hand into those delicate, shadowy ones, and found comfort in that pale, serene face, which would have bent down in such tender soothing that one would never have thought of the laurels that crowned it.

We were especially struck, too, with that "charity" whose sweet, subtle aroma pervaded all Mrs. Sigourney's conversation. There was not a subject or a person which we touched, in that brief inter-

view, that was not warmed and brightened by it. Her heart would find something to excuse or pity in the wrong she condemned, and she looked always on the bright side of life and of humanity.

And sitting by the lady's side, and looking on her face, we thought of how blessed a thing was genius consecrated to God, and what a joy it must be to her, standing now among the gathering shadows of old age, and looking back over the years which lifted their headlands along her life, to feel that her pen had never uttered one thought whose sentiment she would wish might be forgotten—that there was not one heart amid the thousands she had blessed who should rise up before the angels of God and say she had not been to them a messenger of good tidings.

And we felt, too, as we never did before, the graciousness and holiness of *true womanhood*. Oh, was not that quiet life, hanging its priceless pearls along the years—more to be desired than any outward applause or notoriety, or gifts of this world, for Mrs. Sigourney's whole life has been consecrated to one aim—the life of her heart, as well as the work of her pen, has been to exalt, and adorn, and sanctify *womanhood*.

Mrs. Sigourney does not often speak of herself; her quick, affluent sympathies indicated themselves in her warm interest for others, and in those kindly words and deeds which prove not only the true grain of the soul, but the Christian gentlewoman as well as the crowned poetess.

At last we rose to go. Mrs. Sigourney took up a small vase of flowers, and gathering from it several of the fairest, laid them in our hands—pansies, out of whose deep, pure hearts struck delicious fragrance. We were a stranger in a strange city, and as we gazed lovingly on the sweet blossoms, we thought that they were like the blossoms of song which those fair hands had scattered along the clefts and valleys of life, and that their fragrance, that seemed to steal softly across the sadness in our heart, was like the fragrance of that name honored on earth, known and beloved in heaven—the name of *Mrs. Sigourney*.

V. F. T.

"Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases."

HAWTHORNE'S MARBLE FAUN.

No work of fiction that has appeared, in the last four or five years, has attracted so much attention among critics and readers of cultivated tastes, as the "Marble Faun," or "Transformation," as the English publishers entitle the book. Not for the story itself, for that is often ludicrously at fault with the consistencies and probabilities of actual life; but for its exquisite art-criticisms, its fine descriptions of Italian scenery and points of local interest, its delicate analysis of mental conditions, its vivid sketches of character, and the weird charm which it throws around the men and women that are made to move, more panoramic than real, before the reader's fancy. Donatello is an entirely new creation, and though not always consistent with the character he is required to maintain, he is yet managed and developed with a marvelous skill. Miriam excites your curious wonder in the beginning, and you follow her through the book, half-eager for the time to come when the mystery of her life will be unveiled; but the mystery increases with the story, and closes, thicker-curtained, around her when she passes from your view as you turn the last pages of the volume. And the same, in a degree, may be said of Donatello. In fact, these two characters, whose destinies have been linked together by a strange kind of fatality, rather tantalize than satisfy the reader, and both vanish from view in what more resembles pantomimic clap-trap than anything in real life. Hilda is a woman-angel, and Kenyon the coming man—not the man of to-day. We do not find either of them in real life. But they are charming, and, sometimes, exquisitely natural.

"The Marble Faun" is a pure romance; not the composed history of human lives as they are in this age and generation. We do not see the heart-beat of real men and women. And yet, it is a story of intense interest—one that may be read twice, but the second time more for its thought, analysis, and description, than for its unsatisfying narrative.

One marked attraction of the book, is the almost photographic fidelity with which objects are brought before the mind. In a few well chosen, and, it may be, homely words, the author will give you the picture of a statue, a cathedral, an old town dating back to Etruscan times, an Italian mountain, valley, vineyard, storm, or sunset, a street in Rome, or a Carnival scene—that, once looked upon, can never be forgotten. In the power of using common words in the right places, Hawthorne is unsurpassed. His style is the purest prose, and his verbal range, for the most part, within the limit of a child's everyday vocabulary.

Touching the value of "The Marble Faun" as a contribution to our literature, regarding its use in the development of the human mind towards higher and purer states—which is the noblest and truest end of an author—there is a conflict of opinions; the general sentiment being against the book, as

calculated to bewilder the thought, instead of giving a clear atmosphere and a mountain-height for it to breathe in and look from. In our own view, there is not much that can hurt in the story, while in the characters of Kenyon and Hilda, such a charm is thrown around honor, virtue, and purity, that their presence, as ideal characters in the mind, cannot fail to awaken aspirations for truth and goodness. We must take an author and his gifts as they are, and if he uses them with the best skill he possesses—according to his peculiar genius—so that they are not debased to the service of evil—we can but accept his work, and draw from it the highest good it is capable of yielding.

A NEW VOLUME.

With this number we commence the XVI. volume of the Home Magazine, and with a circulation larger than it has at any previous time attained. Our claims for a subscription have always been based on the reading qualities of our magazine, and on these we shall still rely for a welcome in the thousands of homes where our periodical gives its monthly visits. While we aim to interest, to hold the reader's mind by the charms of imagination, we never lose sight of a still higher purpose, that of instruction and pure moral incentive. We never forget that ours is a *Home* magazine, and, as such, must come to the home-circle with food for all tastes, and attractions for young and old. Miss Townsend's new story is commenced in this number. We need scarcely refer our readers to the opening chapters.

"NEWS FROM HOME."

The engraving with this title gives a phase of life that shows how little in unison with the real character are often the positions which men hold. Two young officers, brothers, it may be, are together, one reading a letter, and the other listening to its contents. It is from home, bearing to them news, perhaps, of the death of some beloved one. They are only boys as to life experiences, and yet unhardened by their cruel profession. Grief softens them with her tearful presence. The pain is their own, and it is felt acutely. Yet, in a little while, they may be in the wild excitement of battle, with all human feelings obliterated for the time, and a keen thirst for blood stimulating them to murderous deeds.

And after the day of carnage, will not the horrors of the field be half-forgotten in the pride of victory? Will not the remembrance of a quiet death at home touch them more deeply than any thought of the crushed hearts and ruined hopes that followed the bloody conflict in which they took an eager part? Doubtless, for war is their trade. What a fearful trade!

THE SPIRIT WE ARE OF.

We were very forcibly struck, the other day, by a remark of a former pupil of Miss Lyon's. "How often I have heard her say, 'The work which you accomplish, young ladies, is not of so much consequence as the spirit in which you do it.'"

How deep, and true, and far reaching these words are! and how we need to carry them into our daily life, to comfort, and soothe, and sustain us in all the trials we bear, and all the failures we make in accomplishing the work set before us.

We all know that a gift is not precious in our eyes according to its intrinsic value, but because it is the offering of a loving heart; this it is that embalms it in sweet and tender associations, that gives it its beauty and sanctity, though it be otherwise worth very little; and so we believe it is with God. He does not value so much the amount or success of the work which we offer to Him out of the days, as He does the spirit in which we offer it—the humble, trusting, loving, childlike spirit; and in this sense failure in accomplishing our plans may sometimes be more acceptable to Him than success.

For it is the spirit that giveth life," and so we suppose it possible that two lives may seem to run in the same channels—may be, apparently, both just, and right, and true, while in those eyes which alone behold what manner of spirit we are of, there is a difference—great, unspeakable; for it is not so much in outward life, as in the heart, the motives, the purposes that govern us, that our life consists.

And oh, reader! discouraged, despondent, disheartened with your failures, with the little you may seem to accomplish of work or good in this world, remember, if you bring to it the right heart, the true, Christian spirit of submission and love, you shall not lose your reward. V. R. R.

THE NEEDLE.

Our heart aches, and aches in vain, when we think of them—the poor women who are stitching away the long, golden hours of the summer in dreary attics and stifed chambers, without hope, or help, or comfort in life!

Oh, it is terrible—terrible to think on! and what must be the reality? And yet these women have had their loving hearts, their sweet young dreams of home, and happiness, and of brave, strong hands that should cherish and shelter them from the winds and the rains of life.

There is no sadder spectacle than that of a delicate, fragile woman battling with the world alone, and with no weapon but her "needle," and looking forward with a sort of dumb longing for the rest and the slumber of the grave.

Alas! how many have gone down to it "stitch! stitch! stitch!" while sharp pains smote the side, and the hard cough shook the weary form, and at last the weary fingers gave way, and the tired eyelids fell—how many? God knoweth!

V. R. R.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

We must say a favorable word for Grace Greenwood's charming monthly for children. It is the best juvenile periodical we have. Take it, parents, for your little ones. The price is only fifty cents a year. Address Leander K. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

Almost every month are given "Anecdotes and Sayings of Children," furnished by correspondents. We offer a few of these bits of wisdom and humor, that drop with such grave earnestness from lips that know no guile. They are from the latest numbers:

The last time the "Alleghenians" visited our city, we took our Alice—a bright, curly-headed little chub, then about three years of age—to one of their concerts. One of the pieces they sang on that occasion was Yankee Doodle with variations, after their own style, leaving but little of the original music. The next day, while Alice was sitting by her mother's side, apparently absorbed with her doll things, but with her little brain busier far than her fingers, she suddenly looked up, and exclaimed—"Mamma, they tried to sing Ankee Doodle last night—but they forgot the tune, didn't they?"

We were much amused at the artless exclamation, for we looked upon it as a just criticism upon the fashionable music of the day, as applied to the simple ballads of the olden time.

A mother writes:—

"Our five year old boy was looking at a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*, in Harper's Magazine, a few evenings since. After he had gazed at it very earnestly a few moments, he sighed, and said to himself—

"Oh, how I wish I could dream that!"

Our three year old has a mortal aversion to being punished, and resorts to various expedients to save himself, when he knows he has been naughty. I was about correcting him, a day or two ago, for some offence, when he threw his arms around my neck and said, "I love you dearly, inamma, and I will forgive you." When at last, by kisses and coaxing, he escaped correction, he went down stairs, and told his little brother that I did not whip him this time, "'Cause I forgive mamma."

He is greatly troubled that his baby brother has no teeth, and concluded, one night, to pray for them; so he said, "Please, Papa in Heaven, give Josie some teeth." When they were not forthcoming in the morning, he said "Papa in Heaven didn't hear, I buy Josie teeth."

One evening my little brother of three years was sitting at the window, looking at the stars, when he exclaimed—

"Oh, mother, mother!—just look at the little pieces of moonlight!"

Two little sisters were playing *make calls* one day. Little Mary was fixed up very fine in some of her mother's clothes, and called to see Annie. They passed the usual compliments, and then the conversation seemed to lag. At last, Mary spoke up quite sharply to Annie—

"Why don't you say something, Annie?—why don't you ask me if my goose has got chickens, or something?"

Little Gussy, the first time he went to church, sat in an old-fashioned, high-backed pew, and upon being questioned after he got home, he said he "sat in the sink, but there wasn't any dish cloth!"

My little sister Annie, who is four years old, was one day playing with brother Fred, when mother told them they were mischievous.

"No," said Annie, "I am Miss-Chievous, and Fred is Mr.-Chievous."

When my little brother Malcolm was four years old, he had a trick of threatening to kill himself. There is a large rock above our house, which we call the Tarpeian, and one day when mamma did something that he did not like, he said he would go up to the Tarpeian and throw himself off.

"Go, then, Malcolm," said mamma, very quietly. Malcolm did not expect this; he stood thinking for several moments, and then said—

"Well, when I do, I'll die, and turn into dust, and get under the parlor carpet, and every time you sweep I'll bustle up in your eyes!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. C. M.

The title of the volume containing the sketch to which you allude, and which is so full of beautiful and mournful associations to you, was "*January and June*." Its author was Benjamin Y. Gaylor, who, we believe, has been, or is, an editor in Chicago. We regret that we have not the book, and cannot tell you the name of the publishers.


Mrs. A. E. S. . . . G.

Your touching letter has come to us. We know how weak words sometimes are, and how your heart must hunger and thirst in vain for its "little Katie."

But is it not well with the child? You nourished her gentleness and sweetness here for a little while, and now we trust she blooms on that household tree whose roots are fed by the waters of the River of Life. Be comforted as you sit in your broken household, and long for the bright glimmer of the little head you have laid under the grass, for of "little children" is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Mrs. H. LL.

Your letter was forwarded us from Philadelphia, but not being in that city, we cannot answer respecting the MSS. It will be necessary to inquire of Mr. Arthur. V. F. T.

 LETTERS for Miss V. F. Townsend must be directed to Hartford, Conn., where she is now residing.

We make the following excerpt from the "*Still Hour*," published by Gould & Lincoln, a book which every Christian man and woman ought to read:

"Oh! God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Dear as our happiness is to Him, there is another thing within us which is more precious in His sight. It is of far less consequence, in any Divine estimate of things, how much a man suffers, than—*what the man is.*"

G. P. R. JAMES.

The reading public will deeply regret to learn that according to letters from Venice, where Mr. James has been residing as Consul-General, a stroke of paralysis has ended, in all human probability, his literary labors. In remarking upon this fact, *Harper's Weekly* says:—

Such an event may be regarded as the public termination of a literary career which is probably unparalleled in fertility. James' original works amount to nearly eighty, in more than one hundred and ninety volumes; while his miscellaneous stories and papers might easily fill eight or ten volumes more. Yet he is not an old man, having been born in 1801. It is an interesting fact that Washington Irving was the indirect means of the production of this mass of novels, which have so pleased the public; for it is stated, in the most recent biographical sketch of James, (*American Cyclopaedia*), that in 1822 he was strongly urged by Irving to attempt some important work, and he wrote the *Life of Edward the Black Prince*. James' earlier novels still hold a place, and his "*Richelieu*" is more than a quarter of a century old.

His resolute industry as an author has succeeded in giving him a position and prominence which genius has often failed to give. He is the father of the historical novel for the million, without any of the peculiar humor, vivacity, and sincere antiquarian passion which constitute the excellence of Scott's historic-fiction. But no story-teller who has amused so large an audience for so long a time, has any reason to be dissatisfied. James has seen younger men arise around him and pass on before him, but he has cheerfully held his own way, uninfluenced by the novel tendencies of his companions. If his hand rests now from its labors, there will be many a heart, unknown to him, sorry to learn it, and many a hearty hope that the stroke, which probably terminates his literary activity, may still leave him cheerfulness and comparative health, and quiet years in the circle of his friends and family.

WORRY.

It has been truly said that worry kills more than work. It is not a conflict with the actual evils of life that exhausts us, but our conflict with imaginary evils. We look forward to the trouble of tomorrow in fear and trembling, and rise from a sleepless pillow to meet it, shorn of the strength needed for the encounter, and lo, the day passes, and the fear that made our hearts sink as it loomed up in the distance, is powerless to hurt us in the present.

"THE GLEANERS."

This beautiful steel engraving tells its own story of innocent pleasure.

"The really good and high-minded are seldom provoked by the discovery of deception; though the cunning and artful resent it as a humiliating triumph obtained over them in their own vocation."

"It is better to accomplish perfectly a very small amount of work than to half do ten times as much."



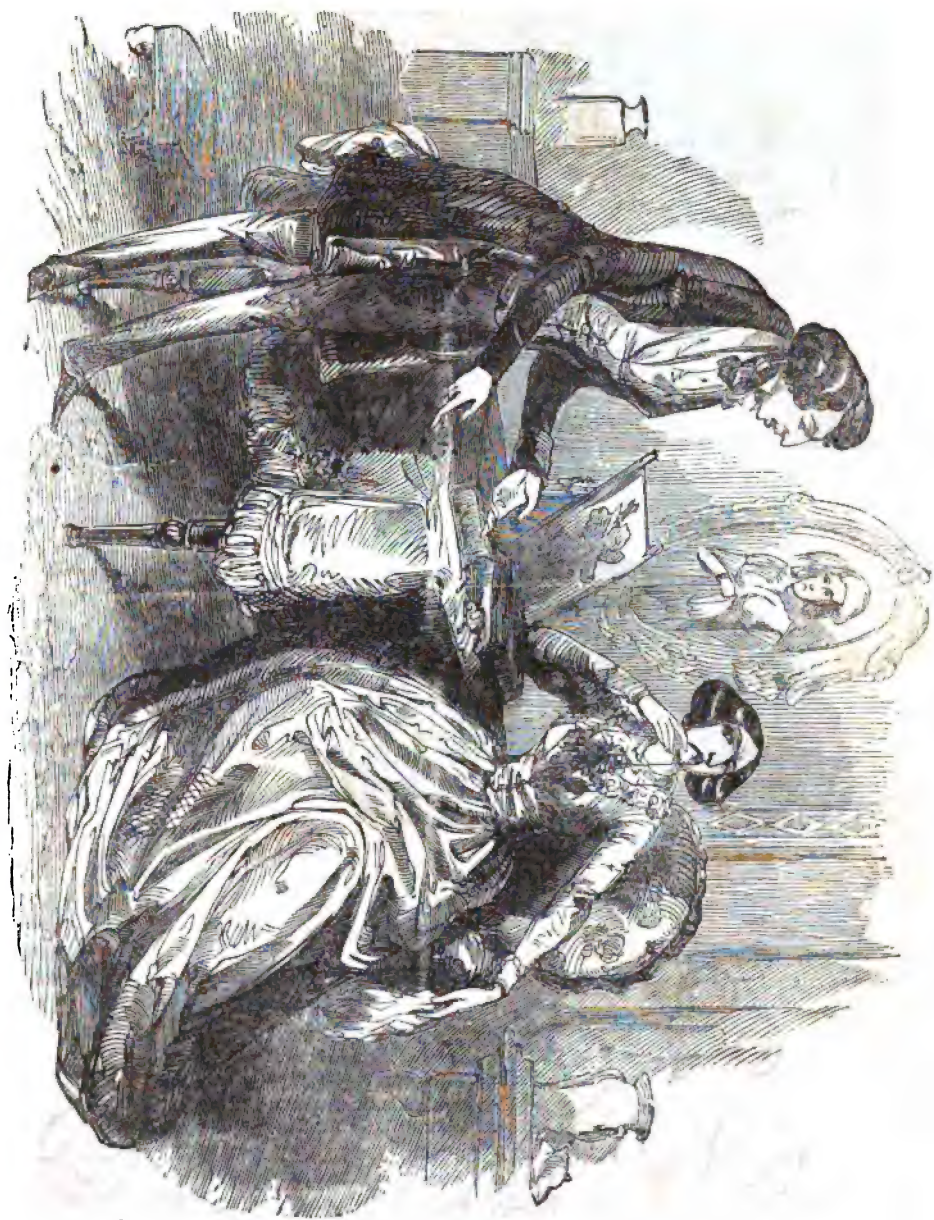
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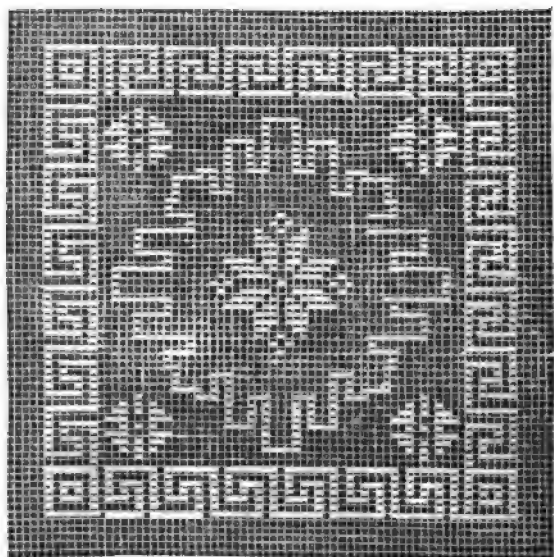
“...the most important thing is to be able to do it.”

Published by J. W. Moore, N.Y.





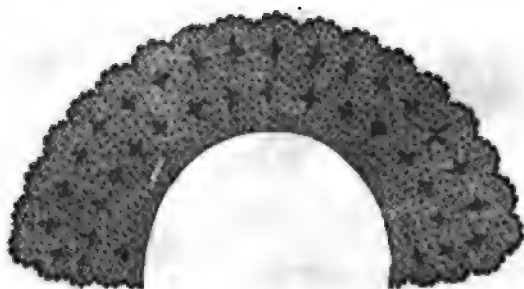




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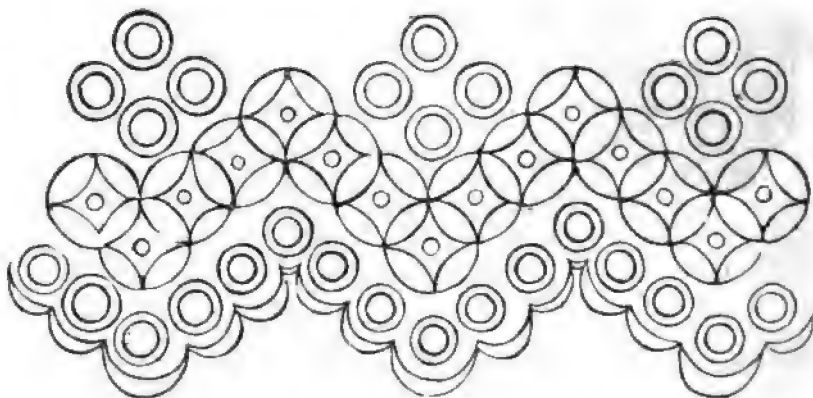
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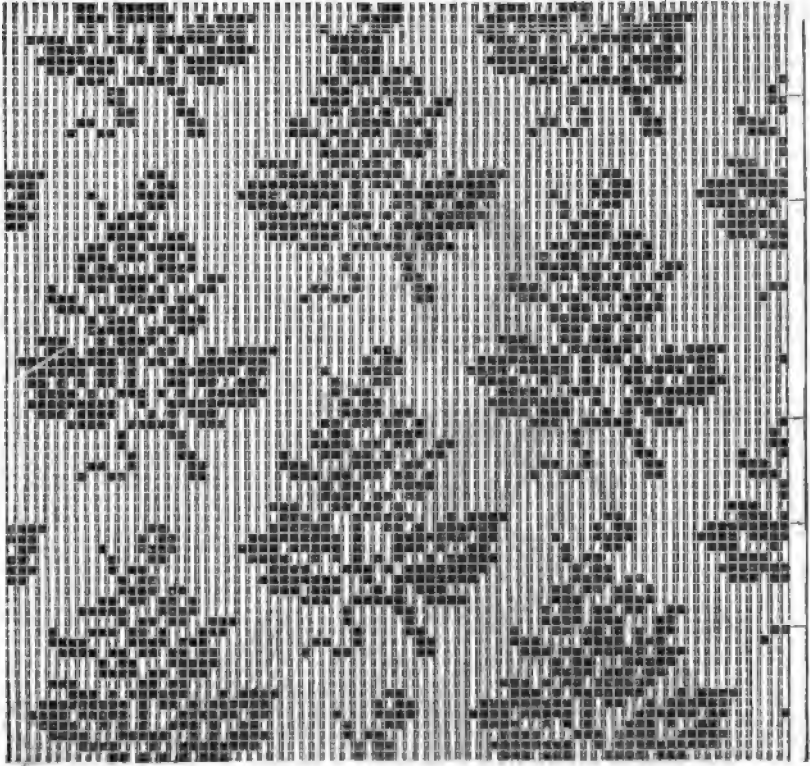
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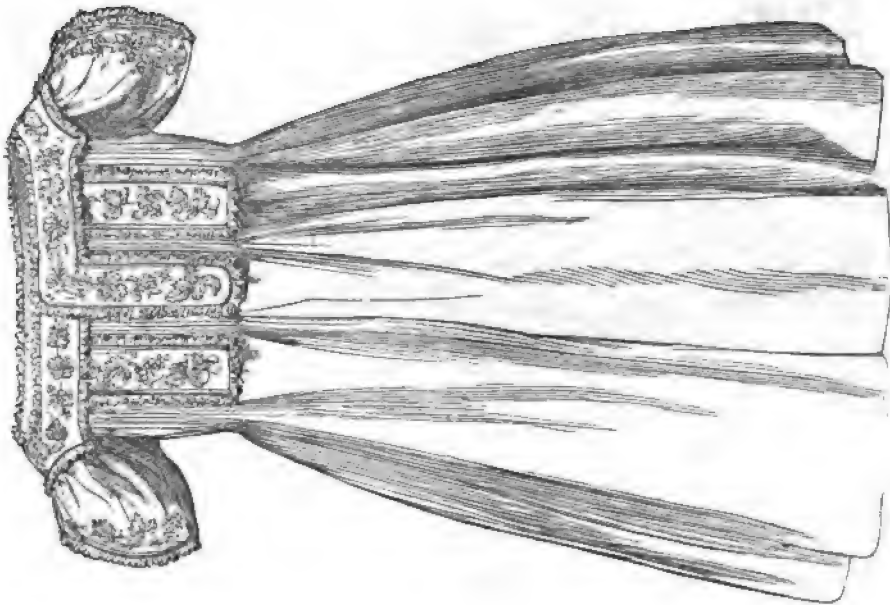
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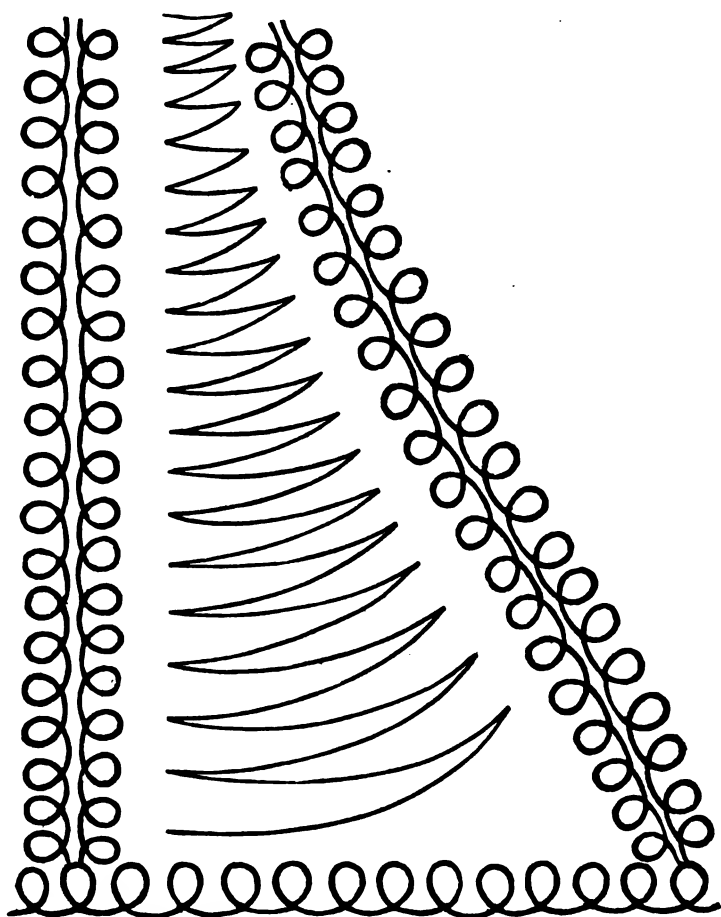
CHEMISE, OF FINE LINEN.



EVENING DRESS.

CAPS AND HEAD DRESS.

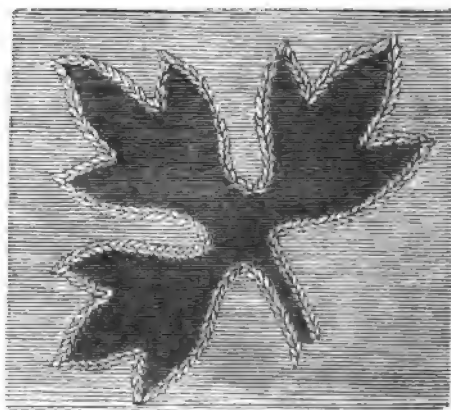




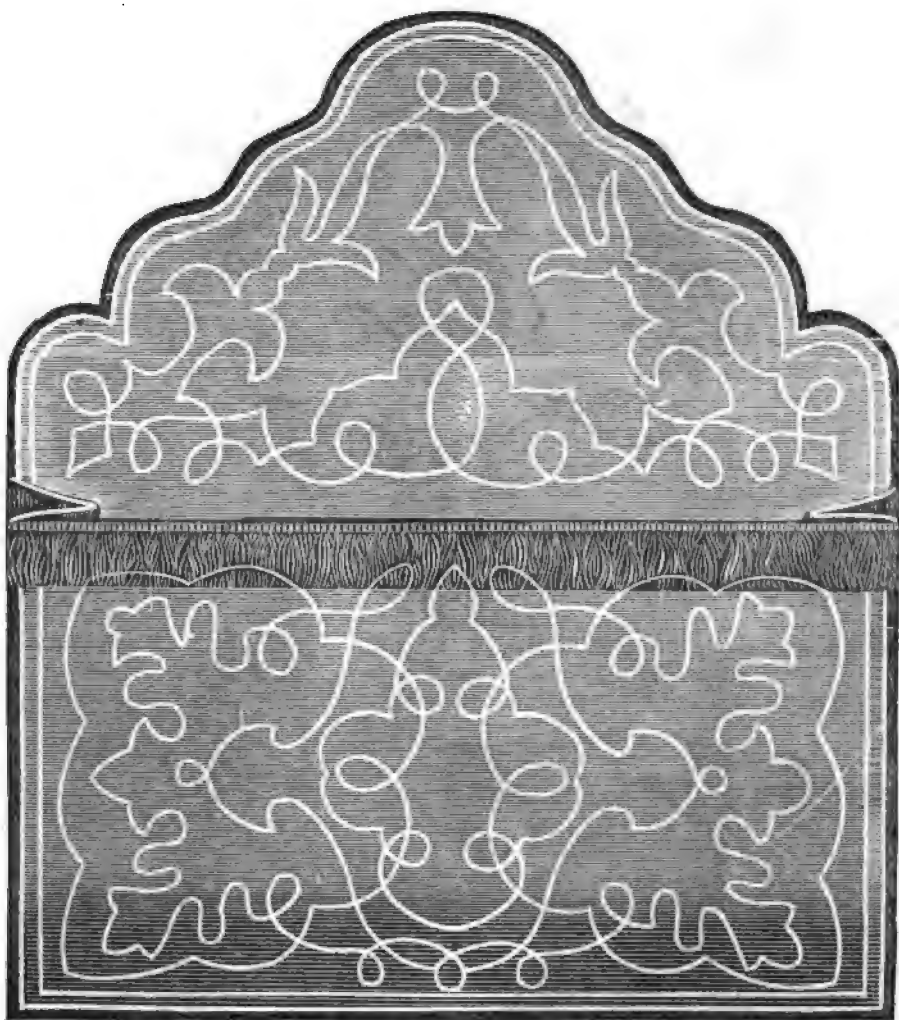
BRAIDING FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



SLIPPER PATTERN.



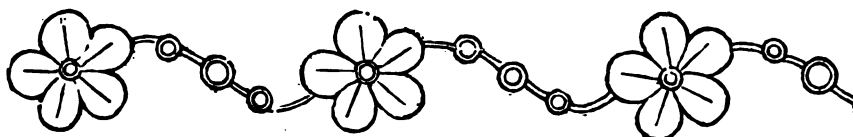
LEAF FOR EMBROIDERY.



WATCH AND HANDKERCHIEF CASE.

TO SUSPEND TO A BED.

This useful article is intended to be braided in white cotton braid, on clear muslin, and lined entirely with colored cambric. Or it may be worked in chain stitch, with colored cotton on a thicker muslin; in which case no lining need be used. White cotton braid, run on with colored thread, in neat and even stitches, has a very pretty effect.



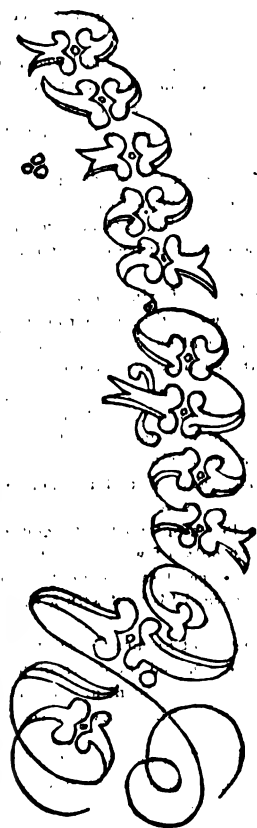
INSERTION.



CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.



NAME.

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1860.

THE AUBURN BRAID.

BY MRS. ALBENA C. S. ALLARD

'Twas a little braid of auburn hair
That he gently raised from its resting place—
Shining and silken as when it fell,
Shading a pleasant, girlish face :

A face whose eyes he had loved to read,
As the dawning love-light went and came,
Till its beauty glowed incessant there,
Soft and brilliant—a tempered flame ;

And fading not till the death-frost lay
On the blue-veined eyelids, heavy and cold ;
Now only this braid of auburn hair
Escapeth the grave cell's moth and mold.

White snows of winter lay on her grave,
And dews of the summer above her wept ;
Till years had passed, since the lovely face
In the silent land of the dead had slept.

The heart that aches with the chilly void
Her vanished image left dark and drear,
Grew warm again, and he learned to feel
The eye and voice of another were dear—

Who called him "husband," and gave a love
Which only a few can ever know ;
Nor worshiped less, that another's loss
Had surged his soul with a wave of woe.

She knew that his heart was anchored fast,
That she moved the depth of his inmost soul—
Knew that the crescent of second love
Had rounded into a golden whole.

And months had passed on the downy wing
Of happiness, since she stood by his side,
VOL. XVI.—7

Breathing responses, and sealing the words
Which made her a loved one's happy bride.

When looking a box of keepsakes o'er,
A case was opened, where softly was laid
On crimson velvet, with tender care—
That sacred relic, the auburn braid.

Lustrous and silken, as long ago,
From the marble forehead, in soft repose—
'Twas folded back, like a sun-tinged crown,
O'er an eye of love and cheek of rose.

Gently 'twas raised from its resting place,
Raised by the hand that had dallied oft
With its golden strands, as they shining fell
On the lily neck, with wreathings soft.

Silent she took it, his dark haired bride,
Arranged the soft tissues of 'scaping hair ;
Her fingers trembled, she knew to him
A thousand mem'ries were linking there.

Why would the bright tears dim her eyes,
Tears at the thoughts of the beautiful maid
That once was loved by him, who now
Held in his fingers the auburn braid ?

'Twas half in sorrow for her who died ;
And, durst she acknowledge it to her heart ?
A shadow of grief that other than she
Had e'er of his deep love claimed a part.

She crushed the thought, and with sadness mused
On the bright young head in the damp earth laid,
And breathed a blessing on her who wore,
Among her tresses, the auburn braid.
McConneville, Ohio, April 3, 1860.

THE "SCISSOR-GRINDER."

BY PAUL LAURIE.

THERE he stood in the broiling July sun, bending forward over his work, and tramping away at his treadle as if his very life were at stake.

A crowd of children were gathered around him, watching with gratified smiles the movement of the wheels, and listening to their monotonous hum, as awaiting with grave faces the grinder's decision, when he paused for a moment to examine the blade which he held in his hands. Whir-r-r! Tramp, tramp, tramp! I looked over at him carelessly, resting myself a few minutes, and thinking, "Well, of all the employments in the world, certainly the scissor-grinder's is the least to be envied!" I, being an expert joiner, with fourteen shillings a day, could afford to contrast my life with his. I had warm friends, a snug home, with the prettiest children, and the tidiest wife, and—

But I am forgetting myself. Folding my arms complacently, I observed the movement of the scissor-grinder's foot, as he continued to tramp his treadle, now fast and furious, now slower and slower, till his toes barely touched the iron, and all with a regularity almost painful to witness. He was doing a thriving business: the neighbors brought out, or sent by their children, scissors, pen-knives, old razors, and even carving-knives sufficient to employ him a day, I thought; while pennies, half dimes, and in one instance a dime fell into his large leather purse. But everything was done in silence; unless it was the prattle of the children, scarce a word was uttered. This struck me as singular; but, when I went over all the scissor-grinders I remembered having seen from my early childhood up to that moment, I could not find amongst them a single communicative person. Here a vague legend recurred to me, to the effect that this class of workers were generally formed from a Brotherhood of Involuntary Recluses—in plain English, the scum of State Prisons, who, having no other employment, and being universally shunned by the rest of the world, adopted this method of obtaining a livelihood.

Supposing this to be the truth, I said to myself, "The fact was apparent that laziness did not enter into their composition. What lazy man would tramp out there, with the sun at ninety in the shade? Besides, the fact of his engaging in such an employment amply demonstrated his honesty of purpose, and proved him the superior in many respects of those

who, while denying him honest employment, spurning him because of his crime, (already atoned for—how bitterly!) were at the same time engaged in far less honorable transactions than that which consigned the object of their scorn to the limits of a State Prison."

But tracing back one or two scissor-grinders to their origin, and finding nothing criminal nor even disgraceful in their lives, I kicked the fragments of the legend aside with a contempt truly democratic. Finally, I came to the conclusion that the difference between the scissor-grinder and myself was not so great as I had imagined, and that the difference between us and the proprietors of one or two princely houses I could have mentioned in the west end of the city, was certainly a matter of congratulation, rather than to be deprecated on our part.

Perhaps these thoughts did not occur to me exactly as I have written them down; but it is nevertheless true, that in one form or another these and many more of a similar nature ~~did~~ occur to me, as I listened to the hum of the wheels, and noted the unflagging tramp of the scissor-grinder. The perspiration stood out on his brow like beads, and trickled down his sunburnt cheeks as he continued his work, scarcely taking time to wipe it away. He was old, too, now that I observed him more closely; he could not be less than fifty. As I resumed my work, I blessed the good fortune which brought him to my neighborhood, since I flattered myself I had a long respite from certain "Thank-you" jobs which my fair neighbors imposed on me: and I wished the good grinder would make his appearance oftener than once a year. A chorus of screams at this juncture caused me to drop my plane and hasten to the door, from which I beheld the crowd of children staring down horror-stricken upon the form of the poor scissor-grinder, who lay in the gutter, with one arm over his breast, while the other lay beneath the apparatus which gained him his livelihood, and which, in his fall, had been dragged down with him. A single glance explained the true state of the case: he had at last succumbed to the oppressive, I had almost said, blistering July sun.

It was the work of a minute to carry him into the shop; but, alas! there was now no necessity for applying the usual restoratives: he was dead. In a very short time my shop was crowded with the curious neighbors and passers-by, who were attracted by the crowd; but no person could give any information concerning the poor grinder's home, and, indeed,

judging from the manner of many, it appeared to be a matter of doubt whether he had a home. One young man pressed through the crowd rudely, stared down upon the dead man's face unfeelingly a moment, and in answer to a question from some person on the edge of the crowd, replied,

"O! it is an old scissor-grinder—sun-struck," and walked away as carelessly as if he had looked upon a dead rat.

The coroner's inquest, however, brought out the fact that the scissor-grinder had a home and a family depending upon his exertions. Obeying a natural impulse, I was one of those who bore his remains to the wretched habitation which protected his family from the weather—it scarcely did more, and it certainly gave little evidence of the comforts we usually associate with the word "home."

A little boy of five or six years sobbed at the door-way, in one corner of the apartment, (there was only one,) a young girl of perhaps sixteen, lay upon a coarse straw bed; which was placed upon something resembling a form made out of rough pine boards. Her face was turned towards us, as we deposited the corpse upon the floor, and an expression of despair settled upon it, as, after one or two vain efforts to sit up, she clutched the bed-clothes convulsively, and gave an audible groan.

"I think," said the coroner, who was a humane man, "we had better remove him from here as soon as possible," adding, in an undertone, "the county will have to pay the burial expenses in this case." He paused a moment, and glanced around the wretched apartment.

"Gentlemen," he began, clearing his throat, and spitting energetically, "Gentlemen, what do you say to giving your fees to this poor family. I will vote mine cheerfully, and if—"

"So say I," interrupted a hearty voice. "And I." "And I."

"Thank you, gentlemen," replied the coroner, as he departed, for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for the burial of the dead man.

I could not go away, until I had spoken to the poor girl who lay in the corner, and who I learned was a cripple, unable to raise herself upright in her bed. Her story was a sad one.

"Ah! we were not always so wretched, sir. I can remember a pleasant home, and days of plenty; but that was when I was a child, and when my mother was alive. My father was a well-to-do farmer in the State of New York; his people, as well as my mother's, were respectable; but my father had one fault—he

was fond of the glass. He did very well on his farm, though, until a friend induced him to go his security, and then our misfortunes commenced. My father had to pay his friend's debt—it took all he had in the world; so he moved away to C—y, and from that to Y—, and from that again to X—. Somehow, everything went against him, until at last he could not obtain work sufficient to keep his family from want; there was six of us then, but the rest have been taken away. Well, he forgot himself altogether, and took to drink, and that finished my mother. She could not endure that; and so her life just went out of her a year after we went to X—. And I think that cured my father. He gave up drink, moved to this place, and sought work once more. I need not tell you,—you see how wretched we had become. I was of no earthly use from my fifth year: as you see me now, I could only turn from one side to the other upon my bed; but my father never murmured against it; indeed, he was always very affectionate to me, as he was to all of us, even when in liquor, and that it is a rare thing, sir, as any one may know.

"In X, and here, too, some ladies were so kind as to visit me, making me presents of tracts and books,—I had learned to read at an early age: and the only pleasure I had in the world was derived from books and papers; but the greatest pleasure was from the "book of books"—without it, I think I should have become insane, perhaps ended my wretched existence in a fit of madness. One day—we had been living upon the charity of some kind people for some months—I beheld my father entering the house with a small basket well filled with provisions. He set it down firmly, and, coming up to me, bent down and kissed me, saying,

"No more starvation, Mary, nor begging." When I inquired if he had found work, I received a reply in the affirmative; he had obtained regular laboring work, and we were in hopes that our life might change for the better, and for some weeks we had the pleasure of knowing we were living without the aid of charity; but a story which followed my father from Y—, deprived him of even this last resource. His employer discharged him, informing him that he would have no rascals about him. I thought my father would have killed himself then; but, after awhile, he went out again as usual, seeking work, and resolutely avoiding strong drink. After that, he appeared to have money, sometimes more,

sometimes less, but always sufficient to keep us from starving or begging. He would rise early, dress Henry and make our breakfast, and go out the moment we were done eating, unless it would be a rainy day, and then he would sit in the house beside me, reading or talking, and sometimes he was very grave. When I asked him what he was working at, he would smile, and say he was a very public character now; but the question was never answered satisfactorily until I learned the truth from Henry. The child could not ward my questions—I was determined to ascertain the truth, and at last it came out.

"My father grinds scissors," he replied one day to me, when he could no longer withstand my importunities. Then, seeing that I did not comprehend him, he came close to my side and half whispered,

"He keeps his mill in the coal-shed."

"His mill!" I repeated.

"Yes, the stone wheels and the wooden frame, with a thing at the bottom to turn them. He carries it away on his back."

"I lay and thought a long while: What could the machine be like that my father carried away on his back? was it heavy—and where did he carry it to? and whose scissors did he grind—or what did he grind them for? to sharpen them, doubtless; but who did he work for? And then I resolved to get a look at the little mill, for certainly it must be a small mill that a man could carry on his back."

"When my father came home in the evening I forced him to bring his mill into the house that I might look at it. But he would not tell me who he worked for, and to this day I am ignorant—I do not know who his employers are, or where they live. I have often had suspicions, and then, again, I knew he would not do a dishonest thing, or deceive me—he who was so anxious to relieve my wants, and who took the place of my mother."

The scissor-grinder's daughter has yet to learn who employed her father; but the past is like a disagreeable dream to her now. She has found friends and a comfortable home, and art has relieved her from her deformity. But I never think of her or her young brother, who is now the adopted son of a generous merchant, that my mind does not go back to the old scissor-grinder tramping in the hot July sun as if his very life were at stake.

"Bells were first introduced into English churches in the year 700, and used to be baptized and named before they were hung."

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S LESSON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You look sober, Bella. What's the matter?"

The remark and question came from Aunt Rachel, who had called to spend an afternoon, and take tea with her niece.

"I feel sober, just at this time, aunt."

"No unusual cause for uncomfortable feelings, I hope," said Aunt Rachel, the pleasant light which had come into her face beginning gradually to fade away.

"Oh, no; nothing unusual. It's the old story with me. There are very few days, now, in which I am not disturbed, or made to feel unhappy."

"Why, Bella! This is strange news. Disturbed, and made to feel unhappy every day! You pain me by such an acknowledgment. What has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing wrong with myself, aunt," was replied; "but that oldest boy of mine is growing so self-willed, disobedient, and ungovernable, that I'm half in despair about him."

"I'm sorry for that, Bella. Perhaps you have indulged and humored him too much."

"I think not. From the very beginning I have made it a rule to repress, as far as lay in my power, everything disorderly and evil; to require strict obedience to my word on pain of certain punishment. No, aunt, I do not think the fault lies at my door. Edward has a strange disposition. I don't know what to make of him, sometimes. He seems bent on doing the things I interdict. Only half an hour ago I found him in the library, with a handsome book lying open on the floor, marking some of the fine illustrations with a pencil. Once before I had punished him for this very thing, and here it was again!"

"And you punished him again?"

"I did; and severely."

"Where is he?"

"Shut in a room by himself."

"Overhead?"

"Yes; that's him pounding on the floor now. Just hear what a noise he is making! And it isn't ten minutes since I threatened to whip him if he did it again."

Bella went hastily from the room, and going half way up stairs, called, in a sharp, commanding voice—

"You Edward!"

The hammering ceased in an instant.

"What did I say to you about that noise a little while ago?"

No answer.

"Edward!" There was no kindness, no softness, no mother-love in the voice that uttered the name. "Do you hear, sir!"

Still no response.

"Why don't you answer me?"

The mother was growing excited.

"Edward; if you don't answer me I'll punish you severely."

A sulky muttering now came from the room.

"Don't let me hear that noise again, sir, or you'll be sorry for it!"

"Can't I come out, mother? I'm tired of staying here."

"No, sir; you can't come out, you naughty boy!"

"I will come out!" screamed the child, with a sudden wildness of manner, as if he had grown desperate; and he rattled the lock, and kicked passionately against the door.

This was more than the excited mother could endure. Springing up stairs, she unlocked the door, and entered the prison-room. Aunt Rachel sighed as she heard rapidly falling strokes, and the cries of Edward.

"You see," said Bella, as she returned, with a flushed face and angry looking eyes, to the sitting-room, "what trouble I've got before me."

Aunt Rachel did not reply.

"I've never seen just such a child," the young mother continued; "and I don't know what is going to become of him. He prefers wrong to right always—and recognizes authority only for the sake of disobedience. If, in sending him from the room in consequence of some misdemeanor, I tell him to go up stairs, he will, almost surely, go down; if I have said go down, he will go up. Always, he is desirous to gain the interdicted object. It is marvelous, this perversion of his mind. You don't know how it distresses me. There! Just listen. He's pounding on the floor again, as I live! And, what is more, he will keep at it, in spite of threat or punishment. Now, what am I to do with such a boy, Aunt Rachel? I've tried everything, but it's of no use."

"Suppose, Bella, you let him come down and see me. Maybe that will get him out of his present unhappy state of mind."

"But, aunt," objected the mother, "don't you see that he would then consider himself as having triumphed?"

"I'm not sure that he would think anything about it. He would come into a better state of mind than the one that is now ruling him; and this, it seems to me, would be something

gained. It is in the sunshine that good affections grow, not in storm and darkness."

Bella sat reflecting for some time. She did not like the thought of yielding to her rebellious child in the smallest degree. Pride, and love of rule, influenced her as much as a sense of duty—perhaps a little more. In giving up, she felt that she must experience a degree of humiliation.

"Forgive him, this time, for my sake," urged Aunt Rachel. "I shall not enjoy my visit if he is under punishment all the afternoon."

After a further debate with herself, the mother left the room and went up to her imprisoned boy. He was pounding on the floor when she turned the key and entered.

"Edward!" She spoke sternly.

The little fellow started up, with a look half fearful, half defiant.

"You are a very naughty boy!"

Edward set his lips firmly, and knit his fair young brows.

"How dare you pound on the floor after I had forbidden it?"

Edward moved back a step or two. There was danger in his mother's eyes.

"Why don't you answer me when I speak?"

"I couldn't help it," stammered the child.

"Couldn't help it! Aint you afraid to give me such an answer?" and a hand moved, half involuntarily, as if a blow were about to follow.

"Aunt Rachel is down stairs."

"Oh, is she!" Two little hands came together with a sound like a kiss; and waves of sunshine swept suddenly over a face that was dark and stormy a moment before.

"I've a great mind not to let you see her, after all this naughty behavior."

The mother could not forgive him. Instantly the smile went out from Edward's face; but he looked neither penitent nor deprecating. She turned from him as though she would leave him still in prison; but there was no sign of weakness—only the disfiguring scowl on his face that made it so painful to look upon.

"Come." The mother coldly extended her hand. Edward advanced toward her with slow steps, and giving his hand in a reluctant manner, as if there were no pleasure for him in the touch, followed, half behind her, down into the sitting-room.

"Here's that naughty boy!" This was Edward's introduction to his mother's aunt. "Now, don't pout your lips after that fashion!" was added, reprovingly. "Kiss Aunt Rachel."

Edward wanted to throw his arms about Aunt Rachel's neck, and kiss her to his heart's content; but, the reproof and command sent an evil spirit of resistance into him, and he merely put up his lips with an air which said for his mother, who did not see his face—"I don't want to kiss her"—but Aunt Rachel saw love in his eyes.

"If you can't behave better than that, you'd better go up stairs again."

"Oh, he's behaving nicely," said Aunt Rachel, as she drew an arm around the boy. And then she began to talk to him in a way that soon commanded all his attention. But, his mother would give him no peace. It was—

"Don't ride on your aunt in that way," or, "Just see there, you rude fellow, your feet are on Aunt Rachel's dress." Or—

"Don't twist your shoulders so!" Or—

"You'd better go away from Aunt Rachel; you are annoying her."

"Not in the least," Aunt Rachel replied to this, drawing her loving arm close about the pleased child, in whose bright young face she read a whole volume of golden promise, if there were only a wise hand to turn the leaves.

But, half an hour did not pass before Edward and his mother came into direct collision, and he was sent in disgrace from the room.

"Now, what am I to do, Aunt Rachel?" said the mother, in a half-despairing voice. "You see what a self-willed, disobedient, reckless boy he is. How he resists me in everything. What am I to do?"

"Learn the first lesson in governing others," replied Aunt Rachel, with considerable gravity of manner.

"What is that?" asked her niece.

"To govern yourself."

"Aunt Rachel!"

"I mean just what I say. And until you learn to do this you will strive in vain with your child. Anger awakens anger; harshness naturally produces antagonism; oft repeated punishments, and for trivial offences, are the parents of rebellion—but love, Bella, quickens love into life. There is more true power for good in the tender, sympathetic tones of a mother, warm with mother-love, than in her most imperative command, or sternest interdiction. Her mission is to lead, not drive her children in the right way."

Aunt Rachel paused to note the effects of her plainly-spoken admonition. Her niece had a startled look, but she made no reply.

"I have not heard you speak a single kind,

approving word to that boy since I have been here," resumed Aunt Rachel.

"How can I speak approvingly when he does wrong? How can I encourage him to disobedience by smiling when he sets my commands at defiance?"

"I fear, Bella, that you call many things wrong that are done innocently on his part. You follow him up too closely, and scold him too much for things trivial, or of no account. You have not once, that I have seen, this afternoon, tried to divert him from anything that he was doing not strictly in the line of your approval; it was always a command, and always harshly made. Forgive me, Bella, for this plain speech; but I see your error so plainly, that I must point it out. You have forgotten the pithy adage about honey catching more flies than vinegar. Try the honey, my dear—try the honey! I am sadly afraid that you are shadowing the life of that child—shutting out the sunshine, by which alone good plants can vegetate in the garden of his soul. I have seen little besides an evil growth to-day; yet, down among the rankly-springing weeds, trying to struggle up into the air and light, a few flowers of affection were faintly visible. Oh, Bella, search for these as for precious treasures; water them with the dews of love, and let the heart's warm sunshine go down into the earth around them. Don't think so much about the repression and extermination of evil, as about the growth and development of good. But, first of all, put your own house in order. Regulate your own heart. Repress anger, pride, self-will, love of ruling, indignation at rebellion—let only affection reign in your heart, and thoughts of your child's good fill your mind."

Bella sat in a kind of bewildering silence, and her aunt kept on—

"Will you not act on my suggestion? Go to Edward, and speak to him as if you loved him. Let him feel the love in your voice, and see it in your eyes; and, as the magnet attracts iron, so will you attract him. Forget that he has offended you, or, if you think of it, and speak of it, let it be as though you were grieved, not angry. Love for his mother will bind him to the law of obedience when fear of punishment would only impel him to its violation."

Bella arose quickly. She looked into her aunt's face, but made no response. Tears were in her eyes as she left the apartment. Going up stairs to the room into which Edward had been banished, she opened the door and

went in with a quiet step. The boy started as she entered, and looked around from his work of marking with a pencil on the white window-sash. He was doing wrong, and being caught in the act, expected punishment, or an angry lecture. So he put on a look of defiance. But his mother, instead of blazing out upon him, as was her wont, sat down in a strange, quiet way, and said, "Edward," so softly and gently that he could only stand and look at her in surprise.

"Edward," she repeated his name, and now with a tenderness that made his heart leap. Her hands were held out toward him. Dropping the pencil, he advanced a step or two, looking wonderingly at his mother. She still held out her hand. "Come, dear." He was by her side in an instant.

"Do you love mother?" An arm was drawn gently around him. He did not answer in words, but put his arms about her neck and kissed her. What a thrill of pleasure went trembling to her heart.

"I love Eddy." The little arms tightened about her neck, and the little head went down, nestling upon her bosom.

"Oh! I love you so much!" The half-smothered voice was full of childish earnestness.

"Will Eddy be good for mother?"

"I won't never be naughty again!" Edward stood up, speaking in a resolute way, and looking full into his mother's face. "If I can help it," he added, a little less confidently.

"Oh, Eddy can help it if he will," said his mother, smiling encouragement into his face. Something was on the lip of the boy, but he kept it back from utterance.

"What is it, dear? What were you going to say?"

Thus encouraged, Edward said, dropping his eyes as he spoke,

"I'll forget, sometimes; I'm most sure I will. But——"

He paused with the sentence unfinished.

"But what, dear?"

"Don't scold me then, mamma. Kiss me, and I'll be so sorry!"

He caught his breath with a sob, and his mother drew his head against her bosom, and laid her tearful face down among his golden curls.

When they entered the sitting-room Aunt Rachel saw that it was all right with them. She held out her hand to Edward, who came to her in a gentle way, and stood, with a happy-looking face, by her side.

Scarcely within her memory had the mother spent so pleasant an afternoon. Edward, of course, soon forgot himself, soon meddled with forbidden things, made unseemly noises, or conducted himself in a way that tried severely his mother's patience. But, she compelled herself, and it required no light effort, to use honey instead of vinegar—to speak in affectionate remonstrance instead of with angry threats—and, instantly, the troubled waters grew still. She could not but notice the singular difference, in effect, between the loud, emphatic, commanding utterances in which she had so long indulged, and the quiet, loving words now spoken in undertones. Will then opposed itself to will; but now love yielded to love. The boy, once so indifferent and rebellious, was now anxious to gain his mother's approval. She had governed herself, and the work of governing her child, so impossible before, became a thing of easiest achievement. "Don't forget it, dear," said Aunt Rachel, as she held the hand of her niece, in parting, at the close of her visit.

"Never!" was the earnest reply. "You have removed scales from my eyes; and selfishness, self-will, and passion, shall never blind me again. I will try to govern myself always—before attempting to govern my child—try to see what is for his good—try to stimulate the growth of loving affections, rather than give all thought to the weeds, in seeking to tear up which I have already hurt so many tender plants."

"Ah, my child, that is the true way," replied Aunt Rachel. "If you can get the life-forces of his young spirit to flow vigorously into the good plants, they will soon spring up into the sunny air, spreading out their branches, and striking their roots wide and deep into the earth—leaving the evil plants to droop and wither for lack of nourishment."

CHILDREN are allowed to be happy when they are so inclined, but they are not taught to be so when they are not inclined. They are not roughened, so to speak, against the little mischances and disappointments of every day, in eating, amusement, weather, or companions, but are allowed to cherish feelings disproportionate to the cause, and thus, in later years, "their garments become embroidered with hooks," which catch troublesomely at all kinds of persons and things, which otherwise they might pass by, not only without offence, but giving or gathering use and comfort.

THE PALACE OF MEMORY.

BY ALICE C. COLAHAN.

ONE dark morning, my friend and I entered a boat, and sailed up the river Time, into the land of the Past. The waters at first looked dark and stormy, and the waves threatened to overwhelm our frail boat; but, as we glided onward, they became smoother, and when we reached the rock on which is built the Palace of Memory, the soft breezes just rippled the surface of the water, and the sky was the clearest we had ever seen. We fastened our boat, and ascended the steps to the great entrance. In the lofty hall, we found many others waiting for admittance. Soon a person of quiet mien came to us, and offered to conduct us through the palace.

We first entered the Picture Gallery. Here the walls were hung with splendid paintings, in massive frames, and, as we gazed upon them, the scenes they represented seemed familiar to us. A few pictures from the pencil of Fancy were among them, and though they were of the most elaborate design and glowing colors, the ruder sketches of Memory touched the heart. The trees, the landscapes, the hills, the very flowers we had loved, and which we had flung upon the river Time "long ago," each thing that had ever gladdened our hearts, we saw pictured so life-like upon the wall. Forms and faces, which long before were laid in the bosom of Mother Earth, were there. It was a long time before we left the Picture Gallery. Other people were there, and, what seemed very strange, was that whatever scene was dear and beautiful to us, had little or no interest for them.

At length we left the pictures, and passed to a large room, around the four sides of which were arranged glass cases with doors. Our guide led us up to one of these, and took down a casket emblazoned with gems. "The contents of this casket," said he, "we consider very precious." We looked into it, and saw that it contained "kind words." Another contained "bright smiles;" many of them seemed familiar to us, and we were glad that Memory had treasured them up. Passing to another case, we saw a large transparent vase, and asked our guide what it contained. "That," said he, "contains the tears of childhood. They flow as easily as the summer rivulet, and are as pure. We consider them very valuable." Passing on, we observed a large book, of a dark, dismal color, and asked our attendant, (whose name we had ascertained to be Reason,) what

it was. "That is the book of Unhealed Sorrows. It is not much read, but here," said he, laying his hand upon a book, whose cover gleamed with precious stones, "is the cure for these sorrows." And as we drew nearer, we saw it was the Holy Book which had been our consolation, when sorrows had overwhelmed us.

Meanwhile, other people were coming in, and looking about the room. We were much amused by observing an ancient belle, painted and gaudily attired, gazing pathetically upon a string of bleeding hearts, but she soon went into ecstasies over the miniature of a young man, with a vast deal of hair upon his face, and a small case of village gossip. Another, a ruined miser, was mourning over a plethoric bag of guineas, but was somewhat cheered by the presence of Hope, who stood smiling beside him.

We turned again to our conductor, who held another bright casket in his hand. "This," said he, "contains 'Departed Joys.' Wouldst thou review them?" "No," said we, "we would rather not." He replaced them, saying, "Many have wept over them, and have seemed to be unhappier for it." He then took down a large book, "This," said he, "contains 'Happy Thoughts.' You will like to read it." We opened it, and read till our eyes were dim, the half-formed thoughts of childhood, the odd ideas of youth, and the matured thoughts of manhood. It was pleasant to read them, and to note the progress Time had made with our minds.

We turned around, on hearing a dismal groaning beside us, and saw an angular spinster making moan over the box containing offers of marriage. At a little distance from her was a man with a very sinister look, groaning over the huge iron box containing the sins of mankind; and, when the guide took down a case in which was a fair sweet face, his groans increased.

Here we remarked, that we saw no young people in the hall. "No," said the guide, "they have no wish to come to the Hall of Memory. They are so engaged in plans for the Future, that they have no time to think of the Past. When hopes for the Future have lost their brightness, and men turn their thoughts to the Past, Memory summons them to her Palace, to review their past lives, and that they may see their good and evil deeds shown in their proper light, and learn to shun the evil ones in the future."

We passed on, and saw many things which

we had known in past days—ringlets of hair which we had twined round our fingers, bright eyes from which we had seen the love-light beaming—faded flowers, and other things which we thought had been lost forever. Going to the farther end of the room, the guide took down a harp. "This," said he, "is the harp on which the 'old songs of the heart' are played." He drew his hand across the strings, and an old melody floated on the air; one which we had almost forgotten, but now distinctly remembered; strains of music we heard, which brought back the scenes of "other days," and we thought of the singers, long since still and cold. The sweetest song of all, was the cradle hymn which had soothed us in infancy.

"Here," said the guide, "is a book recording the struggles of Man betwixt Right and Wrong." We saw our own written there. "And here," said he, "is the 'Triumph of Right' and the 'Triumph of Wrong.'" "How can we erase our names from the Book of Wrong?" we asked, (for our names were written in both volumes.) "If you have shunned these wrongs as sins, it shall be done hereafter," said our guide. "There is one thing," said he, "which is precious in the sight of Heaven, 'the tear of a repentant sinner.' Here are the tears of the 'widow and the fatherless,' and here is imprisoned a merry laugh. In these costly vases are kept the mirth and jollity of past days, and in this ebony box are grief and sadness. In that copper case, which is so discolored, is the 'greed of gains.' In these cases, which are fantastically formed in the shapes of serpents, are evil tempers; and in yonder rusty iron chest is self-love. In that flame-colored vase is Ambition, and that trumpet is the 'Trumpet of Fame.' Its notes are very discordant. In this box, adorned with dragon images, are wars and all vices. Wealth, you see, is gazed upon with delight, while there are very few to whom the sight of Poverty is agreeable."

We saw many other things, and lingered again awhile in the Picture Gallery; and, as the sun was setting, we returned to the quay. We entered our boat, and turning back toward the palace, we voluntarily exclaimed: "Lord, keep our memories green." The last golden rays of the sun shone upon its white walls and gold-capped turrets, and we turned our gaze and floated down the stream to meet with rougher waters, and muse over what we had seen in the far-famed palace of Memory.

East Rockport, Ohio.

BOOK BORROWING.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Next to the happiness that is the invariable result of a love of literature, under any and all circumstances, is the felicity that comes of a love of books not your own. Rather the delight which one experiences in lounging through some richly mellowed volume—a toothsome banquet for the tickling of the daintiest palate—is always sure of a corresponding enrichment by the reflection that that book has been purloined from the shelf of some unresisting victim, too weak physically to put you out of his library—the borrowers all have strength on their side—and too weak morally to resist the flatteringunction laid upon his soul when you praised his taste in possessing such a book. Take it, my dear sir, and (*aside*) may it bite you the first time you open it.

The ravages of the borrowers are not to be compared with anything under the sun but the devastations of the sirocco, or the blighting havoc of the seventeen year locusts. The moths spoken of in the old play,* cannot hold a candle to these "mutilators of collections, spoilers of the symmetry of shelves, and creators of odd volumes." And the great fault is, that Time and the quiescent acquiescence of the lenders have insensibly elevated the custom into the company of more estimable usages. No one knows this better than the borrower, and palatable to him is the flavor of his knowledge. My Knave's chief ambition is to worm his way into my gentleman's strongholds, and to carry off treasures dear to the poor man as the apple of his eye, upon the faith of the simple theory that if they are not his—my Knave's—own, they ought to be. Education may have something to do with the propensity, but not necessarily. It attacks all ages and conditions, from the boy who borrows a primer to present to his sweetheart, to the nicely moral man who would scorn to take a pinch of snuff with his most dexterous fingers without the owner's leave, or who would expect the State's Prison did he pick your pocket of a few miserable ducats. On this one point conscience soon acquires the toughness of the Turkey morocco for which your fingers have such an intolerable itching.

There is a time in the life of a book collector when he may say "no" to the importunities of his affectionate shadow—the borrower. It is at the very commencement of his career as an

* The moths have eaten more authentic learning than would richly furnish a hundred pedants.

Old Play.

accumulator of literary treasure, before he has fairly become an object of interest to the borrower, and ere his modesty has let the pleasant truth have a lodgment in his breast that he may aspire to the dignity of the old fellows who called themselves Book Proprietors, and measured their learning, if nobody else did, by the amount of book wisdom on their shelves. Let him lend his first volume, however, and he is done for. No amount of earthly prudence and determination can replace him in the position he has lost.

Book owners have resorted to various expedients to protect themselves from the depredations of the banditti who feast upon book-spoil; for, mind you, the finished borrower is not to be put off easily. There is a certain respectability about his errand—call it the pursuit of knowledge—which denies the commonness of his calling, and compels you to associate him with all those grand thoughts which your own love of literature suggests. You cannot, therefore, treat him as you do the financial borrower, the man who comes to implore your money, exercising an ingenuity in obtaining it, which should give him a clear title to its further possession, as property richly earned, “the wages,” says Punch, “of his intellect, his address, his reasoning or seductive powers.” You cannot set your dog on the man who comes after your books, or shut the door in his face. On the contrary, by the very dignity which letters confer upon him, he compels you to feel at once that he has a prescriptive right to your accumulations, somewhat on the principle that books belong to those who can best appreciate them. This was the beautiful faith of Coleridge, who made constant warfare upon the shelves of the gentle Elia, who accumulated books so hardly from the stalls throughout London. *There* was a borrower with a system! Coleridge never called without leaving his mark; and the Spinoza, the quaint old Fuller, the Thomas Browne, picked up from stall to stall, with the spare two-and-sixpences which Lamb saved from the India office, found themselves transferred in turn, with the most beautiful and simple regularity, to the carefully selected collection of his friend. Lamb expostulated, and threw himself upon the mercy of his tormentor. “Why,” he said, “why will you make your visits, which should give pleasure, matter of regret to your friends? You never come, but you take away some folio that is a part of my life.” And Coleridge made promises of reform, and borrowed with greater avidity than ever.

Lamb was truly named, if ever man was. Gentleness of heart, and a bleating, fondling desire for the affection of his kind, stimulated every impulse of his nature. The milk of human kindness coursing so freely through his veins, it is no wonder that the only expedient which he could adopt with cormorants like the author of *Christabel*, that of persuasiveness, should have utterly failed. The plan of the old Benedictine monks was the surest. With the heavy old tome which they loaned you, they gave you a year in which to master its contents, and, according as the task was done to their satisfaction or otherwise, did they loan you again or refuse. If the reader would know why such an expedient operated best for the lender, he will see by a moment's thought that a single book was the sum total of the lender's possible loss, whereas there is no calculating how many a modern borrower will make away with in a year's time.

Montaigne used to shut himself up in his Round Tower, secure the fastenings, and exclude the borrowers, including his own family. Petrarch had a special grudge against the borrowers, and died with his head upon a book. Leigh Hunt both borrowed and loaned books. If he “lent and lost, upon a moderate calculation, half a dozen decent sized libraries,” before half his time was out, it is safe to infer, by that line of mutual interchange upon which he grounded his faith, that an occasional volume, from some mysterious source, found a resting-place among his own treasures, forcibly confiscated, or to be kept till called for. He had a strong penchant for overhauling the book-cases of his friends, and arranging them to suit himself. “I long to meddle with them,” he says, “and dispose them after my own notions;” nor can I “see a work that interests me on another person's shelf, without a wish to carry it off.” But Hunt was more sinned against than sinning, and declares to have had an absolutely felonious intent upon but one volume in his life. Charles Lamb was a strictly honest borrower—what so few are. Pleasant Tom Folio tells an old borrowing anecdote of this delightful book-worm so genially, that we must give it to our readers in his own words. Lamb was a devout worshiper at the shrine of old Thomas Fuller. If any one ever fully appreciated him, it was the author of *Rosamond Gray*. “Not Southey, or even Coleridge,” says Tom, “so enjoyed the writings of the quaint and witty old divine as did Elia; and by ransacking the stalls and old book-stores, he had picked up the ‘*Iloly and Pro-*

fane State,' the 'Good Thoughts,' etc., but the 'Church History,' the work he was most desirous of obtaining, he could not find. In this strait, a friend who had a copy of that work, knowing Lamb's fondness for Fuller, lent it to him. Gladly and proudly Charles received it,—read it,—(he 'was in paradise the while,') and returned it,—sadly, sorrowfully, regretfully returned it, as we part from an old friend. 'I parted from it bleeding,' he says, in a note to its owner." Now, suppose Lamb had been Coleridge. By his superior appreciation of that book, he would have considered his claim to it just and indisputable. He would have kept it.

It is a very pretty principle which allows that the chief value of books is in lending them, that others may partake of their intellectual food. So is it a beautiful thing to loan your long kept Burgurdy or Moscadello to some miserable, mean fellow, who will replace it with Vino d'Asti, or Brown Stout, or perhaps not at all. Beside, is not that fellow, ten to one, of all others just the one best able to have wine and books of his own? We put that in as a special poser, for those who hold that the custom of lending is a generous one. It is a positive hurt to the borrower. When it shall be made a capital offence—nay, a punishable offence, for the borrowers already think it very capital—to return a book soiled, ragged, or dog's-eared, or not to return it at all—then, ah yes, then may the tune be changed, and both borrower and lender sing Hail Columbia.

Impertinent to these remarks is Douglas Jerold's Letter of Advice to his Son. So full of deep meaning, severe innocence, and negative disclaimer, is this model letter, that, like a tin kettle, we tie it without apology to the tail of our article:—

"You ask me," says Jerold, "to supply you with a list of books, that you may purchase the same for your private delectation. My dear boy, receive this, and treasure it for a truth: no wise man ever purchases a book. Fools buy books, and wise men—borrow them. By respecting and acting upon this axiom, you may obtain a very handsome library for nothing.

"Do you not perceive, too, that by merely borrowing a volume at every possible opportunity, you are obtaining for yourself the reputation of a reading man; you are interesting in your studies dozens of people who, otherwise, would care not whether you knew A, B, C, or not? With your shelves thronged with borrowed volumes, you have an assurance that

your hours of literary meditation frequently engage the thoughts of, alike, intimate and casual acquaintance. To be a good borrower of books is to get a sort of halo of learning about you, not to be obtained by laying out money upon printed wisdom. For instance, you meet Huggins. He no sooner sees you, than, pop, you are associated with all the Cæsars; he having—simple Huggins!—lent you his Roman History bound in best historic calf. He never beholds you but he thinks of Romulus and Remus, the Tarpeian Rock, the Rape of the Sabine, and ten thousand other interesting and pleasurable events. Thus, you are doing a positive good to Huggins, by continually refreshing his mind with the studies of his thoughtful youth; whilst, as I say, your appearance, your memory, is associated and embalmed by him with things that 'will not die.'

"Consider the advantage of this. To one man, you walk as Hamlet; why? you have upon your shelves that man's best edition of Shakspeare. To another, you come as the archangel Michael. His illustrated Paradise Lost glitters amongst your borrowings. To this man, by the like magic, you are Robinson Crusoe; to this, Telemachus. I will not multiply instances; they must suggest themselves. Be sure, however, on stumbling upon what seems a rare and curious volume, to lay your borrowing hands upon it. The book may be Sanscrit, Coptic, Chinese; you may not understand a single letter of it; for which reason, be more sternly resolved to carry it away with you. The very act of borrowing such a mysterious volume, implies that you are in some respects a deep fellow—invests you with a certain literary dignity in the eyes of the lending. Besides, if you know not Sanscrit at the time you borrow, you may before you die. You cannot promise yourself what you shall not learn; or, once having borrowed the book, what you shall not forget.

"Books being themselves but a combination of borrowed things, are not to be considered as vesting even their authors with property. The best man who writes a book, borrows his materials from the world about him, and therefore, as the phrase goes, cannot come into court with clean hands. Such is the opinion of some of our wisest law-makers, who, therefore, give to the machinist of a mouse-trap a more lasting property in his invention, than if he had made an Iliad. And why? The mouse-trap is of wood and iron; trees, though springing from the earth, are property; iron, dug from the

bowels of the earth, is property; you can feel it, hammer it, weigh it; but what is called literary genius is a thing not ponderable, an essence (if, indeed, it be an essence,) you can make nothing of, though put into an air-pump. The mast that falls from beech, to fatten hogs, is property; as the forest-laws will speedily let you know if you send in an alien pig to feed upon it; but it has been held, by wise, grave men in Parliament, that what falls from human brains to feed human souls, is no property whatever. Hence, private advantage counsels you to borrow all the books you can, whilst public opinion justifies you in never returning them."

RAISING A PANIC.

BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON.

"You say the panic has begun," exclaimed the old broker, rising from his great velvet easy-chair, and walking the floor. He placed his arms akimbo; his red-veined eyes sparkled with the cold gleam of avarice; his portly form swelled under the rich broadcloth; the winey color suffusing his cheeks and deepening under his eyes grew darker, and he puckered his thick lips with a triumphant whistle.

"Yes," replied the other, wiping a heated forehead, "the Preston Bank has had a heavy run since morning, and suspended an hour ago. The up-town banks are all in a tremor; men are moving about with dubious faces, frightened out of their wits; merchants are driving from store to store; and Silman just met me, hard up as ever, begging the loan of five hundred."

"Well, and what did you tell him?" asked the other.

"Why, of course, I was in the dolefuls—money hard with me as with everybody else—very hard; had a little, didn't know how long I might have that—great many calls, you know."

"You're a trump!" responded the other, who by this time had his hands in his pockets, and was rattling keys and loose change—"I always knew you were a trump."

"He was ready with any amount of security, and offered me one hundred for the use of five hundred, for three months."

"You refused him, of course."

"Of course I did, and put on a fifty screw."

"He took it?"

"To be sure he did. It was either that or ruin—and your honorable fellows will give a good deal to save themselves."

"A fair business operation that!" cried

broker number one, rubbing his hands complacently—"very fair. I'm in good spirits now. I'll go take a shave, and then I'll give a shave. Ha! wont there be a run on us to-day. Between you and me, Bob, old fellow—I shouldn't wonder if we made a hundred thousand cool and clear, this next twelve-month."

"If we don't, it's because we're fools or humbugs," replied the other.

"That's so," and the old broker threw himself into his arm-chair for another laugh. "To think," he added, "what a little management will do! I tell you what, Bob, the dear public is the greatest gull that ever existed; all mankind are gulls, generally, except you and I, and the knowing ones. However, we wont quarrel with our patrons, for they give us magnificent chances. Now for a forty thousand spec to-day."

What this man said, with cruel words, was true. A systematic, concealed management, among a few moneyed men, with souls harder than the nether mill-stone, and hearts as deaf to human sympathies as if no human blood coursed through their veins, had, by dint of well-timed hints, and cries of panic, by carefully worded suspicions about this banker or that merchant, brought about the dreadful crisis that seemed to threaten the whole community. With the spirit of evil they exulted over the downfall of others. No matter what the face might express as they doled out words, words, their hearts were so full of a malign satisfaction, a satanic exultation, that it quite put the arch fiend out of countenance to look at them—and reflect how much his children had outdone him in satanic mischief.

What if pale, hopeless, haggard men, whose wild eyes told of desperation, came to them, imploring mercy? Mercy! they might as well have urged the starving lion not to eat when food was put in his way. They seemed to riot on the sufferings of their fellows. They took land, and scrip, and mortgages out of the trembling fingers of widows, and doomed the helpless orphan to ruin and starvation with a gusto that was heart-chilling to witness. Mercy in a shaver of notes! Mercy in a huge black rock of flint, with eyes of marble and soul of lead! Ask no mercy of those walking sepulchres, gilded without, but rotten within. Will there come a day when no mercy will be shown to them?

Angels of peace and content watched over that humble family.

What a fire it was—that first flame of the season! ruby red, golden yellow, leaping, sparkling, crackling! Baby, with laughing, beautiful eyes, lay crowing in the wooden cradle—and such a baby! milk white and red—broad brow, lightly touched with sunny curls, that looked as if a tiny breath would dissolve them—cheeks, arms, hands, fingers, rioting in dimples—over all the air of a healthy vitality—a joyous existence. The patient cripple on the bed, a boy of fifteen, who had never walked, smiled as he glanced from his book upon the cheerful group. Lucy, the eldest daughter, was preparing the table for the evening meal, and fitted from one place to another, a smile of content lighting up her pretty face—and three handsome boys, from the ages of four to eleven, bursting in at that moment, clamorous for supper, completed the picture.

“Hurrah for the fire!” exclaimed Josey, the eldest, flinging himself on the hearth. “Now we shall have a fire all winter—and good, warm clothes. It was so bad last winter—no clothes—no fire—so little to eat, and poor father half crazy.”

“My pa has got six hundred dollars in the savings-bank, and lots of work,” chirruped little Jim, stretching his boots toward the flame.

“Yes, didn’t he work for it, though, cleaning out the cellars, and digging the wells; and didn’t he like to get killed with foul air? I’m glad he’s porter now, in that great dry-goods store, ’cause it aint so hard; and he dresses nice, and lets us come to see him sometimes.”

“Make room at the fire for your father, children—I see him coming,” said the mother, with cheerful voice, as she came forward to take the babe out of his cradle. “Lucy, set the tea to steeping, and take the toast up. You had better light a lamp, too, I think.”

The tea was drawn—the light burning, and still the father came not. He seemed a long time passing from the front door to that of the room where the family were.

When he did enter there was that in his haggard face that frightened them all, and as he sank cowering upon a seat, and hid his face in his hands, their fright broke out in questions.

“O! father, what is the matter?” and “Thomas, my husband! what has happened?”

“God have mercy on you all,” at last issued from the white lips of the father. “The Preston bank has failed, and my employer has failed. I’m utterly swamped—I’m ruined!”

His voice broke down again, and great tears rolled over his honest face, over his rough fingers.

“Thomas—you—don’t—mean to say that you’ve lost your six hundred dollars!” exclaimed his wife, while the children sat stupefied—“you can’t mean that you’ve lost that!”

“Every cent,” echoed the poor man dismally, “and out of employment besides. No matter what becomes of me now—I’m utterly discouraged—clean give out; my heart has no more hope.”

“O! don’t speak so, Thomas,” said his wife, with quivering lips.

“How can I help it, Martha? Think how I toiled and slaved for that money! Think how I went without new clothes, and everything else I needed, so we mightn’t suffer this winter as we suffered last. God knows how thankful I was to him for ‘abbling me to lay it up for a time of need—now we must all starve—I don’t see nothing else ahead.”

“No, Thomas, we shall be poorly enough off—but we shant starve,” replied his wife.

“O! father, come and drink a cup of tea,” said Lucy, pleadingly, the tears dropping one by one from her eyes.

“No, child, I can neither eat nor drink. When I heard it, if some one had struck me over the head with a bar of iron I couldn’t have felt a sharper pain; and it hasn’t left me a moment since.”

Very little could the poor children eat, and they stole off almost supperless to bed.

The next day the doctor came. His patient, he said, had the brain fever. Only a little week—and the sexton, the coffin, the hearse followed, and the stricken family, the broken-hearted wife and little ones, carried father and husband to his humble grave. The happy household was broken up, the children taken from school, and a winter of suffering and gloom was upon them.

But oh! how the money-shaver laughed that day! How the gold chain on his velvet vest bobbed up and down with his exceeding merriment! How he ate of his canvas-backs and rubbed his fat hands at the thought that he had made twenty thousand dollars—coined it from broken hearts—oh! with what unction he did laugh as he promised his daughter a six hundred dollar camel-hair shawl.

Six hundred dollars! the death-blow of poor, honest Thomas!

The broker had driven at least half of the nails that held his coffin together.

"What! I was awake then. How much of the dream had been reality?"

Certainly a part of it, for Thomas had lost his six hundred dollars, and now lay prone on his bed, fed upon by hot fever. Had I foreseen his death, and the breaking up of that happy household? My heart sunk within me as I sprang from my seat, and hastily attiring myself, hurried to the humble place. Yes, the curtains in that room were still down—the bell was muffled. Softly the door was opened.

"No better."

The tears fell as the sorrowful words were spoken, and I turned away, a pain in my heart. The next day and the next my visits terminated in the same way; but on the third morning a smiling face greeted me with the words—"the doctor says he is better—he will recover with proper care."

"Recover!"—I dared to wonder if it were best—recover to feel his helplessness, his poverty—recover to know that richer and less worthy men were feeding on his hardly earned gains.

It was not long before they admitted me to his bedside. There seemed yet to lie upon him the whiteness and the sharpness of death—his face was worn to the bone—his eyes were hollow and glassy.

"He don't get along very fast," said his wife, "the doctor says he musn't worry—but I can't keep him from it."

The lip of the sick man quivered. "I think of the doctor's bill, sometimes," he said in a feeble voice, "and of my losses—how can I help it!"

"Look up to God—I am sure he will provide for you." Although my tones were firm, I fear my heart was almost faithless.

"Yes, yes—I try—I try very hard to feel that," he said with emphasis; "I believe God never deserts any of his creatures, but, He don't work miracles."

"Sometimes he does," was my reply, "or something very like, it seems to us. At any rate, don't fret if you can help it. The more submissive we are, the more helps are put in our way."

My faith grew as I spoke. For a moment it seemed to me possible to lift the sick man from his bed—to provide for all his needs—to make provision for his dreary future. I think he took courage from my face, for he smiled feebly, put forth both his wasted hands, and exclaimed, "you are a good friend. Somehow you have inspired me with hope—it don't look

as gloomy as it did but now. Thank you! thank you!"

Softly spoken, soothing, cheering words! oh! they are music by the poor man's hearth, by the sick man's bedside. I went away happier for his grateful manner—praying that his burden might be lightened.

The day following I called again. Mother and daughter came to the door, the latter with the babe in her arms. More joyful, beaming faces I had never seen. Even the baby crowed with a new and exultant note.

"O! please walk into the room," said the good wife, in a trembling whisper, "I've got something to tell you."

I followed her. The lame boy on his little bed seemed as radiant as the rest. An open letter lay on the table.

"Read it—oh! it seems so wonderful! and how shall we tell him? I didn't dare."

The tears were running now, tears of gladness, not grief. I took the letter mechanically. Thus it ran:

"To MR. THOMAS DAVIES,

"Dear Sir—

"Your uncle, the late John Davies, of Marks, Marks County, has left you, by will, his homestead—the farm embracing forty acres, and the sum of fourteen hundred dollars in cash. You are requested to be at Marks on Monday next, that steps may be taken to put you in immediate possession.

"Yours very truly,

"Etc., etc., etc."

If ever a heart beat with emotion almost uncontrollable, mine did at that moment; if ever tears of gratitude were shed, I shed them then and there. My pleasure amounted almost to ecstasy.

"Why, you're all as rich as kings!" I cried, looking round upon the happy faces; "if ever a family had reason to bless God, surely you have. The good man spared, and this little fortune yours."

"I thought of your words yesterday," said the wife, half sobbing, "and when I read the letter it took the breath from me, for it seemed as if I felt God standing close beside me, and heard him say, 'haven't I made it all up to you?' But how shall we tell Thomas?"

I took it upon myself to tell Thomas. I went into his little room and held his wasted hand, while calmly and quietly I told him the story of my dream, substituting other names, and then the stranger things that followed. He looked and listened, seeming to gather from what I said that hope and happiness were

given to him again; and when I added, "that letter, my friend Thomas, came this morning; God has answered your trust in him; never doubt again;" he covered his poor, pale face with his hand, and cried like a child. His wife came in and kissed him—so did all his children, silently, joyfully, all but the poor lame boy, whose weak voice was heard piping, "Oh, father! I'm so glad!" then we stood, tremblingly awaiting the result. That result was, a broken prayer, the very voice of which was rich with thanksgivings. The men who had raised the panic were put utterly out of mind—only their poor victims, widows and orphans, who were suffering that day without remedy, were remembered—some of them afterward with blessings golden and gracious. I wish you could see the happy family in the old-fashioned homestead, each one content, busy, amply dowered with health. It would do your hearts good. The lame boy thrives on milk and the genial country air, and though he may never walk, yet he sees nature in her most beautiful moods, and fragrant flowers bless him all the summer days with their perfume.

OUR LITTLE MALLIE.

BY EMILY B. CARROLL.

"Not lost, but gone before."

"Not lost, but gone before,"

For this dear thought I thank thee, oh! my God;
And soon my falt'ring steps shall tread the road
His little feet have trod.

Not lost, thank God, not lost!

My darling one, thou hast but gone before;
And I shall meet thee, love, in that fair land
When life's brief dream is o'er.

A few more weary years,

A few more sorrows suffered patiently,
Then done, forever done with grief and tears,
Darling, I'll come to thee!

Not lost, my blessed one!

Not lost, but safe on the Redeemer's breast,
In that fair clime where Death may come no more,
The country of the blest.

Is it for this I grieve?

Is it for this the burning teardrops flow?
And would I seek to call my darling back
To earth's dark scenes of woe?

I will not murmur more!

Father, no longer shall my heart rebel;
Meekly I'll bow me to Thy will, and own
Thou doest all things well.

For thee, my angel child,

What brighter fate could I have sought for thee?
Safe, safe forever on the Saviour's breast!
Safe for eternity!

Again the teardrops flow,

But these are blessed tears that calm my heart;
Oh! darling, well I know we soon shall meet—
Meet nevermore to part.

My Father! I am frail;

Lead my weak steps to the celestial shore,
Lead me, my Father, till I meet my child
Where Death may come no more.

Oh! rare celestial clime!

Oh! angel choir, with hymns of praises sweet!
Oh! clime of glory, clime of beauty rare,
Where friends long severed meet!

To thee, my darling's home,

To thee I lift my weary, longing eyes,
To thee, through cares and sorrows still I press,
Sweet home beyond the skies!

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

How much readier we are to believe evil of our fellow creatures rather than good! We nod our heads knowingly when anything is uttered to our neighbor's disadvantage, and exclaim,

"I always thought so! It has turned out just as I said! I knew that he was no better than he should be!"

Why is this? why is our charity so small, and our love of the disparagement of others so regnant over every other good principle? Is it not because we have failed to impress upon the tablets of our hearts the golden rule, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

If we abided by this we should not slander our acquaintance, because we would not wish to be slandered. We should not turn upon him in his adversity with harsh words and contemptuous smiles, because we would not like to be forced to accept the same measure from him.

If every man, woman, and child practiced the precept which this simple rule teaches, what a happy place this world would be! Envy and strife would cease—men would be at peace one with another, and God's favor would descend upon us like a cloud of incense.

Life, be it ever so bare and barren, is well worth living. There are seasons of happiness

to every human heart; and brief glimpses of joy are vouchsafed, which assure us, beyond doubt, that our Father has, in the storehouse of His love, treasures of bliss laid up, to be, at last, the inheritance of those who toil with zeal and faith for his glory.

Never say that life is a cheat! It is not so! With all its trials, its crosses, its perplexities—and they are legion—it is a right glorious thing to live!

And how much more triumphantly sublime is the life whose waters have flowed over uneven places! Is not that water purest which is dashed down mountain cataracts? Is not the serene calm which follows the summer tempest a thousand times more beautiful than the murky sultriness which preceded it?

He who is All-Wise has ordered life for the best, with its alternate clouds and sunshine; for when we pass out of the shadow into the eternal sunlight of His mercy—the radiance will be to us tenfold more grateful, because of the darkness which has prevailed.

Ignorance and conceit are two of the worst qualities to combat. Argument, be it ever so powerful and convincing, avails nothing with one in whose breast these principles are firmly fixed. As well attempt to reason with the unsightly boulder which disfigures your fertile field, as to convince a conceited man that he is in the wrong.

Better get involved in an argument with a statesman, than with one of this dogged class, for in the latter case it will be a fearfully unequal contest, and you will gain nothing by the contact.

It is the most difficult thing in life to love our enemies!

To-day an irreparable wrong is done us—we know that it was achieved wilfully, and from long-continued hatred and ill-will against us.

Do we love the deer?

Do we yield to him a sheltered corner of the heart, where peace and forgiveness reign, and pray, meanwhile, earnestly and zealously for his happiness and prosperity? Do we forgive him fully and freely for the injury, and hold no malice toward him for the trouble he has caused us? Are we as ready to do him a favor as we are to oblige our friend, who has always been kind, considerate, and affectionate to us? whose love we possess, with whom we are in concord and harmony, and for whom we feel a sincere and unwavering friendship?

We ponder over what we call duty; we say that we forgive our enemy; we wish him no evil; we are willing he should prosper, but do we forget?

By God's grace alone can we love our enemies.

The man who has not in his heart faith in a Divine Power which overrules all things, as he seeth fit—can never sincerely pray for those who despitefully use him.

God has created for us a very beautiful world. The smallest object that He has fashioned is not destitute of beauty. It may be invisible to the material eye, but it exists—though hidden and unappreciated.

The disgusting caterpillar develops into a golden-winged butterfly; the dull brown bud on the bough of a fruit tree is transformed by the influence of warmth and sunshine into a cluster of blossoms which load the air with sweetness.

The turbid waters of the tarn hide from that sparkle as never gold or diamonds sparkle, and the tiniest pebble that obstructs your pathway, when viewed through a microscope, teems with a thousand points of beauty. The serpent, deadly though he be, is covered with a garment of gorgeous coloring; and even the ugly and despised toad wears a jewel in his head.

With heartfelt sympathy I pity the man who can walk abroad over this beautiful earth, and see nothing to admire!

The lover of nature is never lonely, for he has his mistress always with him. He reads pages of poetry more thrilling than was ever unfolded by illumined covers—on the vast spread scroll of crimson clouds that float in the sunset voids; on the wild, free hills; in the depths of the great rivers that pour their offerings into the mysterious ocean; on the stern mountain crags that awe into silence, and permeate the inmost recesses of the heart with their stupendous grandeur!

I am glad that I have in my soul an intense love of the beautiful. I am glad that a glorious sunset has the power to wake a thrill in my breast which no passion of words can describe! I am glad that I find perfect happiness in the contemplation of the world's objects which are but the works of His fingers!

Thank God for having implanted within me a capacity to enjoy fully and rapturously the things called Beautiful!

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. VII.

On a recent call, a lady, whose dark hair was fast threading with gray, apologized for the ink on her finger by saying, she had just finished directing a letter, as the bell called her to the parlor. Knowing the dislike of elderly persons to use the pen, I inquired if she did not find writing a task; she replied, that she considered answering letters as sacred a duty as paying a debt, and she never neglected it.

It was certainly no new truth; but, either from the evident sincerity of the speaker, or the importance it assumed in her mind, it appeared in a new light; and, scanning it over, I found many unsurveyed bearings that had been hidden in the haze. It was not pleasant, for conscience gave me a number of sharp twinges, and I only got relief by promising myself that I would sit down in the next leisure hour, and do each neglected duty.

A week passed, and that hour came. The steady autumn rain came slowly sobbing down all day, rifling the trees of leaves, and laying them in dust, amid the moanings of the wind, that wailed a requiem on every blast. The staircase creaked and shook, as if invisible spirits were traversing it, and the windows trembled in their casements, as if quaking with fear. Then how grateful seemed the glowing grate in my chamber, that drove away every shadow, and the cheerful crimson drapery of the curtains, which deadened the beatings of the rain, and the soft carpet that sent back no ghostly echo to startle timid nerves. My low sewing chair, close by my writing desk, with pen and ink and a fresh quire of paper, looked very inviting,—and I took it, ready to fulfill my promise.

I opened the secretary, and took from it a bundle of letters: the first dated four years previous, and written in a schoolboy's hand. It seemed so strange that I should correspond with him! He was the mere passing acquaintance of a few short weeks, and why was my heart drawn towards him? I think it was, that he was the only son of his mother, and his confession in a frank hour of that mother's love and interest for him; and too, that I saw the elements of good and evil were strong within his soul; and though the world noted the evil, and looked coldly upon him, and gave no cheering word of praise for the good, yet I felt it was yet undecided, and a feather might

turn the scale, and a letter from me might be that feather; and it was sent, and then responded to, and answered again, and continued on, until I open the last, received a month ago, and, thank Heaven—and I say it reverently—no pang comes with it. In it, he says he stood in slippery places, and my words came and strengthened and upheld him. My clearer vision saw the dangers in his path, and he turned from them, and sought for the Rock of Ages to rest upon. He could never repay me, but he would try to hope with the wayward, entrusted to his care, as I hoped with him, and lead their feet in the right way.

The next comes from a far distant brother, a stranger amid strangers, and is post-marked July; four months since of silence. I answered it long ago; I plead in extenuation of my neglect; but, says conscience, the letter probably miscarried, and why have you not written again? Think of the lonely one traversing the prairie week after week, and the despondent return at night-fall, with no word from home to gladden his heart! How sad you often feel here, amid all the comforts of life, and loving friends encircling you, when word comes there is no mail matter for you to-day! My letter to-night must begin: "Forgive me this time, and I will never be so negligent again."

Ah! here are a dozen dainty satin envelopes, with a wreath of flowers enclosing the superscription, and a faint perfume arising from their thin folds. Delicate, ethereal, like the writer,—and, as we choose the fairest chased cup to hold the rarest nectar, so her form to her spirit. Her letters always seemed permeated and embalmed with innocence and love, and my soul would insensibly breathe in their atmosphere, and for a time grow strong to say words, and do deeds, of kindness and purity. The last one—I remember it as if to-day—lay looking up to me rebukingly from the desk unanswered, week after week, neglected for some trifling reason, and then it was too late! Blanche Brandon—Heaven could not reach her—and an undone duty, ever bringing tears, it must lie on my heart, till I clasp her in my Father's mansion on high.

And thus I pass on, smiling, and even merry over a few, and sighing and tearful over others. Here is one, in a very delicate, ambiguous manner, seeking for what she had not courage to openly ask—advice. She was all but engaged to one whom she loved, and yet there was a little distrust mingled with that love, not felt in his presence, for he had the outward semblance of goodness, generosity,

and all that was noble, and the false emanations that arose from the counterfeit blinded perception, for the time being; but, when the atmosphere again became clear, doubts would arise. I felt the same; in his company, I liked and approved—away, distrusted, and with apprehensions; but I could not analyze, much less find proof against him, and was it right for me to speak? I did not; and months passed on, and she gave herself to him, and, as time has proved, to a life of unsatisfied yearnings for qualities in her husband that she can love, respect, and honor. Perhaps I did right; but, as I meet her with the deep lines of patient suffering written around her mouth, and the brightness of her eyes dulled by the haze of sadness she has gazed through, and the brown of her hair fast turning to a snowy hue, frosted by the congealings of the winter of love in her heart, I lament that my will had not been strong and my hand willing to pen, if not advise, the forebodings that intuitively I felt.

The last letter is opened, but I have no heart to answer one. To sit with folded hands, listening to the surging wind among the branches, and the sobbing plaint that the warm curtains cannot now shut out, is more in unison with my spirit, saddened by the thoughts of neglected duties. It appeared such a mere trifle at the time, postponing from day to day, from disinclination or want of energy, what seemed then could be done as well in a coming hour; but, dear girls, is not life made up of mere trifles, a smile here, a word there, and acts all along, links woven and bound in together, which, if you break or leave unfastened, will remain sharp and jagged, not only fretting you but others through life. And, oh! think perhaps through those unsafe, broken places, some soul may fall where the sunshine of hope cannot directly light upon it—only glimmers coldly on the distant tree tops, and love which walks through the dreariest, bleakest pathway, with a cheerful countenance, cannot breathe in the dark atmosphere—it must die, leaving the soul desolate.

Berea, Ohio.

THE natural and only safe mode of enjoying amusements is in common. Where one sex enjoy their amusements alone, they are sure to run into excess. The division of the human family into man, woman and child, father, mother, brother and sister, is the only conservative principle of society; they act and re-act upon each other, like the different seasons of the earth.

THE TWO LEGACIES.

BY MARGARET LYON.

THE chamber in which the sick man lay, was small and the furniture poor, though everything was neat, clean, and orderly. There were four persons in the room; the sick man, his wife, and two children. The elder of the children was a boy fifteen years of age; the other, a girl just entering her sixth year. They were standing around the bed, gazing with tearful eyes upon a beloved face, which, after a few more feeble heart-beats, would be cold and expressionless.

"Edward," said the dying man, taking the hand of his son, and looking at him with a tender, yearning solicitude; "Edward, my son, I am now about to leave you. It has not pleased our good Father in heaven to make me rich; I have neither houses, nor lands, nor money for my children—only the legacy of a good name, which I hand over to you as a sacred trust. Look well to it, that nothing sullies its brightness. Keep it as our family heir-loom, and transmit it undimmed to your children. If you are ever tempted to do wrong, think of this high trust, and forbear. Be honest, virtuous, industrious, temperate, and faithful to all trusts that may be confided to you; and if it is best for you to gain riches in this world, God will pour them into your lap; and if you remain virtuous and honorable, holding them as good gifts from above, they will bless instead of cursing you. You are only a boy, but your hands are already used to work, and have acquired some skill. Be faithful to your employer, as if the business were your own. I leave your mother and sister in your care. Never forget them, my son."

Then laying his thin white hand on the boy's head, the dying man, with his dim eyes lifted upwards, said, tremulously—

"The Lord bless thee, my son; and keep thee, unspotted, in this evil world."

An hour afterwards, and there was silence and desolation in the house.

In the same street, and directly opposite the house in which this scene passed, towered up the stately mansion of one who had been more favored in worldly fortune. And his time had come also. Death is no respecter of persons. In his eyes, all are equal; rich and poor; the lofty and the humble; the bond and free—all alike must go down with naked feet to the darkly flowing river. Around his bed were gathered wife, and children, and friends. But the dying man's legacy was not reserved for

announcement at this late moment. Years before, in due legal formality, his last will and testament had been written. His son and daughter would inherit ample fortunes. And so, in these his last moments, no anxious thoughts for them held him lingering on the utmost verge of mortality. Gradually his pulses grew feebler and feebler, and he died without a word or sign.

Almost at the same moment, a small piece of crape was fastened on a dingy brass door-knob, and a sign of death, falling in ample folds to the very door-step, tied to a silver bell-handle. From opposite sides of the street, these tokens of death looked at each other; the one fluttering bravely in the wind, the other shrinking against the door, as if half-ashamed of its office. Three days afterwards, a grand funeral cortege, stretching away in a line of thirty carriages, took up its solemn march towards a fashionable cemetery. An hour later, and a hearse and two carriages moved sadly from the little house opposite the one from which the great company of mourners had passed.

Edward Strong and Charles Raynor, orphaned by these two deaths, were of nearly the same age. But how different their lots, and how different their prospects! To each had passed a legacy; but of what a different character!

In a work-shop, leaning over a bench, sat a boy. His clothes were coarse; his hands soiled and rough; his face dark with smoke and sweat. But all his movements were quick, and showed his mind to be active and in earnest. There were others at work around him—boys and men; some active and in earnest, like himself; others with slower and less interested movements, and some idling, or but half-employed. The door opened, and the owner of the shop entered. He had a quick eye, and at a glance understood, from the movement of every boy and man, with what degree of earnestness he had been employed. To one he spoke a sharp word; to another he gave a mild reproof; and then came and stood by the lad to whom we have just referred. The boy did not look up, nor quicken his motions, but kept on in his earnest way. While the man yet stood looking at him, he finished the piece of work on which he was engaged. His employer took it from his hands, and, after looking at it carefully for a little while, said, in a kind, approving voice,

"Very well done, indeed, Edward, and finished in good time. Take it down into the store; there's a job that I want done by a

careful hand. I will be down in a few moments to see you about it."

The boy arose from his bench, with a glow of pleasure ruddily gleaming through the soil on his cheeks, and passed from the shop with an elastic step. The proprietor came down into the store a few minutes afterwards; but, before noticing the boy, he went to a clerk who stood writing at a desk, and said to him,

"How much do we pay Edward Strong?"

The clerk took down the wages-book, and, on referring to it, answered,

"Three dollars a week, sir."

"Make it five."

"Yes, sir;" and the book was closed.

The man, whom we will call Mr. Campbell, turned from the desk, and went to where Edward was standing, awaiting his pleasure.

"We took an order this morning, Edward," said Mr. Campbell, "from a very particular customer, and I want it done in the neatest manner."

He then gave Edward a description of the article required, with a pattern to work from. There were certain deviations from the pattern, however, that only an intelligent mind could comprehend, and a skilled hand execute. After a full description had been given, Mr. Campbell said,

"Can you do it, Edward?"

The boy lifted his bright intelligent eyes to his employer's face, and answered, in a confident tone,

"I can try, sir."

"It is wanted on the day after to-morrow. The time is short; do you think it can be done?"

"Yes, sir, by working at night."

Mr. Campbell stood a moment, and then said,

"You think it will require night-work?"

"I wouldn't like to risk not getting it done," replied Edward; "so, I'll come back to-night, after supper, and get ahead as far as possible. With this start, I can finish it to-morrow, or, at least, to-morrow night. You may depend on it, sir, if I am alive and well."

When Edward went home at the close of that week, he took the good news to his mother that his wages had been raised to five dollars, and that Mr. Campbell said he was the best and trustiest workman among all his apprentices. It was an hour of joy to that mother, who sat low down in the vale of poverty, with the shadow of a great affliction resting upon her.

At his desk sat a boy dressed in fine broad-cloth, leaning over a book, but only pretending

to study. A recitation was called, and he went up with his class. When his turn came to recite, he was dumb. The teacher prompted him, when he blundered over a few sentences, and then came to a full stop. The fact was, he had only pretended to study his lesson, and, as a consequence, did not know it. The teacher reproved him before the class, and the boy answered impertinently.

"Charles Raynor," said the teacher, in a stern voice, "you must take back that word instantly!"

The boy stood silent and dogged.

"Did you understand me, sir? There must be an instant apology before the class."

The boy looked defiant. There was no thought of apology in his mind. He, Charles Raynor, with a legacy of sixty thousand dollars, to come into his hands on the day he became twenty-one years of age—he knew the exact provisions of his father's will—he apologize to a poor school-master? No indeed!

The teacher stood, sternly awaiting his decision.

"I give you five seconds, sir!"

The boy looked up with an insolent leer.

"Take your hat and go home, sir," said the teacher, as the five seconds expired.

The boy turned away and left the school-room.

Mrs. Raynor was far from approving the conduct of her son, and tried her best to make him return and offer a suitable apology to the teacher. But the weak lad had already grown purse-proud, and was not going to humiliate himself to a "beggary school-master," as he was pleased to call an accomplished and high-minded teacher, who occupied a more elevated position than it was possible for him ever to gain.

Five years later. In the same room where Edward Strong had received the legacy of a good name, with the dying injunction and blessing of his father, sat, late in the evening, a young man, deeply absorbed in a book. It was Edward himself, now on the verge of manhood. He had grown tall and well-developed in chest and limb. His face was thoughtful, intelligent, and grave, for one of his years; his eyes large, deep, earnest, and full of purpose, as you would have acknowledged, had you seen them, as he looked up from his book on the entrance of his mother. He smiled as he closed the volume and said,

"Sit down, mother."

As Mrs. Strong sat down, Edward continued,

"When father died he left me his good name. Its lustre is not tarnished yet, and God being my helper, it never shall be! I cannot forget that hour, nor what my father said to me, a little while before his voice grew forever silent on the earth. It was a legacy better than gold. He said, 'Be honest, virtuous, industrious, and temperate,' and ever since that time I have seemed to hear his voice repeating the injunction. I have not been without temptation, but a thought of him always gave me strength to overcome, and so, dear mother, I have conquered thus far, though many have fallen around me. There was another injunction which I have endeavored strictly to obey. He said, 'Be faithful to your employer as if the business were your own.' I have endeavored to be thus faithful, and this faithfulness has worked to my own benefit in many ways, and now, especially, in this: To-day Mr. Campbell made me foreman of the shop, and increased my wages to eighteen dollars a week, saying to me, at the same time, such kind and flattering things as covered my cheeks with blushes."

"There is no happier mother than I am to-night," said Mrs. Strong, as she clasped the hands of her son, and held them tightly against her breast.

Even at this moment there came a loud, riotous cry from the street in front of their dwelling, startling mother and son from their present state of mind. On going to the window and looking out, they saw a young man struggling in the hands of a police officer.

"Charles Raynor, as I live!" exclaimed Edward.

"What is the matter with him?" asked Mrs. Strong, in an alarmed voice.

"Drunk, that is all," said Edward, as he saw the young man throw his arms above his head, and heard him cry out in a voice that was incoherent from intoxication.

At this moment the door of Mrs. Raynor's elegant mansion opened, and a waiter came out hurriedly. Seizing an arm of the young man, he drew him, with the assistance of the policeman, into the house. The door shut, and the policeman retired.

"Wretched mother!" said Mrs. Strong, in a tone of pity, as she turned from the window with tears in her eyes. "How my heart aches for her!"

A few months later Mr. Campbell stood talking with Edward in the shop, on some matter of business. He had finished what he had to say, and was about turning from the young

man, when, from the impulse of some thought, presenting itself at the moment, he asked,

"How old are you, Edward?"

"I am twenty-one to-day," was replied.

"Ah! then you are of age?"

"Yes, sir."

"I congratulate you on attaining your majority," said Mr. Campbell, taking Edward's hand, and grasping it warmly. "If the promise of your boyhood is fulfilled, success and honor lie before you. Since the day you came into my shop as a boy, I have never had aught against you."

"I have tried always to do my duty," said the young man modestly.

"And you have not failed. But what are your plans as to the future?" said Mr. Campbell.

"I have no plans, sir."

"I should like you still to hold your present situation."

"I have no wish to change," was answered.

"You have made my interests your own," said Mr. Campbell, speaking slowly, like a man who desired his words to be understood and remembered, "and hereafter your interests shall be mine. Remember that I am in earnest, Edward," and turning away, he left the shop.

What a happy mother was Mrs. Strong on that birthday evening of her son, when he repeated to her the words of Mr. Campbell! Her heart beat in great throbs of pleasure, and swelled with pride and gratitude.

"O, my son!" she exclaimed, "you have made my cup brimming with joy."

It was three or four weeks subsequent to this time, when a young man, fashionably dressed, entered the office of a prominent citizen, and said to an attendant, in a curt, half-insolent way,

"Is Mr. H—— in?"

"He is," replied the attendant.

"Then I wish to see him."

"Will you take a seat, sir? He is engaged just now."

"How long will he be engaged?" asked the young man, rudely.

"Not long. Sit down."

The visitor muttered something impatiently, and commenced walking the floor in a restless way. After a few minutes he turned to the attendant and said,

"Go and tell Mr. H—— that Charles Raynor wishes to see him."

The attendant went into the next room, and returned in a few moments, saying that Mr.

H—— would be at leisure in five minutes. At the end of this time a gentleman, with whom Mr. H—— had been engaged, came out, when the young man passed in.

"Good morning, Charles," said Mr. H——, smiling, and extending his hand, as his visitor entered. Mr. H—— was a man somewhat past middle age, with a face that indicated solidity of character, united with an intelligent experience of life. The smile with which he greeted the young man, played for only a moment or two about his lips, when his look became grave.

"I suppose," said Charles, as he sat down at the request of Mr. H——, "you are aware that I am of age to-day."

"Yes, Charles, I am aware of it," replied Mr. H——.

"And you are also aware," said Charles, "that according to my father's will I am now to receive my share of his estate."

Mr. H—— bowed in acquiescence.

"On what day will you be prepared to place me in possession of the property?"

"Whenever you desire it."

"I desire it now," said the young man—"that is, just as soon as the proper legal papers can be executed. To-day I want five thousand dollars. Can I have it?"

Mr. H—— looked at the stripling, whose face already bore sad evidences of sensual indulgence and evil passion, and hesitated to reply.

"Did you understand me, sir?" The manner of Charles Raynor was impatient.

"I understand you, Charles."

"Very well. Can I have the money to-day?"

"I do not wish to be intrusive, Charles; but as your late father's friend, and yours also, I will venture to ask as to the use you wish to make of this large sum of money?"

The young man drew himself up with an offended air, and said, with an effort to be dignified—

"I believe, sir, that I am fully competent to manage my own business. I am a man, and responsible to no one."

Mr. H—— bowed coldly, and replied,

"Come at one o'clock, sir, and I will be ready for you."

Charles drew out his watch and looked at it with an air of disappointment. It was just ten o'clock.

"At one, did you say?" A slight frown contracted his brows.

"Yes, sir; at one o'clock."

Charles bowed formally and withdrew. He had scarcely left the office when Mr. H—— took up his hat and went out in a hurried manner. His steps were directed to the house of Mrs. Raynor, with whom he asked an interview.

"Your son is of age to-day," he said, on meeting Mrs. Raynor.

"Yes; this is his twenty-first birthday," but in a tone that gave no sign of pleasure.

"He has just been to see me."

Mrs. Raynor looked, with a sober countenance, into the executor's face, but made no reply.

"He wishes to come into possession of his portion of his father's estate at once," said Mr. H——.

Mrs. Raynor's face grew troubled.

"He will squander it like water, I fear," she said.

"I fear as much," remarked the executor.

"Is there no way to keep it out of his hands," asked the mother.

"I think not," was replied. "The provisions of the will are specific. I call, now, to mention that he wants five thousand dollars to-day, and is very urgent about the matter."

"Five thousand dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Raynor, with a look of distress; "what possible use can he have for a sum of money like that?"

"No good use I fear," returned Mr. H——.

"Don't give it to him," said Mrs. Raynor, in a tone of much feeling.

"It will be an unpardonable offence," suggested the executor, leading to a break between us, and the destruction of all my influence over him in the future. Is it well to risk this consequence?"

The face of Mrs. Raynor grew still more distressed.

"I see, I see," she answered, wringing her hands in a nervous, excited manner. "And if your influence is lost, there is no hope of him. He won't take a word of remonstrance or advice from me. Oh, I have wished a hundred times that his father had died poor!"

"It would have been better for the boy, I'm sure," said Mr. H——. "But the question now is, shall I give him the money he demands? It is his by right, and if I withhold it now, it can only be for a short time."

"Do as you think best," replied Mrs. Raynor, tears flowing over her pale cheeks; "but, above all things, do not offend him. My only hope is in you. When your control is lost, he is lost."

And the poor mother's frame shook with the wild strife of her feelings.

At one o'clock, to a minute, Charles Raynor called at the office of Mr. H——, who was grieved to see that he had been drinking.

"I will take that money," he said, with the air of a man who expected an immediate compliance with his wishes.

"It would suit me better to pay the amount to-morrow," replied Mr. H——, in a mild, conciliating tone. "Can't you possibly do without it until to-morrow?"

"Didn't I say that I wanted it to-day?" The young man showed some irritation.

"You did, Charles."

"Very well, sir; I meant just what I said. You told me that you would be ready for me at one o'clock; and here I am."

Seeing that it would be in vain to parley with the young man, the executor took down his check-book, and filled out a check for five thousand dollars. He then wrote a receipt in due form, and required Charles to sign it. On handing him the check, he said,

"Your property is in stocks and real estate. The real estate is paying a good interest, and the stocks are among the safest in the market. I shall have to sell some of these stocks in order to realize the amount I now pay you."

"We'll talk about that another time," said Charles, interrupting Mr. H—— almost rudely, and turning away, he left the office.

Charles was not home at tea-time. Ten, eleven, twelve, one o'clock came, and still he was absent. It was not a novel thing for him to be out late at night; indeed, he was rarely home before twelve or one o'clock. On this occasion Mrs. Raynor did not go to bed as usual. The fact that her son had demanded, and probably received, five thousand dollars, caused her to feel great concern on his account, and she could not retire without seeing him. Long after every member of the household, except her son, was locked in slumber, she sat in anxious expectation, or walked the floor of her room with a troubled spirit; or stood, hushing her breath, at the window, listening for the sound of his well-known footsteps. It was one of the saddest nights she had ever spent. She felt that her son stood upon the brink of a wildly-rushing river, and in imminent danger of being swept away by the all-conquering flood. How feeble were her hands! Yet she felt that she must clutch after him, and hold him back from ruin, if that were possible.

It was nearly two o'clock when Charles came

home. He entered with his night-key, ascended the stairs, and was passing the room of his mother, when the door opened and she stood before him.

"You are late to-night, my son," she said, in a kind, but grave voice.

He tried to pass her, but she laid her hand on his arm.

"Come into my room, Charles, I have something to say to you."

The young man followed his mother as she stepped back into her chamber. Drawing him to a sofa, she sat down beside him, and looked earnestly into his face, the stronger light of her room enabling her to examine it closely. He did not meet her steady, searching glances, but looked past her, and tried to avert his countenance.

"Charles," Mrs. Raynor spoke in an impressive manner, "you were twenty-one to-day; but I am still your mother, and more interested in your welfare than any other human soul can possibly be. And now, may I take a mother's privilege, and ask where you have been to-day, and what you have done with the five thousand dollars you received from Mr. H——?"

The manner of Charles became instantly excited. He started from the sofa, and replied in an impatient voice.

"I do not care to be questioned in this style, mother! I had use for that sum of money, and have disposed of it in an honorable way."

"In that case, Charles, there is no reason why you should hesitate about satisfying me in regard to the way."

"Well, I don't choose to satisfy you," answered the young man, rather sharply, and showing still greater disturbance of manner; "and you might as well understand, once for all, that I don't mean to be chatechised or lectured, or interfered with. I'm old enough, it strikes me, to know my own business, and manage my own affairs."

Mrs. Raynor's face grew very pale, and she caught her breath several times in a choking way. For some moments the mother and son sat very still; then the latter arose, and without a word, passed from the chamber and went to his own apartment. As he left her room, the mother sank upon her knees, and bending down low upon the sofa, covered her face with her hands. An hour passed, and she still crouched there, like one who had fallen asleep; but her soul was too full of fear and pain for the opiate of slumber. Almost wildly she

prayed for her son, until the very bitterness of her agony paralyzed her mind, and she sank into a dull, heart-aching stupor, in which she took scarcely a note of the passing time. Morning found her lying across her bed, asleep.

When the mother and son met at breakfast time a barrier of reserve had been thrown up between them. Mrs. Raynor tried to cast it down, but Charles held it firmly in its place. He was a man, now, coming into possession of a fortune, which he meant to use as his own judgment and inclination dictated; he wished no interference from any one, not even from his mother. Mrs. Raynor tried to renew the conversation of the night before, but he affected not to understand her; and when she pressed the subject, he threw her off impatiently.

Thus it was that Charles Raynor started in life with his legacy of sixty thousand dollars. There were many who thought him a most fortunate young man. Whether this was so or not the sequel will prove.

"Twenty-five to-day," said Edward Strong, looking across the table at his mother and sister. It was evening, and they were sitting in a neatly furnished room. The mother and sister were sewing; Edward had been reading. The house they occupied was not that old, unattractive one from which we saw a funeral pass more than ten years ago, but a pleasant dwelling of larger size and ample accommodations.

Mrs. Strong raised her eyes, and looked fondly across the table at her son.

"How fast the years go by," she said. "Twenty-five! it seems but yesterday that you were a boy."

"I expect a visitor to-night," said Edward. "Who?" was inquired.

"Mr. Campbell. As I was coming away this evening, he asked me where I lived, saying that he wished to have some conversation with me on a matter of business, and would call around."

Just then the bell rung. In a few moments word was brought to Edward that a gentleman was down stairs and wished to see him. It was Mr. Campbell.

"You have a very pleasant house, Edward," said his employer, as he took the young man's hand.

"Yes, sir; we live very comfortably."

"How is your mother?"

"In very good health, I thank you, sir."

There was a pause for a few moments, when Mr. Campbell said,

"I'm about making some changes in my business, which has increased so much of late, that its management has become very burdensome; and I must lay some of my cares on other and younger shoulders. Mr. Hewitt, my oldest salesman, has been with me since he was a boy, and has always shown himself true to my interests. You have also been with me since you were a boy, and have also shown yourself true to my interests. I now propose to unite you and Mr. Hewitt with me in business. I have already conversed with him on the subject, and now open the subject to you. He will have entire charge of the selling department; and you, if you enter the firm, of the manufacturing department. How does the matter strike you?"

"And you're really in earnest, sir?" Edward could hardly believe that he heard aright.

"Altogether in earnest," replied Mr. Campbell. "You can turn the matter over in your mind, and give me an answer at your earliest convenience."

"It needs no turning over, sir," was Edward's frankly spoken answer. "No deliberation. I say yes, without an instant's hesitation."

"Then the matter is settled as to the fact," said Mr. Campbell; "and we have only to arrange the terms of co-partnership. In a few days I will prepare a basis, when we can all meet and come to a full understanding."

When Mr. Campbell retired, and Edward went up stairs, his mother and sister met him with inquiring words, as well as inquiring faces.

"What did Mr. Campbell want?" was asked, with undisguised interest.

Edward took his place at the table, and looking across it at his mother, said, while his whole countenance lit up with a pleasure that he could not suppress,

"As you would never for a moment imagine the good fortune that has come to my door, I will tell you. Mr. Campbell has offered me an interest in his business. I am to be a partner."

"Oh, Edward!" exclaimed Mrs. Strong, her face flushing with pride and joy. "This is indeed good fortune. I could have asked nothing better for you than this. But, what to me is best of all, is the fact that you have so honestly and patiently worked your way to this position. That the good name your father left you has never in a single instance been tarnished; that our family heir-loom is as bright to-day, as when it passed into your keeping. It was a richer legacy than gold,

that may be scattered in a day; but this will endure forever."

A different scene from this was passing in the house of Mrs. Raynor. That unhappy mother sat before her elegant rose-wood escritoir, with her face buried in her hands, and an open letter lying beside her. She had been weeping; but the wild turbulence of her feelings had subsided, and she was now pondering sadly the contents of this letter, and trying to decide as to her duty. Slowly removing her hands, and lifting herself up, she took the letter, and read the few lines it contained, for the third time. It was dated New Orleans, and ran briefly thus,—

"DEAR MOTHER:

"Send me two hundred dollars immediately. I am sick, and out of funds, and I wish to get home. Don't fail, mother.

"Affectionately, your son,

"CHARLES."

"I sent him three hundred dollars a month ago," murmured Mrs. Raynor, as she held the letter before her eyes. "But there he is still; the money all wasted. If I send him more, it will be spent in dissipation, or at the gaming table, which has already swallowed up every dollar of his fortune."

At this moment the door opened, and the daughter of Mrs. Raynor came in. She held a letter in her hand.

"I have a letter from Charles, mother," she said, "and I want to talk with you about it."

The eyes of the young girl were wet, and her countenance depressed and troubled.

"You a letter from Charles, Agnes!" Mrs. Raynor spoke in a tone of surprise. "When did you receive it?"

"To-day."

"What does he want?"

"Money."

"And from you?" said Mrs. Raynor, with increased surprise. "How much does he want?"

"A thousand dollars."

"A thousand dollars, Agnes!"

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"He wished me to keep the letter a secret from you; but, I fear I have already kept his secrets too long. From first to last, I have sent him over ten thousand dollars."

"Why, Agnes!" The color that had come into the face of Mrs. Raynor, faded away, and she looked at her daughter with parted lips and brows contracted with pain. "Ten thousand dollars!" She repeated the words in

blank astonishment. "Why did you keep this from me, my child?"

"Only because he desired it. I knew it was wrong."

"Does Mr. H—— know of this?"

"No. He often questioned me about my large drafts of money; but I did not give him any satisfaction."

"May I see your brother's letter?" asked Mrs. Raynor.

Agnes handed her mother the letter, who opened it and read,—

"DEAR SISTER:

"I must trespass once more on your generous kindness. Send me a thousand dollars without fail, immediately. I shall start, the moment I receive it, with a company of traders for Santa Fé. I have a warm friend in the company—a generous, noble fellow—with whom I am going into business, on arriving out. It is a rare opportunity, and I must not lose it, as I certainly shall, unless I receive from you the necessary funds for an outfit. Don't fail me, now, dear Agnes! Everything is at stake. A new life is opening before me—new prospects, new aims—a new sphere of action. I have seen my folly, and am resolved to recover all that I have lost. You have been a dear, good sister, and I will soon pay back all your many favors. Be sure to keep this from mother, and send the money without fail.

"CHARLES."

Mrs. Raynor sat for some time, after reading this letter, without speaking or moving. Then, looking up at her daughter, she said,

"How long is it since you sent Charles money?"

"About four weeks."

"How much did you send him then?"

"A thousand dollars."

"It can't be possible, Agnes!"

Mrs. Raynor looked bewildered. "I sent him three hundred dollars a month ago, and now he writes for two hundred more, saying he is sick, and anxious to get home."

"Oh, mother!" ejaculated Agnes, clasping her hands together, and looking as pale, distressed, and bewildered as her mother. "Has he then become so lost to truth and honor?"

Mrs. Raynor made no answer, but her head sunk slowly on her bosom, and she sat for some time like one stupefied by a blow.

"What is to be done?" said Agnes, after a long silence.

"Nothing, until we have had a consultation with Mr. H——," replied the mother.

"Send him no more money," was the injunction of Mr. H——, when the matter was laid before him for consideration.

"But, what can I say to him?" inquired the anxious Mrs. Raynor. "He writes to me that he is sick, and asks for money to bring him home."

"And he writes to your daughter that he is going to Santa Fé," said Mr. H——. "The case is clear, that he is not sick. It is only a ruse to get money for evil purposes. If you comply with his wishes, you will waste your money, and do him an injury. Write to him plainly, as only a mother can, and should write to her son. Let him know that you have discovered the double game he has been playing, and rebuke him severely for his dishonorable conduct. Depend upon it, madam, a resolute bearing on your part will be best for him. There should be no temporizing, no sign of weakness, no appearance of anything but stern indignation at his falsehood and baseness. Pardon me for speaking so plainly."

"Mr. H—— is right," said Agnes, in a firm tone. "To send him money, is like pouring it into a sieve. He has spent all his own fortune recklessly and riotously, and has commenced spending ours in the same way."

"The simple truth," remarked Mr. H. "Take my advice, and either write to him in stern denial and rebuke, or remain wholly silent. Throw him upon his own resources, and let him earn his living as an honest man. Withhold from him the money he demands, and his false friends and evil associates will drop from him like leaves from a frost-touched tree. Such an abandonment will be a blessing. It would remove him in a degree from a charmed circle, or rather a whirling vortex, in whose centre is the pit of destruction. Necessity will force him to some useful employment, and in that lies our only hope."

Acting upon the suggestion of Mr. H——, Mrs. Raynor wrote a plain, rebuking letter to Charles, denying him any further advances of money. With anxious suspense she waited for an answer to this letter, a thousand vague fears haunting her imagination. Her son was in a strange city, without money, without friends, and without skill in any useful work. How then was he sustain himself? What then could he do in the way of earning his own livelihood? Might not this abandonment drive him to desperation—to crime? A low shudder crept through the mother's heart, as she thought thus in regard to her son,

"I fear," she said to her daughter, as she

sat with the one thought of Charles in her mind, "that we have done wrong in following so closely the advice of Mr. H. If your brother is without money, and among strangers, what is he to do? How is he to help himself? What if he should do some desperate act? I shudder to think of it! The thought haunted me all through the night. I could not have slept an hour."

Just then the door-bell rung, and the mother and daughter listened in silence, while a servant answered the summons. They did not hear the door shut again after it was opened, but the servant's steps came back along the hall, showing that a messenger was in waiting for an answer. He came in holding a letter in his hand, and said, as he handed it to Mrs. Raynor,

"A dispatch, ma'am; and the boy wishes to know if there is an answer."

A death-like paleness overspread the face of Mrs. Raynor, as she caught eagerly the missive, and opened it with hands that trembled like aspen-leaves. There was a moment of breathless suspense; then, with a cry of anguish, Mrs. Raynor fell back in her chair, lost to all present consciousness. As the dispatch fell from her hands, Agnes caught it up and read it at a glance. Her brother was dead. A pistol shot had ended his feverish life, though by whose hands the fatal ball had reached his heart, the communication did not say. But the sorrowful truth came too soon—he had fallen by his own rash hand. Thus the legacy of his father had proved to him a curse, instead of a blessing. If he had received with it right principles, a carefully trained mind, and habits of industry, his wealth might have been the means of happiness to himself and usefulness to others. But money without these was to him, as it is to all others like him, a power for evil instead of good.

Is there any question as to which of the two legacies was best; any question in the mind of the young man, who has the world all before him, with only his strong hands, clear head and honest purposes, by which to reach its high places; any question in the mind of the father, whose love for his children prompts him to seek their highest good? There can be none!

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best medicine.

COME AND GO.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER III.

Two years have passed; and I, who sit here, sheltered by the tenderest love of which the heart of woman ever dreamed, in a home, about which broods, like morning and evening twilight, the serene atmosphere of perfect peace and affection—I, sitting here, look off still with sickness of heart and shuddering of soul to those two years whose faces rise up before me, clad in sackcloth and ashes; those two years of such struggle with poverty and suffering, that death for me and those I loved was what I oftenest longed for, and the prayer was held back nightly from my lips by the thought that no mortals have a right to offer it.

We had removed to the city, and my aunt had disposed of her little home in Woodford, but there was a mortgage on the property, and a thousand dollars only fell to her share. This barely sufficed to defray the expenses of our removal, and furnish our house with second-hand furniture.

I had returned from my two months' residence at the "Water-cure," considerably improved in health. Doctor Williams opposed, very strenuously, my leaving, and at last, getting some inkling of the state of my finances, invited me to remain through the summer.

But I knew that it would be absolutely necessary that I should be on hand to supervise our removal, for my aunt was not a business woman, and I was obliged to decline the doctor's kind invitation.

It was very hard to leave Woodford, for the quiet old country village was full of pleasant memories and associations to us, and our hearts often pined with home-sickness for the green hills and the singing birds of the country. God must have given us courage, or our spirits would have failed utterly in the trials which accompanied that removal.

We had rented a house in the upper part of the city, but our knowledge of New York life was very limited, and there was no strong arm and manly heart to shield us from the vampires who seemed to lie in wait on all sides, ready to drink our life blood.

We had a miserable time getting settled, but though we had paid the rent five months in advance, on the repeated assurances of the landlord that the house should be in entire readiness for our reception the tenth day of September, we reached it the thirteenth, worn out in body and depressed in spirits, to find

that the family who had previously occupied it had only partially removed their furniture.

Of course, there was no legal redress for women and children, as I had signed a lease which placed me completely at the mercy of the heartless owner of the premises, trusting entirely to his honor to fulfill the verbal contract which he had made.

The house had to undergo a thorough renovation from loft to cellar, and three weeks were consumed in papering and painting, and putting water pipes in order, during which time unusually cold weather alternated with long rains, while we were obliged to sit shivering with open windows, every corner of our house invaded by half a dozen workmen, some of whom, seeing our helpless and unprotected situation, were as rude and insolent as others were considerate and obliging.

Of course, we all took severe colds, for the inmates of the alms house and penitentiary were in much more comfortable lodgings than we. My oldest brother, who was only sixteen, a slender, fragile boy, strained himself so severely in lifting furniture, that he expectorated blood several times, and I was confined for a month to my room, with a severe attack of lung fever, induced by the cold and exposure which I had undergone.

But my heart fails before these sickening details. Delicate and timid women in a strange city, their only resource—"taking boarders for a living"—surely my pen need draw no other picture of all we endured.

We advertised for boarders, and we had hosts of applicants. My aunt was not accustomed to the business, and not fitted by nature to be the landlady of a boarding-house. We took the best which offered on the lowest possible terms.

In a few instances we had kind, generous, considerate people, who endeavored to make us as little inconvenience as possible, and who were willing to pay fairly and honorably for what they received. But these were surely the exceptions. A nature must be broad and generous whose soul the constant wear and friction of city life does not make narrow and selfish, and during those two years I had instances enough furnished me of the meanness and greed, the arrogance and pettiness of human nature, to supply me with subjects for a lifetime of writing.

They were our boarders, and we were dependent upon them. That was sufficient—we were the victims of all sorts of annoyances, and insults, and exactions. We were obliged

to treat with courtesy at our table, and in our parlor, people from the very contact of whose coarseness and vulgarity we should otherwise have shrunk.

My aunt did the best she could amid the cares and anxieties which daily broke down her spirits and her health.

Grace and Louisa (my fair little sisters) were too young to bear any of this burden, and we placed them in the high school as early as possible.

My health had never quite rallied from the shock of that lung fever, and an attempt to write during those two years was almost certain to throw me into an intense nervous headache, which prostrated me for days.

So I gave up all the sweet dreams of fame which had filled up the years of my youth, and oh, I gave up later visions, sweeter and fairer than these.

My aunt was a good housekeeper, but this is by no means the only essential element in a boarding-house mistress, and she lacked that sharp eye for a bargain, that business tact and acuteness which are absolutely necessary to one's success in this business. We were cheated and deceived, more or less, by our butchers and grocers, and nervous and shrinking, the little, pale, soft-voiced woman found it easier to be imposed upon than to assert, with undismayed front, her own rights. Of course, it was a constant struggle to make "both ends meet." What I suffered those two years, day by day, hour by hour, moment by moment, with my lost health, my tortured nerves, with my uncongenial associations—what I suffered through arrogance from one whom I justly despised, and familiarities from another, whose character, with equal justice, I loathed—through petty jealousy, and coarseness, and selfishness, what I suffered—God knows!

But as I said, two years had passed. It was a fair autumnal afternoon, the first day of November, and the sky wore the serene, prayerful smile of prophesy and departure on its face, as it looked down on us, over the long lines of high brick houses which flanked the street.

I sat by the back chamber window, in the third story of our house, and the sunshine scattered itself in loving smiles along my paper, and over my swift, flying fingers, as I bent over my work, utterly absorbed in the tale I was finishing.

After two years the old utterance had come back to me for the first time. The autumn

had always been my golden harvest of work, and in the serene atmosphere which clothed in shining garments its sweet, still days, my fancies had always shaken their wings, and scattered themselves abroad like flocks of birds, and sang songs to my soul which my pen gathered up in story and rhyme.

It was the season, too, which brought most of rest and healing to my nerves, and I remember with what gladness my pen followed my quick thoughts, as I sat by the third story window that autumn afternoon.

And he lay there too, and watched me, my brother Alfred, with his large eyes of a shifting blue-gray, and the deep flush in his white cheeks not coming and going as children's do in their sleep, but steady, and deep, and bright, as you have seen a crimson drop stain the heart of some snowy flower.

He was just beyond his eighteenth birthday, but you would hardly have believed this, looking at the thin, boyish, beautiful face, about which were scattered the flakes of rich brown hair, mounted with sunlight.

He was a silent, studious boy, with the gentle heart and the large brain which makes a man good and great. All my yearning hopes, all my fairest dreams, clustered about that boy, Alfred English. No physiognomist could have looked at that beetling forehead, or the thin, finely cut lips, without knowing that beneath them kindled the fires which men call Genius.

But he had the susceptible nervous organization which usually accompanies such temperaments, and the active mind always made too heavy drafts on his delicate physique.

It had been his intention to enter college that fall, and incredible as it may seem, he had passed the examinations, and was ready for the Junior class. But he had studied night and day to accomplish this, and in our blindness, and the care and anxiety which came to walk with us every day, we had not observed that he was wearing out his life until the day on which he returned from his examination at New Haven, when he had fainted in the hall, and ever since this had been unable to leave his room.

But he did not complain often, nor suffer much pain, only he seemed to have a slow fever, and we said he wanted rest, and would be better in a few days, and a smile, beautiful as a girl's, would rise and wander about his thin lips, as he would answer "Yes, I want rest."

But it had struck me, two or three days be-

fore, that he was growing thin all the time, and there was a look in his face which troubled me, and while I sat watching him, with some vague fears dawning in my heart, the plot of a new story had suddenly risen up in my soul, and stood out clear and luminous before me, and I had written for the last two days, scarcely giving myself time for rest or sleep.

"There, Alfred!" laying down my pen with a sigh of relief, "I've finished my story, and I never wrote a better one. That'll bring me at least forty dollars, and now I shall send right off for Doctor Lee, and find out just what ails you."

"You are a good sister, Constance. Come here and sit by me."

And I went and sat down on a low stool by the lounge.

"Does he feel strong this afternoon—my darling boy?" pushing away the flakes of hair, and a pain striking my heart to see how pale his face was.

"Not much, Constance. I can't imagine what it is that ails me. I don't suffer any pain to speak of, but this morning I tried to walk across the room, and I fell down before I'd gotten half way."

"Why, Al! why didn't you tell me?"

"Oh, because I knew you were busy, and I didn't like to trouble Aunt Abbie."

"Well, we must send for Doctor Lee at once, and he'll have you up in a few days."

"I hope so, Constance," and the boy wound his long, thin fingers amongst mine; "but sometimes I think, that after all my struggles to get into college this fall, I shall never get there—it will never be any better with me."

"Don't, don't, Al," putting up my hands to ward off what seemed a heavy blow that struck me. "Nonsense! you're just low spirited because you've studied so hard, and all you want is a little petting and nursing, which you shall have for the next week, for I expect to live to see you an old man, wearing laurels which will make me proud to call you 'Alfred, my brother!'"

He looked up at me with such a sweet, yearning smile in those wonderful eyes of his, that I had to crush back the tears from mine. "You have been my joy and comfort always, Constance," he said, "and it was the thought of you wearing away your life here which stimulated me to study beyond my strength. I wanted to get you, and our little sisters, and Harry, and aunt, out of this terrible place, and the way seemed to open for this when Tutor Adams secured me that fine situation

where I could give private lessons in Latin and Greek, so that I could pay my expenses for two years through college, and then——"

The long lashes drooped over his eyes, as though some vision rose and stood fair and luminous beyond that, and then——

"Well, darling?"

"I had resolved to take charge of an academy as soon as I graduated, and you should have the ladies' department, and Grace, who would be fifteen then, was to manage the small classes. We could rent a house in the country cheap, and aunty could, doubtless, get a few children to board, and if otherwise, a thousand a year would support the family, and you and I could make this."

"Oh, Al! what a delightful plan!" the tears loosening themselves in a quick shower over my face. "And we shall have a little cosy country home, and live so happily, if we can once get away from here, and my heart is famishing for a sight of the still, green fields, and the songs of the birds once more."

"And now, you see what hope has held me up, when I have studied through the whole night——"

"You haven't done that!"

"It slipped out before I thought, but it isn't the study, after all, which has brought me here."

"Studied all night, Alfred!" not heeding his last remark.

"Don't think about *that*, Constance. I could have borne it well enough if it hadn't been for that terrible wrench which I gave myself two years ago, lifting that furniture, and the cold I took while the house was being repaired."

"It was all that wicked landlord's doings. Oh, how will he answer to God for that work when he stands where his greed of gold will rise up and curse him."

"God knows, Constance; but it is my solemn belief that his foul conduct at that time will be the means of laying all of us, years earlier, in our graves."

"And it is mine. Grace and Lu have never been as strong since they took those terrible colds, and it completely broke aunty down."

"Perhaps I ought to tell you," speaking in a low tone, more to himself than to me.

"Ought to tell me what?" seating myself on the lounge, and drawing his hand into my lap.

"Don't be frightened, Constance. You are such a nervous, timid little thing, I hate to tell you."

"Be quick, Al."

"Well, I have had occasional seasons of expectorating blood ever since *that* time. Don't look at me so. It was probably some slight artery that was broken."

"And you never told me?"

"How could I, when I looked in your face?"

I sat still, palsied for a moment with a terrible fear; then I rose up and put his head back with my trembling hands.

"Alfred, I shall send for Doctor Lee this minute."

As I spoke, my aunt entered the room. She was a little, worn, pale, sad-faced woman, whose years were slipping toward fifty.

"What do you think has happened now, children?" she said, sinking into a chair, with a voice full of trouble and alarm.

"I don't know, I'm sure, aunty."

"Well, Mr. Ayres has run off and not paid his board. It was over a hundred dollars, and all my dependence for the rent. I promised it to the landlord to-day, and he threatened, through his boy, to sue me to-morrow if it was not ready for him."

"It can't be possible Mr. Ayres has gone, aunty! he was such a polite, intelligent gentleman, and I always thought him so honorable!"

"So did I, and let his board run on just to oblige him. But he's certainly run off, for everything has disappeared from his closet, and Biddy says she heard steps go softly down the back stairs late last night, and he probably hired somebody to remove his trunk."

"What is to be done?" I asked.

My aunt was not fitted to meet any sudden conjunction of troubles with calmness; she had neither that strength of will nor elasticity of temperament which renders one equal to great emergencies; trouble overwhelmed, crushed her.

"Yes, children, what is to be done?" wringing her hands in her despair, and pacing up and down the room. "We shall all be turned into the street, and not have a place in which to lay our heads. Oh, if we had never come to this horrible city!"

A dull, heavy sound caused us both to turn our heads suddenly. Alfred had fallen to the floor, and lay there in strong convulsions.

CHAPTER IV.

"Come, now, Alfred, do try and eat this broth. Doctor Lee says that everything depends upon your taking nourishment, and you don't eat enough to keep a good sized canary alive."

The invalid looked languidly at the china bowl which I placed before him.

"Well, I'll try to, Constance, but it's so hard to force food down when one has no appetite."

"And see what Mrs. Lee has just sent here for you. But you mustn't have it until you've eaten every spoonful of that broth."

He reached out his hands with a cry of greedy delight, as I held before the boy the exquisitely wrought basket of woodland mosses, filled with rare blossoms arranged with such artistic grace that the eye of a poet would have reveled in them.

A couple of camellias opened their snowy bosoms in the centre, and about these blossoms of honeysuckle shook their slender bells of yellow and crimson, and chains of purple verbenas trailed themselves about moss rose buds, which were opening their fragrant, blushing lips amid dark velvet leaves.

"Isn't that an inspiration, Alfred?"

"Yes," drinking in its beauty with his eyes, "I dreamt about such flowers all last night, but I thought they grew—" he glanced upward.

And the glance out my heart like a sword.

"Well, these didn't. They grew in the gardens of this world, where one of these days you shall find plenty more of just such ones."

He leaned back his head on the pillow. Then he gave a quick, nervous glance toward the door. "Isn't somebody coming, Constance?"

"Oh, no—why, you were always so brave, Al, and now to be scared like Gracie or Lu at the sound of a footstep!"

"Well, I didn't know but the landlord might have sent an officer to turn us into the street."

"Pshaw! I thought you were too wise for any such whims."

"You know what aunty said, though?"

"I know she's a nervous old woman, who, when she gets a little tired or fidgety is quite apt to say a great many things that she doesn't really mean."

"But he's such a hard-hearted man."

"Well, as we don't owe him a dollar for rent, and as we've paid him regularly for two years, three months in advance, I don't think he'd be disposed to do us any harm, even if it were in his power."

He sank back on his pillow, soothed and quieted for the time. I did not, in any wise, comprehend what all this nervous tremor and agitation portended. But the shock which my

aunt's entrance and story had occasioned my brother in his feeble state, had been almost too much for his reason.

We were in constant dread of his falling into fresh convulsions, and had to soothe and pacify the proud, brave boy, like a feeble little child.

He lay still, for awhile, opening and shutting his eyes, or gazing at the basket of flowers, which I had placed close to the lounge, and I tried to think that his face had only grown sharp and thin, and of a deathly paler, because of his nervous prostration.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you." What a sweet promise that is, Constance, and that we shall never have to pay rent for those homes, and we who have been poor on earth know what blessed meaning is in those words!

"Yes, we know, Alfred!" and I sat down and caressed his bronze hair, with the tines dripping fast on my fingers.

"What makes you cry, Constance?"

"Because you talk so."

"Because I talk so of Heaven? Our father and mother are there."

"I know it, but we want you here. Oh, Alfred, I can't let you go," and I hugged him close to me with a kind of frantic tenderness.

"If I do go, Constance, I shall have no fear."

"No fear to die?"

"None at all—none at all."

I could not answer him, for it seemed that my heart was nigh to breaking; and I looked down on him and thought how his life was just opening into his early manhood, full of strength and promise, as the year is in May, when the springs are loosened and the time of the singing of birds has come, and the green leaves open their beryl fluting along the branches through all the land. I thought of all this, and then I put the thought away with a prayer—"Be merciful unto us, oh God!"

God had been to me, or I could never have gone through with the last three days; but every other trial had been swallowed up in my anxiety for Alfred. I had established myself nurse by his sick bed, and I had maintained a bright, hopeful exterior all this time. As for the rent, I had scarcely given it a thought, until the third morning after Alfred's severe illness, when my aunt informed me that the landlord had sent round again for the rent, and protested that he should that day take measures to secure it if it was not paid, so that I was quite tired of waiting.

"I had, however, little fear of his executing his threats, knowing that we had paid him regularly in advance, and that we yet were owing him nothing, and I accordingly advised my aunt to call on the man that morning, state the whole circumstances, and assure him that at the end of the month he should receive the money due him, as this was the earliest moment that she could obtain it from her half-dozen boarders.

"Well, madam, have you got that rent ready for me?" said Mr. Hughes, in his sharp, mustering way, as my aunt entered his office. He was a short, thin man, beyond forty, with a cold, harsh face, written all over with lines which greed and avarice had made there, and he had that shrewd, calculating expression which men of his calibre and business morality usually carry.

"My aunt told her story in a few words, and requested the landlord to wait until the close of the month, when he should receive his payments.

"She was a woman friendless and alone; he knew that by her fluttering voice, her faded cheek, her timid manner, and what did he care for her sorrows, with his face of brass and his heart of stone?

"Can't wait another day, madam. I must have my rent when it's due—that's all."

"But, sir, there is no possible way for me to raise it, now this man has run off without paying me."

"I'm not responsible for that. Your niece is an authoress. Let her pay the rent if you can't."

The words stung my aunt, and she turned and said sternly—"My niece has been an invalid for two years, sir, in consequence of the condition in which we found your house, after your repeated promises that it should be in order for us when we reached the city."

"Do you mean, madam," with a sneer, but growing very red in the face, "that your niece's illness was in any wise owing to my not having the house ready in time?"

"Certainly I do—entirely to that, as was the sickness of all the rest of my family," answered the now thoroughly aroused little woman.

He had not counted on her showing so much spirit.

"I haven't time to listen, madam, to any sort of this kind—I want my rent!" bringing his hand down, with a great deal of emphasis, on his table.

"I have told you the best that I can do. If you insist upon having the money now, knowing the circumstances of the case, and all the suffering your violated word has caused us, we must move, that is all."

"I shall be happy to have you, madam, but your niece signed the lease"—with a sardonic smile—"I have her there, and if that rent isn't forthcoming before night, I shall get out a writ of ejectment to-morrow, and after that is served the law will allow you short space to keep the premises."

"Well, sir, if you have the conscience to turn a poor woman into the street, with three delicate girls, and an almost dying boy, you can do it," and she left the office without waiting for the man's reply.

But what did he care for the living or the dying? *He wanted his money*, and so he had that, we might all have perished on the sidewalks, for any pity or concern of his.

And while my aunt had this interview with the landlord, I had another with Doctor Lee in the parlor. He was a man who stood very high in the medical profession, and though more than fifty years had sown their gray hairs in his locks, they had not hardened his heart or dimmed the kindly warmth of his smile.

Alfred and I had felt drawn toward him from the first, and we had an instinctive assurance that he liked us, on account of the long visits which he made every morning to the invalid, telling him all kinds of amusing stories, and sending him flowers from his wife's conservatory, with a kind of fatherly interest.

"Now, doctor, you will tell me just what you think of my brother? You don't consider him dangerous?"

The physician had carefully avoided expressing his opinion of his patient, but this morning I was determined to probe it.

"My child," he said, looking at me with a kind of sorrowful smile, "I always dislike to have a woman ask me a question of this kind. I can meet a man's a great deal more bravely, especially when she comes with a look like yours in her eyes."

"Doctor, I believe you are a good man, and that you won't deceive me. Tell me the worst," laying my hand on his arm, for he was drawing on his gloves.

"I believe that it is always best that one should be prepared when the blow is likely to fall suddenly. My child, *I should have been called earlier to your brother!*"

I understood him then, and staggered against the door. I have a faint remembrance of the doctor's drawing me to the sofa, and trying to speak words of encouragement and comfort to me; but I didn't hear what he said, neither did I hear my aunt, when she met me, immediately after the doctor had taken leave, and related her interview with the landlord.

"What is to be done?" she concluded, and I turned and smiled in her face.

She started back aghast. "Constance, what has happened to you?"

And I told her all the doctor had said. Poor woman! she thought no more of the rent that day.

And I went back softly to his room. He lay there, sleeping quietly, only with short, uneven breath, and the soft autumn sunshine dripped its golden light all about him, and the thin outlines of the beautiful, transparent face, broke up sharp from the pillow.

His life was full of early blossoms, and the winds would shake them all down, as they shook the apple blossoms in May, and my love and my prayers could not save him, my brother, that I was so proud of—my brother that I loved so—my brother, whose bright head must be covered up with the white linen which the snows of another winter would weave over it.

I stood still by his bedside and thought of all this. I made no sign—my lips uttered no cry, but the voice of my heart went up to God—*"How long, oh Lord, how long?"*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A DAY'S EXPERIENCE.

BY ELIZABETH.

It is a beautiful bright day in early spring-time—the trees are laden with flowers—the rich green grass waves luxuriantly—the air is filled with melody—all earth seems heaven-born—so bright, so glad and happy—yet my heart is sad, inexpressibly sad. Why is it that beautiful nature makes us feel this heart-aching, this soul-yearning? Is it because these short-lived beauties are typical of our heavenly home, and God makes us feel a desolateness within to draw us away from them to Him! With these feelings I bowed over the grave where my mother slept, ah, how peacefully! And does she know, I thought, the struggles and pain her poor child has to endure? Oh my mother, could I but once again lay my aching head upon thy bosom, and weep away the grief that will often come into my poor heart; could I pour into thy willing ear all my

sorrows, and feel thee bend over me in sympathizing love, how would it help to lighten this earth-burden, and centre all my hopes in Heaven!

In the afternoon I made several calls. There is nothing makes one feel so satisfied, so thankful for his own blessings, as to witness the trials of others. I had entered but one house, when I thought, I will go home content; my cross is easier for me to wear than theirs would be. I may be misunderstood, misrepresented; I may have to toil in weariness and pain—my cross may have many little thorns, but let me take it again and thankfully wear it—

"No longer can I unbelieving say—
Perhaps another is a better way—

Ah no! henceforth my one desire shall be,
That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so, whate'er His love sees good to send,
I'll trust it's best—because He knows the end."

One poor woman, a paralytic, who is seldom able to leave her house, grasped me warmly by the hand, as she said, "I am so glad to see you." Speaking of the comfort she had derived from reading, she said, "I cannot listen to reading, and I am losing my ability to read by myself—it is a great privation. I could pass many otherwise tedious hours pleasantly with my book." She was also losing her speech, so that it was difficult to understand many of her words. "Oh, I am a poor, helpless cripple," she sighed, "but it won't last long; when I lie down at night, I do not know that I shall be here in the morning; I long for my release. Nineteen years I have suffered in this way, and only one year—the last—have I felt anxious and ready to depart. Life has lost its charms; the bright hopes of my early life are gone; but they are laid up in Heaven."

I made several other calls, but in no place did I find a happier home than my own. In one, a consumptive, was surrounded by adverse circumstances; in another, was an irritable wife and harsh mother—the cross a loving husband had to carry; in the third, a weary daughter laboring early and late to support an imbecile mother; the fourth was a large family of wayward children, with a chaffy, frivolous father, and hard working, careworn mother. In the last place, I found a woman who was oppressed by ill health and hard labor, having several small children dependent upon her. In reply to the question if she were fond of reading, she said, "Oh yes, indeed, but we have very few books, and those I have read over and over again—and we are too poor to

take any papers;—oh yes, when I feel sad and discouraged, there is nothing helps me look to the bright side sooner than a good book! I know I ought to be thankful for the blessings I have; there are those all around me, whose privations are greater than mine. I find all of us have our trials—not alike—but everybody has something.”

Now, let me return to my own little brown cottage nestled among its green leaves—let me take the loving ones who dwell there, closer home to my heart; and while I labor and struggle through life, carrying the memory of other burden-bearers and a prayer for their aid about with me, let me ever thank God, without murmuring, for the trials He sends, as well as for the blessings He pours upon me, desiring that these may help to bring me, at last, to a happy home and the dear ones who have gone before.

THE BACKWOODS FINE LADY.

BY MRS. M. S. WHITAKER.

“ROSELVINA, be a budgin, and git us a warm fire in no time! Tell Tom to bring in black-jack, mind—I wout have water-oak, it's too long a-ketchin. Stir, Roselvina, I say. You be sharp at movin', and folks is dreadful cold!”

Roselvina, thus addressed, was a black girl about thirteen years of age, small and mischievous looking, with remarkably sharp, black eyes, short forehead, thick lips, and alertness of motion peculiar to herself. She nodded familiarly on receiving her mistress' orders, and skipped out of the room before that lady had concluded her endless directions with regard to the fire. Then, half sliding down a lofty flight of steps, she ran into the kitchen, exclaiming,

“Uncle Tom, Missis say fetch black-jack wood in de parlor; dere be fire in de hall now, but she jist want to show dem trabelers in de house how fine de parlor be, I reckon.”

“Shet up, Miss,” returned Tom, a staid serving-man, “shet up! you is too pert and sassy, and has too much to say.”

“Missis larn me dat, Uncle Tom. 'Tis cause I hears her always a-talkin I 'steems talkin to be good.”

“Shet up,” again said Tom, with emphasis, as he took up his wood, and walked deliberately into the parlor. Roselvina followed, and in a few moments a blazing fire went crackling up the chimney. The girl stationed herself on one side of the hearth, and silently

made her observations on all that was passing, occasionally adding a bit of light-wood to the fire.

The room presented a fine example of the combined effect of wealth and vulgarity. Its walls were covered with costly paper, and adorned with coarse, glaring prints, set in rich frames. The carpet was flowered over with intertwined roses and tulips—its texture was fine, indeed; to say truth, it was a handsome carpet, but several painted pinewood benches spoiled its effect. There were two luxurious velvet rocking-chairs, which brought out, by force of contrast, the rude manufacture of an oaken one, with a seat of undressed hide, most unfortunately placed in juxtaposition with its elegant neighbors. The chimney furniture was of polished brass, but the rug before it was home-made, woven with slips of blue and red homespun. There was a superb piano against the wall, and a coarse New England clock over the mantle-piece.

The mistress of the mansion sat opposite the fire, the clear blaze of which, aided by that of several tallow candles, fully revealed the portly form and assured face of good Mrs. Blount, now a widow, in full possession of a large estate, upward of forty years of age, but bearing lightly the marks of time. Her hair, slightly gray, was drawn back from a forehead neither high nor low, but flat; her nose was hooked, like the beak of a hawk; her lips were thin, and the distance from her upper lip to the end of her chin was very small, yet the chin protruded, and ended in a sharp point; her eyes were leaden blue, and did not lack expression; when she laughed, they were very pleasant eyes, but this did not happen often. Her life-long habits of industry clung to her at all times, and, even as she sat there, her knitting-needles were briskly plied. Her dress was of dark calico, her apron of silk. She wore around her neck a barred cotton handkerchief, fastened by a huge brooch set with pearl, and her cap was truly ancient in its cut. There was something matronly and respectable in her adherence to the style of a head-dress in vogue twenty years ago—at least it seemed so in the midst of the frippery by which this vain woman had surrounded herself; prudence and vanity were singularly associated in her mind, and she was, herself, an anomaly in the obscure neighborhood where she resided. A youth of toil and privation amidst the fever soil of the low country had brought its reward, and though not herself a native of the South, she had buried sixteen

children there, and, finally, her husband, a staunch backwoodsman, who, worn out with labor and ague fits, died a twelvemonth before, just when he enclosed six miles in his own fences, and considered himself a rich man. But the widow was not altogether alone. Her early days had been passed amid the snows of dreary Canada, and the constitution, there indurated by storms and snow, was transmitted to her only surviving child, a daughter now fifteen years of age, a beauty and a fortune, but, mentally, the weakest, and, morally, the most flippant thing in female form which could possibly be met with.

The persons now seated with Mrs. Blount felt that they were, in a manner, forcing themselves on her hospitality, which they were exceedingly unwilling to do; but they were traveling from a remote district to the low country on a visit to a relative, and, as there were no inns on their obscure route, they were glad to avail themselves of any resting place. They could not treat their hostess as the mistress of a hotel, or even of a boarding-house. They feared she would not accept any remuneration for their night's lodging, so they were entirely at her mercy, and she made them feel it. But, Mrs. Blount was not wholly unacquainted with their name, which was one of note in the country, and, from motives of self interest, she wished, if not to make her guests comfortable, at least to impress them with some adequate idea of her own and her daughter's consequence. The strange lady was very pale, much fatigued, and ill at ease. She, too, had a daughter, but of totally different stamp from the young woman just adverted to; and Esther Sinclair, in her dark green traveling dress, and plain straw bonnet, as she sat before the flaring fire, appeared what she was—a true lady. Mr. Sinclair had, meantime, stepped out to ascertain the condition of his horses, for the drive had been a severe one, and he wished to see them suitably accommodated.

"Take this rocking-chair, mamma," said Esther, as she drew one of the velvet chairs, already noted, near the fire.

"Stop, Miss, if you please," cried Mrs. Blount, in alarm, "just take *this*, (offering the oaken one,) 'tis comfortable, and Roselvina shall bring you a cushion from the hall."

Roselvina sprang from the fireside, and returned in an instant, adjusted the cushion, pushed the indicated chair forward, and fell back to her station. Mrs. Sinclair, half annoyed, and more than half amused, took the proffered seat, while Esther's cheek flushed,

and she could scarce restrain a smile at the woman's absurdity.

Mr. Sinclair now entered the room, and bowing with much urbanity to the company, joined them. Mrs. Blount beckoned Roselvina—

"Go tell Car'line to come down stairs directly," then, turning to the gentleman, remarked—

"Your horses will be stabled after a fashion to suit you here, I reckon; why, *early* in the fall, at camp meetin' time, thirty horses was fed at our trough, and the corn never missed. Tom, out there, keeps the barn keys, and he knows all about takin' care of cattle."

She was here interrupted by the entrance of Miss Caroline Blount, the rustling of whose silk dress was heard before she fully presented herself.

"My daughter—Miss Blount."

Miss Blount swam to the velvet rocking-chair, drew it very near the fire, and, calling for a stool, which a servant, who had followed her into the parlor, immediately brought, seated herself, eyeing the strangers with mingled curiosity and dignity.

"Let Jerusha take their bonnets up stairs, ma," said she.

"Oh, I forgot," returned Mrs. Blount, with perfect nonchalance, "draw your bonnets, strangers, wont you?"

There was no help for it. Mrs. Sinclair and Esther accepted the arrangement, and handed both shawls and bonnets to Jerusha, (Miss Blount's tire-woman,) who vanished "up stairs" like a spirit, and returned like one to her mistress' chair.

Caroline Blount had a very simple, very pretty baby face, and she was dressed in ball costume, quite overdressed, indeed, for so young a girl. There was a splendid gold watch at her side—a Geneva chain, of admirable workmanship, encircled her throat. Turquoise ear-rings; bracelets, brooch, and rings adorned her bosom, ears, and fingers. Her feet were cased in delicate French gaiters, and her hair was puffed out in the most approved style of fashionable deformity. She lisped with affected emphasis, had a habit of turning up her eyes, as if with wonder, and knew not the least reserve. Herself, her own and her mother's affairs, were, in her opinion, more consequential than aught transpiring in the world beside.

The conversation, after her entrance into the room, was carried on chiefly between her mother and herself. Such subjects were

chosen by them as disclosed to the listeners how vast were the concerns of the household, how wide the fields, how abounding the wealth of Mrs. Rebecca Blount, and her daughter Caroline. The former was also very solicitous of exhibiting Caroline's accomplishments, and desired her to "Jist open the pianner, and sing a song or so while supper is gitting ready."

Caroline marched forward, and running her jeweled fingers over the keys of the instrument, exclaimed,

"Oh, ma, this is shocking! Mr. Goodrich was paid ten dollars yesterday for tuning my piano, and I declare, it is worse than before he touched it at all. Besides, ma, I don't like the clock he sold you there for fifty dollars—fifty and ten is sixty. That was a good morning's work, Miss Sinclair, wasn't it?" added she, turning appealingly to her guest.

Miss Sinclair was witnessing a new phase in her experience of society; but the manners of Caroline were so disgusting to her sense of propriety, that, being unable to conceal her feelings altogether, she replied, with obvious indifference,

"I really am not acquainted with the value of clocks, or the rates of piano tuning."

"I reckon," interposed Mrs. Blount, "you ken tell when it's well played on, for all that; for them of your name is allowed to be educated and taught most things fit for ladies to know."

Miss Sinclair was again perplexed. But her papa coming to her aid, begged Caroline to indulge them with some music.

"Gracious me!" cried the girl, "I feel somehow dashed. I don't know what you would like to hear." Then followed an astonishing din of confused notes, struck pell-mell, with force sufficient to elicit their most sonorous response. This was not all—a high-pitched voice swelled, quavered, trilled, and died away in sharp, faint echoes.

There was a pause, when Mrs. Blount, supposing the company wrapped in silent admiration, herself broke forth, saying,

"Don't Car'line play like forty, and sing powerful, all in hopera style, her teacher says. But here comes Billy to say supper is waitin'."

The supper was sumptuous, and would have sufficed twenty, as well as five. The table was illuminated by several sperm candles in silver stands, ostentatiously placed in single file down its centre. Coffee, tea, and chocolate were excellent; cold turkey, broiled chicken, tongue, cheese, ham and eggs, snow white

biscuits fresh from the oven, waffles and wafers swimming in fresh butter, hot hominy, Indian meal cakes, corn dodgers, rice johnny-cake, preserves, jellies, curds, were set out in a white china sett, with deep gilt border. Mrs. Blount went even beyond hospitable politeness in pressing her viands on the strangers. Her servants, six of whom were in attendance, took their cue from the mistress, and a plate was every instant thrust into the faces of the travelers, while Mrs. Blount talked incessantly, sometimes addressing the waiters, and sometimes the company. She ran on after this fashion:

"Billy, hand up some cheese from the toaster; don't you see, Jane, Mr. Sinclair's cup is out. I don't like the last lot of tea our factor sent us from town—I've a notion of sendin it back agin. George, how many weight of cotton was picked to-day? Mr. Sinclair, we sent a hundred bales to market last week, and that isn't a third of our crop. Can't you, Jane, give Mrs. Sinclair something she ken eat? Our supper is a poor one, marm, only for the family, you know. My daughter and me ain't no great eaters." Here Roselvina opened her eyes to their widest extent, and gave Jane a look full of meaning, which the latter returned, and immediately busied herself with pouring out fresh tea.

Miss Blount's airs during the meal were indescribable. Nothing was prepared to suit her taste—she was cold—she wondered how late it was, that odious clock "told time" so differently from her watch. At last, as if weary of ceremony, she started up from the table, saying—

"Ma, company is coming, I hear horses' feet."

The secret was out. Miss Caroline's admirer, Dr. Thompson, had called, as her mother informed Mrs. Sinclair, by way of excusing her daughter's abrupt exit.

"I don't like the young man, marm. There's him and Mr. Bennet, the lawyer, and a lot besides, comin here. They knows, good enough, Carry will git all my property, and young mens, marm, is up to lookin after girls' purses. Carry is young, and ought to marry *somebody* when she goes from me. I mean to keep her, though, as long as I ken."

Odd and ridiculous as this woman was, she had some admirable points of character. She was boastful, and, after a fashion, ambitious, but a more indulgent mistress could nowhere be found. Her speech was often rude, but her acts were kind. She gloried in display, but

she also loved to give, and every itinerant clergyman, in that wild country, found a welcome at her board, and even more solid evidence of her good feeling in the form of private gifts, which, unreserved as she was, she never mentioned. Her industry was unrivalled, nor did she require of her domestics anything like the amount of labor which she herself performed. Her faults were all on the surface, but her virtues were obscured by follies incident to those who, elevated above their early position in life, are unreasonably elated, and expose weakness while they suppose that they are exciting admiration.

"Now that her daughter was engaged in entertaining her admirer, Mrs. Blount was left at full liberty to indulge her love of talking, and proceeded to give the Sinclairs a history of her early life.

"I was married young," said she, "and William and I went right to work. He plowed and split rails, and labored tremendous. I span, and made butter, and raised poultry, and minded the garden, besides cooking and washing. We done well, for in no time William was able to git help. Every year livin was easier, cause we started right, and all went on slick as a ribbon. I never did take on too much about the children we lost, and I jist kept a good heart when he had chills and fever. I aint no subject for fever myself, and I was never afeard of it. William was monstrous kind and lovin to me, and we never quarreled, cause there wasn't time for it. I done all the talkin, for he, honest man, was peaceable as a lamb. We saved up notorious, but we fed the black ones well, and didn't stint livin ourselves. Well, he is gone! all is gone, only me and Car'line. We are well to do, and she has a grand edication, but my trouble is about them sparks a-courtin her. They is poor as pine bark, and fine as fiddles. Her father wasn't like them, I reckon, for, if he was poor at startin, he minded the main chance, and didn't go paradin about in a shining black coat, till he was up the ladder considerable. I felt kind of wicked myself the first time I wore a silk frock, and the wearin of silk don't suit me yet. Roselvina, snuff them candles, and mind the fire, I say. I got tired of all the old names, you see, Mrs. Sinclair, and called this child Roselvina. Her mother's name is Rose, and there is two Roses on my plantation besides, so I named her different. I had no notion of filling the house with roses, to match the garden."

Here Mrs. Blount laughed at her own wit,

and seeing her guests smile too, pursued the comparison :

"Not exactly alike, either, them in the garden bein red and white, and them in the house black. Do you understand, Mrs. Sinclair?"

"Perfectly," said the lady, who, very weary of her journey, and Mrs. Blount's discourse, intimated her wish to retire. Mrs. Blount insisted on conducting her to her apartment, and then, instead of releasing her victim, seated herself, and entered into a long history of her method of curing feathers, discussed the pattern of her patchwork quilt, netted fringe, and so on, for an hour, then rising, remarked,

"I reckon you is sleepy. It's strikin ten o'clock. I mean to clear the house of wisiters this minnit. So, good night to you, marm."

Doctor Thompson was summarily dismissed by the authoritative mistress of the mansion. She said "It was time to 'shet up,'" and "all honest folks ought to be a-bed."

The travelers were roused very early next morning, by the shrill voice of Mrs. Blount conversing with her man of business in the piazza, and they were by no means flattered at her allusion to them, for she spoke in so loud a tone that every word was audible:

"Everything is put back to day by them grand folks a-sleepin so late." She was, however, very courteous at breakfast, and insisted on their spending a night with her on their return home.

A month had elapsed since our travelers reposed at good Mrs. Blount's, when, one evening, a carriage drove up to that lady's residence. The October sun was setting. A flood of golden light rested on corn and cotton field, and rendered yet more brilliant the deep purple chrysanthemums and scarlet verbenas which ornamented that lady's flower-garden in front of her ostentatious dwelling. The althea still put forth its lilac and pale white blossoms, and the holly, cedar, wild orange, and laurel "never sere," had become only more conspicuous, as other deciduous trees changed color and lost their summer luxuriance. A soft, voluptuous air surrounded all, and shook gently from the orchard summer's latest fruit. The earth was strewn with red oak, yellow hickory, and pride of India leaves. A small gate, opening from the carriage-road into the flower-garden already mentioned, stood ajar, and on either side the graveled walk prince's feathers, cockcombs, and sweet fennel formed a border.

The company entered the piazza, and were there met by Mrs. Blount. It struck them that she had lost her animation of manner, and was

troubled in mind. Nor were they long left in doubt as to the nature of her trouble, for, shortly after being seated in the parlor, she drew a long sigh :

"It's a poor world, after all, Mrs. Sinclair. The last of my family is gone. I had a daughter when you was here. You remember her, I reckon, for her favor was counted handsome, and she played onreacheable on the planner. I is jist as lonesome as the old pine tree yonder in the field, with not another near."

Mrs. Sinclair was much shocked, and inquired how long her daughter had been ill.

"Oh, you think she's dead, marm," cried the mother, with sudden animation. "No, taint quite so bad as that, but almost. She is gone off with that scape-grace of a Doctor Thompson, on the cars, and got married. It's the worst trouble I ever had, cause there was only her, you know, for me to care for, and my heart was sot awful on the child. It aint no use grievin for anything." But it was very evident that she did grieve, notwithstanding, for a tear rolled down her cheek as she spoke, and her subdued manner evinced how deeply her heart was touched.

Mrs. Sinclair had been much disgusted by the ridiculous follies of her entertainer in the days of her assumption and pretence, but now that anxiety—a mother's anxiety, had taken the place of absurd frippery, the sympathy of that amiable woman was at once awakened. She set herself to work to ascertain the character, pursuits, and ability of said Doctor Thompson, and soon obtained, from loquacious Mrs. Blount, all the enlightenment necessary. It was plain, from that lady's statements, that the attachment between her daughter and the young physician had for some time subsisted; that Mrs. Blount's strongest objection to her son-in-law was his want of fortune and fondness for dress (which latter fault, under the circumstances, was not inexcusable, since he sought by this means to recommend himself to Caroline,) that he was attentive to his profession, and that Mrs. Blount knew nothing against his moral character. These points established, Mrs. Sinclair proceeded, in her office of pacificator, to suggest, first, that although Mrs. Blount had serious cause to feel offended that her daughter had acted precipitately, and without due deference to so kind a mother, yet her youth and inexperience pleaded for her; secondly, she declared she thought the girl might have done worse, as her lover's character was stated to be irreproach-

able; and, thirdly, she could see no real objection to his want of property, as his professional ability ought to be esteemed an offset to his wife's expected fortune.

It was curious to see how Mrs. Blount's anger softened while she listened to the wise representations of her adviser, and something like comfort stole into her heart, as she said—

"Well, really, you don't think it's so bad after all, and Car'line wrote me a letter, tellin how Parson Spear had married her in church, and how he told her to ax my pardon. But I'll show you the letter."

Accordingly, the billet was produced, and Mrs. Sinclair was surprised at the right feeling it discovered. But here it is :

"MY DEAR MOTHER :

"I am almost afraid to write to you, because I know you are offended with me, and I am sure *that* vexes me too. But what could I do? You know you drove Allan from the house, and I love him better than myself, and next to you. Allan, poor fellow, wished to please you, but you could not endure him, because he is poor. Mamma, I don't think him poor; he knows so much more than I do. If you will take us home again, since we are married now, and he is your son, we will come gladly; but, if not, we are going to Florida to try our fortune there. Please write, and let us know what we are to do.

"Your affec. daughter,

"CAROLINE."

"I should most decidedly advise you to recall the young couple," said Mrs. Sinclair, returning the letter to the perplexed mother; "and when they come, treat them gently. Your daughter is no longer a child, and, whatever her faults may be, my good Mrs. Blount, the time is past for correcting them by authority. You can now only hope to control her by other means—by love; indeed, *that*, after all, is the most effective influence on every human heart. This is my creed, Mrs. Blount, and as you have asked my advice, you have it without reserve."

"Tell me exactly what I must do," replied her companion, "for in this business I feel somehow, mazed; and you is a lady up to the ways of the wise, I kin see."

"Do simply this—write to your daughter and tell her that she must come home; that you are content to overlook the past if the future meet your approval."

"I'll do jist that," responded Mrs. Blount, "and send my letter this blessed night. Here,

Roselvina, git me a writin desk directly, and tell Harry to saddle gray Nance, for he must be off to the post office quick as a wink."

Mrs. Sinclair dictated, Mrs. Blount wrote, and Harry had departed on gray Nance before supper was announced. Mrs. Blount testified by her manner the relief she had experienced, and her adieus in the morning were given with warmth and unction quite gratifying to her guests.

"Oh, mamma," said Esther, "how good you were to interest yourself about these vulgar people, as you have done. I am sure Mrs. Blount regards our visit now in quite a different light from that in which she was disposed to consider it when we passed in September."

"My dear child," returned the lady, "we are all God's creatures, and it best becomes us, at all times, to do all the good we can, remembering that in the eyes of our Creator we are equal, except in gradations of virtue and vice. It is a proof of our own imperfection and want of true charity when we allow external superiority to blind us—when we overlook the gold that is buried in dust, because we must soil our fastidious idea of exclusive elegance to lift it thence. Let us be grateful, my Esther, that we are better instructed than many whom we encounter, but, at the same time, let us endeavor to act to others as we would have them act toward us, were our condition reversed."

Esther laid the lesson to heart, and when a letter, rudely written by Mrs. Blount, some time after arrived, stating that Dr. Thompson and his wife were "at home," and the writer quite reconciled to the alliance, she said, embracing her mother,

"Mamma, you were right to condescend as you did, in the affairs of the backwoods fine lady."

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

To dream of a small stone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife.—To see apples in a dream betokens a wedding, because where you find apples you may expect to find pears.—To dream that you are lame betokens that you will get into a hobble.—When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should instantly discontinue the use of tight stays, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather.—To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.

NELLIE.

BY FANNY FALES.

The apple-boughs were full of bloom,
The sweet May kissing hands to June,
But we sat silent, in the gloom.

That morn our birdling soared on high—
So young from our fond arms to fly,
Two summers' azure in her eye.

Oh! how our hearts were rent that day!
We scarce could move our lips to pray,
God help us! all that we could say.

O little Nellie! nevermore
Dancing like sunshine through the door,
And raining kisses, o'er and o'er,

We listen for the flying feet,
Which come no more, our own to meet,
The prattle innocent and sweet.

The half-worn shoes are lying near
The rumpled dress—but all is dear—
The crib is empty—she not here.

"I'd be an angel" oft she sung,
And now, the shining ones among
She sings, while our poor hearts are wrung.

God's will be done! let thanks go up,
That she no more will taste the cup,
Father and mother yet must sup.

The apple-boughs are still in bloom,
May for the roses making room,
Why should our hearts sit in the gloom?

For only a few steps—a pain—
And she who in our arms hath lain,
Babe Nellie, we shall clasp again.

HOME LIFE.

Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home light must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind, as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while—let each cultivate the mutual confidence, which is a gift capable of increase and improvement—and soon it will be found that kindness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

THE END OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE chief end to be proposed in cultivating the understandings of women, is to qualify them for the practical purposes of life. Their knowledge is not often, like the learning of men, to be reproduced in some literary composition, and never in any learned profession; but it is to come out in conduct; it is to be exhibited in life and manners. A lady studies, not that she may qualify herself to become an orator or a pleader; not that she may learn to debate, but to act. She is to read the best books, not so much to enable her to talk of them, as to bring the improvement which they furnish to the rectification of her principles and the formation of her habits. The great uses of study to a woman are to enable her to regulate her own mind, and to be instrumental to the good of others.

To woman, therefore, whatever be her rank, I would recommend a predominance of those more sober studies, which, not having display for their object, may make her wise without vanity, happy without witnesses, and content without panegyrists; the exercise of which may not bring celebrity, but will improve usefulness. She should pursue every kind of study which will teach her to elicit truth; which will lead her to be intent upon realities, will give precision to her ideas, will make an exact mind. She should cultivate every study which, instead of stimulating her sensibility, will chastise it; which will neither create an excessive nor a false refinement; which will give her definite notions; will bring the imagination under dominion; will lead her to think, to compare, to combine, to methodize; which will confer such a power of discrimination, that her judgment shall learn to reject what is dazzling, if it be not solid; and to prefer, not what is striking, or bright, or new, but what is just. That kind of knowledge which is rather fitted for home consumption than foreign exportation, is peculiarly adapted to women.

There have not been wanting ill-judging females, who have affected to establish an unnatural separation between talents and usefulness, instead of bearing in mind that talents are the great appointed instruments of usefulness; who have acted as if knowledge were to confer on woman a kind of fantastic sovereignty, which should exonerate her from the discharge of female duties; whereas, it is only meant the more eminently to qualify her for the performance of them. A woman of real sense will never forget that, while the greater

part of her proper duties are such as the most moderately-gifted may fulfill with credit—since Providence never makes that to be very difficult which is generally necessary—yet, that the most highly endowed are equally bound to fulfill them; and let her remember that the humblest of these offices, performed on Christian principles, are wholesome for the minds even of the most enlightened, as they tend to the casting down of those “high imaginations” which women of genius are tempted to indulge.

For instance, ladies whose natural vanity has been aggravated by a false education, may look down on *economy* as a vulgar attainment, unworthy of the attention of a highly cultivated intellect; but this is the false estimate of a shallow mind. Economy, such as a woman of fortune is called on to practice, is not merely the petty detail of small daily expenses, the shabby curtailments and stinted parsimony of a little mind, operating on little concerns; but it is the exercise of a sound judgment.

INFLUENCE OF MODERN MANNERS ON MARRIAGE.

THE superior civilization and enlightenment of the present day is a constant theme for boasting; and we may admit the truth of the boast to this extent—that there never, perhaps, was a time, since the first promulgation of Christianity, in which more care has been shown for the interests of the helpless, the destitute, and the degraded.

There is no form of misery, or of ignorance, or of vice, so hideous and repulsive, as to repel the kindly feelings or avert the help of the benevolent. Surely these are encouraging tokens. But then it cannot be too often or too anxiously inquired into, whether, along with these compassionate and tender sympathies for the wretched, there may not be stealthily growing up among us other habits and feelings which eat into our strength, and sap the foundations of our social system. Alongside of our pity, is there not a good deal of sentiment mixed up with our softer feelings? Are there not many expensive and luxurious habits which our grandmothers would have flouted, but which we have learned to think are indispensable? And is not this ever-advancing standard in the style of living becoming every day a greater obstacle in the way of our social happiness?

The old controversy, whether a man can afford to marry on \$1500 a year, is not dead amongst us, though we fear, if a vigorous effort

is not made, it will soon be settled in the negative. We recur to it, because we believe the ladies have the decision practically in their own hands.

We do not mean the young unmarried ladies, though their interests are most concerned in the matter; at present, we more particularly refer to their mothers and guardians, with whom, in the last resort, the decision on all proposals for the marriage of the daughters rest. And what is it, as a general rule, that they demand from a suitor for their daughter's hand? Is it not that he shall afford the young lady a home at least as affluent and as comfortable as that from which she is taken? The condition is so general, that it has passed into a proverb.

But, we would humbly ask, is it reasonable? We are firm believers, we confess, in progress, and we rejoice in the thought that each generation should surpass that which went before it; nay, we have no objection that this progress should take place in wealth, as well as in higher things. But is not this exacting too high a standard? If each branch of the young generation is to start exactly from that point at which the old has left off, no doubt the space cleared by each, and the line of demarcation drawn between them, would be considerable; but, we venture to ask, is that difference desirable? And is the condition on which alone it is to be obtained practicable? We do not say that every mother who has herself risen in the social scale, should be content to see her daughter begin life exactly at that point where she began herself; but, surely some middle point between the starting point and the close of her own career might be hit upon. This point should be kept in view through the whole course of a daughter's education, and not only when a formal proposal is made. If young ladies were trained more to the idea that their married life for the first few years will be of a more straitened character than they are accustomed to see at home, and that they may be required personally to superintend or even to assist in the domestic arrangements, it would do them no harm in their unmarried condition, while it would materially assist them in their married life. We believe, indeed, that most of them, even now, if left to themselves, would have too much good sense to reject the offer of a strong-minded, loving heart, merely because it is accompanied with a less luxurious establishment than they are accustomed to at home; but many a difficulty would be smoothed away, and many a pang

spared in after life, if they were trained beforehand to the expectation that then their *ménage* would be a small one, and fitted to act in it accordingly.

We make our appeal, then, to wives and mothers to look to this matter, as one which concerns, not the happiness of their daughters only, but the social state of the country. It cannot be well with a nation, when early marriages are discouraged. The ancients understood this; and in their rude, blind instincts, they had always more trust in the man who, in their language, had, by the possession of a wife and children, "given hostages to fortune." And we, in this Christian land, are not above learning the same lesson.

It is in family life that we find the root of all the moral and real virtues; and outside of it we have confusion, vice, and shame.

THEN AND NOW.

BY CLARA J. LEE.

O my baby! how thy pale face
All day long hath haunted me:
And thy little hands, beseeching,
Have been lifted unto me.

Thy blue eyes are gazing on me—
Thy sweet lips caress my cheek;
And in accents yearning, tender,
Thou to me dost seem to speak.

Darling, *darling!* my heart crieth
Out aloud in bitter pain;
Oh, how gladly would these lone arms
Clasp thee to themselves again.

Never, *never!* thou art wafted
Where my poor feet cannot tread;
And in bitter anguish ever
I must mourn that thou art dead.

Once, ay twice, the flowers have blossomed
On thy little grave, my child!
But I would not now disturb thee,
Calling back in accents wild.

God, *Our Father*, took thee from me,
Safe within his fold to rest;
Then I murmured—now say, calmly,
Let Him do as seemeth best.

Still, my darling, I look upward!
Loving eyes beam bright on me;
Dimpled hands are clasped in blessings,
Gently dropping down on me.

On my ear they sweetly linger—
In my heart they deeply fall;
And I *feel* why God so doleth—
Why, though loving, chasteneth all.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

HARRY ATWOOD'S VISIT AT OUR HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"You'll have cause enough to repent your invitation, Cousin Janet. Harry'll bother the life out of you."

"Well, I'm willing to try him, anyhow, Esther; and when the visit's over we'll see whether Harry or I regret his coming to Maywood."

Cousin Esther said no more, only her fair, pale face wore an expression of dubious faith in my remark, as she drew her egg glass toward her, and broke the white, oval shell, with the point of her spoon.

I had been for a month the guest of my dearly beloved cousin, Esther Atwood. Her home was a little earthly paradise, hidden away amid clambering vines, which folded their loving arms about it; and care and watchful tenderness made the cottage as home-like and happy within as it was fair without; but my cousin was an invalid, not exactly a confirmed—certainly not a fretful one, but she had those extremely susceptible nerves, on which every discordant sound or circumstance jarred so painfully; and several years of slow suffering had weakened the elasticity of her spirits, making them as all invalids must be, sensitive at all times, and frequently exacting.

There had been, at last, a very obvious improvement in her health, but recovery from a long nervous disease must necessarily be slow and tedious.

Harry Atwood was my cousin's only son. His life had numbered a dozen birthdays, and he was just such a boy as I always loved—bright, hearty, generous, fun-loving, full of adventures and hairbreadth escapes—full of faults, too, and yet with something bold, warm, true, and half defiant in his nature, which drew me toward him.

Now, fond as Esther was of her only boy, he was a constant source of care and annoyance to her, for the poor woman was nervous, not because of indolence, and whims, and selfish indulgence, but because of wearing pain and lassitude, and Harry's loud, boisterous, rollicking ways were always jarring her into sudden starts and tremors.

He had become quite used to the reproving, half fretful, "Oh, Harry, how you did startle me! Do be a little more softly! Dear me! was there ever such a boy! You're worse than a gun going off suddenly at the door!" and sundry other ejaculations and uncomplimentary reflections, which were of hourly recurrence.

So they had become a matter of course to Harry, not that he was a hard-hearted, unsympathetic boy toward suffering—he could *understand*; but what healthy, vigorous, energetic boy of twelve ever *understood* anything about mother's weak nerves and endless headaches? Not Harry Atwood, certainly. I am fond of boys—their free, careless, happy life always thrills me with a new tide of sympathetic enjoyment, and Harry and I got on perfectly together. He rowed me across the pond to the old oaks—he gave me many a swing in the old barn—we searched for the fresh eggs in the hay, for the berries in the woods, and the early apples in the orchard, and Harry's mother thought my suddenly developed tastes for juvenile masculine sports quite an unsolvable problem.

"He's a noble little fellow, Esther," I said to her one day, as we sat together in her bed-room. "You ought to be very proud of your boy."

She laid down, with a little sigh, the scissors with which she was cutting the stems from some lilies of the valley. "I know he is all that you say, Esther, but he's such a terribly noisy, obstreperous child in the house, that I can't do anything with him, and I'm obliged to let him run wild out doors. Boys are a great trial!"

"So they are, to weakly, nervous mothers. But see here, Esther," for the thought flashed suddenly across me, "you're going to the sea-shore next month, and your nerves want rest and quiet before and afterward. Let Harry go home with me on a good, long visit of at least three months. I'll promise you my nerves will stand it."

"I haven't the heart to put such a care on you and Aunt Martha, my dear Janet."

"Not if we are quite willing to take it? Besides," I went on, warming with my subject, "he needn't lose his studies, for there's a fine academy at Maywood. Altogether, it's the best thing you can do, to let me have him."

"I don't know but it is," thoughtfully balancing the scissors.

At that moment Harry's father entered the room. You knew, with the first glance in his face, how Harry came by his merry hazel eyes, his rings of bright brown hair, and the smile that came and went in flashes on his lips.

"Come, girls," he said, in his bright, off-hand way, that always placed you at ease, though you had never met him before, "don't stay shut up here in the bedroom, like a couple of caged canaries. The air is perfectly delicious. Get on your bon-

nets in a hurry, and go down to the Bend with me."

"Well, Edward, you must hear first what Janet has just proposed. She wants to take Harry home and keep him for the next three months, and I'm half tempted to accept the invitation, only it's such an imposition on her benevolence."

"Hear that, Janet; you know not what you ask," laughed Edward, as he snapped his riding whip.

"Yes, I do, and for that very reason I persist in asking."

"Well, then, I won't raise any objections; and on the whole, I believe it will be the best thing for Esther. She thinks Harry a great 'vexation of spirit,' but after all, I suspect he's no worse than his father—very much indeed what that individual was before him, and he came out such a man, after all, that the very best woman in the world wasn't afraid to cast in her lot with him."

Cousin Esther smiled and blushed a little at these words, then the tears came into her eyes with the proud, loving glance which she threw upon her husband.

"The best woman in the world," she repeated. "Ah, Edward, think what a helpless, miserable sort of wife I've been to you during the last three years."

The gentleman looked down on the sweet, pale face beneath him, and no wife would have needed the words, after that look, though they came, too:

"I've been satisfied—more than satisfied, with 'the sort of wife' she's made, anyhow."

But before I started off for my bonnet I knew I had carried my point, and that when I returned to Maywood Harry Atwood would accompany me.

"Do, Cousin Janet, come and just look at him one moment."

If I could have resisted the tones, I could not the bright, beseeching face, so I just laid down my pen, for I was very busy that morning, and went out with Harry.

There it stood, on a bench under the protecting arms of the old apple tree, whose head had been covered with the glory of a century of blossoms; the little miniature house, with its sloping roof of wood, and its bars of iron, and inside were a pair of the daintiest snowy squirrels, with little constellations of black spots on their heads and necks.

The shy, graceful creatures glanced at us, half with fear, half with pleasure, from their bright brown eyes, and then gambolled from end to end of their little home, and took up the nuts we threw them in such quick, cunning fashion, that Harry clapped his hands and shouted for joy.

I cannot tell you what store Harry set by these pets of his. At that time they had been in his possession only about a couple of weeks, and he had been an inmate of our house for about twice that period.

The squirrels had been the gift of our doctor's wife, whose little daughter Harry had saved, a few weeks ago, from falling into the river. The child was crossing it on an old, broken bridge, for she had lost her way. One of the boards had broken under her slight weight, and it was only by clinging to a cross beam with all her strength that the little girl was prevented from falling into the deep water over which she hung suspended.

Harry was returning from school, when the child's shrieks fell upon his ear. He rushed toward them, and succeeded in rescuing the child from her perilous situation, for she must inevitably have fallen into the river before many moments had passed.

"Did you ever see such darling little things, Cousin Janet?" asked Harry, in an undertone of deep enjoyment, as we stood under the apple tree, watching the movements of the squirrels.

"They are beautiful, Harry."

"Aunt Martha says I can tame them in a little while so they can run all around the house. Went that be capital?"

"Capital."

"And do you know, this is Wednesday afternoon, and I'm going to invite our class over to see them. The boys will all want to come."

"I don't doubt it, Harry, but whether we shall all want to see them or not. Have you told mother about your good intentions?"

"No; won't you speak to Aunt Martha about it, please? It'll all be right then, you know."

I was in a hurry to get back to my writing, and Harry's hazel eyes had the entreaty in them which I did not like to resist, so I answered, hurrying away,

"Well, Harry, I'll try and remember it," and he knew, then, the matter was settled.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CINDERELLA, OR THE GLASS SLIPPER.

Two centuries ago furs were so rare and so highly valued that the wearing of them was restricted, by sumptuary laws, to kings and princes. Sable, in those laws called *vair*, was the subject of many regulations as to the precise rank and quality of the person permitted to wear it, as well as to the article of dress to which it might be attached. In the fairy tales attributed to Perrault, the dignity conferred on Cinderella is said to have been marked by presenting her with a slipper of *vair*. An error of the press probably converted *vair* into *verre*; and so, in the translation of the charming little tale, the slipper of sable became a slipper of glass.

THE man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors, is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is under ground.

WHEN the Queen of England is angry, what order of merit does she represent? A Victoria Cross.

Mothers' Department.

A BAD HABIT FOR A MOTHER.

We take the following from the "Mother's Journal":—

Mrs. Colman used to say she could not see why her children did not mind her better. She was sure she did not drive them, and make them obstinate in that way, and they had everything done for them which could be done, and yet they never yielded cheerful obedience; and she looked worried and anxious all the time. However, she would have stoutly resented it if any one else had ventured the opinion that they were not the best children in the world, or had suggested a change in her manner of governing them.

It was eight o'clock in the evening, and all the little Colmans were in the sitting-room, when the customary scene was commenced, which was repeated with slight variations every evening.

"Come, Horace," began the mother, addressing her eldest boy, a child of ten years, "come, it is bed-time now—you had better put away your book."

"Oh! I can't go to bed now—I'm right in the middle of a story, besides, I aint going as long as Carrie sits up."

"Come, Carrie, you go too," said the mother. "You wont feel like getting up in the morning."

Carrie took no notice of her mother's remark, but went on crocheting, and the mother busied herself with the baby, who presently fell asleep in her arms.

"There, Georgie, you're sound asleep on the sofa; you must wake up now and go up stairs."

No answer from Georgie.

Presently Mrs. Colman rose, and laid the baby softly in the cradle. He had been very fretful all day. She began to shake Georgie gently by the shoulder, saying over and over again, "Come, wake up, Georgie."

"Be still!" vociferated the little fellow at last.

"Sh! sh! don't wake up the baby," said the mother, but Georgie clamored, and presently the baby joined in.

"Dear me, what a noise," said Horace, pettishly. The mother jogged the cradle gently, and by the time its refractory occupant was quiet, the boy upon the sofa was sound asleep again, where he lay till past nine o'clock. At last the waking up scene was recommenced, and the mother began to coax her daughter to rock the cradle.

Ungraciously, at last, she rose, and began to jog

the cradle, muttering something about the plague of babies.

After some ten minutes of coaxing, with "Come now, do, Georgie, come, please do," reiterated for the fortieth time, Master Georgie was half led and half carried to bed. The two elder children went when their mother did.

Every morning a similar scene was carried on before breakfast to get the children up, and before school to get them ready and started, and the "come now," and the "please do," were about as effectual as in the previously cited instance, usually resulting in the children's doing as they pleased, or being hired to do as their mother pleased.

Occasionally the tune was varied to, "I wouldn't," "now, please don't," when Master Horace proposed to go skating on the river, or riding a dangerous horse—or Georgie took the vases from the mantelpiece to fill his little wheelbarrow.

Poor Mrs. Colman sighed, and fretted, and worried, but never tried the simple remedy once recommended to her, a little firm authority. Her will was weak—the children's strong, and they came off victors. There are many Mrs. Colmans, spoiling many families of children.

INFANT EDUCATION.

I would raise my voice, says Doctor Ferguson, against that pernicious system of brain-work, mis-called infantile education. It ignores, or is ignorant of, the laws both of the physical and functional development of this most important organ. It neglects the sequences under which its various faculties appear. It has little regard to the laws under which the senses educe the powers of the brain. It either crushes the imagination, so active in childhood, by a premature development of the reflective faculties, or it overwhelms a faculty, which requires no stimulus by a host of artificial expedients. Hence the greater development of early mischiefs: hence the instances of disproportional faculties—the wayward will—the unbalanced conduct—the physical exhaustion and cramped development of the body, the result of the contention of unharmonious and disordered powers and passions. The chapter on the early training of childhood is yet to be written; and even were it at hand, I believe that the errors of the present system are so methodized and overrated, so many prizes are offered for treading its paths, that few would listen to, and fewer practice, its precepts. One of the most thoughtful

minds of our time, (Sir B. Brodie,) in pointing out some of its vices, has all but preferred leaving the brain fallow, to storing it, as it is now stored, in infancy and childhood.

FUN AT HOME.

Some one has said:—

Don't be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come in at night. When once a home is regarded

only as a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends only in gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be found at other less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the house-nest delightful with all those little arts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment around the lamp and firelight at home, blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world, is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

Health Department.

A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.

Said a young lady, who was fashionably educated at the boarding-schools, and indulged in idleness at home, so that there was neither strength or elasticity in her frame, "I used to be so feeble that I could not even raise a broom, and the least physical exertion would make me ill for a week. One sweeping day I went bravely to work, cleaning thoroughly the parlors, three chambers, the front hall, after which I lay down and rested until noon, when I arose and ate a heartier meal than for many a day. Since that time I have occupied some portion of every day in active domestic labor, and not only are my friends congratulating me upon my improved appearance, but in my whole being, mind, body, and spirit, I experience a wonderful vigor, to which I have hitherto been a stranger. Young ladies, try my Catholicon."

THE INFLUENCE OF TEMPER ON HEALTH.

Excessive labor, exposure to wet and cold, deprivation of sufficient quantities of necessary and wholesome food, habitual bad lodging, sloth, and intemperance, are all deadly enemies to human life; but they are, none of them, so bad as violent and ungoverned passions. Men and women have survived all these, and at last reached an extreme old age; but it may be safely doubted whether a single instance can be found of a man of violent and irascible temper, habitually subject to storms of ungovernable passion, who has arrived at a very advanced period of life. It is, therefore, a matter of the highest importance to every one desirous to preserve "a sound mind in a sound body," so that the brittle vessel of life may glide down the stream of time smoothly and securely, instead of being

continually tossed about amidst rocks and shoals which endanger its existence, to have a special care, amidst all the vicissitudes and trials of life, to maintain a quiet possession of his own spirit.

SADDLE HYGIENE.

[A writer in the Independent has the following pleasant and truthful remarks on the subject of riding for Health:]

The early morning ride adds vastly to the stock of a man's self-respect; for one naturally feels mean on getting out of bed with the sun an hour high. As you clatter along the city pavements out toward the plank road which leads to the rural districts, the solitary ring of the horse's hoofs against the brick walls and the closed shutters, and the morning papers lying untouched on the door-step, and the watchman dragging himself sleepily homeward from his nightly patrol, minister a delicious kind of satisfaction to your soul that you are really out of bed, and this feeling of honest pride is itself an accessory to good digestion.

The gentle amble, or hand-gallop, is too easy a gait for a short ride, and so, if you are a minister or a man of business, and have not much time for recreation, I would recommend a hard-trotting horse. You will need some practice, however, or you will make a sorry figure—your legs dangling against the creature's ribs, and your elbows extended like the wings of a bird, and your body as passive a lump as a bag of corn going to mill. These are invariably the constituents of verdant riding on hard trotters. Learn, therefore, to rise gracefully in the saddle, after the fashion of John Bull; the exercise is absolutely splendid, stimulating the capillaries vastly by the friction of the clothes against

the person, starting a genial perspiration over the whole body, inflating the lungs, opening the hepatic ducts, likewise the pyloric, and a great many others which you will find named in Dunglison's Dictionary.

If you happen to be a minister, you will find that a daily ride in the saddle, especially if it contemplate some mission of benevolence, will wonderfully oxygenate your sermons; for it is high time that preachers and parishes were made aware of the fact that good sermons and good arterial blood have strong affinities.

It is immensely important, as I have just now suggested, that your ride contemplate some good object, besides health, which shall occupy the thoughts. One of the most miserable, as well as ludicrous spectacles on earth, is that of a poor dyspeptic bouncing on a horse's back, day after day, saying inwardly with every jolt, "It's for my health, it's for my health!" I have seen a man sallow and cadaverous after six months of such penance. Nay, I have tried it myself with doleful results.

An old author tells of a rich man who said to a poor man, "I walk to get a stomach for my meat;" "and I," said the poor man, "walk to get meat for my stomach." Depend on it, the latter won the stomach, if he missed of his sirloin. Take admonition, dyspeptic reader, from this hint, and beware of the folly of getting fussy about health on horseback or anywhere else.

John Wesley was a broken-down invalid at forty, but riding in the saddle some thousands of miles in the work of preaching saved him to the world till past fourscore; whereas, if he had simply ridden for health—a selfish consideration—doubtless he would have died in his prime. On reflection I believe that a benevolent errand at the end of your ride will prove quite as serviceable as the ride itself. A distinguished physiologist has remarked that

benevolence promotes the *centrifugal* action of the fluids of the body. We all know that selfishness is mental congestion, and why should it not tend to physical congestion? No doubt it does. And I have seen a dyspeptic dying by inches under the wear and tear of this mean thought, that his personal health was of great consequence, when everybody, even his wife, knew that he did nobody any good. He was a considerable gymnast, a constant rider on horseback, a marvelous bather in cold water, a very duck (or I should rather have said *gander*) among aquatic bipeds, and yet grew no better, but worse, from day to day, just because of selfishness.

BAD BREATH.

If when the face is brought near another's, the lips are kept firmly closed, there is no bad breath, that which comes from the nose not being perceptibly disagreeable.

Much of the disagreeable odor of a late meal may be avoided if the teeth and mouth are well rinsed with warm water, and the tooth brush is passed across the back part of the tongue.

In some persons, a fetor of breath and of the feet alternate. In others, both are present at the same time.

A fetid effluvia arises usually, if not always, from three causes; first, it is hereditary, being connected with a scrofulous taint; second, it arises from a want of personal cleanliness; third, it attends a disordered stomach. The second and third suggest their own remedies. The first is a grievous and mortifying misfortune to all sensitive minds, but it may be remedied to a very considerable extent, by persistent habits of strict personal cleanliness, by large out-door activities, personal regularities, and the temperate use of plain substantial food.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Hints for Housekeepers.

BEEF.—A very economical, and most savory and delicious dish, can be made with two or three pounds of chuck-steak, (a cheap part of beef,) which infinitely surpasses the tasteless, insipid, common eating-house stuff, called "beef alamode." Cut the steak into pieces of about two inches square, put them into a saucepan with a large breakfast-cup of cold water, season with black pepper and salt; put it on the fire; as soon as it boils up, stand it on the hob to simmer for two hours and a half, until perfectly tender. While simmering, tie up, with a bit of white thread or

cotton, a bunch of a pennyworth of sweet herbs, composed of knotted marjoram, winter savory, and a little thyme, and take it out just before the dish is served. Of course, the stew must be occasionally shaken, as all others are; remember, however, the fat must not be skimmed off; the more fat there is, the better is the stew. This dish is of Italian origin, and in that country is eaten with plain boiled macaroni and Parmesan cheese, or with a salad; and with either it is a "dainty dish to set before a king." Any girl from a charity school could cook it, while an alderman of Portsoken Ward and a

three stone man, or a cripple from the workhouse, would equally enjoy it, and wish he could eat more.

LIVING TOO HIGH.—There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be so. We must be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar outward show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial genteel world of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble, self-denying love is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

DEVONSHIRE STEW.—Mix together the following articles, previously boiled and shred: Potatoes, cabbage, (or greens,) and onions; season with pepper and salt; put the whole into a pan with a lump of nice beef dripping, or butter; stir it until hot—it is then ready for use. Double the quantity of potatoes are required to the cabbage and onions. This is a cheap dish, and eats well with hot or cold meat. Potatoes and cabbage left at dinner the day previous will answer the purpose. The water should be changed at least twice during the boiling of the onions.

TOAST.—Chestnut brown is even far too deep for a good toast, and the color of a fox is rather too deep. The nearer it can be kept to a straw color the more delicious to the taste, and the more wholesome it will be. The method of obtaining this is very obvious. It consists in keeping the bread at the proper distance from the fire, and exposing it to a proper heat for a due length of time; or it may be done, placed on edge the same way as dry toast is brought to table, in a rack, in an iron or brick oven of a proper heat. For those who "make the toast," especially if a large quantity be required, it is generally a tedious process, and for this reason it is commonly hurried. But if the toasting-fork was discarded, and its place supplied by a small apparatus made of wire, long enough to hold three or four pieces at a time, and so contrived as to slide in or out to any required distance from the

fire, the bread may be placed in it, and the process of toasting carried on, while the servant was at liberty to do her other work. Of course, the "Toast Holder" would require to be made differently to suit particular shaped grates and fireplaces.

TO CLEAN PAINT THAT IS NOT VARNISHED.—Put upon a plate some of the best whiting, have ready some clean warm water, and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the paint, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease; wash well off with water, and rub dry with a soft cloth. Paint thus cleaned looks equal to new; and without doing the least injury to the most delicate color, it will preserve the paint much longer than if cleaned with soap; and it does not require more than half the time usually occupied in cleaning.

FAMILY ECONOMY.—There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnishes little or much for his family, if there is a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, *Waste*, cries "More," like the horse leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it.

HOT-CROSS BUNS.—Rub four ounces of butter into two pounds of flour, four ounces of sugar, one ounce and a half of ground allspice, cinnamon, and mace, mixed together. Put a spoonful of cream into a cup of yeast, and as much good milk as will make the above into a light paste. The buns will bake quickly in tins; set them near the fire to rise, previously to putting them into the oven. When half proved, press the form of a cross in the centre, with a tin mould.

CORN MUFFINS.—One quart of Indian meal sifted; one heaping spoonful of butter; one quart of milk and some salt; two tablespoons of distillery yeast; one of molasses. Let it raise four or five hours. Bake in muffin rings. The same will answer to bake in shallow pans. Bake one hour.

RAISED MUFFINS.—Take three eggs, half a cup of yeast, a little salt, a quart of new milk, a table-spoonful of melted butter; flour enough to make a thick batter. When risen, bake in rings.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

PLATE OF FASHIONS FOR CHILDREN.

The group of children on the plate represent a dancing lesson in the park of the United States Hotel at Saratoga, or of the Ocean House in Newport. They are affecting the *two step* of "The Lancers," which they witnessed the evening previous in the assembly-room. Such exercises improve the health and the attitude more than the gray and grave world are willing to admit. Neither a lady nor a juvenile appear to the best advantage unless in action. This is one of the occult reasons why spruce and lively widows, who wear a modestly coquettish morning toilette, captivate the heart of a man of means so much sooner than do the Miss Pensee Rosas, who sit, sigh in voluminous surroundings, study music and the libretto of the next opera. All young ladies should learn to dance, and try to influence their brothers to do likewise.

First toilet.—Checked *taffetas*, poplin, or muslin, in emerald or isly green shade, sleeves short, and trimmed with black ribbon and black silk balls, or tassel trimmings. *Petite casaque* of black silk, square body, and closed at front with silk buttons; open at front *à tablier*, and trimmed across the bottom and up the front of the skirt with tassel trimmings. *Chemisette* and *pantelets* embroidered. Lace boots, green and black. Black lace armlets.

Second toilet.—Rose colored check silk, ornamented with eight flounces, edged narrowly with black velvet ribbon. High body, forming a *pèlerine*, trimmed with one flounce. Sleeves in three flounces. White undersleeves with a *ruche* border. *Ruche* round the neck, at the top of the body of the dress. Embroidered *pantelets*, black satin *Français* boots, tipped with patent-leather or morocco. Kid gloves.

Third toilet.—Robe and mantle of white cachemire, embroidered in silk and garnished with fringe. Cap of *groseille* velvet and white feather. White gloves.

Fourth toilet.—Dress of Magenta purple silk—*Étole*—apron with front of body and armholes—of black *taffetas*, trimmed with a lilac *plissé*. Head-dress of lilac ribbon. Collar and sleeves embroidered.

Fifth toilet.—Turkish costume of blue cachemire, embroidered in *soutache* with yellow silk. Turkish breeches of blue, with yellow embroidered side-

band. Yellow stockings, blue gaiter shoes, red sash around waist. Blue cap and tassel. This dress is intended for a little boy from four to six years old.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Straw enters largely into the composition of trimmings for dresses, as well as into the confections for bonnets.

The gauze of *Chambéry* is destined to a great vogue this year. The tissue is both light and firm, possessing the advantage of retaining for a long time its primitive freshness.

Plain colors are preferred—the blue and the rose are the mode.

Novel dispositions of silk muslins compose also pretty toilets.

Flounced robes, with the flounces edged with a bias, are extremely delicate and fascinating. Six flounces form the tour of the skirt, continuing up the front in the shape of an apron. The round-cornered tunic, edged with a large *bouillonné*, is regarded as quite *récherché*. When the body is *décolleté*—in case of a ball dress, for example—the *plissé* or plaiting, as the head of the body, is open *en cœur*; but when the body is high, it is completed by a *fichu pèlerine* in stuff similar, with plaiting and flounce at the edge.

The mantelet which accompanies this dress is of silk tissue. The body of the mantelet is trimmed with *barrettes* placed at the top, simulating three plaits at the top edge. This mantelet terminates at the bottom in a flounce twelve inches deep, surmounted by one of nine inches. One or two flounces is quite the fashion for the bottom of a mantelet.

Dresses of *poult de soie* are more light, trimmed with cross-rows of ribbons forming an apron front, the ends of the ribbon rows finished with a straw ornament. Frequently, a fall of lace depends from each cross-row of ribbon. The body is closed at front with plain buttons, and it is in the pointed form. The sleeves are trimmed with bands of ribbon and lace.

Robes of foulard are made with only one deep flounce at the bottom of the skirt.

Casques of black silk, cut nearly as long as the dress, and with flowing sleeves, are still the favored over-dresses for young ladies; they are lined with white silk, which, at the ends of the sleeves, is formed in a *plissé* a couple of inches deep.

The black silk mantelet, made by plaiting a pineapple pointed back to a yoke which extends so as

to lend the appearance of increased width to the shoulders, is the principal over-garment now seen in our churches or on our promenades. The bottom points or the mantelet—both before and behind—extend nearly to the bottom of the dress. They are trimmed more or less elaborately, carrying the cost of them as high as ninety dollars, or down as low as twenty-five. The ninety dollar silk mantelets at Stewart's are made from *taffetas glace*, very thick, lustrous, and pliable, worth eight dollars a yard. The trimmings consist of deep falls of lace, velvet and fringe trimmings, with tassels, &c.

A new kind of galloon for trimming over-dresses has just been invented, and bids fair to obtain very general favor; for it is not expensive, while it is very lasting, and imitates embroidery. It is to be seen at Stewart's, and at Edward Lambert & Co's.

We have seen some elegant black silk and velvet *casagues*, intended as the highest style of morning call costume, with sleeves very ample, pointed, and the open inseam joined by trellis-work of silk cord. The garment tracing the outline of the figure without fitting closely, and quite long, with the bottom of the skirt at the side-seams left open about eighteen inches, and trimmed like the sleeves. A small cape of lace, or a fall of lace round the neck and at the ends of the sleeves, is much admired, and some employ a cord and tassels for the waist.

The *bermous* and shawl-shaped mantillas of striped and checked tissues and cashmeres and cashmerettes, are still in vogue, including many of those in mixtures and small checks, woven with the robes, in summer stuffs.

As there appears to be no very happy medium in mantelets, for a lady of taste and modest desires to unite upon, it is not uncommon to see the India shawl and the superb Paisley pale ends worn by many of our most select ladies.

The evening robes of tulle and tarlatan are cut

with pointed bodies, *demi-décolleté*, one or two *bouillons* forming the short sleeve, and the skirt covered with *bouillons*, diminishing in size as they ascend, and either all white, or alternating with rose, blue, and orange.

Gold waist-ribbons and waist-buckles, with golden tissues in spots for *brides* of bonnets, and for head dresses, are quite the fashion on high dress occasions, such as bridal balls and bridal receptions.

Toilets for children are light and lively, and besides those indicated by the picture-plate, the shapes are duplicated in bareges, muslins, quiltings, and nankins; also, batiste is in great vogue as a material for infants' dresses.

Bonnets are about the same as when last reported, save, perhaps, the border is more round and less pointed; but the shape is still high, and far forward in the border, receding at the sides to the ears, and the square crown is preferred for evening wear. There is no established style for trimmings; but if the bonnet is of cactus chip, or of Belgian straw, or Italian rice straw, the curtain is of silk, and the crown either covered with net, or not, according to taste; but the sparse trimmings of ribbon *roleaux*, or tracery over the forehead, with blonde ruches for cheeks, and a tuft of large red velvet flowers on the left side, and a torsade of ribbon leading to the other side, and ending in a knot, with plain strings, is the preferable style. Fall dress bonnets of crapes in lively shades are elaborately trimmed with lace and straw confections, tufts of flowers and *blonde* with golden petals, and golden figures on the *brides*.

The bracelet is a massive and plain gold ring, and the ear-rings are in the square-edged hoop-form, finely chased on the surface and edges. The *ceinture* with knot and long lappet ends is still in favor for evening dress. Both the *pagode* and the *demi-gigot* sleeve is in fashion.

New Publications.

ELEMENTS OF ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY, AND OF THE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS. By Charles Davies, LL.D. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

In 1836 Professor Davies published a treatise on Analytical Geometry, designed specially for the pupils of the Military Academy, and in its construction gave but little attention to the supposed wants of other institutions. Since then, the study of the higher mathematics has been more generally introduced in Colleges, Academies, and High Schools, and now a new and entirely revised edition of the work is issued to meet a more universal demand.

WOMAN'S HOME BOOK OF HEALTH. By John Stainback Wilson, M. D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Designed to take the place of the many cheap books on the subject, which have done so much evil by their circulation in a concealed manner. It is, as its title indicates, intended specially for women, and gives, in plain language, information in regard to the prevention and cure of diseases without the use of dangerous remedies; also in regard to the laws of health and their observance. The author seems to have written with a sincere desire to impart useful information.

GRASSES AND FORAGE PLANTS. A Practical Treatise, comprising their Natural History, Comparative Nutritive Value, Method of Cultivating, Cutting, and Curing; and the Management of Grass Lands in the United States and British Provinces. By Charles L. Flint, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, etc. With 170 illustrations. Fifth edition. Revised and enlarged. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

This important volume gives a description of all the useful grasses found in our fields and pastures; and embodies the most recent practical and scientific information on their history, culture, and nutritive value. The grass crop of the United States, annually, for hay and pasturage, is estimated at the enormous value of three hundred millions of dollars; information in regard to its culture is therefore of great importance.

The work before us contains descriptions, more or less minutely, of 226 kinds, known as *true grasses*, or the *Gramineæ*, which embrace most of the grains cultivated and used by man, as wheat, rye, Indian corn, rice, etc., besides the artificial grasses, "or plants cultivated and used like grasses, though not belonging to the grass family," including the clovers, lucerne, and the like, and the grass-like rushes, carices, and sedges, commonly called grasses, many of which are illustrated by engravings true to nature. From these the inquiring reader may readily learn the name, properties, mode of culture, and value of any variety. Besides this, there are chapters on "The Climate and Seasons, and their Influences on the Grasses;" "Selection, Mixture, and Sowing of Grass Seeds;" "Time and Mode of Cutting Grass for Hay;" "Curing and Securing Hay," and "General Treatment of Grass Land." Altogether, the book forms a most important addition to our agricultural literature.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE; OR, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL HYGIENE. By William M. Cornell, M. D., Author of *Consumption Prevented*; *Observations on Epilepsy*; *Ship and Shore Physician* and *Surgeon*; the *Sabbath Made for Man*, &c., &c. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

"This work explains the reciprocal action of the body and mind, and shows how much human happiness depends upon their nice adjustment and the knowledge of their agency. The author is well known as a lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene, and the treatment of Nervous Diseases, and having devoted years of study to this department, is enabled to present a popular treatise of great value and interest to every student, professional man, and, in fact, to every family. It embodies the principles and facts contained in his able work, "Clerical Health," which was universally commended by the press."

LEWIS ARUNDEL; OR, THE RAIL ROAD OF LIFE. By Frank E. Smedley, Author of *Frank Farleigh*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A fast story, as its title indicates.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING; comprising the Breeds, Breeding, and Management in Health and Disease, of Dairy and other Stock; the Selection of Milch Cows, with a full explanation of Guenon's Method; the Culture of Forage Plants, and the Production of Milk, Butter, and Cheese; Embodying the Most Recent Improvements, and Adapted to Farming in the United States and British Provinces. With a Treatise on the Dairy Husbandry of Holland; to which is added Horsfall's System of Dairy Management. By Charles Flint. Liberally illustrated. Boston: Crosby & Nichols.

The comprehensive title of this book, given above, leaves little for us to say as to its scope, or in regard to the information it contains. Farmers and Dairymen will understand its value better than our unskilled words can set it forth. The excellent character of the letter press and engravings is highly creditable to the publishers. It is really a pleasure for the eyes to move over its clearly printed pages.

MEMOIR OF THE DUCHESS OF ORLEANS. Translated from the French. New York: Charles Scribner.

This volume contains a translation of the Memoir by the Marquess de H., and of various souvenirs and letters collected by Prof. Schubert. It is one of the choicest examples of a noble womanhood. The translator remarks in his preface: "The character of the Duchess of Orleans is one of such remarkable loveliness, and shines with such radiant lustre in the midst of the French Court, and in the subsequent trials to which she was subjected after the downfall of Louis Philippe, that it is worthy of the most careful study."

RUTLEDGE. New York: Derby & Jackson.

With this unsuggestive title, we have a story of unusual ability. The author is said to be a young lady yet in her teens; if so, she has begun surpassingly well. Rutledge is, by far, the freshest and most spirited society novel of the year. The characters are drawn with nice discrimination, and considerable skill in portraiture, and the incidents are so managed as to keep the reader's mind steadily reaching forward. We have not been so much interested in a story for a long time.

EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCOURSES. Delivered in Broadway Church, New York. Reported as Delivered by the Author. By E. H. Chapin, D. D. First Series. New York: O. Hutchinson.

A volume of sermons from this eloquent preacher and lecturer cannot fail to have a wide circulation. The merit of Mr. Chapin's discourses does not lie all in his effective delivery; they hold the reader by their fine construction, power of language, and strong words said in the cause of humanity and vital religion.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS. By the Author of "My Lady." New York: Harper & Brothers.

An attractive English story, that we see is gaining good opinions.

CHURCH CHORAL BOOK: Containing Tunes and Hymns for Congregational Singing, and Adapted to Choirs and Worship. By B. F. Baker and J. W. Tufts. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

In this volume, for use in congregational singing, there is a fine collection of familiar hymns, with the music of the air, and also an organ accompaniment. It strikes us as a timely and desirable publication.

DANBURY HOUSE. By Mrs. Henry Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is the story for which the Directors of the "Scottish Temperance League" gave a prize of one hundred pounds sterling. It is intended to illustrate "the injurious effects of Intoxicating Drinks, the advantages of Personal Abstinence, and the demoralizing operations of the Liquor Traffic." It is a story of great power.

HISTORY OF GENGHIS KHAN. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Abbott never seems tired of writing in this direction: and we are very sure that the public whom he addresses never gets tired of hearing from him. The history of Genghis Khan is a welcome addition to his series of Histories for School and Family Libraries.

A SMALLER HISTORY OF GREECE, FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE ROMAN CONQUEST. By William Smith, LL.D. Illustrated by Engravings on Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This History is intended for the use of Public Schools throughout the country, being a more elementary book than the larger History of Greece by the same author, which will appropriately succeed it in more advanced classes. It is to be followed by similar condensed histories of Rome and England.

POEMS. By W. H. Holcombe, M. D. New York: Mason & Brothers.

A volume of poems breathing the pure spirit of humanity. The author has not written in mere playful gratification of a busy and creative fancy, but, evidently, with the poet's noblest end, to make truth, as he saw it, beautiful and attractive. He understands the meaning of that fine sentiment, "Song is but the eloquence of truth," and has not wasted his fine powers in a mere ambitious display designed as a monument to his genius. Of such monuments we have too many, and they are about as cold and useless in the world of literature as ornate sculptures in a grave-yard. We want poets who do not think of fame, but of humanity. Dr. Holcombe is one of these, and we commend his elegant volume as full of voices for the common heart, speaking to it not only in the busy day, but in the calm evening and morning hours, when the mind's deeper consciousness awakens. It is a book of true poetry.

THE LITTLE BEAUTY. By Mrs. Gray, Author of "The Gambler's Wife," "Young Prima Donna," "Sybil Lennard," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mrs. Gray always writes with sufficient skill and truth to nature to hold the reader's interest. "The Little Beauty," is a good novel.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Text Book of Intellectual Philosophy, for Schools and Colleges: Containing an Outline of the Science, with an Abstract of its History. By J. T. Champlain, D. D., President of Waterville College. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Cicero on Oratory and Orators. Translated or Edited by J. S. Watson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Sermons by Rev. W. Morley Punshon. To which is prefixed a plea for Class-Meetings, and an Introduction by Rev. William H. Milburn. New York: Derby & Jackson.

The Home-Book of Health and Medicine; or, the Laws and Means of Physical Culture. Adapted to Practical Use, embracing Laws of Digestion, Breathing, Ventilation, Use of the Lungs, Circulation and Renovation, Laws and Diseases of the Skin, Bathing, How to Prevent Consumption, Clothing and Temperance, Food and Cooking, Poisons, Exercise and Rest, &c., &c. By W. A. Alcott, M. D. With Thirty-one Illustrations. Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

Elements of English Composition, Grammatical, Rhetorical, Logical, and Practical. Prepared for Academies and Schools. By James R. Boyd, A.M., Author of Annotated Editions of English Poets, of "Elements of Logic," of an improved edition of "Kame's Elements," etc. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

Walter Ashwood: A Love Story. By Paul Siogvolk. New York: Rudd & Carleton.

A Discourse on the Life, Character, and Genius of Washington Irving. Delivered before the New York Historical Society in New York, on the 8th of April, 1860, by W. Cullen Bryant. New York: G. P. Putnam.

The Semi-Detached House. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Class Book of Botany. Being Outlines of the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants, with Flora of all parts of the United States and Canada. By Alphonso Wood, A. M. New York: A. S. Barnes & Burr.

The West Indies and the Spanish Main. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Doctor Thorne," "The Bertrams," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Editors' Department.

OUR OLD APPLE TREE.

There it stood, close to the kitchen door, that old apple tree, gnarled and bent, distorted and twisted, no grace, nor symmetry, nor beauty about it—nothing but ruggedness, and barrenness, and unrelieved homeliness.

We slipped our fingers along the scarred, knotted trunk, which age and storms had blighted, we saw where the axe had hewn away the strength of its great boughs—and we said to ourselves there could be neither life, nor growth, nor bloom in that old, miserable, broken-backed apple tree.

So, we talked of cutting it down—we said the huge, misshapely thing, standing right before the door, out off the view of the meadows and the hills that lay beyond, and locked themselves in lovingly with the sky. We talked of cutting it down, but we thought with a little shiver of that first stroke of the "woodman's axe" on the old trunk, for after all, it was an *apple tree*, and oh! of how much that was fragrant, and beautiful, and home-like was this the suggestion!

The very name brought with it old memories of the days when we played under another apple tree, which had fallen into old age now; we saw the great white tent as it spread its folds open every May, as sails spread themselves to the sea breezes; we saw its underlining of green, and the nests swinging in the boughs, and heard the sweet rain of the robins' songs in the early spring mornings—we saw the white blossoms frosting the grass every time the wind went with its loving fingers amongst the boughs—and long afterward—for the summers were long, then, as the years are now—we saw the great red fruit blushing amid the green leaves, like goblets of wine, and in the still autumn mornings there was the soft, pleasant sound of the ripe apples dropping on the grass.

And *this* apple tree too, perhaps, had its legends and stories, and associations which the dumb boughs could not utter. Perhaps that bowed head had worn the blossoms of centuries of years, and in the joy of its youth, and the strength and glory of its prime, what little children had played through the long summer days under its shadows? what golden beads had it sheltered that now were gray ones? how many birds had swung their nests and poured their sweet songs in its boughs? what springs had gone in their grace, what summers in their glory, what autumns in their pomp, and what winters in white mufflers, over its head? and how the gifts which it shook down from its green

arms every October rejoiced the hearts that gathered them!

We thought of all this, and then we looked at the old tree, standing there and scarring the landscape with its black, huge, ungainly figure, and yet—there was but one voice in the household—we hadn't the heart to cut it down, for, after all, it was an *apple tree*.

And at last the long, cold spring rains began to clear away, and the sky put on a softer look, and there were pleasant, half-mysterious prophesies in the sunbeams, and the winds that played amongst them; and the far-off hills began to turn from brown to beryl, and the long meadows to put on an emerald facing, and suddenly the boughs of the old apple tree began to put out a faint green fluting.

We could hardly believe our eyes when we beheld it; we looked at that blasted trunk, and it didn't seem possible it could hold living veins and arteries that could bear up sap into those black boughs, so that they too should burst out in strength and beauty, and bear their part in the poem of a new spring.

But so it was—the old apple tree kept on bravely, the spring rains baptized it, the spring sunshine blessed it with its thousand loving hands, and the light green fluting grew into dark frilling, and then there began to be faint flushings of pink among the green, which grew more emphatic every day, and one by one the white blossoms crept out, until at last the old apple tree stood there crowned with beauty as never bride was crowned with jewels, a sight to gladden the eyes and rejoice the heart—its homeliness and old age all gone, it stood there, renewed and redeemed with the glory of its first youth.

How its white looks waved in the soft May winds, sanctifying the air with their perfumes! how its snowy banners spread their stately folds in the sunshine, while we stood every day at the door and window, and feasted our eyes upon its beauty as we never feasted them before, for never apple tree was crowned with such affluence of blossoms, until one by one the grass was frosted all over, as though the frosts of November had crept back into the heart of May.

And now the small green fruit has begun to appear among the thick leaves—the blossoms are fulfilling their prophecy—there hangs among the boughs the promise of an abundant harvest.

And how like is that old apple tree to many a

human life—withered and barren, and which men count worthless and broken.

But if the rains could fall softly about their roots, and the sunbeams call to them, how would these lives that men condemned put on new strength and beauty—for they are not dead yet! how would the green leaves begin to appear, and fair blossoms wave rejoicingly before the eyes of men.

Oh, it is better to be patient and hopeful, for every human soul carries, like that old apple tree, in its blackened trunk, *the possibility of a new life!* a life which shall, in its old age, be fragrant with blossoms and ripe with fruit, which the angels shall count worthy to gather into the garner of Heaven!

V. F. T.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

From the volume of poems by Dr. Holcombe, recently published by Mason & Brother, we take this fine specimen. It will be seen that he has a skilled hand, and touches the chords like a master:

THE MYSTIC UNION.

A light of glory to our feet benighted!

A voice of resurrection to the dead—

"E'en as the father to the son united,
So shall ye be to Christ, your living head."

What doth it mean? In these poor hearts of ours
Can the Omniscient a sojourner be,
As sunbeams nestle in the souls of flowers,
Or angels come to sleeping infancy?

Ah, yes! Rejoice, ye contrite, broken-hearted
His holy presence dissipates your sin;
Remember how the raging storm departed
From the lone ship when Jesus slept therein.

Oh, let his love, a sacred fire outgoing,
Consume each molten image from our sight;
And be our spirits, to his truth inflowing,
Transparent as the diamond is to light.

It is the soul which makes its own external;
All things are outbirths from her inmost sphere;
Sunshines of peace on landscapes ever vernal,
And wastes of winter come alike from her.

The love of God, the fealty which we owe Him,
Grafted upon our hearts, and fruitful there,
Will make the outward life a noble poem,
By making, first, the inner life a prayer.

Is not the holy, beautiful ideal,
The Fa'her of our hope, and joy and love?
Which comes incarnate in the grosser real,
Remolding it by patterns from above?

Joy springs from sorrow, virtue from temptation,
And daily death is but a happier birth;
Then comes our Sabbath of regeneration,
Uniting heaven forevermore with earth.

DAILY LIFE.

"But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as by want of heart."

We suppose that no one who has not an *educated* conscience, and a high ideal of life, can rightly interpret the true meaning and awful force of those words of Thomas Hood's.

For it isn't in great actual deeds, in sudden heroic impulses, or occasional lofty purposes, that life consists—it is in the general temper of the heart, the loving, trustful soul that looks out with watchful eyes upon every hour and circumstance, seeking to do good, to bless, and be blessed, as one has opportunity.

And yet, what a frightful mistake most people make in this matter—good sort of people, we mean, or those that are considered so—people who simply live to enjoy themselves from day to day, good-natured, agreeable, good-hearted, ready at any time to do you a courteous, or obliging act—and yet what real richness or perfume, what real depth or graciousness, is there in their lives.

And what will become of these good sort of folks when their lives are opened before them by the angel of the Lord, and their eyes are opened, too, to see, and their hearts to understand, what a true ideal of life is; what are its solemn relations and duties, and sanctities; what will they think of themselves when they see what a poor, miserable, unfruitful work their *living* has been? How will they answer the voices which must call to them on every side—"What has your life been worth?" "With how many good, just, true, self-sacrificing deeds have you filled it? How much better is the world because you have lived in it?" Yet these very same people would be terribly shocked at being called selfish, indolent, ineffective.

Now, it is very certain that God calls very few of us to do great deeds in life; very few days furnish us with opportunities for high and heroic accomplishment, but it is equally certain that as a "man thinketh in his heart so is he," and to have a broad, generous, loving spirit, a soul set to sweet tunes for the love of humanity, and that goes about seeking to do little daily acts of practical good to others—a soul that carries with it always the sweet spices of charity, and pity, and tenderness, will be the one which shall wear the brightest crown in the great "exhibition day" of eternity. V. F. T.

"THE FUTURE ARTIST."

There is something more than a simple love of pictures in the calm, meditative face of that boy. He is not thinking so much of the theme of the picture, as of the wonderful skill by which it was produced. A desire to create with the pencil is stirring in his mind. He is the future artist, and the world will hear of him in the lapse of years.

THE BASKET OF FLOWERS.

Addressed to the Lady who sent them.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Their fragrance haunteth all the rooms, and throbs

Sweetly among my thoughts, as some old tune
Windeth around the bye-lanes of the heart
And floats along its dreams.

They came to me,
Those wondrous blossoms from the heart of June,
With the morn's dews upon them; there were buds

Opening their snowy bosoms to the sun,
And sweet moss roses, with their crimson throats
Breathing out spicy odors; and there lay,
Scattered amidst them, gentians, with the look
Of the blue eyes of children in their dreams,
And flutings of the purple mignonette
Winding round honeysuckles.

Lady, thou,
Whose fair hands gathered these, and grouped them here,

With such rare grace to feast the stranger's heart
Thine eyes had never gazed on, for thy gift
Of these June flowers I thank thee.

It may be
Thou ne'er wilt know what welcome sweet they gave

The stranger to her home—what voices crept
Up from their hearts of crimson and of gold,
In fragrant blessings on her.

May God grant
Thy life, sweet lady, like thy gift this morn,
Be scattered thick with blossoms that shall yield
Their sanctifying odors down thy years;
And glad hearts bless thee for thy loving deeds
As mine now blesses thee! and may'st thou wear
Flowers in immortal settings, fairer far
Than those thou'st gathered in the Junes on earth.

"LUCILE."

This is the title of a new poem running through a whole volume, by "Owen Meredith," which has just appeared, and been republished by Ticknor & Fields. It is a story in rhyme, of considerable power and versatility, and indicates advancement in the author, who is, as it is known, a son of the novelist Bulwer. He takes a *nom de plume* that might better, now, be laid aside. The preface is addressed to his father in a commendable spirit. We should infer that the young poet had already seen something of life, and the dark side of character. His hero is an English Don Juan, and his career has its lessons—though not instructive in the higher moralities. The son inherits his father's talents, and if he has his father's persevering industry, the literary world will give him a pretty high place, in time.

SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

A subscriber sends us the following sayings of a little one:

"Driving up to my gate, our little Maggie, a very sprightly talker, just two years old, wished to take a buggy ride. I drove her to the stable, where the man was busily engaged in rubbing and brushing a horse with a large brush. She watched, apparently with great interest. When she returned to the house her Ma asked her what she saw at the stable, and as she had never seen a brush used for anything else than blacking boots, very naturally replied—'Mamma, I saw a man blacking a horse.' Yesterday, whilst riding in the buggy, and a pleasant breeze was stirring, she said—'The wind is going to make some nice air.'"

"She has the utmost confidence in her papa's ability. Seeing a chicken entirely destitute of feathers, said, 'Papa, wout you make some feathers for the poor little naked chicken?'"

CREDIT WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

We must suggest to come of our exchanges, the editors of which do not seem well posted in regard to the usages of the press, that in copying articles from the "Home Magazine" due credit should be given. It is hardly fair to appropriate the good things we have provided without so much as saying, "By your leave, sir!" We could give the names of certain papers in which articles from our magazine have appeared without credit; but, as from their character it seems probable they were not the original sinners, but found the articles in other publications, minus the credit that was due, we forbear, lest wrong be done to a brother editor who would not do an unfair thing for the world.

A FAMILY SCHOOL.

We would call special attention to the advertisement of a Family School for Girls in this city. We know Mr. Beaman and his family, and can speak advisedly in regard to the advantages his school possesses. Girls placed in his care will come under healthy moral influences, and have their minds carefully trained.

"A JAR—NOT OF HONEY."

Our engraving with this title will suggest to different readers different contents of the matrimonial jar, the cover of which not being removed, we cannot speak with certainty of what is below. We are very sure, however, that it is not of honey, nor any of life's sweet confections. "A Pickle Pot" would have been the more appropriate designation, if the faces of those who have just tried its quality may be taken as an index.

HEROISM.

BY ELLEN C. L. KIMBELL.

We sing of the hearts whose tides of life
Flow out on the battle-field,
Whose pulses throb to the passion-strife,
And "die, but will never yield;"

We write of the strong, undaunted soul,
That climbs to the heights of fame,
And leaves through th' coming years to roll
"The poor triumph of a name;"

We bind on the brows of those who win,
Bright wreaths of laurel and bay;
At the temple-gates they enter in,
And their mandates we obey;
But hearts as loyal to truth and right,
And as strong to "do and dare,"
Beat in the silence, and out of sight,
Make of their lives a prayer.

The souls that perfect through suffering grow,
In pain that is worse than death,
Bare more than the hearts whose life-tides flow,
The banners of strife beneath;
Love that has gathered its brightest sheaves,
And woven its brightest dreams—
Then wakens to find how life deceives,
The heart that in trusting gleams;

Yet bears with a courage strong and high,
The burdens that wear to death,
Finds where the pavements of crystal lie
The glad triumph of its faith;
For God, all-seeing, binds up at last,
The wounds that we meekly bear,
And all on the altars of suffering cast,
The purified garments wear.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y.

CAPITAL.

Here are some capital remarks from somebody, in answer to the wish we hear so often from the lips of young men who have large ambition, but little taste for patient industry—"I wish I had Capital!" Why, capital does not bring ultimate success once in a score of times; the capital, we mean, that is not made by the individual who uses it:

"Now, suppose you had capital—what would you do with it? Let me tell you, you have capital. Haven't you got hands and feet, and body and muscle, and bone and brains, and don't you call them capital! Oh! but they are not money, say you. But they are more than money. If you will use them they will make money, and nobody can take them from you. Don't you know how to use them? If you don't it is time you were learning. Take hold of the first plow, or hoe, or jack-plane, or broad-axe that you can find, and go to work. Your capital will soon yield you a large interest. Aye, but there's the rub; you don't want to work, you want money or credit that you may play the gentleman and speculate, and end by playing the

vagabond, or you want a plantation and negroes, that you may hire an overseer to attend to them while you run about over the country and dissipate and get in debt; or you want to marry some very rich girl, who may be foolish enough to take you for your fine clothes and good looks, that she may support you.

"Shame upon you, young man! Go to work with the capital you have; you'll soon make interest upon it, and with it to give you as much money as you want, and make you feel like a man. If you can't make money upon what capital you have, you couldn't make it if you had a million of dollars in money. If you don't know how to use bone and muscle and brains, you would not know how to use gold. If you let the capital you have lie idle, and waste and rust out, it would be the very same thing with you if you had gold: you would only know how to waste."

SPEAK TENDERLY.

"When, some three weeks since, some forty of the children in charge of the Children's Aid Society of New York, were arranging for removal to the west, a boy was folding, with great care, his old cap, having previously taken out its lining—a small piece of faded calico. 'John,' called a friend, 'what are you going to do with that greased calico?' 'Please sir, it is not greased; it is all that I have to remember my dead mother by; it's part of her dress, which I cut off when she lay dying in the garret in — street.' The question and the answer were too much for the little fellow, and putting the strip under his shirt, next to his breast, he buried his face in his hands, and filled the room with his sobs.

"Man, woman, whoever you be, speak tenderly to that boy across the way. He may be an orphan. His mother and his father may both be in the graveyard yonder. Dear child! he has none but his own little hands by which to work his way in the world. Speak kindly to him. Perhaps some day an orphan may walk the earth whose name and yours shall spell alike."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. C. M.

Through the kindness of a friend we are enabled to inform you that "JANUARY AND JUNE" was originally published in the Knickerbocker Magazine, and you can probably obtain the volume by applying to *Louis Gaylord Clark, Editor Knickerbocker Magazine, New York.* V. F. T.

The following articles are respectfully declined: "Robin Red Breast," "To Clarence," "Far from my Native Land," "The Roses' Festival."

A correspondent informs us that the article, "Our Singing School," which appeared in a late number of the Home Magazine, "is a most shameful plagiarism, copied almost verbatim et literatim from a book published by L. P. Crown & Co., of Boston, entitled *Our Parish*."

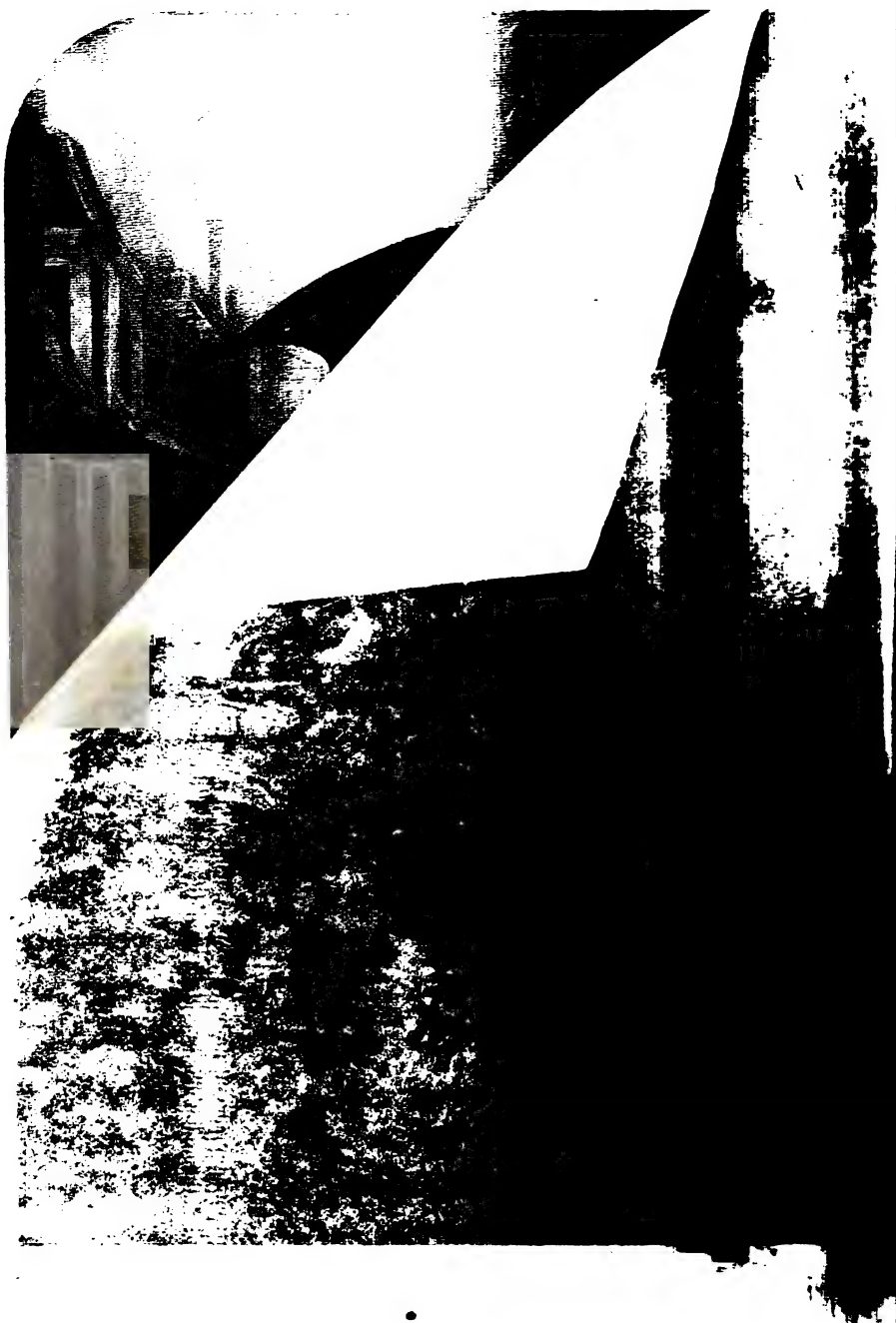
978



GOING TO SCHOOL.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR HOME MAGAZINE

HOME MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1860.



ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR HOME MAGAZINE

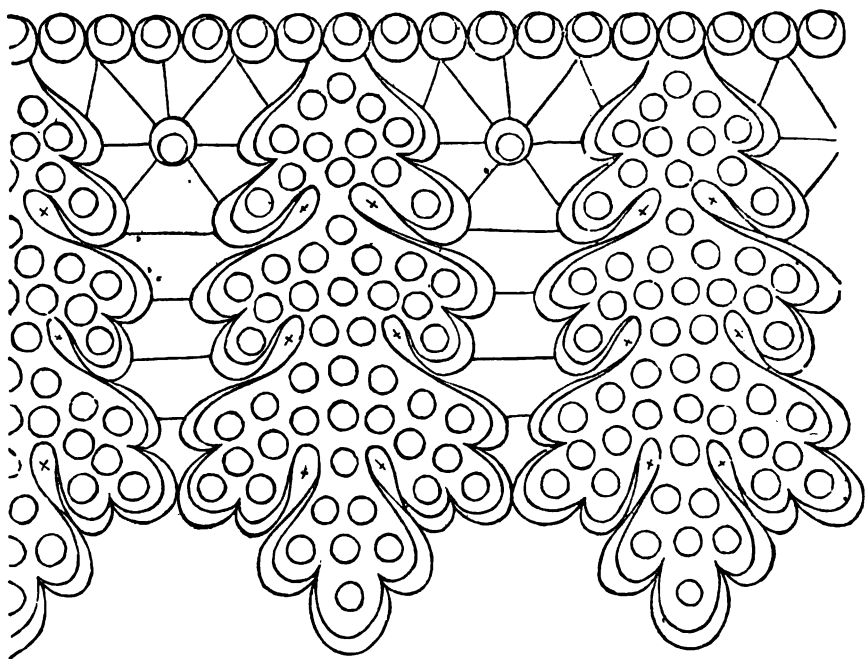


HOME MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1860.





THE GLEANERS.



FLOUNCING.



CAPS.



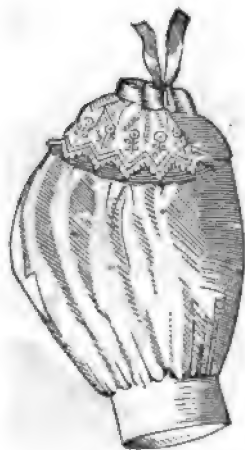
PATTERN FOR EDGING.



HEAD DRESSES.



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.



UNDER SLEEVE.



HAIR BRACELET.



CANZON, OF WHITE MUSLIN.

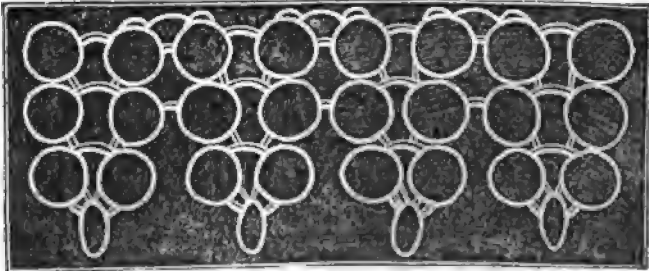


DRESS FOR YOUNG LADY.

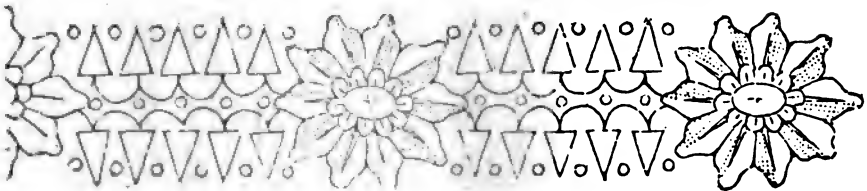
The material is thin Swiss muslin, formed with a double skirt, each having a broad hem. The body is high, with an insertion band trimmed with lace. Over this is worn an upper body of white taffeta, with a small shoulder piece, and cut square across in front and back. This body is quadrilled by narrow black velvets, which cross each other at intervals of about an inch. They commence at the edge, under a small bow, and extend the full length of the waist, terminating at the bottom in loops and ends, which fall over the skirt in the form of lappets. The short puffed sleeves are gathered into a narrow band, and ornamented with bows and ends of black velvet.



CORNUCOPIA STOVE ORNAMENT.



EDGING IN FRIVOLITE OR TATting.



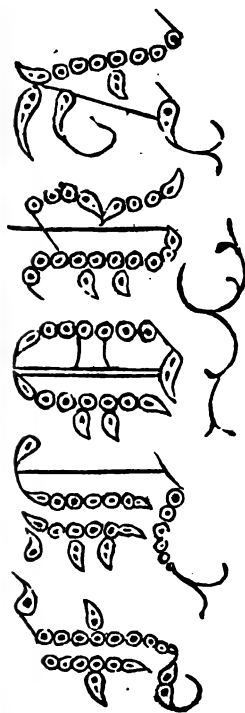
NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.

Anna & R. C.

NAMES AND LETTERS FOR MARKING.



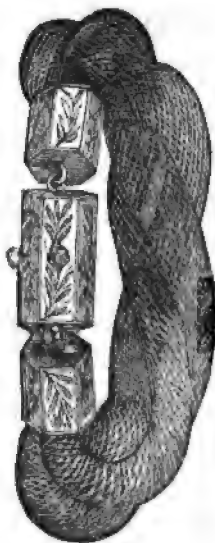
SLIPPER PATTERN.



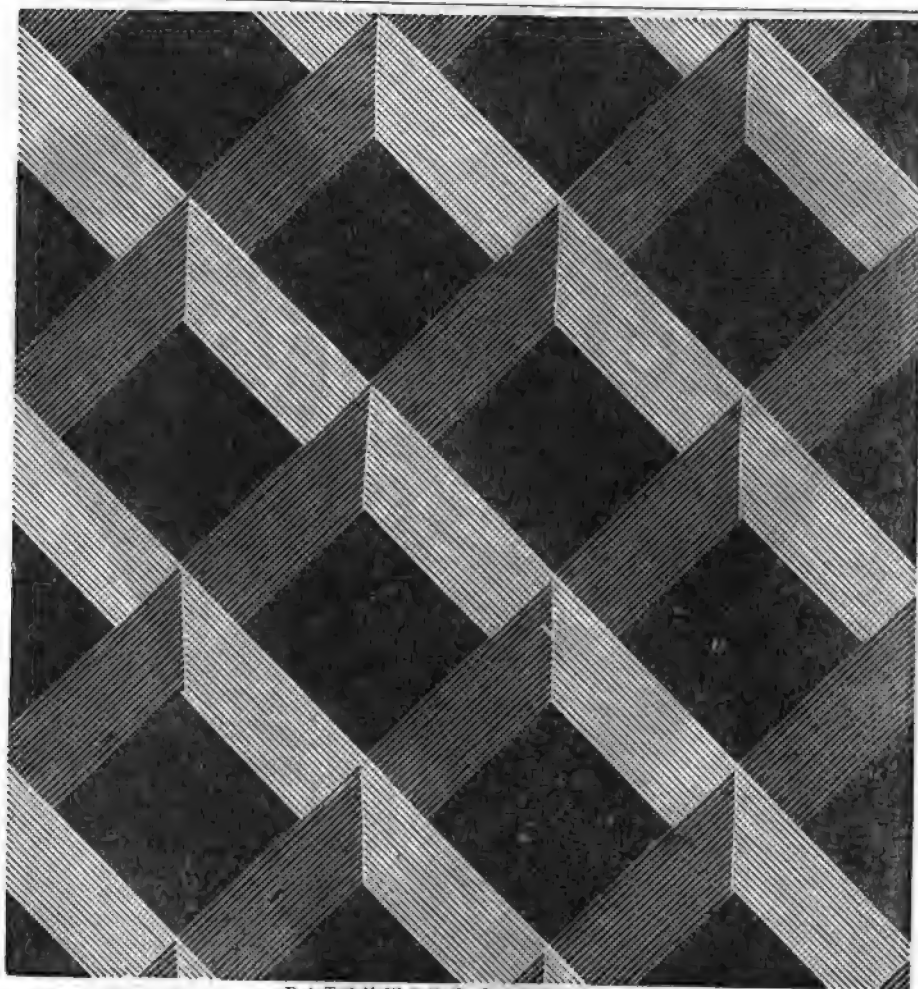
NAME FOR MARKING.



BOOK MARKER.



HAIR BRACELET.



PATCHWORK PATTERN.



CORNERS FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.





CHEMISETTE.



INSERTING.

THE LADIES'
Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

F A T I M A .

BY NINA H—.

Silently the day declines,
Moans the night breeze through the pines,
And the last faint crimson glow
Tips with light each waving bough,
While the mist the mountains wore,
Wafted from the sunset shore,
Melts away, through crystal bars,
Into the wide realm of stars.

"Now a low and trembling thrill
Stirs the leaves that late were still,"
And the sea wave's distant moan
Rises with a muffled tone;
Sullenly the dusk descends—
With it every object blends—
And a coming tempest broods
O'er the forest's solitudes.

Bending by the fireside lone,
Where resounds no human tone,
While in noiseless, mystic play,
Round her phantom shadows stray;
How the firelight's fitful beam
Lights her face with transient gleam,
And reveals the beauty rare,
Of its features, high and fair.

See her! through the darkness peering,
As if longing half—half fearing,
Lest her eager gaze may meet,
Aught her spirit fears to greet;
What a world of meaning lies
In those deep and starry eyes,
Woman's pride—all else above—
Woman's yearning, woman's love!

Louder moans the rising gale,
And the storm-clouds swifter sail,
O'er the rayless depths of heaven,
As by demon spirits driven
Still unto the listener's ear,
O'er the tempest riseth clear,
Like a wail of destiny,
The wild tumult of the sea!

Dreamily the drift-wood flame
Sings and flickers on the same,
And the shadows walk the floor,
Beckoning through the half-shut door;
While upon the antique walls,
Where the light reflected falls,
Many a face, with smile or frown,
Looks in moveless quiet down.

Bends the maiden yet more low,
O'er the embers ruddy glow,
As a thousand fancies start
From the chambers of her heart,
And a voiceless, spirit-chime,
Hastening the steps of time,
Leads along, through opening flowers,
The entranced, golden hours.

'Gainst the antique window pane,
Madly drives the chilling rain,
Upward through the purple air,
Flings the oak his branches bare,
And the shrunken, blasted pine,
Of some scathing past—a sign,
Like a seer, stands silently,
Facing the relentless sea!

Lovingly the firelight lingers
O'er the maiden's snowy fingers,
Pictured form and curling tress,
Holds she in their fond caress;
And she speaks, as if the tone
Of her heart must reach his own.

"Ah, there soon shall come a day,
I may cast this frame away,
Mouth so sweet, though unreplying,
Always, even to my sighing,
Eyes that ever gaze in mine
With that fixed and saintly shine,
Forehead, round whose surface fair
Drop the waves of auburn hair.

"For he cometh o'er the main
Ne'er to leave my side again—
I shall see the kindling glance
Light his living countenance,
And this outline poor and cold
All 'tis given me now to hold,
Will beside his presence seem
Like the figure of a dream."

Louder shrieks the wrathful storm,
Round the dwelling safe and warm,
Mingles with its surging moan
Many an anguished human tone,
Swelling from the angry sea,
Up—up—to Infinity!

Onward, with their ceaseless flow,
Steadily the billows go;
Never wreck behind remains,
On those pathless, watery plains,
Telling where beneath them sleep
Earth's beloved, lone and deep,
Swept from life's impetuous pride
Into the relentless tide.

From the cloisters of the Night,
Steals the morning, robed in light,
All along his glowing track
Tones of music echo back.
Dewy flowers their censers swing,
Early birds their matins sing,
In the blue and sunlit sky
Lurks no trace of storms gone by.

Fair the blossoms starry fold
Over graves our hearts that hold,
Bathed in sunniest light, the Day
Which shall bear our light away,
And from Love's bewitching dream,
Sweetest in its parting gleam,
Many a soul has waked to feel
Pangs one Future shall reveal.

DIDN'T LIKE HIS WIFE.

BY MARGARET LYON.

OUR minister is a favorite in the congregation; he's so approachable, so kind, so pleasant and sympathizing! Everybody likes him—the young and the old, the rich and the poor. And he's such an eloquent preacher! In all his private relations, as well as in his public ministries, he seems about as near perfection as can be hoped for on this earth. Now, that is saying a great deal for our minister.

But there is no unmixed good in this world. We are not permitted to enjoy our minister without the accompaniment of some unpleasant drawback. Mr. Elmore has a wife, and a minister's wife, it is well known, is not usually perfect in the eyes of the congregation. There was no exception to the rule in our case. Mrs. Elmore was no favorite. What the real trouble was I did not know from personal observation. But no one seemed to have a friendly feeling toward her. When I say no one, I refer to the ladies of our congregation. When Mr. Elmore was the subject of conversation, you would be almost certain to hear the remark—"Ah, if it wasn't for his wife."

Or—"What a pity Mrs. Elmore isn't the right kind of a woman!"

Or—"Isn't it a shame that he has a wife so poorly fitted for her position!"

So the changes rang. Mr. Elmore had been our minister for over a year, and during that time very little had been seen of his wife in a social way. The ladies of the congregation had called upon her, and she had received them kindly and politely, but with a certain distance in her manner that repelled, rather than attracted. In every case she returned these calls, but when repeated, failed in that prompt reciprocation which her visitors expected. There are, in all congregations, certain active, patronizing ladies, who like to manage things, to be deferred to, and to make their influence felt on all around them. The wife of our previous minister, a weak and facile woman, had been entirely in their hands, and was, of course, a great favorite. But Mrs. Elmore was a different character altogether. You saw by the poise of her head—by the steadiness of her clear, dark blue eyes—and by the firmness of her delicate mouth, that she was a woman of independent thought, purpose, and self-reliance. Polite and kind in her intercourse with the congre-

gation, there was, withal, a coldness of manner that held you at a certain distance, as surely as if a barrier had been interposed.

It was a serious trouble with certain ladies of the congregation, this peculiarity in the minister's wife. How he could ever have married a woman of her temperament was regarded as a mystery. He so genial—she so cold; he so approachable by every one—she so constrained; he all alive for the church—and she seemingly indifferent to everything but her own family. If she had been the lawyer's wife, or the doctor's wife, or the wife of a merchant, she might have been as distant and exclusive as she pleased; but for the minister's wife! O dear! it was terrible!

I had heard so much said about Mrs. Elmore, that, without having met her familiarly, or knowing anything about her from personal observation, I took for granted the general impression as true.

Last week one of my lady friends, a member of Mr. Elmore's congregation, called in to see me. I asked her to take off her bonnet and sit for the afternoon. But she said—

"No; I have called for you to go with me to Mrs. Elmore's."

"I have not been in the habit of visiting her," was my answer.

"No matter," was replied, "she's our minister's wife, and it's your privilege to call on her."

"It might not be agreeable," I suggested; "you know she is peculiar."

"Not agreeable to the minister's wife to have a lady of the congregation call on her!" and my friend put on an air of surprise.

"She's only a woman, after all," I remarked, "and may have her likes and dislikes, her peculiarities and preferences, as well as other people. And I'm sure that I have no desire to intrude upon her."

"Intrusion! How you talk! An intrusion to call on our minister's wife! Well, that sounds beautiful, don't it? I wouldn't say that again. Come, put on your bonnet. I want your company and am going to have it."

I made no further objection, and went with my lady friend to call on Mrs. Elmore. We sent up our names, and were shown into her neat little parlor, where we sat nearly five minutes before she came down.

"She takes her own time," remarked my companion.

"If the tone of voice in which this was said had been translated into a sentence it would have read thus—

"She's mighty independent for a minister's wife!"

I did not like the manner, nor the remark of my friend, and so kept silent. Soon, there was a light step on the stairs, the rustle of garments near the door, and then Mrs. Elmore entered the room where we were sitting. She received us kindly, but not with wordy expressions of pleasure. There was a mild, soft light in her eyes, and a pleasant smile on her delicately arching lips. We entered into conversation, which was a little constrained on her part; but whether this was from coldness, or diffidence, I could not decide. I think she did not, from some cause, feel entirely at her ease. A remark in the conversation gave my companion the opportunity of saying what I think she had come to say.

"That leads me to suggest, Mrs. Elmore, that, as our minister's wife, you hold yourself rather too far at a distance. You will pardon me for saying this, but as it is right that you should know how we feel on this subject, I have taken the liberty of being frank with you. Of course, I mean no offence, and I am sure you will not be hurt at an intimation given in all kindness."

I looked for a flash from Mrs. Elmore's clear bright eyes, for red spots on her cheeks, for a quick curving of her flexible lips—but none of these signs of feeling were apparent. Calmly she looked into the face of her monitor, and when the above sentence was completed, answered in a quiet tone of voice—

"I thank you for having spoken so plainly. Of course, I am not offended. But I regret to learn that any one has found cause of complaint against me. I have not meant to be cold or distant, but my home-duties are many and various, and take most of my time and thoughts."

"But, my dear madam," was answered to this, with some warmth, "you forget that for a woman in your position there are duties beyond the home circle which may not be omitted."

"In my position?" Mrs. Elmore's calm eyes rested in the face of my companion with a look of inquiry. "I am not sure that I understand you."

"You are the wife of our minister."

"I am aware of that." I thought I saw a twinkle in Mrs. Elmore's eyes.

"Well, ma'am, doesn't that involve some duties beyond the narrow circle of home?"

"No more than the fact of your being a merchant's wife involves you in obligations that reach beyond the circle of your home. My husband is your minister, and, as such,

you have claims upon him. I think he is doing his duty earnestly and conscientiously. I am his wife, and the mother of his children, and, as such, I too am trying to do my duty earnestly and conscientiously. There are immortal souls committed to my care, and I am endeavoring to train them up for Heaven."

"I think you misapprehend your relation to the church," was replied to this, but not in the confident manner in which the lady had at first spoken.

"I have no relation to the church in any way different from yours, or that of other ladies in the congregation," said Mrs. Elmore, with a decision of tone that showed her to be in earnest.

"But you forget, madam, that you are the minister's wife."

"Not for a moment. I am the minister's wife, but not the minister. He is a servant of the congregation, but I am not!"

I glanced toward my friend, and saw that she looked bewildered and at fault. I think some new ideas were coming into her mind.

"Then, if I understand you," she said, "you are in no way interested in the spiritual welfare of your husband's congregation?"

"On the contrary," replied Mrs. Elmore, "I feel deeply interested. And I also feel interested in the spiritual welfare of other congregations. But I am only a wife and mother, and my chief duties are at home. If, time permitting, I can help in any good work outside of my home, I will put my hand to it cheerfully. But, home obligations are first with me. It is my husband's duty to minister in spiritual things—not mine. He engaged to preach for you, to administer the ordinances of the church, and to do faithfully all things required by his office. So far as I know, he gives satisfaction."

"O, dear—yes, indeed, *he* gives satisfaction!" was replied to this. Nobody has a word to say against him."

A smile of genuine pleasure lit up the face of Mrs. Elmore. She sat very still for a few moments, and then, with the manner of one who had drawn back her thoughts from something agreeable, she said,

"It is very pleasant for me to hear such testimony in regard to my husband. No one knows so well as I do how deeply his heart is in his work."

"And if you would only hold up his hands," suggested my friend.

"Help him to preach, do you mean?"

"Oh, no—no!" was ejaculated. "I don't

mean that, of course." The warm blood mounted to the very forehead of my lady monitor.

Mrs. Elmore smiled briefly, and, as the light faded from her countenance, said, in her grave, impressive way,

"I trust we are beginning to understand each other. But I think a word or two more is required to make my position clear. In arranging for my husband's services, no stipulation was made in regard to mine. If the congregation expected services from me, the fact should have been stated. Then I would have communicated my view in the case, and informed the congregation that I had neither time nor taste for public duties. If this had not been satisfactory, the proposition to my husband could have been withdrawn. As it is, I stand unpledged beyond any lady in the parish; and what is more, shall remain unpledged. I claim no privileges, no rights, no superiority; I am only a woman, a wife, and a mother—your sister and your equal—and as such I ask your sympathy, your kindness, and your fellowship. If there are ladies in the congregation who have the time, the inclination, and the ability to engage in the more public uses to be found in all religious societies, let them, by all means, take the precedence. They will have their reward in just the degree that they act from purified Christian motives. As for me, my chief duties, as I have said before, lie at home, and, God being my helper, I will faithfully do them."

"Right, Mrs. Elmore, right!" said I, speaking for the first time, but with a warmth that showed my earnestness. "You have stated the case exactly. When we engaged your husband's services, nothing was stipulated, as you have said, in regard to yours, and I now see that no more can be justly required of you than of any other lady in the congregation. I give you my hand as an equal and a sister, and thank you for putting my mind right on a subject that has always been a little confused."

"She knows how to take her own part," said my companion, as we walked away from the house of our minister. Her manner was a little crest-fallen.

"She has right and common sense on her side," I answered, "and if we had a few more such minister's wives in our congregations, they would teach the people some lessons needful to be learned."

I was very favorably impressed with Mrs. Elmore on the occasion of this visit, and shall call to see her again right early. To think how much hard talk and uncharitable judgment

there has been in regard to her; and all because, as a woman of good sense and clear perceptions, she understood her duty in her own way, and, as she understood it, performed it to the letter. I shall take good care to let her view of the case be known. She will rise at once in the estimation of all whose good opinion is worth having. We are done with complaints about our minister's wife, I trust. She has defined her position so clearly, that none but the most stupid or self-willed can fail to see where she stands.

HALF HOURS IN THE LIBRARY.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

Second Half Hour.—COOPER.

"That library is incomplete, which is without——." Reader, the sentence is trite, but who shall supply the ellipsis? Rather is it not suggestive of an indefinite supply, and of speculation almost infinite? One finds many a cheering thought in the reflection, how vast is the range from which his literary treasures may be drawn in this year of grace, 1860, and how easily and in what numbers he may rear up his household deities upon the shelves of his library case. If he take kindly to the sober realities of historical narrative, how rich may he become with Machiavelli, with Matthew Paris, with the great Father of History, and with the too brief serviced peer who could never find it in his heart to speak one softened word for William Penn, and who affected to care very little about the somewhat damaging common-places of one who, while writing with him, yet wrote against him. If his taste run in the more stimulating direction, whence may be found the cup which cheers and too oft makes intoxicate, the "draught of vintage," the "beaker full"—

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,"

how overflowing and how rich is the measure! Granted that it is unfashionable now to cast one longing look toward Sterne, and Richardson, and Fielding, and any of the immortal fames who were so unfortunate as to have been nursed out of this all-sufficient nineteenth century, and we still have left the unapproachable Wizard of the North; the clever magician of the South—in contradistinction,—he who knows so well how to write, and to read what he has written—in a Pickwickian sense; the wonderful panoramic painter, of the Caxtons—Rumor says he is shortly to come on the scene again; the rollicking scape-grace of the O'Malleys; and that brilliant and consummate genius which, in

The Marble Faun, has placed a cap-stone on The Scarlet Letter. What mighty ones there are beside, why should we pause to say; only shall we not give our little bashful maiden, whose range does not yet extend to the infinite of noveldom, shall we not give her a chance for a word, especially when that word is Adam Bede? Well, and if—but why multiply instances? The new names for ever crowding up the aisles of fame—many of them first water glories, like Kingsley, and Reade, and Trollope,—would compel a new catalogue every year. And now we think of it, can it be said that a library is ever complete? Is yours, reader? And this brings us back to the point from whence we started.

"That library is incomplete, which is without——." We take up the thread kindly, and say, "Cooper." Ay, and why not? "The enduring monuments of Cooper," says Daniel Webster, "are his works. Truly patriotic and American throughout, they should find a place in every American's library." "Cooper," says Poe, "has never been known to fail, either in the forest or upon the sea." "Cooper," says Simms, "has no superior, as he has had no master." "Cooper," says Washington Irving, "emphatically belongs to the nation. He has left a space in our literature, which will not easily be supplied." "Cooper," says Victor Hugo, "is greater than the Wizard of the North." "Cooper," says the Athenæum, "is the most original writer that America has produced, and one of whom she may well be proud." "He has earned a fame wider than any author of modern times," says Bryant. "In his productions, every American must take an honest pride," says Prescott. And the Edinburgh Review, dropping for once its capacious spirit before so genial a ray, says: "The Empire of the Sea has been conceded to him by acclamation; and in the lonely desert or untrodden prairie, among the savage Indians, or scarcely less savage settlers, all equally acknowledge his dominion;—

"Within this circle none dare move but he."

Therefore, we insist upon it that a radical defect exists somewhere, if, in the little household accumulation of literary treasure which you, reader, dignify by the name of your library, you have not yet set up the worthiest of all. In fact, we must say of it, as the mechanic says of a leaky hogshead, "it wants Coopering."

The sale of the novels of Cooper is now averaging considerably over one hundred thousand

volumes per annum. For the fourteen years—1844 to 1858—says Allibone's Dictionary, it had reached an average of fifty thousand per annum, but the splendid new uniform edition, with "Darley's Illustrations,* had not yet made its appearance; and the sale alone, in this sumptuous dress, exceeds ten thousand volumes per month, reaching the very handsome aggregate of one hundred and twenty-five thousand to one hundred and thirty thousand volumes in the year. As the success of this edition, by a natural result has reawakened or stimulated the popular interest in these remarkable works, attracting readers who never before dreamed of the wealth that lay hidden within the fast locked covers—many of them readers who care but little for any of the accessories of elegance or mechanical finish, which we have noted as characteristic of the "Darley Illustrated"—so has this increased sale extended to the old and inferior editions; and we may safely estimate now the whole current sale of these wonderful fictions at from two hundred thousand to a quarter of a million volumes annually. This is the American circulation alone. Smiling at the boast often made in the North American Review, that Cooper's novels had met a French translation, the simple truth is, that there is not a language in Europe, into which the Leather Stocking Tales and the Sea Tales have not been translated, while the Oriental nations, the Arabic, the Persian, etc., have adopted them into their own tongues, receiving through them the only knowledge they possess of our country. They have been, says a biographer, "the chosen companions of the prince and the peasant, on the borders of the Volga, the Danube, the Guadelquiver; by the Indus and the Ganges, the Paraguay and the Amazon; where the name even of Washington is not spoken, and America is known only as the home of Cooper."

Here is a result that has no parallel in any series of books ever published. The world has living or dead no other writer, except perhaps one only, whose fame is so universal. Even the constantly reprinting Waverly novels fall short of this stupendous aggregate. How easy, then, is it to laugh at the query of a quarter of a century ago, perhaps pertinent then, but vastly impertinent now, "Who reads an American book?"

* THE NOVELS OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER. Elegantly printed on tinted paper. With five hundred illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Publishing by subscription, in Monthly Volumes. Vols. 1 to 19, now ready. W. A. Townsend & Co., New York. S. McHenry, Jr., sole agent, Philadelphia.

Possibly there is as great an inequality of merit in the thirty-five novels written by Cooper, as in the equally voluminous catalogue of romances from the pen of Scott, or the briefer list by Dickens. But Cooper rarely failed, when he kept within the bounds prescribed by his own peculiar genius and fitness. The sea acknowledged his power, and the forest yielded up to him its mysteries and its mighty wonders. In his portraiture of American character, and his glowing and truthful pictures of American scenery, he has left a monument that will perish only with the language. But his failures still were unequivocally failures, and are the more to be pitied, as they were invariably the result of bad taste, bad feeling and bad purpose in the selection of his subject. His countrymen deserved the censure which in some of his works he freely heaped against them, but the means and the time selected for the execution of his purpose were unfortunate, and the spirit with which he conceived his censure unjust and offensive. When abroad, his proud acknowledgment of his American character incurred the hostility of the British people and press, but, intent only upon setting his country right with the nation which incessantly slandered and abused us, he entered into a defence of our people and institutions, with a zeal and impetuosity which deserved at least a nice appreciation at home. At the same time he hesitated not to rebuke certain national foibles of our own, to which his uncompromising sense of national dignity and honor could not be blinded, and in which he foresaw a shipwreck of our sturdy independence of tone and manners. Instead of uniting in his defence, our own press, with that mean and detractive spirit which characterized it a quarter of a century ago, and with that groveling disposition to imitate English example, which was the chief cause of all Mr. Cooper's censure, took up the clamor of the British journals against him only too gladly, and made their denunciations its own.

These quarrels, and the interminable lawsuits to which they gave rise, withdrew from its proper exercise that concentration of power and interest so marked in *The Spy* and *The Pilot*, and misled the too susceptible author into channels of invective and sarcasm, which only widened the breach between him and his countrymen, and taxed severely the popular recollections of his genius, and the splendor of his early successes. Of the works written to correct our national errors by the finger of scorn, the *Letters of a Traveling Bachelor*, the

Residence in Europe, and the *Letter to his Countrymen*, have been the most severely criticised; but those of a purely fictional character, *The Monikies*, *Homeward Bound*, and *Home as Found*, have always proved the most distasteful to the general reader. The two last, however, have many redeeming qualities, and we can by no means endorse the sweeping denunciations uttered against them by Simms and others. It is in these fictions that we find the lovely portraiture of Eve Effingham, one of the most delightful that Cooper ever drew; while the exciting scenes of the Chase across the Ocean, the wreck of the Montauk, the fearful perils of the Arab coast, the well managed "explanation" of Mr. John Effingham, and the final love scene at the close of *Home as Found*, are enough to overbalance any fault of political satire or spleen which the works may possess, even to the obnoxious portrait of Mr. Steadfast Dodge, the Yankee Editor, which, after all, is no more than a just portrait.

Another series of novels which has failed to attract the public mind—probably from the local nature of the incidents and reflections introduced—is the Littlepage tales, comprising *Satanstoe*, *The Chainbearer*, and *The Red Skins*, founded upon the anti-rent troubles in New York. The novel of *Precaution*, Cooper's earliest work, was another failure, but deserves remembrance for the fact that it awakened to consciousness the real powers of the author. Excepting two or three others, which are founded upon foreign incidents and scenes, there is scarcely one of Cooper's remaining novels which has not won a reputation beyond any ever anticipated for an American work. Even some that we have excepted, would have made a fame for any other writer.

It is only when we approach the sea and forest stories of Cooper, however, that we learn the wonderful strength and grace of the man. There is no feebleness or mistakeness of purpose here; but all is direct, glowing, grand. The failure of his first novel taught him a lesson of self-reliance and entire dependence upon his own powers, which he did not exhibit in that work. But he did exhibit it in *The Spy*; and the blaze of popular applause with which that remarkable narrative was greeted, has never been exceeded at the advent of any work of fiction to this day. Its reception determined the future of the author, and he produced at brief intervals of one or two years, *The Pioneers*, *The Pilot*, *Lionel Lincoln*, *The Mohicans*, *The Red Rover*, and all their brilliant succession. Of the renowned Leather-Stocking tales, *The Pioneers*

was the first in the order of the author's creation, but ranks next to the last, according to the order of events; while *The Deerslayer*, though the last written, is in reality the first of the series. Chronologically, the five novels of which the Leather-Stocking tales is comprised, are arranged thus: *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Prairie*, and new readers will the better appreciate their connection by making their acquaintance in the same succession. It is through these novels that we trace the career of that wonderful creation of the novelist's pen, Natty Bumpo. No other character ever drawn by Cooper, endears the author more to us than this simple-hearted, noble child of the forest. Through the five successive novels, from his first claims to our notice as a brave, humane young hunter, to his final appearance in the affecting death-scene in *The Prairie*, "his picture is the very same, except in the changes natural from youth to age; and in all the rich variety of romantic and exciting scenes the artist was never for a moment tempted into repetition or extravagance." We doubt not the fame of Cooper depends as much upon this one character, as upon most of his other creations combined. In fact, we claim for him, that, in the delineation of this fine conception, he has achieved a success never surpassed in the language. Hetty Hunter and her sister, two of the loveliest female portraitures in the pages of fiction, add infinitely to the completeness of these novels.

The nautical novels of Cooper alone divide popularity with this vivid succession of pictures and portraitures of primeval life. Besides *The Pilot*, *The Red Rover*, and one or two others we have already named, they include *The Two Admirals*, *Wing and Wing*, *The Water Witch*, *Afloat and Ashore*, *Miles Wallingford*, *The Crater*, *Jack Tier*, and *The Sea Lions*. In repeating their titles, what pleasant recollections of genial hours which took wings with their perusal, will throng upon the memory, while the figures of Long Tom Coffin, Bob Yarn, Trysail, Tom Tiller, the honest Boltrope, Nighthead, and others which found a passing regard upon our acquaintance, rise up again familiarly before us, as if we had been afloat with them, creatures of actual intelligence, instinct with life and affection. It has been said that Cooper "treads the deck with the conscious pride of home and dominion," and that "the aspects of the sea and sky, the terrors of the tornado, the excitement of the chase, the tumult of battle, fire, and wreck, are presented by him with a freedom and breadth

of outline, a glow and strength of coloring and contrast, and a distinctness and truth of general and particular conception, that place him far in advance of all the other artists who have attempted with pen or pencil to paint the ocean." His very ships interest us like creatures of flesh and blood, we learn every rope and spar, and the sails become wings, beneath which we fly to realms of continually unfolding beauty and delight.

There are others of Cooper's novels which have won a supremacy nearly as great as others we have named. These are *Wyandotté*, and *The Oak Openings*, among the Indian tales; and *The Bravo*, *The Heidenmauer*, *The Headsman of Berne*, and *Mercedes of Castile*, among those drawn from foreign subjects. The *Bravo*, Mr. Cooper himself regarded as the best of his works, or that one which best conveyed his own opinions upon political government.

It is not every book that one has read twenty or thirty years ago, and reads again to-day, which can hold the same sway over him now as then. The susceptibility of youth, and the judgment of maturer years, are widely different things; and only the strictest fidelity to nature, under a marked and original type, can survive the impressions of the former nascent period, to leave their lasting stamp upon our hardening years. "Mr. Cooper has the faculty of giving to his pictures an astonishing reality. They are not mere transcripts of nature, though as such they would possess extraordinary merit, but actual creations, embodying the very spirit of intelligent and genial experience and observation. His Indians, notwithstanding all that has been written to the contrary, are no more inferior in fidelity than they are in poetical interest to those of his most successful imitators or rivals. His hunters and trappers have the same vividness and freshness; and in the whole realm of fiction there is nothing more actual, harmonious, and sustained. They evince not only the first order of inventive power, but a profoundly philosophical study of the influences of situation upon human character." In this consists the grand secret of Cooper's early success, and now still widening influence and popularity. On the same sure foundation rests the fame of Scott, the only novelist the world has produced who can be classed with Cooper.

It is possible that the success of the new library edition of Cooper's novels, with the Illustrations by Darley, may induce the publishers to issue the whole remaining works of Cooper in supplementary volumes of similar elegant style and finish. The *Naval History*—

not the abridgment, but the full edition—the *Lives of Naval Heroes*, the ten volumes of *Gleanings in Europe*—which might be published in five—with miscellaneous papers, tracts, etc., we doubt not would meet a corresponding demand from an intelligent public, especially as there is now no satisfactory edition of any of these works, while many of them are entirely out of print. A *Life of Cooper* is also in preparation for publication, in the same elegant style as the novels. There is not a subject in modern literary biography, which will require a more delicate or skillful handling.

As for the volumes of the novels already published, we have only to say what we said in the beginning:—That library is incomplete which is without them. The words were never applied with greater aptness. We always thought our library honored with the presence of Cooper in any shape; and many of his works stand on our shelves, in the earliest and rudest editions. Rough enough looking they are, even to sublimity, some of them originally put together in paper covers, and bound—such binding!—after they had parted company with their own title pages, or some other palpable portion of their constituted whole, and had traveled on their shape into every corner of the land where a book-borrower was to be found. But now, as Leigh Hunt says, "now!" with the "*Darley Illustrated*," our library doesn't know itself, and it has notified these early occupants to quit. And such is the verdict wherever a volume of this splendid series of books has once found admittance.

CURIOUS PROPERTY OF IRON.

In 1850, Mr. Marsh, an able chemist of the royal arsenal, England, discovered that it is invariable with iron, which has remained a considerable time under water, when reduced to small grains or an impalpable powder, to become red-hot, and ignite any substances with which it comes in contact. This he found by scraping some corroded metal from a gun, which ignited the paper containing it, and burnt a hole in his pocket. The knowledge of this fact is of immense importance, as it may account for many spontaneous fires and explosions, the origin of which has not been traced. A piece of rusty iron, brought in contact with a bale of cotton in a warehouse or on shipboard, may occasion extensive conflagration and the loss of many lives. The tendency of moistened particles of iron to ignite was discovered by the French chemist, Lemary, as far back as 1670.

THE FOUNTAIN OF IMMORTAL YOUTH.

BY MARIE.

THE curtain of night had fallen softly over the orange groves of Spain. The starlight wove its web of lights and shadows, amid the Cypress trees; and the winding rivers, flashing their shining waters in the moonbeams, gently, as a pure life glides into eternity, rolled their sparkling waves to the blue ocean. And though so gently the darkness came, and the sable queen pinned down its curtains with bright, unfading diamonds, and placed away up in the azure vault the silvery crescents; though every steeple flashed in the moonlight, like the reflection of a seraph's robe, yet all this beauty brought no joy to one who oftentimes had gazed in ecstasy upon the scene.

In a princely palace, where merriment ever dwelt, and bright forms fitted through the oaken halls, was an old and time-worn man. Soft music floated on the air, and voices, like the silvery chime of bells, fell upon his ear, yet he paced his silent chamber, still sorrowful and sad: only once he stopped from that ghost-like walk, as the voice of his daughter and a snatch of her song came wafted in by the breeze,

"Oh, the roses of youth cluster round our brows,
Sweet waters ever gush in our hearts"—

He heard no more, but sadly resumed his walk, saying, "Sing on, fair one. Life is sweet to you, and you warble your songs gayly, as do the singing birds, for youth's roses are bright upon your brows; but, upon mine, are only withered leaves. Your taper fingers are like snow-flakes, but mine are brown and shrunken. The lilies still in their whiteness, droop beneath golden tresses, while my brow is like the sear autumnal leaf, floating against a leaden sky. I cannot sing with you, for what is the creaking of the storm-wind to the wild bird's song? Oh, is there *nothing* to give me back my youth? No elixir to put its roses upon my brow? Oh, yes! I have it *now*: a new found land, like an emerald set in silver, lifts up its moss-clad banks, away out in the mighty waters. They call it America. Blessed land! They tell me fountains sparkle in the sunlight; and that he who bathes in their crystal waters will find immortal youth:—Sing on, now, fair songsters; you cannot disturb me, for I'll away to seek that boon of heaven, immortal youth!"

Months have passed, and away out upon the trackless deep a white-sailed vessel is nearing a sunny shore. The weary mariners are wild

with joy, for just beyond they see the magnolia raising its tall head, its blossoms, like snow drifts, playing among the leaves. The orange trees are bowing down with golden fruit, and the banana spreads out its tempting feast. Scarcely can you recognize that sad, unhappy man, who only a few short months ago knew no joy, in that commander who now leaps to the deck, and, waving his hands, shouts long and loudly,

"Florida! Florida! the land of flowers! the land of flowers!"

The boat has touched the shore, and leaping out on the green earth, he spies a fountain.

"Oh *happy*, happy De Leon, you have found it at last!" and so saying, he plunges into its pure waters; but oh! no change he sees; his withered hands are no fairer; his locks are still hoary. Many, many times he laves them, and at last sadly leaves it, with a bitter heart. He roamed through all that bright land, and bathed in every purling fountain; but his youth was gone; he could not bring it back, and, sorrowing, he at last sought his distant home.

Yet there *is* a fountain that will give immortal youth, and though *he* failed to find it, because he sought it not aright, *we* may seek it, and prove it a reality. Oh! then, you who would bloom forever, seek it! and like a true Ponce De Leon, lave in its waters. Though your frail earthly beauty may fade, yet your Soul will live on, and grow in brightness, until it is placed, a polished stone, in the temple where there is no need of the sun, for "the face of the Lord is its light."

LET IT RAIN.

BY ELIZABETH.

"How dark the clouds do look! I am afraid the clothes will all be wet through before I can get them in," said Milly, as she looked with one eye at her long line of white linen, and the other at the dark sky threatening to pour in torrents.

Just then little Jenny came running in all out of breath; "do you suppose it will rain before I can get home? dear, I hope it won't!"

At this moment Mrs. Wheeler came from her dressing-room in full rig—ribbons, laces, and silks, for a ride. "What a shower, dear me, I can't go, then!"

"Mary, child, shut the window, quick; this miserable damp air is all over me; I do have such a time, it seems to me!" and Mrs. Mills fell back upon her pillow, the picture of wretched discontent.

"Well, Olive, the wheat is all lost, every bit; this rain drives right through every cap down deep into the shock; what a fool I was; yesterday was Sunday, to be sure, but the wheat was dry and ready to be drawn in. I'll not let another good day go by when my grain is out."

"Why, you've been drawing all day, husband, and the rest is so well capped it won't get injured, I'm sure," his wife said, in a comforting tone; "it was the long hot rains that spoiled your wheat before, you know."

"Well, it will get wet—it will be a hundred dollars damage; if every bundle don't have to be unbound it will cost ten or fifteen dollars just to open it and get it ready for the barn; such shiftless work!"

"You've done the best you could, dear; yesterday—Sunday—you didn't know it would rain to-day, and if you had—why—maybe it wasn't best to draw in; if you have made any mistake it is in not getting another team and more hands; but it is all past, and it can't be helped; there, it is clearing up now, so keep up good heart."

A woman's words, even about things of which she is thought to know little, will always have their effect, and so you would have said had you heard the farmer husband, as his wife concluded, say in a little less confident tone than he began, "Well, I don't know."

Aunt Dinah was sitting in the little door of her little cabin, watching the passers by as they hurried to and fro; and she shook her red turban and laughed till the perfect rows of ivory shone behind the thick red lips.

"Dey all seems in a mighty hurry, half pushin' 'emselves down; no need dem frettin' 'erselves so; I tink dis rain des de bery ting we needs; what come of Dinah's ciste'n when de Lord didn't send de rain? I b'lieve it's Providence, cause how dem clothes look afore?" and the broad grin settled down into a look of undoubted satisfaction.

Illogical as Dinah's reasoning may appear, she exhibited feelings very like those away down in the depths of many a heart greatly superior to hers by birth and education, but possessing greater skill in the art of deceiving others, and even themselves. She rejoiced, as mankind in general, when she saw her own wishes gratified.

How selfish is poor human nature, and with what unthankful hearts we receive our blessings! We like to choose the time when, and the manner in which they shall come to us,

forgetting that in our weakness and frailty we can never apportion wisely the things of this life, to all, or even to ourselves.

Since we cannot hinder, or bring wind or rain, how much wiser would it be for us to take them just as they are sent. Suppose the ground is too wet already, and it still rains; or it is very dry, and the clouds hold back the wished-for blessing, how much shall we effect by fretting about it, or even wishing it to be thus or so; suppose a line full of clothes do get a drenching, will it help the matter any to keep wishing about it? the clouds will not fly over for fear of wetting them. It is right for us to provide against "wind and weather," but no sort of use to try to alter them.

It is rather a sadder matter to lose a whole field of grain, and be obliged to eat grown wheat bread for a year, and it is our positive duty to secure it if possible, but after having done the best we can, fretting, or the blues, or anything of the sort, will not help the matter in the least. We ought to remember how many blessings we have left that we do not deserve, and that in some way, perhaps unseen, these disappointments are intended for our good. If we try to profit by them they will not hurt us in the end—we may even have cause for great thankfulness that they were sent us to bear.

A GOOD REPUTATION.

THE young live much in the future. They are fond of gazing into its unknown depths, and of endeavoring to trace the outline, at least, of the fortunes that await them. With ardent hope, with eager expectation, they anticipate the approach of coming years, confident that they will bring to them nought but unalloyed felicity. But they should allow their anticipations of the future to be controlled by a well-balanced judgment, and moderated by the experience of those who have gone before them.

In looking to the future, there is one important inquiry which the young should make: What do I most desire to become in future life? What position am I anxious to occupy in society? What is the estimation in which I wish to be held by those within the circle of my acquaintance?

The answer to these inquiries from the great mass of young people can well be anticipated. There are none among them who desire to be disrespected and shunned by the wise and good; none who are anxious to be covered

with disgrace and infamy; none who seek to be outcasts and vagabonds in the world. The thought that they were doomed to such a condition would fill them with alarm.

Every discreet youth will exclaim, "Nothing would gratify me more than to be honored and respected as I advance in years; to move in good society; to have people seek my company rather than shun it; to be looked up to as an example for others to imitate, and to enjoy the confidence of all around me."

Surely there can be none so blind to the future, so lost to their own good, as to prefer a life of infamy, and its ever-accompanying wretchedness, to respectability, prosperity, and true enjoyment. But how are these to be obtained? Respectability, prosperity, the good opinion of the community, do not come simply at our bidding. We cannot reach forth our hands and take them, as we pluck the ripe fruit from the bending branch. Neither will wishing or hoping for them shower their blessings upon us. If we would obtain and *enjoy* them, we must *labor* for them—*EARN* them. They are only secured as the well-merited reward of a pure and useful life.

The first thing to be aimed at by the young should be the establishment of a GOOD CHARACTER. In all their plans, anticipations, and prospects for future years, this should form the grand starting-point—the chief cornerstone. It should be the foundation of every hope and thought of prosperity and happiness in days to come. It is the only basis on which such a hope can mature to full fruition.

A good character, established in the season of youth, becomes a rich and productive moral soil to its possessor. Planted therein, the Tree of Life will spring forth in vigorous growth. Its roots will strike deep and strong in such a soil, and draw thence the utmost vigor and fruitfulness. Its trunk will grow up in majestic proportions; its wide-spreading branches will be clothed with a green, luxuriant foliage, and at length each limb and bough shall bend beneath the rich, golden fruit, ready to drop into the hand.

Beneath its grateful shade you can find rest and repose when the heat and burden of life come upon you; and of its delicious fruit you can pluck and eat, and obtain refreshment and strength when the soul becomes wearied with labor and care, or the weight of years. Would you behold such a tree? Remember, it grows alone on the soil of a good reputation. Labor to prepare such a soil.

To a young man a good character is the

best *capital* he can possess to start with in life. It is much better, and far more to be depended on, than gold. Although money may aid in establishing a young man in business under favorable circumstances, yet without a good character he cannot succeed. His want of reputation will undermine the best advantages, and failure and ruin will, sooner or later, overtake him with unerring certainty.

When it is known that a young man is well-informed, industrious, attentive to business, economical, strictly temperate and moral, a respecter of the Sabbath, the Bible, and religion, he cannot fail to obtain the good opinion and the confidence of the whole community. He will have friends on every hand, who will take pleasure in encouraging and assisting him. Blessed with health, such a youth cannot fail of success and permanent happiness.

But let it be known that a young man is ignorant, or indolent—that he is neglectful of business, or dishonest—that he is given to intemperance, or disposed to visit places of dissipation, or to associate with vicious companions, and what are his prospects? With either one or more of these evil qualifications fixed upon him, he is hedged out of the path of prosperity.

To cover up such characteristics for a great length of time, is a moral impossibility. Remember this, I beg of you. It is beyond the power of mortals to *conceal* vicious habits and propensities for any long period. And, when once *discovered*, who will repose confidence in such a youth? Who will trust him, or encourage him, or countenance him? Who will give him employment? Who will confide anything to his oversight? Who will render him assistance in his business affairs when he is straitened and in need of the aid of friends?

How can the young secure a good character? Its worth, its importance, its blessings we have seen. Now, how can it be obtained? This is a question worthy the serious consideration of every youth. Let me say, in reply, that a good character cannot be *inherited*. However respectable and worthy parents may be, their children cannot share in that respect, unless they deserve it by their own merits. If they would inherit their parents' good name* they must imitate their parents' virtues.

A good character cannot be purchased with gold. The glitter of gold cannot conceal an evil and crabbed disposition, a selfish soul, a corrupt heart, or vile passions and propensities. A good character cannot be obtained by simply wishing for it. It is only by persever-

ing industry and patient toil, contented to take one step at a time, that his wish is gratified, and the good character secured.

Let the young fix their eyes upon this prize of a good reputation—the only end worth striving for in life. Let them studiously avoid evil practices, corrupt associates, and vicious examples. Let them patiently and faithfully lay the foundations of virtuous habits, and practice the lessons of wisdom and the precepts of religion, and in due time the prize shall be theirs. The spotless wreath of a virtuous character shall rest upon their brow, and the commendation, the confidence, and the good will of man shall accompany them.

LITTLE MARTYRS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A new "Book of Martyrs" is yet to be written, and one that will appeal as strongly to human sympathy as the terrible record of suffering made by Fox. It will not exhibit the writhing victim of cruel bigotry in the midst of consuming fire, broken on the wheel, or tortured by the rack—nor take the reader a long journey into the middle ages of darkness and superstition, where all things lie in a kind of dreamy indistinctness. It will be a book of the present time, and record the sufferings of children—not of men and women. Children in homes of luxury as well as in homes of penury. Children of Christian parents, as well as children of the vile and the vicious. If faithfully written, it will exhibit an aspect of human life quite as painful to contemplate as that presented to us in the old Book of Martyrs.

We not ours the task to write such a book. We could not linger over the details, nor torture other hearts than our own. The work must be accomplished by one of sterner stuff than we are made of. It will include two classes of martyrs—those sacrificed to neglect and cruelty, and those who fall victims to false ideas, and mistaken notions of duty and discipline.

How sad it is to think that among helpless children there is so much wrong and suffering, and that all over our grave-yards and cemeteries green mounds swell up from the level earth to mark the spots where sleep the little martyrs of our homes.

You look at us, bereaved mother, with a sober face and rebuking eyes, as if we meant you—as if, in our belief, the low-creeping periwinkle that covers with greenness and decks with spring blossoms the resting place

of your beloved child, but marks the spot where the bones of a martyr are laid—and you repel the accusation of cruelty implied in our words.

"Well, perhaps you are meant."

And now there is a flash of indignation as well as rebuke in your eyes, and we hear you say that it was by scarlet fever that your baby died. No mother cared for a child more tenderly than you cared for this lost darling.

But, for all that, the little hillock in the grave-yard on which your tears have fallen so many times, swells greenly above the grave of an infant martyr. Bear with us a little while as we revive some memories of your past. You recollect that fine theory of yours about cold water.

You look at us wonderingly.

Didn't your mother and kind hearted Aunt Mary remonstrate, over and over, against the cold bath to which that tender babe was subjected every morning? We need not remind you how the shrinking child clung to you and screamed, in dread of the icy plunge. But, you were wedded to a false idea, and sacrificed a helpless infant to your blind persistence. Somewhere you had heard it said that babies should have a cold bath every morning, to harden and make them healthy, and ignoring your mother's experience, and the plain common sense of the matter, you sent a cold chill daily to the heart of that shuddering little one, reducing the vital forces, and leaving, in consequence, many unguarded avenues where disease might gain an entrance. Don't you remember the blue lips, the cold little feet and fingers, the still languor that often followed these daily chilling ablutions? Ah, sad-hearted mother! that was all wrong. The tender flesh of an infant loses heat too rapidly for exposure like this. How often did Aunt Mary plead for just one cupfull of hot water in the cold brimming basin to take off the chill, as she said? how often did your mother say—"Daughter, you will kill that child!" But, you heeded them not, being wise in your own conceit.

And now, let us remind you of that winter morning, when, floating in baby's bath-tub were bits of ice. You felt well and strong. The warm blood tingled in your finger tips, and glowed all over your body; but baby had been restless through the night, and now seemed dull, and inclined to sleep. But, you would wake him up with a laughing dip in the accustomed bath. Poor little sufferer! It was a cruel thing in you to plunge his warm little

body deep down into the icy fluid! Was there no pity in your heart? You laughed and talked to him gayly. But, was not this like mocking at his misery?

Well, there was no healthy reaction after this. He lay quieter than usual, or fretted, at times, all day. At night he was a little feverish. Ah! there was a fatal epidemic in the air, and you had taken away the power of resistance. He would have passed the danger safely but for this fatal bath. That threw the trembling balance against him, and he died of scarlet fever.

You don't believe it!

Neither belief nor unbelief can alter the fact.

It is cruel to say all this, even if true. Why lacerate a heart already bleeding?

If, by causing pain in your heart we can save other babes from martyrdom, our duty is clear. And so, we have told you the truth, hard though it is to be borne.

"But no such sin lies at my door," we hear from the lips of another.

You speak confidently.

"I had a tenderer heart than that. My darling's bath was always warm. But he went from me, by the door of death, heavenward."

Stricken down in the budding of life by his mother's pride and vanity.

Nay, do not flush so warmly! Turn away those indignant eyes.

"You have spoken hard and cruel words against me."

Let us see if they do not involve the truth. That is what we are now searching after. We must not pause to ask who the truth will hurt. The past is crystalized in unchangeable facts, and for use in the present it is right to hold these facts up in the clear sunlight.

No, grieving mother, you did not sacrifice your child to ignorance and self-will. But, you laid him on another altar—the altar of pride and vanity. You are silent from astonishment at so overwhelming a charge. Be calm, and let us talk together. He was a beautiful child, and you were so proud of him. Yes, I see it in your eyes. There was never a prouder mother than you, and pride was stronger than love.

"Not true!"

Let us see. If love had been stronger than pride, would he have gone forth with naked legs on those frosty December days? A red spot burns on your cheek. If love had been stronger than pride, would that little white

bosom, and those fair, round arms, have been so often bared to the winds that tossed his glossy curls—cold winds, whose chill crept nestling in among the sensitive air passages, leaving there the seeds of inflammation and obstruction? Didn't the doctor say to you, on one occasion—"Madam, that is not safe?" and didn't you smile at his warning, and let the child go out, half naked, though the air was pressing in from the cold north-east, laden with moisture?

Not true? Think again. And didn't his anxious grandmother, around whose warm heart the child had entwined himself, remonstrate over and over again. But, he looked to your eyes—or, to speak more accurately, he looked to you through other people's eyes—so handsome in that Highland costume, that it was not to be thrown aside. Don't you remember how, on one cold day, nurse brought him home from his grandmother's, with his legs bundled up in a pair of thick woollen gaiters, and how provoked you were about it? "Just think of what a ridiculous figure he must have cut! What did the people think!" Those were your very words. There was no thought of the child's health or comfort—only of how he looked to other people! Think over all this calmly, and say if it be not so.

And now, that busy memory is at work, just call to mind that clear, bright day in March, when the sun shone out with such a spring-like promise. How lovely looked your darling as you held him up, fresh and ruddy, from his morning bath—a warm bath.

"The day is so fine, pet must go out."

So you tell nurse to get herself ready, while you dress him for a walk in the open air. But how did you dress him? Nurse said—

"Indeed, ma'am, I think it's too cold yet for bare little legs."

"Oh, he'll be warm enough," you reply, confidently.

"Haden't he better have a scarf round his neck, ma'am?"

But that sweet white neck and bosom are too beautiful to be hidden from admiring eyes, and so you will not consent to the scarf.

Well, when he came home after an hour's absence, how lovely he did look! What bright eyes and glowing cheeks. But, he was just a little hoarse.

We need not go on. All the rest is too deeply imprinted on your memory. There was a sudden and violent attack of croup at midnight, and in less than twenty-four hours

the seal of death was on his pallid countenance.

Over the way has just been hung out a bunch of black crape, tied with a white ribbon. And so, the baby is dead. Dear little baby! How often have we looked at its pale, puny face, held close to the window pane. The doctor went there often, for the baby was sick a great deal; and no wonder, for the mother was a devotee of fashion. She never came down to the common work of nursing her offspring. They never pillowed their heads on her white bosom, nor drew delight from the rich treasury of her teeming breasts. No—no—for she was a woman of fashion, and the leader of a set. And so, this delicate child was given over, almost entirely, to the care of a hired nurse—a woman who put away her own babe that she might receive wages for giving nourishment to the child of another—a woman of gross appetites and a selfish nature.

The babe did not grow strong and beautiful, as a well cared for baby should grow. We see, in imagination, its thin, white face at the window opposite, and the old pity comes stealing into our heart. Last week a strange rumor ran through the neighborhood. The baby was seriously ill, and it was said that the nurse had given it an overdose of laudanum. It was also said, that, on being closely pressed, she had owned to the fact of a frequent nightly administration of anodynes. No wonder the baby was puny and sickly.

The pale, thin face was never seen again at the window, nor the little hands playing feebly with the tassels. And now, the bunch of black crape, tied with a narrow strip of white ribbon, tells the story of its departure. Day after tomorrow, or, at latest, day after that, the earth will be heaped above a little coffin, in which the mortal remains of an infant martyr will sleep in that rest from which there is no awaking, while the immortal spirit will have arisen and passed upward to the habitation of angels.

Will the mother, as she looks her last look on the waxen face of her dead babe, realize, in anything like an adequate manner, the sad truth that it died the death of a martyr—first having borne the slow torture of sickness brought on by her cruel neglect? We fear not; she is a selfish woman of the world; her heart is iced over. Alas! that to such should be committed these precious little ones.

It was once our fortune—no, our misfortune—

to live for a few months in the same house with a woman who had a mania for dosing her children. Poor little wretches! What a sad time they had of it. The mother actually had a medicine chest! Not homœopathic—oh, no; there was no such good luck in store for her unfortunates—but a regular calomel and jalap box, with scales for weighing out the crude poisons, and a measuring glass for determining the size of liquid doses. She was her own family physician, and so deeply interested in the profession that she was forever trying to extend her practice beyond the circle of her own sickly, cadaverous little ones.

Through colic, teething, whooping cough, measles, mumps, influenza, and the whole catalogue of ordinary diseases incident to childhood, she carried most of her little ones safely—that is, they survived the double attacks of disease and medicine, and, by virtue of naturally good constitutions, came through the trying ordeal—though not unscathed. On these occasions she would point to the skinny forms and wan faces as trophies of her skill, never for a moment dreaming that they were the miserable wrecks of her blind folly.

As intimated, all did not come safely through. There was one little girl with feebler vitality than the rest—a pale, pitiful, wee thing, who always looked at you as if she were asking sympathy. Her lips did not swell out roundly, into a sweet expression that tempted you to kiss them, but were drawn in and held closely together, as if guarding the sensitive palate from some disgusting assault. If you gave her anything to eat—a cake or a sugar plum—she would look at it narrowly before venturing it near her lips, and her first mouthful was ever taken with due caution. If her infantile memory could have been explored, we doubt if the first impression of delight that recorded itself as she drew the sweet draught from her mother's bosom, would have been found unblended with a sense of nausea so distinct as to send a shudder along her nerves.

Poor little one! How well she knew the taste of rhubarb and senna, of magnesia and squills. Sweetmeats were an offence to her, for, had she not been made, scores of times, to swallow nauseous drugs, or choking pills, concealed in their delusive attractions. In the hollow of her little arm were three scars, where the cruel lancet had drawn away the life-blood, which had never found its way back to her cheeks. The skin of her tender bosom had more than once been scalded off by blisters, while her temples bore the marks of

cupping. The marvel was, that she had survived so long all these assaults upon her life.

"Don't you feel well, dear?" we said to her one day, as we came into the parlor and found her lying on the sofa.

"Not very well, thank you, sir," and she raised herself up in a weary way.

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Does your head ache?"

"A little bit; but don't tell mamma, please, sir."

"Why not tell your mother, dear?"

"'Cause she'll give me nasty medicine."

"We felt the full force of this reason."

"You don't like to take medicine," we said.

The child's stomach heaved from nausea created by the thought. She gave no other reply.

"Please don't tell mamma, sir. I'll lie here a little while, and then I'll be better. I don't want to take any medicine, it is so dreadful bad."

And the poor child laid herself down on the sofa, and shut her eyes in such a sad way that our heart was touched. For more than half an hour we lingered in the parlor, every now and then questioning the child as to how she felt.

"Better," she would always answer; and then add—"Don't tell mamma. I can't take bad medicine now."

But mamma entered while we were yet in the parlor.

"I'm not sick," said the little one, getting up quickly.

Professional instinct was alive.

"What's the matter?" the mother drew to her child at once.

"Nothing at all, mamma. I'm not sick."

"You aint. Let me feel your hand."

The poor child thrust her hand behind her.

"Give me your hand." The mother spoke almost severely.

"My hand isn't hot, mamma."

"Yes it is hot. I declare! the child has fever. Does your head ache?"

"No ma'am."

And yet, only a little while before, she told us that her head ached. Fear led her to equivocation and direct falsehood, poor child!

"Come up stairs," said the mother, taking her arm and leading her from the room. I caught a glance of her anxious, almost fearful

face, as she went out, and it haunted me for days.

A little while afterward her imploring cries of "No—no, mamma! I can't take it! Don't! don't! oh, don't!" rang through the house. Then there was a struggle, and sounds of choking and strangling, followed by a low, moaning cry that smote sadly on the ear, and continued until silenced by angry threats.

"How is Alice?" was inquired early in the evening, for it had gone forth that the child was sick.

"She isn't at all well," the mother answered, "but I've given her medicine, and hope to see her better in the morning."

That hope was not realized. The morning found Alice too sick to rise. The dose of rhubarb which had been forced upon her reluctant stomach, had not only irritated the mucous membrane of the whole alimentary canal, but, by means of the absorbents, had been thrown into the blood, and conveyed to all parts of the feeble system—destroying the trembling balance of health. If she had been perfectly well, an assault like this would have been attended by disturbing consequences, but, under a morbid condition, it had a most disastrous effect.

"Hadh't you better send for the doctor?" suggested one and another.

"I've given her more medicine this morning. She'll be better after that acts freely."

More medicine! poor child!

But she was not better, and the doctor was sent for. He did not approve of giving much medicine. Experience, philosophy, and observation had taught him, that nature was the great restorer. So he prescribed bathing in warm water, and a quieting draught.

"But, doctor, she is a sick child," urged the mother.

"I know she is," was answered.

"Wont time be lost?"

"For what reason?" asked the doctor.

"You are really giving no medicine."

"I fear she has already had too much. Give nature a little chance. I want to gain time."

And the doctor went away. But the mother was not satisfied. She had no faith in the let-alone system. So she tried her hand again; and this time more energetically. She was successful—in throwing her child into convulsions; and then there was an exciting time in the house.

When the doctor called in on the next morning, he pronounced the case hopeless. There

was congestion of the brain. Before night, little Alice was dead, and numbered with the martyrs of our homes.

How proud you were of that dear little fellow, whose mind opened in advance of his years. At twelve months, he could repeat a dozen different nursery ditties. When two years old, he knew all the letters in the alphabet by sight, and could put them together into words. At three, he could spell remarkably, and at four years of age read almost anything.

You encouraged this precocity, by showing him off to your friends. We don't wonder you were proud of him, for he was a bright, beautiful, intelligent child—and so companionable, with his thoughts beyond his years. He cared more for books than plays; and so his toys were books. We never saw him riding about on a stick for a horse, rolling a hoop, or trundling a velocipede. He had aspirations altogether above these, at the ripe age of seven.

What a fine intellectual face he had! Ample brow; dark glittering eyes, full of thought and feeling; a mouth as composed and expressive of purpose as a man's. There was no vain intrusiveness about him; no seeming consciousness of his intellectual superiority over other children of his age. If you talked to him, he would answer as he thought—how mature were his thoughts! Books were his delight, and he grew daily more and more fascinated with them. Milton and Shakespeare at seven! What were you thinking of, to feed his imagination with these?

How tall and slender he grew! And you admired the delicate grace of his proportions, comparing him with the coarse, rough, animal-looking boys of your neighbors, who, in your idea, only lived to eat and play.

Instead of repressing him at school, and holding his mind back among the easier rudimentals, his teachers, proud of their pupil, as you were of your son, advanced him rapidly to higher studies, ranking him with boys his senior by many years. He came home daily with his satchel so loaded with books, that the weight of them tired him; and you let him go from the dinner-table, with his food lying yet unappropriated in his stomach, to the study of his hard lessons; thus allowing his brain to draw off the nervous vitality required for the work of digestion and assimilation—sacrificing the bodily powers to the intellectual. Were his tasks finished by supper time? O, no! not half finished. There was still the Latin les-

son; the page of Definitions; the lessons in Geography, Botany, Physiology, and Moral Philosophy! And so, after the evening meal, instead of a playful romp with little brother and sister, came two hours of hard study.

Have we exaggerated? No. The strange truth has not been fully told. We say strange, but truth is always stranger than fiction. To read of such insane violence to health—of such downright cruelty to children—awakens a kind of indignation. And yet, are not hundreds of thousands of school children in our land subjected to the discipline we have described. As if five or six hours of confinement and mental application were not a tax up to the full capacity of mind and body in a child, two or three hours more are required in close study out of school, thus robbing the physical system for the sake of the intellectual, and, of consequence, weakening both. It is a marvel that such things are! But, we are digressing.

At eight years of age, your beautiful, precocious boy showed signs of physical decay. First came wakefulness at night, and nervous terrors in the first stages of sleep. His appetite left him, and you had to urge, coax, and sometimes scold a little, in order to make him give to his stomach even the light burden of food it did not wish to take. His pale intellectual countenance attracted the eyes of every one. Mothers turned in the street to look at him, remarking, "What a strangely beautiful boy!" And there was an impression, if the thought were not spoken, that he was not long for this world.

But you did not take the alarm yet. His studies were not remitted. He still brought home the weary load of books, and still mastered tasks that were gigantic ones for a child of his years.

At nine he was so much of an invalid, that the doctor positively required him to be taken from school. How you grieved over this; not so much for the defect of health—you did not understand how serious the defect was—as for the great loss it would be in an educational point of view.

Poor child! Leaving school went hard with him; for he was enamored of his studies. For a little while, the relaxation and freedom from confinement and intense mental application produced a favorable change; but this, alas! was only temporary. Nearly all exercise was constrained; and, unless watched and remonstrated with, he would spend nearly the whole of each day in reading. There came, at this time, an unhappy change in his disposition.

He grew captious, irritable, and self-willed. The nervous wakefulness and terror by night returned upon him, harassing and debilitating him to a degree that occasioned fear lest fatal consequences might ensue.

"You must send him into the country, and keep him away from books," said the physician. And you sent him to the country. For a little while this change seemed to promise well. But the country air acted only as a temporary stimulus. In less than a month, you brought him home to die; and he rests now with the great company of little martyrs.

Go with us just a square from your luxurious home, fair lady, and we will show you a phase of baby life that will, we think, haunt your memory for days and nights, and set you to questioning about your duties and responsibilities as a Christian woman. Nay, do not hold back. Nerves are delicate things, we know, and sensibilities must not be too severely shocked. But shrinking nerves and pained sensibilities are light things, in comparison with wrongs and sufferings that might be lessened, if you would resolutely contemplate them. So, come with us. We will not detain you long.

You enter with us a miserable hovel. Ah, the first sound that falls upon our ears is the wailing cry of a little child! There it is, lying upon a bundle of dirty rags in the corner. It cannot be six months old! You shudder, and shrink back. But it is too late now to recede. If there is any pity in your heart, you must stay. Where is the mother? We call. Hark! There is a sound from the next room. A pause. All is silent again. We push open the door, and what a sight is revealed to us! A woman in tatters and filth, lying drunk upon the floor! Oh, horrible! You cover your face with your hands and shudder.

But the babe cries on in such a pitiful wail, that your heart is touched, and you go back and stand by the bundle of rags in the corner, bending over, but afraid to touch the repulsive looking object. Yet it is a babe, precious in the sight of God, and beloved of his angels! And their love is beginning to flow into your heart, which is now moved by pity, and your hand has reached down to the famishing little one.

"Are there no neighbors?" you say, looking around upon us with knit brows, and speaking like one in earnest.

Yes, there are neighbors. A woman next door saw us enter, and curiosity, if no better feeling, has drawn her in after us.

"I am a neighbor."

Your question is answered.

"Then take this child, in heaven's name, and do for it what is needed."

Yes, that is talking to the purpose. Pity you had not come before.

You cannot turn your eyes away. The woman has taken the baby on her lap—it still cries piteously—and you see that its face and head are a mass of sores. The wet rags only half cover its little, emaciated body, and you see that the flesh is red and excoriated. Poor little sufferer! Did you dream of anything like this within almost a stone's throw of the dwelling in which your little ones are so tenderly cared for? No—no! You tell the woman to take the babe into her own house, and that you will go home and send it changes of clothing. All this is done. You send, a few hours later, to ask about the little one, and word comes that it is ill. A physician is called; but he can only alleviate suffering. Death has already received his commission, and from the lap of pain another martyr will soon be translated.

Shall we go on in this darker, sadder way, taking you to the lower haunts of dissipation, vice, and crime, where children are born, and die from cruelty, want, and neglect, by hundreds and thousands every year? No; we have not the heart to go there, even if you would accompany us. We said, in the beginning, that ours was not the pen from which the new Book of Martyrs was to come, and that we should leave for one of sterner stuff the task of lingering over details that, whenever given, must cause strong hearts to shudder, and warm cheeks to pale. What we have written is for suggestion—a mere glimpse at the appalling truth which lies hidden beneath the fair surface of things—that you may pause by the way, and ponder the subject of infant martyrdom.

SIMPLICITY OF DRESS.—Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when set off with simplicity of dress. No artist ever decks his angels with towering feathers and grand jewelry; and our dear human angels, if they would make good their title to that name, should carefully avoid ornaments which properly belong to Indian squaws and African princes. These tinseles may serve to give effect on the stage or on a ball-room floor, but in daily life there is no substitute for simplicity. A vulgar taste is not to be disguised by gold or diamonds.

WILLIE WICKENS.

A Story from Life.

BY MRS. M. J. STEPHENSON.

WILLIE Wickens was a little boy two and a half years old; he lived in a handsome white house near the Mississippi river in this State, (Illinois.) He had no brothers or sisters—so he took in, as a kind of playmate, his father's Newfoundland dog, Carlo. Fine times did the two have together. When Willie went to ride with his papa and mamma, Carlo followed close behind the carriage, always chasing away the other dogs that he encountered on the road—for he was a great big fellow himself—and wagging his tail for joy and laughing, (as plainly as a dog could laugh,) when Willie got out of the carriage. Carlo had a broad back, and Willie used to mount up on it and say, "Jee! Whoa!" And then the dog would walk around the yard, looking sly and quiet, for he knew he was carrying his little master.

One day, as Willie's mamma watched them both at play, she said to her husband, "I wish you would make a little wagon for Willie, and get some leather straps for harness, so that Carlo could draw him around."

The next time Mr. Wickens went to town, he got the boards to make the wagon; the country blacksmith did the iron work, and a set of old harness furnished enough pieces out of which to make Carlo's. But, who shall describe the joy of Willie, when he got into his own wagon, and got Carlo fairly under way, so that he would draw him about without whipping; he always cried when the dog was whipped, and for Carlo he seemed to know a little more than common dogs, and was attached to Willie with strict canine fidelity. He would canter along down the garden walks, as if it was only fun for him to trundle that little wagon with its owner. Sometimes Willie took along his little pail—it was a pretty painted one—and then Carlo knew he was going to pick currants, so he would stop at the currant bushes, and when the fine ones were picked off one bush, then they would go on to another. Willie's mamma went with them, and told her boy not to pick the green ones.

There were plenty of hens in the barn-yard, that used to lay eggs in the hay-stacks and in nests around the fence. Sometimes Willie would find one of these nests, and then after *shoo, shooing*, till he chased the hen off the nest, and set her and all the other hens and roosters to cackling, he would gather his hands full of the white warm eggs, and coming proudly to

his mother, would say, "purty edds, mamma, purty edds." But the trouble was, he would keep on carrying until he had emptied the nest—nest-egg and all—and then the hens would forsake it, and go look for another. Sometimes, too, his foot would trip on a stick or log, when he would tumble down, break his eggs—cry, if he was hurt, and then picking up his smashed treasures in the skirt of his dress, come dolefully toward the house, saying, "*Edds broke, edds broke, mamma.*"

One sultry morning in August, Mrs. Wickens was going into the garden to pick some blackberries for preserves, and thinking to cheer up Willie, she told him to come along; but the little fellow sat crying on the kitchen floor, and refused to be pacified. "Want waadon, mamma, waadon and Tarlo," was his reply. His mother left him with the girl, and went into the garden, wondering what *had* happened to Carlo, he had not been seen for two or three days, and all were uneasy about him, for he was a valuable watch-dog, as well as Willie's playmate. Half an hour had not elapsed till Willie ran to his mother in such haste, and with such risk to her chrysanthemums and dahlias, that she left her picking, and took the nearest way to meet him. His countenance was now as radiant with joy, as it had before been sorrowful, and pulling at her dress he said, "*Tarlo tum home, mamma; Willie want waadon.*"

Mrs. Wickens stooped and kissed the little lips that reached up to meet hers, smoothed back his soft brown hair, and told him that mamma was glad; she handed him a key to give Sarah, who would get him his wagon, and then thanking God for her beautiful boy, returned to her garden work. She, sometimes, now looks back to this period, and thinks that here the sunshine was broken off her life—but we will not anticipate.

It was dinner-time, the "hands" had washed in the porch, and Mrs. Wickens was laying a dish of ham and greens on the table, as her husband entered and asked where was Willie.

"O, he's gone off somewhere with Carlo, I suppose," was the reply.

"Carlo, is Carlo back?" said he, hurriedly.

"Yes," said Mrs. W., "I wish you had seen Willie's joy about it," and she laughed outright, as she thought of her boy's sunny face, and then went on giving Sarah directions about the dinner.

As for Mr. Wickens, a presentiment of evil fell upon him, reports of mad dogs had that day reached him; (Neighbor Blair's cows had

been bitten, and another man's hogs were supposed to be;) he would not alarm his wife, but hurried out anxiously in search of his boy. He went first to the barn-yard, calling "Willie! Willie!" then to the straw pile, and then ran through the orchard to the sugar maples at the west end; here he found him. As he approached, he saw that Willie was crying, and vainly making efforts to put the harness on Carlo, who stood by grinning and snapping, with red eyes and saliva flowing from his mouth. But the worst was yet to come. Willie turned his face to his father—it was torn and bleeding; and then a wail of grief broke from the strong man, such as men never utter when they are being shot down on the battle field. The dog slunk away, as he approached—he was shot down a few minutes after by the workmen—and clasping his boy in his arms, he ran to the house as if for his life. One of the servants was dispatched for a doctor. ExCISION is generally resorted to in such cases; and it was performed, together with all accessory helps, and fond hopes were entertained that Willie would recover.

Two weeks had passed away, ere the symptoms of hydrophobia began to develop themselves; then the child grew fretful and uneasy; his play had no longer any charms for him; he would lie down languidly on the sofa, and a minute after start up frightened; he slept badly at night, and breathed with difficulty; a day or two more, and he was unable to drink water. The usual symptoms of advanced hydrophobia succeeded; violent convulsions affected the whole body, painfully distorting the muscles of his sweet little face. No wonder that it was with a "Thank God!" his agonized mother welcomed on the twentieth day the grim messenger, that robbed her household of its one pet. Grave-yards are often distant, and widely separated in the West, and this has probably been the cause of so many family burying-places. Sometimes it is a corner of the garden where the first little mound is raised; again it is a shady spot on the farm, some distance from the house; but it is generally a *pretty spot*, such as we would love to sleep in ourselves, when we lay off this earthly covering.

In a corner of the garden, then, where he so often rambled, lies the mortal remains of little Willie. Moss roses and mignonette shed their fragrance and beauty about the spot; and, while he is now nearly forgotten by all save his parents, we love to think that the soul—the real Willie—is bright and happy in one of our Father's mansions.

The writer often thinks of a baby sister who died in infancy; is she a baby still?—such a little waxen beauty as we laid away in that narrow box—or has she blossomed out into a fair young girl in the beautiful climate of that unseen shore?

O, ye bright and early blest,
We would breathe a soft adieu,
Yet while envying such a rest,
Why should tears be shed for you?

Fair Haven, Illinois.

COME AND GO.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER V.

It was the fourth day after my aunt's interview with our landlord. During that time his name had not been mentioned in my presence, for I had not passed an hour of the day or night outside of my brother's room; and every thought and faculty of my being had been absorbed in interest for him.

He lay most of the time in a stupor, though he would occasionally rouse up, and the old brightness would flash into his face; and he would converse cheerfully awhile, and seem to be in nowise aware of his feeble condition.

He was restless and nervous when he was not sleeping, and liked to have me by the bedside, and to hold my hand, and stroke the fingers with his long, thin, transparent ones; and one day he drew off a plain gold ring, (our mother's wedding one,) from the third finger of my left hand.

"Let me wear it, Constance; I like the flash of it when a sunbeam strikes it," waving it back and forth in the light.

"Certainly, dear, you shall wear it; but, don't you know I never could persuade you to wear the little seal ring I gave you five years ago?"

"I know it—see there—it won't stay."

For the ring had slipped off his finger on the coverlets.

He replaced it on my finger with a sigh. "Once I could not have worn it, and now!" he said thoughtfully, and half to himself, and he held up his hands and surveyed them mournfully. They were all seamed with blue veins, and white and diaphanous as the hands of the dead.

"They don't look like *my* hands, Constance," he said, sorrowfully; then a smile flickered over his face, a smile full of peace and content, a smile whose memory soothes

and comforts my heart now, as I sit here writing of it amid my tears.

My aunt had not informed me that the sheriff had called and served a writ of ejectment the day after her interview with Mr. Hughes. I think her feelings were too much paralyzed by *one* grief, to suffer much anxiety as to any measures which the landlord might pursue, and she had listened to the sheriff as one in a dream, just as she went about her household duties; for neither life nor death could save her from these.

So, that fourth morning dawned stilly over our house—stilly as over it, unseen by our eyes, unheard by our ears, was being unfurled the banner of the King of Death. Alfred seemed brighter that morning; he chatted with Grace and Lou, as they came in to kiss him before going to school; and when we were alone, and I was busy sprinkling some water on the basket of blossoms, he presently called to me,—

"Constance, I want to look at you."

I was at his bedside in a moment, and he took my hands, and searched my face with his great, beautiful eyes.

"Oh, how thin and pale and anxious it's grown!" he said, tenderly: "It's killing you, Constance, to be shut up here in this little room all the time. You must take a walk to-day."

"But I don't like to leave you, Al."

"Oh, pshaw! I haven't felt so well for a week, and there'll never another rose grow in your cheeks, till it feels the touch of the sunshine, and the winds are like May to-day."

"Just like May, as soft and fresh; I will go out a few blocks, and aunty will stay with you."

He did not speak, but his eyes kept themselves with a kind of yearning tenderness on my face.

"What are you thinking, Al?"

"What a good, kind, tender sister you've been to me, Constance, and how I shall tell our father and our mother in heaven, what you have done for me!"

"Oh, Alfred!"—but here the heavy, boisterous sound of men's voices along the hall and on the stairs, struck the words back from my lips.

They came nearer, and I heard my aunt's frightened, appealing voice: "You must not go in there; it will surely kill the boy."

And a coarse rough voice answered her, "I'm used to such things, madam. My orders was to turn every article in this house into the street; and I can't stop now."

Alfred had sprung up in bed; he clutched hold of my shoulder,—and I see this moment the wild ghastly face which he turned on me.

"Oh, Constance, what are they going to do?"

Even then my presence of mind did not forsake me, probably because suffering had so paralyzed my nerves, that they could not respond to any excitement.

I laid the invalid back tenderly on his bed. "Don't be frightened, dear boy. They shall not come in here;" and I started for the door.

But I was too late. I had scarcely reached the middle of the room, before three large, coarse looking men entered, one of whom rudely said to me: "Sorry to disturb you, madam; but I'm the sheriff, and my orders are to put all the furniture in this house into the street."

"Whatsoever your orders are, sir, I order you this instant to quit this room, because you are endangering the life of a very sick person. I know the law in this matter as well as you do; and if you do not obey me, I shall call the police to put you out."

The sheriff hesitated; I heard one of his assistants whisper to the other, "That gal's got good pluck anyhow," emphasizing his remark with an oath.

Then a cry startled us all: a cry whose fearful terror rings through the years, and smites my heart still; and Alfred sprang wildly from the bed, and attempted to rush forward; but he fell upon the floor—the blood gurgled from his mouth—

The sheriff was thoroughly frightened now; he stepped forward, and would have lifted the dying boy; but I know it was with the look of a hunted lioness that I turned on him. "Touch him, if you dare!" and with the new strength that seemed suddenly to fill every fibre, I lifted him up, and laid his head tenderly in my arms, while the bright crimson rivulet oozed faster from his lips. My aunt had come into the room frozen into stone with the sight that met her eyes; and the men stood near, gazing from one to another with terror in their countenances. At last that ashen hue which has blighted all the beauty and bloom of every face which ever gladdened the earth, gathered over Alfred. He opened his eyes, and their dying light was shed upon my face; he pointed upward, and whither he pointed went the next moment the soul of my dearly beloved brother, Alfred English!

Our Father who art in Heaven, Thy will be done!

The men went out of the room and out of

the house silently. They knew they were in our power then, and that we could have made them pay very dearly for the work they had done; but they could not summon back to the cold beautiful clay the soul they had hurried out of the world!

Alone with our dead, my aunt fell into convulsions of grief; but I was calm. I did not shed one tear. I still held the dear form to my heart, and smoothed the bright curls from the cold forehead, tenderly as our mother had done, when Alfred was her little smiling baby.

Doctor Lee was the first person that entered the room; his one shocked, terrified glance, comprehended all.

It was he who took Alfred very gently from my arms, and composed the delicate limbs, and soothed my poor aunt into quiet; and it was his voice which at last woke up a quiver of feeling in the heart which I thought had broken with Alfred's.

"Now, my dear child, tell me how this happened. I had not looked for his going so suddenly and in this way," said the doctor, seating me in the easy chair, and looking anxiously in my face. And I told him much more calmly than then I have written it now.

The physician walked up and down the room, his face working and his hands clenched together.

"Every one of these men shall be arrested before night," he cried. "Miss Constance, your brother was murdered!"

"I know it," I said quietly, "he was murdered!"

The doctor started for the door. Then a thought flashed through me. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"To see the landlord—to make this the costliest day's work he ever undertook."

"Doctor Lee," I said, "promise me that you will bring that man back with you; bring him to me—he will come with you. Tell him nothing of what has transpired—only bring him to me."

The doctor looked at me doubtfully: "My dear child, it is not in my heart to refuse you anything, but you are not able to bear this interview; I fear its effect upon your reason."

"You need not. You will not refuse me. It is my right, and Alfred is my brother."

"I will bring him; and if the man's heart is not quite stone, the sight of you will drive him mad for the rest of his life."

And the doctor went; and I paced up and down the room, into which every inmate of the

house began to pour, with exclamations of sorrow and pity, and sobs and tears.

"My child, Mr. Hughes is in the parlor."

Half an hour after he had left me, Doctor Lee returned with this announcement.

"I am going down to see him all alone; you will see that everybody is sent out of the room this instant."

"But you cannot get down stairs without help," putting his arm around me.

"I can walk very steadily, doctor. I am very firm and strong; only see that he is here when we come up."

The doctor understood now. "You may depend upon me, my poor child," he said.

Mr. Hughes was standing coolly at the window, with his hands behind him, looking out on the street, when I entered.

The doctor had fulfilled his promise to the letter, and the landlord had no intimation of what had just transpired; for had he known the truth, he certainly could not have been induced to enter the house. I learned afterward that he only knew Doctor Lee by his reputation; and that he so readily consented to accompany him, because he concluded that, as so influential a man was our friend, he would probably devise some method of paying the rent, rather than see us turned into the street.

Mr. Hughes started, as I came toward him. "Good morning, ma'am," he said; but his face changed as he looked on mine. I laid my hand on his arm, and said low and sternly: "Come with me, sir; I have something to show you." He did not demur; my face, my manner must have appalled him, and the sudden surprise deprived him of his usual self-possession. At all events, he followed me without speaking a word, though I am certain it must have been with inward reluctance. I led him up two flights of stairs, straight to my brother's room. No one but the dead was inside of it; and I closed the door, and pointed to the bed. He lay there, with the still smile on his white lips, a sight to have moved anything but stone.

"There he is, Mr. Hughes—my brother, Alfred English, and you have killed him. I lay this to your charge this hour; the dead before us, and God being my witness, that this was done by your brutality. *You are his murderer!* Carry this thought with you out of this house, carry it through all the years of your life, and confront it at the judgment before that God, who will remember that you did not listen to the prayer of the widow and the orphan."

I said this in slow, calm words, with that dead smiling face before us, and looking into Mr. Hughes's all the time. It grew purple, then livid; he opened his lips to speak, but the sound died in a hollow murmur. I might have triumphed then, if there had been triumph in my heart; for I knew that rich man would have given thousands of his gold and his lands to have brought one pulse of life back to those white lips—to that still heart. I knew that, as we stood there together—the ghastly realities of his own life rose up and confronted him; that he saw in its true hideousness the one aim and purpose of his soul, and what the greed of gold was when it should be held up in the light of eternity.

The second time the man opened his lips to speak I silenced him. "There lies your answer," and I pointed to the dead. "Now go."

And he went without word or sign—self convicted—and I knew that Abraham Hughes would carry the remembrance of that hour to his dying day.

And when he had gone the calm broke. I laid my cheek down to Alfred's with a great cry—"Oh, my brother! my brother!"

CHAPTER VI.

"Thank God—oh, thank God!" I said these words with deep, joyful reverence and gratitude, as I put down my pen, and buried my face in my hands. At last my work was completed, and I had written another book. Days and nights of eager, delicious toil had been granted me—days and nights in which I had dwelt in that inner world which had grown more real than the world about me.

I had *lived* every scene which I had written. All the tragedies of life and death, of love and sacrifice, of hope and patience, which were written on those pages, seemed to have surged through my own soul, while my pen kept its ceaseless travel along the lines.

I knew that book would strike responsive chords in human hearts—that it would stir fountains of tears, and kindle sweet and sacred memories in many souls, for never before had such utterance been granted me—never before had human life unveiled its sanctities and mysteries and issues to my imagination as then.

It was the time of the harvest reapers, and as the spring had been glorious with blossoms, so the summer was gracious with bounty, and that afternoon was filled with soft, sauntering

winds that came from the still sea, and cooled its hot forehead with their kisses.

We had left New York the spring following my brother's death, more than two years before, and we had settled in a New England village, laid softly to sleep betwixt the hills and the sea.

The city was too full of painful associations for us to endure the thought of remaining in it, and our long struggle there had worn too heavily on the health of Aunt Abbie for her to continue the supervision of a boarding-house.

We had moved the week following Alfred's burial, and we had had no farther trouble from our landlord, who probably was glad enough to escape without having his conduct a matter of litigation, as we were advised to make it.

But the excitement of a law-suit in the midst of that great sorrow was something from which we all recoiled, and Doctor Lee had an interview with Mr. Hughes, during which he held up to the man's gaze his own brutality in such light that he winced, and turned pale, and attempted some defence of his conduct; but he was cut short by Doctor Lee's stern—"Sir, don't speak to me, nor attempt to palliate your cowardly oppression. I look on you with a blush of shame that such a man belongs to my sex—a man whose conduct to that dying boy and his helpless family, if publicly known, would brand him forever as a coward and a villain." And Doctor Lee left him.

The physician was the best of friends to us afterward, and it was through his influence that we removed to Beachwood; and the pretty cottage we rented, with its enticing bit of sea-view on the west, and the beautiful landscape on the other side, which swept from the door to the mountains ten miles away, made the little cottage nest a very attractive spot; and life was not the burden it had been to us in the city.

Dr. Lee sent us some boarders every summer, refined, intelligent people, after our own hearts; Grace counted her sixteenth birthday when the robin sang its first spring song in the old apple tree, and then the small, girlish figure, and bright, shy face, was duly installed in the great arm-chair of the "south side" school-house, while its tremulous occupant became an object of interest and suspicion to some three dozen gaping, barefooted, obstreperous boys and girls; and Louise attended the academy, and I—I wrote during those two years when utterance was granted me, and

assisted Aunt Abbie in her household cares—and slowly, very slowly, strength returned to my shattered nerves, and life was not to me quite the gray, blank waste it had been. The trees put on a few blossoms, and sometimes the little birds of hope came and sang there, but not the fresh, glad songs of my youth.

“See here, Constance,” and Louise bounded into my room, twirling her straw hat in one hand, and carrying a small basket in the other.

She was only thirteen, and small of her years, with a bright, irregular face, and gentian eyes, and brown curls, with threads and touches of gold in it.

I always enjoyed looking at the child. She was the youngest, quick, vivid, full of the glow of youth, and the country breezes had kindled into her cheek the soft roses which the city had blurred out of it.

“Well, what is it, dear?” watching the glimmer of the threads of gold in the brown, restless head.

“Don’t you know what you promised me last night?”

“No; I don’t remember making any promises.”

“Of course not; authoresses never do when they get over their work; but you did, last night, just after tea, while you were stooping to smooth Aunt Abbie’s collar.”

“Well, what was the promise?”

“That you’d go out and help me gather mulberries for tea in the old lane back of the turnpike. The branches are just as full. Two black trees and one white one, and they come down in showers every time the wind touches the boughs.”

“Well, I’ll go, Louise.”

“And you won’t be in such a dreadful hurry to get back to your book, and have your eyes away off, and you’ll hear when I speak to you?”

“Oh, yes,” smiling at these very suggestive queries. “You may count on my good and rational behavior for several weeks at least. I’ve finished my book, Lou.”

“Oh, Constance!” and she clapped her hands and danced round me for joy, while I tied on my straw hat.

“Is there anything in the book which I shall like?”

“Oh, yes; there’s a long story about a girl just your age, whose youth was very full of struggle and trial, amid coarse, harsh sur-

roundings, such as my little sister never dreamed of.”

“Poor thing! and did she never get out of her troubles?”

“Oh, yes, after a long time of courage and endurance, and patient waiting; but I shant anticipate my story. You must wait and read it.”

A pleasant walk through the fields, of about half a mile, brought us to the mulberry trees. The white and black berries freckled the thick grass in the lane, and every gust of wind struck down the saccharine fruit in showers of jet and snow.

I was very happy that afternoon, and Lou’s light talk, and the light ripple of her laughter, made a low, pleasant tune to the thoughts that filled my heart.

“You like the black berries and I the white ones, so we’ll each take our tree, Constance, and I set the basket between the two. Oh, won’t it be fun!” seizing hold of the lowest branch, and swinging herself back and forth.

“Capital! oh, Lou, it makes me feel like a little girl again, when I used to go down to the creek in dear old Woodford, to gather mulberries for mamma to make pies,” and I mounted on the old stone wall which girded the wheat field, and commenced plucking the berries, and then a thought struck through me that was like a sharp pain, for I remembered who was always my companion in those rambles—the handsome boy—I could see him now, his golden head fluttering in and out among the trees, and the ring of his laugh, as the echoes caught and tossed it back and forth, seemed to fill the air once more.

“What is it, Constance?” asked Lou, for I had paused suddenly, and pressed my hand to my heart.

I could not bear, just then, to darken that bright face with the name of the dead, so I answered, “Nothing has hurt me, dear,” and went to work again, quieting my heart with that thought which is the best balm and healing for all hearts that suffer—“Thy will, oh God, be done!”

“There! the basket’s full. How I wish I’d thought to bring another!” exclaimed Louise, looking at the variegated heap in the basket.

“Well, we’ll come again to-morrow, Lou, if the day is like this—a gorgeous arabesque set in the heart of July.”

I did not add this last remark for Lou’s benefit, but as a sort of acknowledgment and recognition of that complete and perfect day whose golden light was going out softly upon the hills

in the west, and gilding the white sails of the schooners as they walked in snowy stateliness upon the waves.

"Oh, no, Constance, we're all going down to the shore to dig clams to-morrow—you, and Aunt Abbie, and Grace, and I."

"Well, that is romantic, I must confess. I can't come down quite so quick from the dignity of authorship to that of clam digging." I laughed.

"Yes you can," interposed Lou, very earnestly, for she was a practical little body, and accepted my remark literally. "I tell you it's just the finest fun in the world to see the clams hopping in and out of the holes in the damp sand, and to catch 'em with your hoe before they are out of sight. Oh, it's a great deal pleasanter to dig clams than to write poetry," endeavoring to make her comparison as forcible and alluring as possible.

"Is it, pussy?" stroking the small, round, dimpled chin. "Well, after such an eloquent presentation of the beauties and mysteries of clam digging I feel quite stimulated to try it."

"Then you'll go, really?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear!" in an altered tone, "there goes my shawl up in the tree."

It was, in reality, a small silk scarf, which the freshening breeze from the sea took off the child's shoulders, and carried up midway among the branches.

At that moment a carriage turned suddenly from the turnpike into the lawn. I saw at a glance that it was occupied by two gentlemen, that one was past his prime and the other in his youth. Both were fine looking, and there was a very traceable resemblance between the old and the young face.

The gentlemen looked at us with a good deal of interest as we stood under the tree.

"Just see how they stare at us," whispered Lou, drawing near me.

"Hush! they'll hear you."

But the words had barely fallen from my lips when the carriage stopped. There was a hasty consultation betwixt the old and young man, which ended in the words that I caught in a good humored tone, "Well, then, do as you like, my boy. I used to be up to just such tricks when I was of your age."

The gentleman leaped from the carriage and approached us. He removed his hat with a grace that would have been noticeable in any court, and spite of the gravity of his face and voice, there was a little twinkle of fun in his eyes as he said, "I see your shawl has taken

flight. Will you permit me to regain it for you?"

"Thank you," I said, "it is not worth your trouble, and Louise here will not pay a very heavy penalty for her carelessness by returning home without it."

"It is no trouble. I am only obliged to your sister for giving me an opportunity to believe I am a boy again," and he sprang up the tree with graceful agility, caught the scarf, which had not ascended high among the branches, and in a moment it was on Lou's neck. I was a good deal amused, and a little embarrassed, so I don't think my thanks were very voluble, or as gracefully expressed as the occasion demanded; but the gentleman affirmed that he was the obliged party, and we interchanged a few very appropriate remarks on the weather and the landscape, and with another of his graceful bows he left us. I caught the old gentleman's remark as the younger re-entered the carriage—"Well, my boy, that was gracefully done. You must have made a decided impression."

"I know who they are," suddenly ejaculated Louise, who had been watching the disappearing carriage with some perplexity in her face.

"Who?"

"Judge Allyn and his son. I thought I'd seen the old gentleman somewhere, and I remember now that Annie Wilbur, the judge's niece, told me that they were expecting Henry home next week. Isn't he splendid, Constance?"

"Take care of your flowering adjectives, my little girl."

"Well, I mean isn't he—charming—interesting?"

"Quite the latter, in face and manner," taking up the basket of mulberries. "But it's almost sunset, and auntie will want her berries for supper."

"I think it was quite singular that Judge Allyn's son should have paid us all that attention, don't you, Constance?" remarked Lou, as we walked up the lane, and she smoothed the brown shawl with a new respect.

"Rather singular, I must confess; but he is evidently used to rendering chivalric attentions to young ladies."

"They are very rich people, and live in such style in that gray stone house on Prospect Hill. They are very aristocratic, too; his sister Maude calls on only half a dozen families in Beechwood."

"Not very flattering to 'Sister Maude's'

benevolence or graciousness of soul, if it is to her exclusiveness."

"Well, you know, Constance, rich and elegant people like her *must* be careful about their acquaintances," said Louise, in a half apologetic, half philosophical tone, for she had a very appreciative perception of fine houses and elegant dresses, and all those outward concomitants which go so far in determining one's rank in the social scale.

"But, rich and elegant people have power and position, you know, which it is their duty to use, as we should all God's gifts, for the benefit of others."

Lou was silenced, but not quite convinced. Girls of thirteen are usually instinctive aristocrats, and have to double their lives before they can be tolerable philosophers. Just then the village clock struck seven.

"Oh, dear!" said my sister, "I know tea's waiting for us. Now, let's both start together, and see which will get to the rye field first."

It was a long run, but Lou's little feet glanced over the ground like a bird's, and she reached the brown bars and tossed up her straw hat triumphantly in the air before I came up with her.

CHAPTER VII.

"Come, Constance—it only wants ten minutes of three, and you must get ready for the shore. I'm expecting the girls every minute."

Aunt Abbie's voice came down the garden to me, where I was busy pulling away the weeds from a cushion of heliotrope.

During the whole day I had been idling about, with that delicious sense of rest and freedom which follows a season of hard, protracted labor; yet it was rather rest of nerves and overtasked brain than of heart and soul, for I remember that, as I braided my hair at the mirror, I sighed to myself with a sort of vague, indefinite longing and weariness.

For my life was not *satisfactory*. There was nothing full, or rich, or complete about it; it was all set in gray, tranquil colors, and I had before me the slow and recurring task which is the great work of highly imaginative temperaments—of reconciling "the outward life and inward impulse."

There was that wider craving and yearning in my heart which that quiet village life in our little cottage could not satisfy—a hunger, and thirst, and feverishness, which was never appeased, except when I was absorbed in my work.

The richness, and beauty, and meaning of

life seemed half locked up to me in those still days that went over me, each so much like the other. I had that intense, emotive nature which makes a tragedy of life, and I was still in my blossoming youth, and the music of its lingering vibrations were still in my soul.

Of course, there was nothing which could permanently satisfy this hunger and thirst but a living faith—that faith which looks out from the Present, with its hard, cold facts, to the eternal love which governs all lots, and which will redeem all its promises to those who trust it, filling the heart with patience, and cheerfulness, and peace.

I found Lou's picture of "clam digging," with its concomitants of scenery and excitement, was not unduly exaggerated.

We had, altogether, a merry time of it, burying our hoes in the soft, damp sand, and bringing its hidden treasures to light.

There was quite a party of us in all—several of our neighbors, and two lady boarders, who were passing the summer with us for the benefit of sea air, having joined our pedestrian excursion; and the breeze from the sea, the tide coming softly in, and running, with its white feet, to and fro along the sands—the chase on the beach, and the silver shells which glanced like pearls about the shore, and which I gathered with something of the old child delight; all made the excursion a hilarious one.

"Oh, Constance!" suddenly cried out Louise, as she was assisting Grace to light the faggots which had been gathered a little way off in the woods; "I've got something funny to tell you. I forgot all about it. Come off here a moment."

"No, Lou, I can't spare you yet," interposed Grace. "You've just got to stay by and watch these clams, while I go and help Aunt Abbie set the table."

And she sprang up, laughing as she shook out the folds of her dress, and gave a somewhat doubtful glance at the kettle which she had just set on the burning faggots. "It looks rather ticklish. I wouldn't wonder if it came tumbling off."

Grace was a slender, pale girl, with a fair, thoughtful face, and eyes that had a look of Alfred's in them, and hair a shade darker than Lou's.

It seemed to me that she had never looked quite so pretty as she did at that moment, with the flushes in her delicate cheek, the sleeves rolled away from her small, round arms, and the wind tossing her brown, soft hair about her cheeks as she stood on the sands that sum-

mer afternoon The two sisters were very unlike; Grace was just like her sweet, regular, gentle face, thoughtful, loving, sensible; Lou was vivid, erratic, impulsive, full of swift lights and shadows, and all changes—like her bright, irregular face.

I was thinking of all this as I gazed on the two girls, when Lou, who had been adding fresh faggots to the fire, under Grace's supervision, suddenly interposed—"Now, Grace, it's all right. I'll stay here till the clams are done, and Constance will help me lift them off."

Grace was hardly out of hearing of our voices, when Lou turned to me in her eager way, with a sudden catching of her breath—"Don't you think, Con—oh, my goodness!"

For at this moment the kettle of clams, which had occupied a very insecure position on the faggots, came down suddenly at our feet, scattering its contents far and near on the sands.

Lou clapped her hands—the willful girl, and shouted until the echoes in the woods caught up the merry peal, and tossed it back and forth in sweet notes that made me stop awhile to listen to them before I bent down. "Come, Lou, it won't do to stand laughing there now. You must help me gather up these clams, and have them back on the fire in a hurry, or we shant have them cooked for supper."

Supper was over, and while Aunt Abbie and the girls were busy gathering up the dishes, and stowing them away in the baskets, I stole down to the sands to have a little private interview with the ocean.

There it lay, blue and smiling before me, the sun dropping a precious jewel of gold into the heart of every wave that came dancing and singing, with its little song of life, to the shore. Far off were sloops and schooners, spreading their white sails like great silver blossoms, out on the broad, blue deep.

The cool winds came and played with my hair—the mighty "hallelujah" of the ocean was in my ears, and the old psalm of the Poet King was in my heart—"Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together," when a small hand stole into mine.

"Constance, I want to tell you now——"

"Some other time, please, dear; I'm not in a humor to listen now."

"But you must," persisted the child. "Don't you think, as I was coming past Judge Allyn's this afternoon, his son came out of the gate and spoke to me."

"Good afternoon, Miss," lifting his hat

just in the way he did yesterday, you know. 'Will you allow me to inquire if your shawl met with any further catastrophies before you reached home last evening?'

"No, sir," said I, 'I pinned it on tight after you gave it to me.' Was that right, Constance? You know I felt a little frightened to talk to so very polite a gentleman."

"Quite right, little Midget," smiling on the bright face that had grown into a very unusual gravity.

"Well, don't you think he walked a long way with me after that, and asked a host of questions about where I went to school, and how long we had lived here, and so on; and pretty soon I felt well acquainted, and chatted on with him just as ever."

"At last he said, 'That was your sister, Miss Constance English, that I saw yesterday, I believe?'

"Yes," said I, 'that was Constance.'

"I had the pleasure of reading one of her books last winter, and I enjoyed it very much," he answered.

"Oh, she'd just finished another book yesterday afternoon—that was why I got her to go off to the mulberry trees with me, and to-day she's going to the sea shore."

"She must write a great deal, I fancy."

"Oh, yes; now she's getting better, Aunt Abbie says it'll be a wonder if she don't break down again."

"Indeed! she ought to take out-door exercise. As we are neighbors, I intended to do myself the honor to call on her; but if she's so much occupied I fear I may be an intruder."

"Oh, no; you see she has got through with her book, and will have to rest awhile now, and I presume she'll be very happy to see you."

"Thank you," and he smiled at me—such a pleasant smile as he has! 'I shall come then, on your permission,' and then he said something about the fine afternoon we had for going down to the sea shore, and just as he was about leaving I remembered how busy you were in the morning, and said to him—

"Oh, Constance helps aunty make pies and cakes in the morning, when she doesn't write, so I think it might be more convenient to have you call in the afternoon, though I s'pose she could see you if you didn't."

"Why, Lou, what a chatterbox!" laughing and shaking my head.

"Why, was there anything wrong there?" with some anxiety.

"No, I'm not at all ashamed of my small

culinary accomplishments, even if it should shock the fine-bred gentleman's tastes. What did he say then?"

"Oh, he looked at me with a little funny smile about the corners of his mouth—I'll bear in mind what you say about the pies and cakes," he said, "I wouldn't be the means of spoiling them on any account."

"Constance would look out for that. Her pies and cakes are never spoiled," I said, for I thought he was making fun of them or of me."

"Oh, Lou!" breaking out here into another hearty laugh, but noticing the child's disturbed face, I finished it with, "Go on, dear."

"There isn't much more. He said he had enjoyed the walk exceedingly, and I told him I was glad, and that I had *pretty* well, for I couldn't quite forget his look when I spoke of the pies and cakes, and then he shook hands with me and said 'good afternoon,' just as he did yesterday. Wasn't it strange?"

"I think it was."

"Well, I know he means to call pretty soon."

"See here," said Grace, breaking in suddenly upon us, "aunt says you musn't stay here another moment. It's almost sunset, and we're going to start right off for home."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BORROWED TEAPOT.

I was to have company to tea, and among them was Mrs. Clinton, who lived in a style, if not beyond my ambition, yet far beyond my ability to reach. Her house was larger than mine, and furnished with exquisite taste. But then her husband was richer, and she had only six in family, servants and all, while my family counted up as high as the round number ten. The difference, as every housekeeper knows, was considerable.

All the rest of my expected company were, as far as circumstances were concerned, on about my own level, and intimate friends.

With them as my guests, I would have been altogether at ease, and had a "good time of it;" but I had been invited to tea at Mrs. Clinton's, and the present occasion was designed as a return compliment. Mrs. Clinton was, therefore, to be the honored guest; and, during all my preparations, she was uppermost in my thoughts.

During the afternoon, I went to my china closet to make a survey of its contents, and see how my set would compare with Mrs. Clinton's. Hers was splendid, and embraced a variety of articles of which mine could not boast. How poor, almost mean, looked my plain white

china, ornamented with a simple gold band, contrasted in imagination with the richly chased silver tea service, and gayly decorated porcelain of Mrs. Clinton. I was really depressed by the comparison, and felt that everything would look so indifferent in the eyes of my guest, that she would ever after regard me as a person of little consequence.

Poor, weak human nature!

I looked at the plates, cups and saucers, teapots, dishes, cake baskets, &c., with a vague, dreamy sense of mortification, and, if my purse had not been almost in a state of collapse, I verily believe that I would have gone off to a china-store and purchased a new and more elegant tea set.

As I stood musing in the closet, now examining this article, and now that, as bad luck would have it, I knocked over one of the teapots, and broke off a small piece, not much larger than a pea, from the upper edge of the spout.

What a catastrophe! I sat down and cried over it, to begin with. Then I bethought myself of liquid glue, and made a trial of sticking on the little angular bit of china. But, as the surgeons say, the fracture was a compound one, and no skill that I possessed was equal to the task of mending it so as to restore the original appearance. Another good cry succeeded. What was I to do? If Mrs. Clinton had not been one of my expected guests, the accident to the teapot would not have been a matter of such serious concern. But it would never do in the world to have a piece of broken china on my table for her eyes to detect—never! never!

While casting about in my perplexity, it suddenly occurred to me that my next door neighbor, Mrs. Lawson, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, owned a tea set precisely like mine. We had purchased at the same time and at the same store. Light at once broke into my mind, and a mountain was lifted from my heart. I took my pencil and a sheet of note paper, and wrote—

"MY DEAR MRS. LAWSON: I have been so unlucky as to break the spout of one of my china teapots; and, as I expect company to tea, am in a sad state of perplexity. It has just occurred to me that our sets are alike, and I know it will give you pleasure to keep me out of my trouble by letting me have one of yours for the evening. I will take particular care of it, and send it home early in the morning.

Very sincerely,
JANE SMITH."

This note was immediately dispatched by my chambermaid, who, after staying long enough to weary out my patience, came back with the teapot.

"What did Mrs. Lawson say, Ellen?" I inquired.

"She said, ma'am, she hoped you would be very careful of the teapot."

"Of course I will be, Ellen. I said as much in my note."

"Yes, ma'am." Ellen stood, with her eyes upon the floor, a little demurely, as if there was more in her thoughts than she just felt free to utter.

"Did Mrs. Lawson say anything else?" I inquired.

"Nothing to me in particular, ma'am. Only I don't think she wanted to lend the teapot."

"Why do you say that, Ellen?"

"She looked as if she didn't, ma'am."

My impulse was to return the article at once. But a moment's reflection told me that this would not do. The risk of offending a neighbor was involved, besides the danger of losing the good opinion of my expected guest, Mrs. Clinton.

"Very well, Ellen," said I. "We musn't read looks too closely. The teapot will get no harm. In the morning be sure to return it early."

I was a little fretted at the ungracious manner in which Mrs. Lawson had granted me a trifling favor, the first I had ever asked at her hands. "And it will be the last," I added, mentally.

Preparations for the evening entertainment now went on with due rapidity. As twilight began to fall the guests dropped in, one after another, Mrs. Clinton making her appearance in good season. My heart gave a little flutter as I saw her form in the passage, and heard her footsteps ascending the stairs to the chamber set apart for the occasion, as a dressing-room. I could hardly force myself to remain in the parlor; but due respect to my other guests prevented my leaving them.

I fear that, in my reception of Mrs. Clinton, when she came into the room, was a trifle of overacting, which did not pass unobserved by my friends. The lady was quiet, self-possessed, and met me in a frank, familiar way, that was entirely free from self-consequence, or ostentation. She was dressed in good taste, but not with any display of rich material or costly ornament. She made herself quite at home with my other guests, only a few of whom she had met before, and altogether, made a good impression on every one.

Tea was announced in the course of time, and we repaired to the dining-room. I had already carefully inspected the table arrangements, and the condition of things in the kitchen. The muffins, oysters, coffee, &c., were all right; but the table furniture looked mean in my eyes, for I saw it all in contrast with the elegant service of Mrs. Clinton.

There is no occasion to describe the sitting at the tea-table. All my guests appeared to enjoy themselves, and I would have been in a like comfortable state if I could have believed that Mrs. Clinton was not drawing unfavorable conclusions from the plainness of my china, and the absence of a silver service—weak, foolish woman that I was!

The rest of the evening passed away as such evenings usually pass. All my friends were in good spirits, and Mrs. Clinton found herself altogether at home among them. As she was retiring, about eleven o'clock, she took my hand, and said, with what seemed to be genuine heart-warmth—

"You have given me a real pleasure, Mrs. Smith. These friends of yours are charming, ladies, and I hope to make their more intimate acquaintance."

Yet there had been a death hand at the banquet—visible at least to my eyes. Besides my weak pride, which made me dread the criticisms of my guest, the borrowed teapot was an annoyance. Every time I lifted it, my grasp was nervous, and I did not once set it down without striking it against the coffee-pot, sugar-bowl, or cream-pitcher. That some accident was to befall it seemed almost certain.

After my company had retired, I went forthwith to the kitchen to see if the teapot was safe; for that now rested upon my spirits with a weight of concern. An uneasy look and movement on the part of the cook and chambermaid warned me that something was wrong.

"I hope Mrs. Lawson's teapot is safe?" said I.

The face of Ellen flushed, and that of the cook grew pale.

"Mercy, girls! I hope nothing has happened to that teapot!" was my alarmed exclamation.

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am, I—I—tried to be careful!" stammered the cook.

"What! Where is it?" I was no little excited.

"Maybe it can be mended," suggested Ellen, who had turned to the dresser, and now stood before me with Mrs. Lawson's china teapot in her hand, sadly marred in its fine proportions by the loss of half the spout.

I clasped my hands together, sank upon a chair, and burst into tears.

"Don't take on so about it, ma'am," said Ellen. "Sure and you can send in one of your own teapots to Mrs. Lawson, and she'll never be the wiser for the change. Arn't they just as like as two peas?"

"True enough, Ellen," I made answer; "and thank you for the suggestion."

Ellen had already turned to the dresser, and was advancing toward me with the only sound teapot of the three, when her foot struck the corner of the settle, and away went the china, smashing upon the floor into a hundred pieces.

"Och! murdther! murdther!" rung in my ears above the din of the breaking china; and in dismay I fled from the scene of ruin.

I cried myself to sleep, as may be supposed. Bright and early on the next morning I sallied forth to try and match the broken teapot. Alas! this I found impossible, and, after a two hours' search among the china-stores, returned home in a state of mind the most uncomfortable that can be imagined.

The only thing left for me to do was to send in my own remaining teapot, disfigured by a small fracture in the spout, and to explain the matter to Mrs. Lawson in the best way it could be done. So I prepared another note, and Ellen departed, with the teapot, on her delicate mission. She came back in a few minutes, teapot in hand, and with a face like scarlet.

"She's an insultin', onreasonable woman, so she is!" ejaculated Ellen, in a passion.

"What did she say?" I inquired, as calmly as I could speak.

"Why, that she didn't want your old broken teapot; and that she never lent anything in her life that it wasn't broken or injured; and she didn't see what people meant by borrowing their neighbors' things forever; and a great deal more that I can't remember. She did go on shameful, Mrs. Smith; and, if I was you, I'd send her in the money for her teapot—no great things, after all, to make such a fuss about. I told her it was all an accident, and not your fault; and if she'd been anything of a lady she wouldn't have said a word about it."

Here was a nice piece of business! Ellen fretted and scolded, while I remained dumb with perplexity.

"What'll you do, ma'am?" inquired the indignant girl, seeing that I answered nothing.

"I can't say just now, Ellen. I must take a little time to think. Put the teapot away in the dresser, and I'll see what is to be done."

When my husband came home at dinner-time I told him of my perplexity, and received this comforting answer:—

"Served you perfectly right, Jane."

"And you don't sympathize with me a bit?" said I, almost weeping with vexation.

"Not at all! You know my sentiments about borrowing, perfectly. As for borrowed things, I wonder anybody can have the courage to take them into keeping, for some fatality is almost sure to befall them."

"But what am I to do? I can't match the teapot in the city."

"Send in a new tea set."

"Most probably she won't receive them."

Mr. Smith only shrugged his shoulders.

I got no comfort nor counsel in this quarter, I never do in such cases.

All day I brooded over the matter, and in the evening went in to see Mrs. Lawson. She received me rather distantly, and when I related to her the chapter of accidents which had occurred, and spoke of how grieved I was that her teapot should have shared as disastrous a fate as mine, she coldly replied that it was of no consequence at all, and she was sorry I had taken so much trouble to match the set.

Her manner chilled me through and through, it was so freezingly polite.

I felt no better after this interview than before, but rather worse. Could I have been permitted to pay for the teapot, or even to purchase for Mrs. Lawson a new set of china, the matter would have assumed an improved aspect. As it was, my hands were tied, and I saw before me a relation to my neighbor that must be embarrassing. In that my anticipations in no way belied the existing facts. We meet, now and then, accidentally; but a distant politeness marks the interview. Oh, that broken teapot! Would that it were in my power to obliterate its memory forever!

A few weeks after the memorable evening on which Mrs. Clinton was my guest, I happened to make one of a company where she was present; and I also happened to be near enough once during the evening, unobserved, to overhear a few words between her and a lady, about myself. I was, of course, a compulsory listener. The lady was a friend who had taken tea at my house with Mrs. Clinton, and they were speaking of the occasion.

"She's a good housekeeper," my friend said; "though her style of living is plain. I think she was a little mortified at not being able to set a more elegant table."

"I thought everything in exceeding good

taste," answered Mrs. Clinton. "I know," she added, smiling, "that the muffins and oysters were delicious, and the coffee better than any that is served at my table."

"Her china is not of the richest fashion."

"I'm sure I never noticed the pattern," replied Mrs. Clinton.

"Simple white, with gold bands."

"Nothing handsomer in my eyes," said Mrs. Clinton. "I never went beyond it until my husband sent me a set from France last summer."

I moved away, rebuked in spirit, and yet feeling a sense of relief. False pride, into what a labyrinth of trouble had it tempted me; and I was yet without the clue of extrication.

MOTHER SAYS.

BY M. D. R. B.

"HILLOA, Nate, most ready for school?"

Two bright eyes asked the question at the frosty window pane, before the new comer and a fine dash of free, bracing air entered together the door of Farmer Bell's old-fashioned kitchen.

Old-fashioned, yet very pleasant withal. The contrast between the wintry scene without and the substantial comforts within, was vividly apparent. On the wide hearth of the great chimney—large enough to perform hospitable offices for half the country's side—huge logs were all a-blaze, and diffusing both light and heat to all corners of the spacious apartment.

The heat was, apparently, the principal object to be gained; and sharing it along with the tempting viands that were passing from under her hands, stood the farmer's wife, busily employed in cooking a late breakfast. The usual morning meal had long ago been partaken of, as a table strewn with broken victuals and disarranged furniture bore witness; but seated lazily before it, with his feet comfortably bestowed upon another chair, was Nathan Bell, the only son and heir of the rich farmer, and the schoolmate of young Harry Gray, whose father had possessed but the six feet of earth that is allotted to man.

Nathan slowly withdrew his gaze from the fine pile of brown cakes that his mother was transferring from the griddle to his plate.

"Do come in, Harry, and keep out the cold air. No! of course I'm not ready for school, and I don't think I shall go this morning, either. It's very cold, ain't it?"

"Cold!" cried Harry, cheerfully, "why,

who cares for cold? Come, Nate, hurry up, or, rather, down with those cakes, and let's have a fine run over the hill. The boys will all be there with their sleds—there's an hour to school-time yet—and sledding's a first rate thing to put the red in a fellow's cheek. You won't?—well, I must be going, then, for I have no time to lose."

"But do come in a minute, Harry," said Mrs. Bell, who was standing with slice in hand, ready to turn another batch of cakes; "I want to ask you about your mother, and how she gets along this hard weather."

"Why, not as well as I would like her to, Mrs. Bell," returned Harry, his brisk tone subdued into a very sad one, and the pleasant smile fast fading from his features; "there's a many mouths to feed, and few hands to work for the filling. Mother thinks she'll have to take me away from school, and try to get me a place somewhere. That's the reason I want to go while I can and learn all I can."

"Do you, Harry?" said Nathan, in a tone of surprise. "Why, I don't care anything about learning. It's very stupid to be sitting all day over a parcel of tiresome books."

"Not half so stupid as to be sitting over beefsteak and coffee when the sun is two hours high," returned Harry, with a dash of his usual liveliness. "Mother says—

'A man that would thrive
Must be up by five,'

these short winter days. And that reminds me that I must be off."

So, suiting the action to the word, Harry had left the warm, comfortable kitchen, and the farmhouse, too, far behind him, before his lazy friend had time to look round and miss him.

"That's a fine, hearty lad," said Mrs. Bell, speaking more to herself than to her son; "it's a pity he should have to leave school. Father was saying this morning he would have to get a chore-boy if Nathan didn't take more to doing the turns. I'll ask him about it, and then Harry could go to school from here as well as not. His work nights and mornings would pay for his board, and be a fine help to his mother, poor woman!"

Poor woman indeed was Mrs. Gray, Harry's mother, as far as the want of this world's goods and chattels constitute poverty; but in the riches of the mind, true nobility of soul, right and steadfast purposes, and a well-disciplined, well-balanced judgment, she was far beyond her thriving neighbors, the Bells. Had we begun the day with Harry himself,

instead of peeping with him into the rich farmer's kitchen, we would have seen something of the trials of life, and of the firmness and strength which, if rightly used, they bestow upon the mould of character.

Mrs. Gray's cabin—for it was little more, it was so small and so barren of all comfort—stood in a bleak place by itself, in the middle of a waste piece of ground that, refusing all sustenance to anything but weeds and thistles, had come to be called "the common." Bare as it was at all seasons of the year, it seemed doubly so in the still whiteness of winter, standing with this one solitary hovel in its midst, itself so drear and miserable. Hither, for want of better shelter, Mrs. Gray had come, a forlorn, but not forsaken widow, with six helpless children, most of them too small to earn the salt for their porridge; and here she had remained, striving as she best could, until, in that long, trying winter, the salt and the porridge both seemed, as to the future, to be rather doubtful affairs.

Harry, by working as a "half hand" for farmers through the summer and autumn, had earned a good suit of clothing for himself, besides some comforts for his mother and the little ones. But he was not contented with this. His aim in life reached high, for the boy had a noble heart beating in his bosom. "To be a man and help his mother! To be a good man and a great one!"

"Then I must have an education to begin with, I know; for mother says without that the mind is just like the common out here—all weeds and waste. And the poet says, too—

"Tis education forms the common mind;

Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Perhaps you will think Harry was very fond of old wise saws. He generally prefaced them with "mother says," and if you will take notice, the boy that has a due respect for his mother, and is not afraid to quote her sayings, has, nine out of ten times, a mother worthy of respect.

Harry was just getting out of bed that cold winter's morning, when he made this speech to himself. He had been thinking and thinking the greater part of the night, about the desperate state of affairs at home, and how almost impossible it was for his mother to do without his willing hands. But there must be a way for him to go on with his learning—on that he was fully determined. How should he fix it? He would think of it while he was getting up and making ready the fire for his good mother to cook their scanty breakfast by.

Now Harry did not realize it, but this getting up in the cold, frosty morning, and kindling the fire, was part of his education—the discipline of life, that was preparing him to be an energetic, whole-souled man. Neither did Mrs. Bell, when she framed excuses for Nathan's self-indulgent habits, and ministered to them by her luxurious warm breakfasts out of the regular time, think that she was doing her part to form a weak and selfish character.

But we must go back to Harry Gray, as he knelt on the broken hearth that cold winter morning, and coaxed the stubborn and snow-drenched faggots into a kindly blaze. He succeeded, at last, as he was apt to do in all his undertakings, because he always tried hard, and put energy into his work. How much that cheery flame, as it leaped and sparkled up the dark chimney, had to do in sending new life and vigor into Harry's perplexed mind, I leave for those to decide who have, in like circumstances, felt even such a little matter as a kindling flame infuse light and cheerfulness into their desponding hearts. Certain it was, that as he retained his seat before it, with his hands clasped round his knees, he looked about him with more hopeful feelings.

The room, indeed, had but little that seemed like hope. It was very barren of furniture, but the few needful articles were clean and in their place, and there was even a little exhibition of taste in the arrangement of a white muslin curtain before the window where the snow sifted in; besides that, a small bit of looking glass suspended from the rough wall, was surmounted by some branches of green and fragrant pine.

Harry's mother had seen better days. The old story of woman's trusting love and clinging devotion had been hers, while that of the partner of her life might have been read thus—the loss of manhood and worth in "the cup that causeth to err," and its end a drunkard's hopeless grave. But though thus bereft of worldly wealth and earthly props to sustain her, she did not despair. No! for God's promises were hers—"Thy Maker is thy husband." "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

"And I know my mother does seek Him," said Harry, who was running over in his mind these comforting texts that he had heard so often from the lips that were dear to him. "I know that she does seek Him, for I heard her praying in the night when she thought we were all asleep. Poor mother! how pale and

thin her cheek is!" he continued, glancing at the shake-down bed in the corner, where his mother and three of her babes still rested in profound slumber.

Harry had left two more in his little straw nest on the loft; but softly and cautiously his feet had descended the broken step-ladder that led from thence, lest their awakening should interfere with his plan.

For he had a plan, and a fine one it was. He intended to have an hour to study all by himself those dark winter mornings; and in place of burning candles—for that could not be thought of when times were so hard—he knew what he would do. His glance at that pretty piece of feathery pine had put it in his head. Pine knots! he would get a great parcel and store them away to dry; and then he need not wait for the lazy sun to get up, but might begin his lessons at any time. He would have to study them that morning as he best could, by the fitful blaze; but after that he should see finely.

If Harry could have read future events, Cassandra like, in the gleamings of the coals, he might have foretold brighter things for himself; for even then the tide of a happier destiny was returning on the ebb. But we will not anticipate.

Neither did Harry; only he looked for his mother's approving smile as the reward of his exertions—and that he received very soon. Then the day's routine began. Breakfast was to be made ready, and a very simple one it was. Harry's toil in the autumn, when he had helped the farmers store their golden heaps of corn, had been repaid in a portion of the generous grain for their own winter's use; and this had been their only food, with the exception of a few roots from their scanty garden, and the salt that seasoned them, Indian porridge, or "mush" for dinner and supper, and thin cakes of the same meal, moistened with water, made up the morning repast.

"What could be better?" says the epicure, as he feeds daintily on the rich corn cake, with its supplement of butter, or sings with Barlowe the praises of "hasty pudding," over a bowl filled to repletion with snowy cream. But remember that many of the poor have no meat, no milk, no butter, to render their dry morsel palatable—and with remembrance give of the abundance that God has bestowed upon you.

But if there was not luxury there was enough, "mother said," and one of her wise sayings assured them that "enough is a feast."

So bright eyes glanced, and rosy lips prattled merrily over the frugal board. Even Harry, who was deeper in the mysteries of corn bin and meal chest than the younger children, allowed himself to be a partaker in the pleasing delusion, and listened reverently afterward, while his mother read from Holy Writ—"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

"And now," said Harry to the brother next in size to himself, as he buckled his school-books to his shoulder, "Charley must be a good boy and help mother while I am gone. George and Mary must take care of baby for her, and don't let little Nell get hurt among you. See who will have the red-cheeked apple and the handful of brown nuts when brother Harry comes home."

But when "brother Harry" came home in the cold winter's evening, he could scarcely believe his eyes as he flung open the old door of the miserable shed which he had dignified with the name of "home." A bright light shot up the broken chimney, and danced about over various strange objects. A table covered with a clean cloth held tempting viands that he had not known for many a day; and the fragrant steam of hot coffee, and smiling looks, awaited his coming together.

"Why, mother!" Harry began, and stopped short. He could scarcely breathe for wonder and delight.

"Yes, my son, did I not tell you the Lord would provide? Just as we were down in the darkest place he has sent us help. And my Harry, in being such a good boy, has been the means of our having all these comforts. Here has Farmer Bell been with a great load of wood, and his wife sent such a basket of nice, wholesome food—just what we wanted—and besides, they are going to take you for the winter, and longer too, perhaps. Then they told me of a place for Charley, and I am to get as much work as will keep us all winter from the shop in the village."

"And it won't be my fault, mother, if we don't get along now," spoke up Harry. "Once give us a shove, and away we go. But if I had not had such a good and wise mother in the first place, I should never have been anything else than a poor, worthless boy."

It would be both tedious and unnecessary to accompany Harry Gray in all his struggles upward; but his course *was* upward; for he who places before him the brave motto "Excelsior" will not stop at the lowest round of the ladder. If you would know how the boy

became the man, look again on the farmhouse where Harry once stopped to arouse his lazy schoolfellow, and where he soon after took his place in the home duties that were pronounced to be too severe for the victim of indulgence.

Those broad acres and deep pastures, with their green and golden wealth, are now the property of the rich and honored Judge Gray, who has made name and fame for himself—a more worthy foundation than the aristocracy of birth. He has a noble mansion elsewhere; but this is the home that he first gained for the loved ones who shared poverty together, and he intends soon to transfer it, by a deed of gift, to his brother Charles, who has devoted his energies to its improvement.

George is fast following in the footsteps that first led his upward by a bright example, and Judge Gray's sisters are among the fairest in the land. But his mother—his excellent mother—what does he not owe her? As time draws his furrows and his silver threads over the once smooth brow, the glory of children's children crowns it, and they, too, "arise up and call her blessed."

Farmer Bell and his wife soon passed away from earth—their hearts rent with sorrow for the ill-doing of their only son. He himself, self-indulgent and unrestrained, gave himself up to all the license of his unbridled appetites, and became a drunkard and an outcast. Sometimes a shaken and a prematurely aged man calls for food and shelter at the door of the rich farmhouse. It is eagerly bestowed—for the Grays have not forgotten that to the kindness of the former proprietors they owe their first upward step in life—but all their efforts to do anything more for poor Nathan Bell are of no avail, and he soon wanders away again to spend their bounty and drown his remorseful feelings in the intoxicating draught.

If mothers would see their sons among the noblest of the land, let them set before them right principles, and an example of energy and strength. It is not needful that our children should be brought up in the indulgence of wealth, to become great. The mighty ones of the earth, bright in intellect and high in position, made their own way in life; and its discipline, well exercised in the boy, forms the self-reliant man.

A lucifer match passes through seven processes. By the most improved machine, matches are split at the rate of *sixty thousand per minute!*

VOL. XVI.—14

ONLY A HUSBAND.

"THANK you!" What a musical ring was in the voice of Mrs. Archer; what a pleasant light shone in her eyes. She had dropped a glove, which a gentleman had lifted from the floor and placed in her hand.

Mr. Archer, the lady's husband, saw the little act of courtesy, and noticed its reward. He would have given almost anything for just such a musical "Thank you!"—for as bright a glance as she had thrown upon a stranger. Once, tones and glances like these had been his reward for any little attentions he might happen to offer; now, all the small courtesies of life were withdrawn, and no matter what the act or its quality, his wife received it with a cold indifference, singularly in contrast with her manner toward other men.

Was it a defect of love? Did Mrs. Archer really think more highly of other men, who showed her polite attentions, than she did of her husband? Sometimes a chafed feeling of impatience—sometimes of jealousy—and sometimes of mournful regret for sunnier days in the far away past, would trouble the husband sorely. But these were pushed aside, or suffered to die for lack of aliment, and the dull, cold routine of every day life permitted to have its usual course.

On the occasion referred to above, Mr. Archer and his wife were spending an evening at the house of a friend, where company had been invited. For days previously the countenance of Mrs. Archer had worn its usual dead calm, its imperturbed placidity—its matter-of-course aspect. She had talked with her husband in a kind of dead-level tone and manner on all subjects that happened to come up, whether of first or third importance. Or, if interest happened to rise into anything approaching enthusiasm, it was accompanied by something of sharpness, that left on the mind of Mr. Archer an uncomfortable feeling, as if he were blamed for something. And this had been the wife's aspect even after she had donned her company attire, and up to the moment when she made her appearance among the guests of the friend to whose house she brought, tied up, as it were, in a closely compacted bundle, her smiles and courtesies for public dispensation.

As he had noticed on many previous occasions, so did Mr. Archer notice on this, the remarkable difference between his wife's home and company manners—between her treatment of her husband and her treatment of other

gentlemen who happened to enter into conversation with her, or offer any polite attention. The answer to *their* words always went forth from lips wreathed with smiles, and eyes sparkling with pleasure; to *his* words, from a cold, placid mouth, and with half indifferent, or averted glances. And yet, Mrs. Archer was a faithful wife in all her dutiful relations, and in her heart a loving wife to her husband. If smiles did not play in sunny circles over her countenance, as in former times, she made the household smile with order and comfort, arranged and secured by her ever busy hands. Her thoughts were no wandering truants to other and forbidden fields, but home-guests; nor were they busy for herself, but for the husband and children, in whom her own life was bound up. It was not that love for her husband had grown dull—answering not as mirror answereth to face—that her countenance did not light up at his coming—that she did not meet his word and attentions with smiling glances. Had she not given him her heart when she gave him her hand—had she not promised to be a faithful wife? Was she not true in all of her relations? What more was required of her? It never entered into her thoughts that her husband was weak enough to desire a daily repetition of the love-glances with which, in the season of young love's ardor, her eyes were ever beaming when they turned upon his countenance.

And yet it was even so. It was because he hoped to live all his after life in the warmth of those glances, that he had wooed and won her in the bright days of her young womanhood. And when he saw the light growing daily dimmer and dimmer, and felt its genial warmth diminishing, a shadow fell upon his spirit. Very kind, very attentive, the husband remained, but his wife became aware of a certain coldness toward herself that was far from being as pleasant as the lover-like manner with which he had formerly treated her; and many times she sighed for the tones and glances she saw him give to other ladies, as he sighed for like tokens of interest from herself. Both were in error, and both, in a certain sense, to blame.

On the evening referred to, the contrast between the manner of his wife to himself and to other men who showed her little attentions, was felt with more than usual distinctness by Mr. Archer. He was not jealous, for he knew the truth of her character, nor offended—but hurt. Almost any price would he have paid for the bright return another received for a

simple act, the double of which, on his part, would scarcely receive a passing notice.

Not long after this Mr. Archer saw his wife drop her handkerchief. Stepping forward, from where he stood talking with a lady, he lifted it from the floor and placed it in her hand. His eyes were fixed upon her countenance, but she did not so much as return his look, nor make the slightest acknowledgment, merely receiving the handkerchief with a quiet indifference, in striking contrast with the way in which she had taken the glove from another's hand. Mr. Archer was disappointed. The drooping flowers in his heart were pining for sunbeams, and he had hoped for a few bright rays. But they were not given.

A lady to whom Mrs. Archer had been introduced that evening, and who was a stranger to both herself and husband, sat by her side. They had been conversing with some animation, and were interested in each other. This lady was struck by the marked difference with which Mrs. Archer received these two slight attentions from different gentlemen. She had observed the polite response made when the glove was handed to its owner, and was pleased with the graceful manner of her new acquaintance. The cold, almost repulsive way in which she accepted the handkerchief was, therefore, noticed the more distinctly. She saw that the individual who presented it was disappointed—if not hurt. Her inference was natural.

"That gentleman is no favorite of yours," she remarked.

"What gentleman?" Mrs. Archer looked curious.

"He who lifted your handkerchief just now."

"Why do you think so?" There was a slightly amused expression in the corners of Mrs. Archer's mouth.

"You treated him very coldly—almost rudely, I thought—pardon me for saying so—quite differently from the way in which you treated the gentleman who picked up your glove a few minutes ago."

A smile spread over the countenance of Mrs. Archer.

"Oh, he's only my husband!" she made answer.

"The one who lifted the glove?"

"No—the one who gave me my handkerchief."

"Only your husband!"

The lady spoke in a tone that Mrs. Archer could not help feeling as a rebuke.

"He's my husband," she said, "and doesn't expect me to be particularly ceremonious. He picked up my handkerchief as a thing of course. The other was a mere acquaintance—half a stranger, in fact—and a more formal acknowledgment of his polite attention could not have been omitted without rudeness."

"I'm afraid," remarked the lady guardedly, so as not to give offence, "that some of us are scarcely just to our husbands in this matter of exterior courtesy. I know that I have not been; and a lesson I once received will never be forgotten."

The eyes of Mrs. Archer turned, by a kind of instinct, toward her husband. He was standing near a brilliant gas lamp, the light of which was falling clearly on his face. His glance was upon the floor. There was a shadow on his countenance which the strong light, instead of obliterating, made more distinctly visible—a look of disappointment, that was almost sad.

A new thought flashed into the mind of Mrs. Archer, and touched her with a feeling of tender self-upbraiding. Was it possible that her husband had felt her manner as cold, or indifferent? Was it possible that he had noticed the blandness of her manner toward one who was but little less than a stranger, and contrasted it as the lady had done, with her seeming indifference to himself? Her eyes were still on his face, when he lifted his own from the floor, and turned them full upon her. They were dull and spiritless. A little while they lingered upon her, and then moved slowly away, as if seeking some object pleasanter to look upon. For some time Mrs. Archer continued gazing at her husband, but he did not look toward her again. She sighed, and letting her eyes fall, remained lost in thought for some moments. Then turning to the lady who sat by her side, and who was observing her closely, she said, with a smile, half forced—

"You have set me to thinking."

"And in the right direction, I hope," was frankly responded.

"I think so."

Watching for a good opportunity, when she knew her husband was near her, and could not help noticing the fact, she purposely disarranged a light scarf that was laid over her shoulders. Instantly he stepped forward, and drew it into place.

"Thank you, dear," she said quickly, a smile on her lip, and a pleasant light in her eye. They were not counterfeit—but real;

for Mrs. Archer truly loved her husband, and was pleased with any little attention at home or abroad. But, he being "only her husband," she had, like far too many others, omitted the form of acknowledgment, because he must know that the feeling was in her heart.

What a change came instantly into her husband's face! What a look of pleased surprise, almost grateful in its expression. Verily, she had her reward! How tenderly he leaned toward her, and what a new meaning was in his tones, as he remarked on some topic of the hour. And did not her heart leap up at these signs of the affection that was in his heart, still warm and lover-like—still pleased with tokens of kindness, and ready to reward them twenty fold. Away back, through many years, her thoughts went to the May time of their young love, when they lived in the light of each other's eyes, and thought no music as sweet as the melody of each other's voices.

The time seemed long to Mrs. Archer, that they were required by etiquette to remain, for she desired to be alone with her husband. Not much was said by either as they walked homeward that night, but the hand of Mrs. Archer clung with a closer pressure than usual to the arm of her husband—and the arm held the hand with a returning pressure, firmly against a heart that beat with quicker pulsations.

Both time and place were soon propitious. They stood in their own chamber, looking, with a new expression in their eyes, into each other's face.

"Dear husband! I love you, and I am proud of you! You are not like other men." Mrs. Archer drew an arm around his neck, and laid her lips upon his lips.

"God bless you for the words!" he answered, with a joyful thrill in his voice.

"You did not doubt my love?" she said, in half surprise.

"No—no. But words and tokens of love are always grateful. You are dear to me as my life. Let us keep the golden links that bind our hearts together bright as in the beginning, burnishing them daily with small, sweet courtesies. Forgive me, if, in aught, I have shown coldness or indifference—there has been neither in my heart."

Ever after the golden links were kept bright, burnished daily by the small, sweet courtesies of which the husband had spoken.—T. S. A.

Olive Branch.

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. VIII.

FOUR girls in the house, and not one of them can make me a decent bowl of milk porridge! I imagine I hear you all exclaim,

"Well, what of that? Is it such a great thing to know how to cook porridge?"

But suppose you come here and take my place; lie on this bed, and shut your eyes partly up, for even the shaded light brings on such a pain that you imagine an invisible hand is filing each nerve to the keenest point of intensity; cold chills in your feet, as if they rested against a cake of Arctic ice, and the heat of a boiling crater in your head; your bones aching with the cross direction of each feather and straw, and time dragging as if the world was moving backward instead of forward. You have nothing to do but think, and as some savory dish is cooking in the kitchen, and the perfume steals in through the open door, you naturally think of eating. You do want some custard pie, and pickles, and roast rib; and you do not want any crackers, or gruel, or weak toast; and to your appeal to the physician, who happens in, he replies,

"Pooh! Milk porridge is just the thing. Here, Nancy, cook a good dish full; live on that a week, and then you can have the pies."

Well, you look back and think when brother Harry was sick, and you running around in dress skirts half a yard long, how your mother made some for him, and left the dish on the dresser, and you stood up on tiptoe and reached a spoon, and when her back was turned, skimmed off the top and swallowed it with such a relish that it tastes good now, and you say,

"Yes, Nancy, that will be so nice!" and turn again cheerfully to the crackling the hem of the sheet, and counting the flowers on the wall paper, and wish the porridge was ready.

The porridge is brought in, and the napkin on the waiter is soiled as if it had done service as holder, and the bowl is slopped and sticky on the outside, and nubs of flour of all sizes are floating in it on the top. There is a burnt taste, and a raw taste, and a taste most insipid, and you cannot eat it, and turn away over to the wall and conclude that this is a most miserable world; and just as you are ready to cry your neighbor across the street, Mrs. Rodgers, comes into the room. Out of the sick room so busy and officious that she seems prying and disagreeable, but in it willing

and kind and apt, doing the right thing in the right time and place, that one is ashamed of their previous unkind thoughts, and reward her with smiles and heartfelt thanks. Her first words, as she unties her bonnet, are, "Girls, do open that window and air this room; it is as close as church on commencement day; and have you any ice water? Bring me some and a soft linen cloth. I think I can take that flush off of her cheek. Are her feet cold? Haven't felt of them! what nurses! They are just like ice. I must have a jug of hot water and some flannels. There, you feel better now, don't you, dear!" And you, soothed and quieted by the soft motion of the cool cloth on your brow, drowsily answer, "Yes," and wish everybody was as good a nurse as Mrs. Rodgers.

"Have you eaten anything to-day? Only some porridge! I hope you don't call this porridge!" taking up a spoonful and tasting it. "Here, Julia, keep this cool with ice water, and I will go and see if I cannot fix her up something."

In a half hour a mite of the tenderest broiled beef, some mashed potato, a china cup of porridge, clear and fine grained as the dish that holds it, and a few raspberries, are placed before you. Her strong arms raise you up as if you were a feather, and bolster you with pillows just right; and the waiter, with its snowy napkin, is held close for you—and you taste this, and sip that, and linger over a raspberry, thinking there never was anything so good before; and you feel, and are, really, a different person by the time she says "good night," for she has given you a start that no medicine alone could do, toward health.

Now these four girls that cannot make me some porridge, all love me, and are perfectly willing to do what they can; but they do not know how, and I am too weak and unenergetic to tell them over and over again, when they fail each time, so sick, discouraged, hungry, I suffer for want of suitable food.

"How foolish!" I hear you again exclaim, "hire a nurse." But let me say that neither love or money will invariably bring a nurse in the country, where almost every one is independent, and surrounded with their own numberless cares. They will kindly watch nights, and run in occasionally, yet it is often almost impossible to obtain constant service, and so members of each family should have some knowledge of nursing; and how do you know, in this shifting, changing, rich-to-day and fortuneless-to-morrow country, that a lit-

the sick-room knowledge may not be required of you. It would be no pleasant reflection that some husband's path, which before had been all brightness, went down for life into darkness and gloom—that little children who needed a mother's hand to guide them, wandered out into haunts of sin and guilt; that a loving sister, through all time, felt that the chill of the grave was around her because your hand, though willing, was ignorant how to prepare the delicate sustenance that can sustain, instead of destroying life.

Berea, Ohio.

CATCHING A SUNBEAM

BY KATE.

THE sun is always shining in the sky of our lives, and his bright beams coming down to gladden the earth. But into how few hearts do they find their way? The earth upon which our minds dwell, like the material earth, has its dense forests, its deep, dim valleys, its dark caves and caverns into which the sunlight rarely, if ever, comes. It would seem as if many people loved these gloomy shades, and hid themselves, of choice, away from the bright and beautiful sunshine. They carry shadows in their hearts and shadows on their faces. When they come into your presence it seems as if the air was suddenly darkened by a passing cloud.

Mr. Hickman was one of these men, who walk, for the most part, in dark valleys, or sit in dreary caverns. Rarely, if ever, on returning home, did he bring light into his dwelling. If there was merry laughter among the children on his entrance, their voices were hushed; if love's light beamed from the countenance of his wife, as she sported with her little ones, it faded away, giving place to a sober, thoughtful, half troubled look. He always came home bringing a shadow with him, and sat, for the most part, in this shadow, through all the cheerless evenings.

Why was this? Was there a great trouble in the heart of Mr. Hickman? Had he passed through some depressing misfortune, or suffered some terrible affliction? No. It was as well with him as with most people—better than with a very large number. His business was prosperous, and every year he added many thousands of dollars to his rapidly accumulating fortune. But he was not a man possessing an orderly adjusted mind—was easily disturbed by trifles, and annoyed by incidents that should not have affected him any more than the buzz-

ing of a fly. But the real cause lay deeper and more hidden, grounded in an inordinate selfishness, that robbed him of the pleasure which might have attended success, through envy of others' good fortune. He was jealous of his compeers in business, and always experienced a disagreeable sensation when he heard them spoken of as successful. No wonder that sunlight could not find its way into his heart. Envy and ill-will, burn in what heart they may, always send up a black smoke that obscures the heavens. The sun is there, shining as brightly as ever, but his rays cannot penetrate this cloud of passion. No day passed in which something did not occur to disturb or cloud the mind of Mr. Hickman; and so, evening after evening, he came home, bringing with him shadow instead of sunlight. Oh, what a desecration of home was this! home, where the heart's sunlight should ever dwell, and a heart-warmth pervade all the sweet atmosphere. Nothing of external good was denied by Mr. Hickman to his family. They had all of happiness that money could buy. Yet how far from happiness were his wife and children. They were drooping for sunshine—the sunshine of smiles, and pleasant words, and joyous laughter. But these came not from Mr. Hickman. He sat among them grim and gloomy, for the most part, like some sombre heathen divinity—half dreaded, half propitiated.

Mr. Hickman was not so stolid but that he saw in this the existence of a wrong. He loved his wife and children, desired their good, and was ready to make almost any sacrifice for them that he knew how to make. Even as he sat moodily in his home, conscious that his presence rested like a nightmare on the spirits of his wife and children, he would say to himself—

"This is not right. I should bring home pleasant words and cheerful smiles."

Yet almost as he said this would his thought go back to some incident of the day, which mere selfishness gave power to disturb his feelings, and he would go off again into a brooding state of mind, out of which he had not resolution enough to lift himself. Often it happened that his children sought, in the outgushing gladness of their hearts, to break the spell that was on him—but almost always he repulsed them—sometimes coldly, sometimes fretfully, and sometimes in sudden anger—so that, at last, they rarely came near or spoke to him, as he sat through his silent evenings.

"Wrong, all wrong," Mr. Hickman often

said to himself, as the shadow fell darker on his home. But a knowledge of the evil did not bring a knowledge of the cure, or, rather, that self-conquest which must precede a cure. He must let the sunshine come into his own heart ere he could pour forth its rays on other hearts. He must come out of the dense forests and gloomy valleys and dusky caverns, into the clear sunshine; but how was he to come out? Who was to lead him forth?

One day, as Mr. Hickman sat in his counting room conversing with a gentleman, a lad came in from the store to ask him some question about business. Mr. Hickman replied in a curt way, and the lad went out.

"What is that boy's name?" asked the gentleman.

"Frank Edwards," was replied.

"I thought so. He's a fine boy. How long has he been with you?"

"About three months."

"Does he give satisfaction?"

"Yes."

"I'm pleased to hear it. His mother lives in our neighborhood, and my wife has taken considerable interest in her. She is very poor, and in feeble health. She maintains herself by sewing; but that kind of exhausting toil is wasting her life rapidly. Frank is her only child, and the only one to whom she can look for any help. I am glad you like him."

Nothing more was said on the subject, but it did not pass from the mind of Mr. Hickman. He had taken the lad a few months before on trial, and it was understood that if he gave satisfaction, he was to be put on wages after six months.

"The boy is faithful, intelligent and active," said Mr. Hickman, speaking to himself. "If it is so with his mother, he must be put on wages now."

This conclusion in the mind of Mr. Hickman was attended with a sense of pleasure. His heart had opened just a little, and two or three sunbeams, with their light and warmth, had gone down into it.

"What shall I pay him for his services?" said Mr. Hickman to himself, still dwelling on the subject.

"There are plenty of lads to be obtained at a couple of dollars a week, for the first one or two years; or even for nothing, in consideration of the opportunity for learning a good business in a good house. But Frank's case is peculiar, and must be considered by itself. There is a question of humanity involved. His mother is poor and sick, and she has no hope

but in him. Let me see; shall I make it three dollars a week? That will help them considerably. But, dear me! three dollars will hardly pay for Frank's eating. I must do something better than that. Say four dollars."

Mr. Hickman dropped his head a little, and sat turning the matter over in his mind. He had once been a poor boy, with a mother in feeble health; and he remembered how hard it was for him to get along—how many privations and hardships his mother had to endure; and yet their income was nearly double the amount he thought of giving Frank. Mr. Hickman had always loved his mother, and this memory of her softened his feelings still more toward the poor widow, for whom an appeal had come to him so unexpectedly.

"Frank is an unusually bright boy," said Mr. Hickman. "He has an aptness for business; is prompt and faithful. I can afford to make his salary liberal—for a boy it shall be liberal. I'll pay him six dollars now, and if he goes on improving as fast as he has done so far, it will not be long before I can make it better for him."

Mr. Hickman arose, and going to the counting-room door, called the lad, who came in immediately.

"How do you like our business, Frank?" asked Mr. Hickman, in a kind way.

"Very well, sir," replied the boy, promptly.

"And you would like to remain?"

"Yes, sir; if I give satisfaction."

"You have done very well so far," replied Mr. Hickman; "so well, that I have concluded to put you on wages now, instead of waiting until the six months of trial have expired."

The boy started, and a quick flush of surprise and pleasure went over his face.

"I did not expect it, sir," he said, gratefully. "You are very good."

"Your mother is not well, I hear," said Mr. Hickman.

Frank's eyes glistened as he answered, "No, sir; she's been sick for a good while; and I'm so glad to be put on wages, for now I can help her."

"Will you give all your wages to your mother?"

"Oh yes indeed, sir; every cent, if it was ten dollars a week."

"I see you're a good boy, Frank," said Mr. Hickman, his heart still softening, "and your wages shall be six dollars."

The boy struck his hands together with sudden joy, exclaiming,

"Oh, mother will be so glad!—so glad!"

As he went back into the store, Mr. Hickman sat quietly in his chair, feeling happier than he had been for a long time. When the sun went down, and Frank came in to shut the windows of the counting-room, Mr. Hickman handed him a sealed envelop, saying,

"Take this to your mother. It contains thirty-six dollars, as your wages, at three dollars a week for twelve weeks, the time you have been in my store. Tell your mother that you have been a good, industrious boy, and have earned the money."

Frank took the little package in silence; his feelings were so much overcome by this additional good fortune, that he could not speak his thanks. But his eyes told what was in his heart, and Mr. Hickman understood them.

There are many ways to catch sunbeams, if we would only set traps for them. Nay, there is no occasion to go to that trouble. The air is full of sunbeams, and we have only to open the doors and windows of our hearts, and they will enter in countless multitudes. But the doors and windows of most people's hearts are shut and barred as was the heart of Mr. Hickman. How are they to be opened? Just as the doors and windows of his heart were opened—by kindness to others.

When Mr. Hickman took his way homeward, his step was lighter and his feelings more buoyant than they had been for a long time. Though conscious of this, and of the sense of pleasure that was new to him, his thought did not go directly to the cause. Not that he had forgotten Frank and his sick mother; or the glad face that looked into his when he told the boy of his generous decision in his favor; all this was present to him, though he had not yet connected the kind act and the pleasant feelings in his consciousness as cause and effect.

There were no sounds of pattering feet on the stairs as Mr. Hickman came in. Time was when his first step in the passage awoke the echoes with laughing voices and the rain of eager footfalls. But that time had passed long ago. The father came home so often in a cold, repellant mood, that his children had ceased to be glad at his return, and no longer bounded to meet him. Sitting on the stairs were a little boy and girl, of the ages of five and six years. As he advanced along the passage, they neither stirred, nor spoke, nor smiled, though their eyes were fixed on his face. Mr. Hickman stood still when he came near to where they were sitting, and looked at them with a new feeling of tenderness in his heart. He held

out a hand to each, and each laid a hand in his, but with an air of doubt as to whether this condescension on the part of their father were to be accepted as a token of love. A moment he stood holding their hands, then stooping, he drew an arm around each and lifted them to his breast.

"Hasn't Edie a kiss for papa?" said Mr. Hickman, with so much warmth in his voice, that the little girl now understood that all was earnest.

"Yes, a hundred kisses!" answered Edie, flinging her arms around her father's neck, and kissing him over and over again in childish fondness.

At the head of the first landing, opened the sitting-room. Into this Mr. Hickman came with the two children in his arms; both of them hugging and kissing him in a wild, happy way.

"Bless me! what's the meaning of all this?" exclaimed Mrs. Hickman, rising and coming forward, her face a-glow with sudden pleasure at a sight and sounds so new, yet all welcome to her heart.

"These little rogues are hugging and kissing the very breath away from me," said Mr. Hickman, laughing and struggling with the children.

"He asked me for one kiss," cried Edie, "and I'm going to give him a hundred."

Mr. Hickman sat down with a child on each knee, and Mrs. Hickman came and stood by him, with a hand resting on his shoulder.

"Oh, you must kiss him too," said Edie, looking up at her mother.

Mrs. Hickman did not wait for a second invitation.

The old pleasant face of her husband was again before her, and her heart was leaping with the old loving impulses. She bent down and laid a warm kiss on his lips, which he felt as a sweet glow through all his being.

That was an evening long to be remembered in the household of Mr. Hickman. He had caught a sunbeam and brought it home with him, and light and warmth were all around them. All were happy, and Mr. Hickman the happiest of them all, for he had the sweet consciousness in his heart of having made another and humbler home than this happy also.

THE humble, the meek, the merciful, the just, the pious, and the devout, are everywhere of one religion; and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers.

THE SAND-HILLS OF JUTLAND.

If the publishers of this book* had any misgivings as to its merits, they would certainly have put upon the title page, "By the author of 'The Ugly Duckling;'" for there is no one of the present generation of critics, however hard or severe he may be to others, but has a soft place in his heart for the writer of that inimitable child-story, which he laughed and cried over when tottling about in petticoats *sans* crinoline, or strutting in the dignity of first jacket and trousers.

But Hans Andersen needs not to borrow a charm from childish associations. He has the rare power of pleasing alike the infant and the mature man; a power which only those enjoy who can unite grave wisdom and bewitching fancy.

The longest tale in this collection, and the one which gives its name to the volume, is in a sadder vein than is usual with the author. It tells of a young Spanish nobleman of high rank and favor at the court, living with a beautiful and loving wife in the enjoyment of every luxury which boundless wealth can furnish, who is selected by the king as Ambassador to the Court of Russia. He sets sail in a magnificent ship, which is wrecked on the coast of Jutland, and every soul on board is lost, save the young wife, who is cast senseless upon the coast. She revives only to give birth to a child, to say a few words in a language which no one about her can understand; and then she dies. This child, of whose parentage or country nothing is known, is adopted by a fisherman of the sand-hills of Jutland—the original home of many of our own ancestors, for large numbers of the Jutes went over to England with the Angles and Saxons, and became the progenitors of what is called the Anglo-Saxon race. The story of the simple joys and sorrows of the fisherman's boy, is rendered more striking by the contrast which the reader cannot fail to draw between these and the grandeur and luxury to which his birth entitles him. This contrast is rendered still more effective when, at the death of his foster-parents, he becomes a sailor, and is subject to kicks, thumps, the rope's end, and every species of hard usage, which his fierce Spanish blood makes it peculiarly hard to bear. At one time he sails to Spain, and, being sent on shore in a great city to bring provisions for

the ship, he leans with his heavy burden, for a moment's rest, against the marble pillars of a splendid mansion, whence he is rudely driven by a finely-bedizened porter, while his own grandsire sits within, bemoaning himself that he is the last of his race, and at his death his untold wealth will pass to stranger hands.

The story is finely told, but such a story as this another, perhaps, might tell as well, and welike Hans Andersen best in his own specialty, when he reveals that rare talent for impersonation, by which, instead of telling a tale himself, he can give it to an animal, a plant, or even a stock or stone, to tell, and make them do it in perfect character and keeping.

The second tale, "The Mud King's Daughter," is an example of this; in which the interlocutors are a stork and his spouse, who pass their winters in Egypt, and their summers on the roof of the log-house and tower of one of the Vikings of Jutland.

The stork one day, after remaining out longer than usual, returns to his nest looking rumped and flurried. "I have something very terrible to tell thee," he said to the female stork.

"Thou hadst better keep it to thyself," said she. "Remember I am sitting upon the eggs; a fright might do me harm, and the eggs might be injured."

"But it *must* be told thee," he replied. "She has come here—the daughter of our host in Egypt. She has ventured the long journey up hither, and she is lost."

"She who is of the fairies' race? Speak, then! Thou knowest that I cannot bear suspense while I am sitting."

He begins to tell her that the king of Egypt is very sick, and his daughter, having heard that there were certain bog-plants in the far north which could cure him, had assumed the magic disguise of a swan, and accompanied by two princesses, had flown hither.

"Thou dost spin the matter out so long," muttered the female stork, "the eggs will be quite cooled. I cannot bear suspense just now."

"I will come to the point," replied the male, and he goes on to relate the adventures of the swans, when she, whose mind has been half occupied meanwhile with her maternal duties, interrupts:—

"But tell me about the princess. I am tired of hearing about the swans."

He succeeds at length in getting her attention, and relates, that the princess, having espied the flower she was in search of, alighted, and laying aside her swan dress, was

* THE SAND-HILLS OF JUTLAND. By Hans Christian Andersen, author of the "Improvisatore," etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

about to pluck it, when her wicked companions seized upon the dress, and having torn it into a hundred pieces, so that the feathers fell round about as if there were a fall of snow, flew away and left her alone in the wild morass.

"It is shocking," said the lady stork; 'I can't bear to hear it. Tell me what more happened.'"

The conclusion is given: how the princess sobbed and wept; and how the Mud King saw her, and fell in love with her, and dragged her down into the morass to be his bride.

"Thou hadst no business to tell me such a startling tale at a time like this. The eggs may suffer. The princess can take care of herself; she will, no doubt, be rescued. If it had been I or thee, or any of our family, it would have been all over with us."

"I will look after her every day, however," said the male stork; and so he did."

One day, some time after this, he announces as the result of his investigations, that the princess is not dead.

"I told thee from the beginning that it would be all well," said the mother stork. 'Turn thy thoughts now to thine own family. It is almost time for our long journey; I begin now to tingle under the wings. The cuckoo and the nightingale are already gone, and I hear the quails saying that we shall soon have a fair wind. Our young ones are quite able to go, I know that."

They all take their flight for Egypt, and after their arrival, while the mother-bird is showing her little ones all the wonders of the land of the Nile, and tutoring them, feeding them on the delicious frogs and grasshoppers, the father is listening on the palace roof to the tale which the wicked princesses are relating to the sick king, respecting his daughter; and he rubs his bill, in his anger, until it is quite sore. "It was all lies and deceit," he cried, on narrating the story. "I should like above all things to run my beak into their breasts."

"And break it off," said the stork-mother; you would look remarkably well then. Think first of yourself, and of the interests of your own family; everything else is of little consequence."

An assembly of all the wise and learned men of the nation is held, to consult as to what is to be done in this emergency; and many fine speeches are made, a passage of one of which the stork repeats to his wife, adding, "It is a beautiful thought."

"I don't quite comprehend it," said the

stork-mother; 'but that is not my fault—it is the fault of the thought; though it is all one to me, for I have other things to think of.'"

When they are about to return to the north-land, the stork announces to his wife his intention of stealing and carrying with him the swan disguises of the wicked princesses, that in case the king's daughter is rescued, she may have the means of returning quickly home.

"You will get no thanks," said the stork-mother; 'but you are the master, and must please yourself. I have nothing to say except at hatching-time.'"

With some difficulty the swan disguises were conveyed northward, where they lay for years in the bottom of the nest on the roof of the Viking's log palace. In the meantime the Egyptian princess bore a daughter to the Mud King, and the stork, having found it in the calyx of a water-lily, conveyed it to the Viking's wife. Helga, as the child was called, had all the beauty of her mother, and the mischievous and evil propensities of the Mud King, her father. The stork, nevertheless, had a kindly feeling for Helga. Not so his spouse, who did not hesitate, at length, to express her opinion plainly on the subject.

"Thou thinkest less of the safety of thy nest than of these feather things and thy bog princess. Thou hadst better go down to her at once, and remain in the mire. Thou art a hard-hearted father to thine own; that I have said since I laid my first eggs. What if I or one of our young ones should get an arrow under our wings from that fierce, crazy brat at the Viking's? She does not care for what she does. This has been much longer our home than hers, she ought to recollect. We do not forget our duty; we pay our rent every year—a feather, an egg, and a young one—as we ought to do. Dost thou think that when she is outside, I can venture to go below, as in former days, or as I do in Egypt, where I am almost everybody's comrade, not to mention that I can there even peep into the pots and pans without fear? No; I sit up here and fret myself about her—the hussy! and I fret myself at thee, too. Thou shouldst have left her lying in the water-lily, and there would have been an end of her."

"Thy words are much harder than thy heart," said the stork-father. 'I know thee better than thou knowest thyself.'

"And then he made a hop, flapped his wings twice, stretched out his wings behind him, and away he flew, or rather sailed, without moving

his wings, until he had got to some distance. Then he brought his wings into play; the sun shone upon his white feathers; he stretched his head and his neck forward, and hastened on his way.

"He is, nevertheless, still the handsomest of them all," said his admiring mate; but I will not tell him that."

This must suffice as a specimen of stork conversation, in "The Mud King's Daughter." There are several other stories of a similar character, in which a mouse, a frog, or a fly, an oak-tree, and even an old sign-post, or a broken neck of a bottle, is made to talk with the same quaint humor and naturalness. Perhaps the best specimen of impersonation, however, is found in the story of "Waldemar Daae and his Daughters;" the rich old knight, who

becomes infatuated about alchymy, and squanders lands and forests, mortgages his castle, and reduces his daughters to penury, in the vain attempt to discover the secret of turning other metals into gold. The story is told by the Wind so ingeniously, that you are not suffered to forget for a moment that it is the wind that is speaking, yet with such entire freedom from anything forced or unnatural, that you feel convinced that none but the Wind could know as much about it, or tell it so well.

The picturesque fancy of Hans Andersen serves as drapery, in this volume, to much thoughtful wisdom. The critics, who act as royal tasters to the sovereign people, have seldom a dish presented to their lips which they can more heartily commend, as at the same time wholesome and refreshing.—*Home Jour.*

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

HARRY ATWOOD'S VISIT AT OUR HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Continued.)

That afternoon Harry's class made its advent at our house, and a hilarious time it had. The squirrels were displayed by their owner amidst shouts and vociferations of delight, and then the boys, as boys will, climbed the cherry tree and mounted the barn ladder, and tried the old swing until the rope gave way and precipitated three of them on the grass—in short, they were as full of noise, and fun, and adventure as a dozen healthy, hearty, romping boys always will be.

But there were thirteen of these boys. I counted them from my chamber window as they stood under the tree inspecting the squirrels.

And the thirteenth boy was a little smaller and a little stouter than the others; he had a dark face, with a sour, unpleasant expression, and it did not brighten much when he looked at the pretty, graceful little creatures, as their shy, bright eyes glanced betwixt the bars at the boys. And looking at that boy's face I felt that he was not happy, and that his unhappiness sprang from a fountain which cast up bitter waters in his heart.

"Hello, Joe Winters, I say," called out one of the boys, "don't you think they're cunning little fellows?"

"Well enough," was the somewhat surly rejoinder; "I've seen lots of prettier ones in the woods, though."

"I don't believe it. It's only sour grapes," answered more than one voice.

Harry was a rash, outspoken boy, and he was particularly sensitive on this matter of the squirrels. I saw the blood flash up into his round cheeks, and heard his hasty retort—"Well, folks that don't like the looks of my squirrels had better go where they can find better," which was, at the least, a very discourteous remark for a host to make to his guest.

"I don't think it would be very hard to do that, Harry Atwood, great a fuss as you make over yours," answered Joseph Winters, with a lowering countenance—and he turned and walked out of the gate.

I thought Harry watched him with a little regret at his hasty speech, but the boys crowded around their favorite with "Never mind him, Harry. He never goes anywhere without kicking up a fuss. I'm glad he's out of the way," and Harry soon forgot his momentary vexation.

Three days after the advent of Harry's class, there came a long, boisterous rain, which swelled the little silver skein of waters in the meadow opposite our house, into a raging torrent, and drenched the great trees in the garden, and seemed, for a while, to wash out from the earth the grace and the beauty of summer.

But at last the storm sobbed itself to rest—the clouds broke away and piled themselves in silver

heaps around the horizon, and the young moon lifted her cup of pearl on the sky.

"Cousin Janet," said Harry, turning from the window, on whose panes he had been drumming with his fingers, and watching the clouds, "I shall put out my squirrels under the tree to night. It's quite too bad to keep the little creatures shut up in the house, and in a cage, too, any longer," and off he hurried to the kitchen for his pets.

"Miss Janet, wont you please to step here a moment?"

We were just rising from the breakfast-table when Jane put her head in at the door, and called me, in a low, mysterious tone.

I followed her into the kitchen. "Oh, Miss Janet!" she cried, pale and agitated, as I closed the door.

"Why, Jane, what *has* happened?"

"Those dear little squirrels of Harry's. I'll jest break the boy's heart."

"Oh, nothing is the matter with the squirrels?" for I had become almost as much attached to them as Harry.

"Come with me," said Jane; "though I'm e'en almost afraid to show 'em to you." I followed her out silently, under the apple tree.

She opened the door of the "squirrel house," and there on the floor they lay—the pretty, graceful, dainty creatures, lank, and cold, and dead.

For a while neither of us spoke. I broke the silence. "Some wretch has poisoned the squirrels. Poor, poor Harry!"

"Hullo! what are you up to out there?"

The bright, eager voice came to us from the kitchen door, as Harry's face came, the next moment, with a bound and a laugh over the grass.

One glance—another, wild, strained—and he knew all.

"O—h, Janet!" he staggered against me, and I caught him; he buried his face on my shoulder and burst into tears; sob after sob shook him to and fro.

"Don't cry, Harry. It's too bad!" That was all the comfort I could offer him.

At last he lifted up his pale, pitiful face. "Who did it, Janet?"

"I don't know, dear. Some very wicked person must have poisoned them."

The pale face flashed with angry fire. "Oh, if I could only catch hold of him I'd kill him outright!"

"Hush, Harry, it is *wise* to say that. God will punish the wicked doer of this deed as man never can."

Then the boy's grief, which anger had quenched a moment, broke forth afresh. "Oh, my dear, beautiful little pets, that I loved so! Shant I ever see you running round your cage again, and putting out your cunning little paws when I bring you nuts; and wont I see those bright eyes of yours shining out of the bars!" and a burst of tears broke the child's words.

We did all we could to soothe and comfort him, and at last he grew calm, for he was a brave boy, but the memory of his dead squirrels lay deep and heavy in his heart.

"I wonder, Miss Janet, how Joe Winters came to know about Harry's squirrels," said Jane, speaking up suddenly, as though a thought had struck her, where she sat shelling peas in a corner of the kitchen.

"Why, Jane?" and in my interest I came near upsetting the dish of eggs I was beating into foam.

"Why, you see, this morning I went over to Farmer Winters for a couple of quarts of milk to make the puddin', for ours had spiled over night, and Joe—he was hangin' round the kitchen door—and he came up to me sudden like, and says, 'Wall, Jane, how's all the folks down to your house?'"

"'Oh, they're comfortable,' says I, thinkin' Joe was learnin' manners, for he never was over per-lite."

"'Anything happened to them squirrels o' Harry's?' said he."

"'Yes,' I told him. 'Some wretch that didn't deserve Christian burial had gone and p'isoned the little critters night afore last.'

"'You don't say now,' says Joe! 'How did Harry take it?'"

"'It's nigh a'most broke his heart, and it would anybody's else to have seen him when he found them little things lyin' dead in their house.'

"'Wall,' said Joe, 'it was a mighty smart trick, anyhow. I don't s'pose you'll ever be able to catch the rogue who did it?'"

"'No, I s'pose not; but then he'll find out some day, to his sorrow, that God knows, I reckon.'

"Jest then Miss Winters, she came out with the milk, and Joe went off whistlin'. But it has just struck me that it was kinder strange Joe should have thought to ask me about the squirrels."

"Yes, it *was* strange, Jane—so strange that I have no doubt Joe Winters knew all about what had happened to them before any one else did." I spoke more to myself than to Jane, in my roused indignation.

But she understood me. "Oh, Miss Janet!" she exclaimed, lifting up both hands, "that Joe Winters ought to be hung without judge or jury."

"He deserves great punishment. I feel assured that he poisoned the squirrels out of spite toward Harry, and I shudder to think what a terrible boy he must be. But as he said, we can never prove that he committed the act, although I have not the slightest doubt of it; so don't mention the matter to Harry; it would only excite his anger, and it could do no good now."

"Wall, I wont tell him, though I must say"—commenced Jane.

"There is no need to tell me," said Harry, walking in so suddenly upon us that she shrieked with

surprise—"I've been under the kitchen window and heard all you said."

Harry was very pale, but in a moment he began pacing up and down the kitchen, and his face flashed into anger. "Of course," he said, "it was Joe Winters killed my squirrels. He's always owed me a spite because I got above him in the class, and because the boys like me. Oh, the mean, dirty, cowardly sneak, to steal in here at night, and poison my little squirrels! but he shall pay for it before he's an hour older. I'll find him and beat him within an inch of his life!" and he was rushing out of the kitchen door.

"Harry, Harry, come back to me." He paused one moment, irresolutely, but my voice and face held him; he turned back, but he was trembling with rage. "Don't keep me now, Cousin Janet," he said, almost fiercely.

"I must, my dear boy, till this anger of yours has passed away, for it is *sin*," laying my hand on his arm.

"It isn't sin, either, I say. Joe Winters has killed my squirrels, and I'm going to pay him for it."

"You mean you're going, in your mad passion, to have revenge on him, and you know what God calls that."

Harry Atwood's head fell for a moment, but the old fire was in his eyes as he looked up again. "He deserves all that I shall give him. You know he must have done it, or he'd never have thought of asking about the squirrels."

"I have no doubt in my own mind, Harry, though he will probably deny it, and you will not be able to prove it, that Joe Winters poisoned your squirrels."

"Well, let me go to him then," trying to wrench his arm from my claspings hands.

"Not yet, Harry. Because Joe Winters has stained his soul with a mean and terrible sin is no reason that yours shall give way to rage and revenge. I do not blame you for being indignant with him, but much as he has wronged you he has wronged himself far more. Oh, Harry, you despise the sin and shame of that act; now be true to yourself, and despise the sin and shame of the revenge too much to seek it."

"But, think of my little squirrels"—he couldn't get any farther.

"I know it, Harry. It is very hard, and I do not wonder that you are terribly aggravated. But remember, my dear child, that no good ever came of doing wrong because another did."

"Cousin Janet, you wouldn't have me let Joe Winters go, and say nothing to him about it."

"I don't see as anything but evil can come of it if you do. You have no proof that he killed the squirrels, and his denial of doing it will only excite you into revenge, which you will afterward regret, because it is *wicked*."

"But I can't let him go; it's too hard—it's too hard!"

"Harry, you know who it was that said 'Forgive your enemies,' and what was the example He left us in the last hours of His life."

The words softened Harry. He drew his arm away from mine and leaned it on the window sill. Many changes went over his face, signs and tokens of the great struggle that was going on in his heart; but I had hope that his better nature would triumph, and I knew that under his quick, passionate impulses lay a conscience tender and sensitive. I knew, also, that this was a great trial hour in the life of Harry Atwood, and I prayed God not to leave him.

At last he came to me and laid his head in my lap, and said, in a low voice, that told me how great was the struggle that he had gone through,

"Well, Cousin Janet, I'll let him go, and never want to see him or hear him speak again, though it wouldn't bring my little squirrels back to beat him; and I s'pose there wouldn't any good come of it."

"Harry, dear Harry!" it was all I said to him then, twisting my fingers amid the soft brown curls that lay in my lap—but my heart said to God just then, its abundant and joyful thanks because Harry Atwood had conquered.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CONTENTED MAN.

A story has been told of an eccentric man of wealth having amused himself by causing an inscription to be placed conspicuously over the gateway of a beautiful property belonging to him, to this effect: "This property shall be given, without reserve, by the present owner, to any applicant who can produce satisfactory evidence that he is a contented man."

Soon there was an application. "I think," said he, "I may lay claim to the character of a contented man."

"That," replied the owner, "is a most enviable character; but are you quite sure that you are truly a contented man?"

"You may rely upon it, sir," said the other.

"Why, then, do you apply for this property?" inquired the owner. The applicant retired wiser than he was before.

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

A venerable minister, who preached some sixty-seven years in the same place, being asked what was the secret of long life, replied—"Rise early, live temperately, work hard, and keep cheerful."

Another person, who lived to the great age of one hundred years, said in reply to the inquiry, "How he lived so long?" "I have always been kind and obliging, have never quarreled with any one, have eaten and drank only to satisfy hunger and thirst, and have never been idle."

Mothers' Department.

THE PREPARATION.

"I was not a happy mother," said Mrs. J., "at the early part of my married life. I was devoted to my husband, as I thought, and dearly loved our little son. When his father came in from the store, and took him on his knee, and praised his glossy curls, his sweet neck, and tidy dress, I thought I was the happiest of mothers. But there were days when a restlessness, a wretched discontent, possessed me, which I could not overcome. The care of little baby became wearing to me. I knew not how to quiet him. I felt a confinement from which I wished to be free. The evenings on which, for so many years, I had met with the choir, and been so happy in my favorite amusement, found me nervous and sometimes fretful, at home.

"I had been the adopted child of a wealthy aunt: had every enjoyment my girlish heart could crave, and the monotony and care of my home now saddened my spirits. I looked forward to the future. I remembered, too, the weight of care, the long, close application of my mother. I thought, too, of her patience and happiness, and felt that needed preparation of heart for such a position. The preparation came, and in a way I looked not for. My heart was torn from its very depths, and the idol—I knew not how firmly I had enshrined him there—the idol of my heart was gone! Long days I sat by his empty cradle, while scalding tears fell on the sewing, about which my hands wound, I knew not how. I was a changed woman. Home, the little crib there, the toys, the tiny shoes, were all more sacred to me than the girlish amusements for which my weak heart had yearned. I loved to be alone and yield to the reproaches of my own heart, and form new resolutions for the future. Many years have passed."

Eleven little ones have been given to that same mother's charge. Could the reader be introduced into her spacious home, everywhere marked with taste, elegance, and wealth—see the little regiment in regular gradation, from little tottling Eda to the accomplished young lady—every face blooming with health, and beaming with intelligence and joy; then turn an eye to the still young, happy face of the mother, you will be ready to say, "A happy home, a model mother." It is indeed. The moulding of a skillful hand has been there.

Whatever of care, self-denial, or labor may have been required, a remembrance of her first great sorrow was enough to nerve her heart to meet it

with cheerfulness. Hers was a painful, yet wise preparation for the responsible, high, and holy mission of mother, by Him who knoweth what is best for us.—*Mother's Journal.*

WHAT IS CONSCIENCE?

Wendell Phillips, in his late eulogy upon Theodore Parker, said: "The very last page those busy fingers ever wrote, tells the child's story, than which, he says, 'no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me.' 'A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my father sent me from the field home.' A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of a rhodora, caught his sight, and he lifted his stick to strike it, when 'a voice said it is wrong.' 'I stood with a lifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till rhodora and tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong. Wiping a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, she said—Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark, and without a guide.'"

EARLY INFLUENCES.

There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. We think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper joyousness; and we never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heart-ache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy, are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind, or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or at least prematurely old, and turned inward on itself.

CHILDHOOD'S PRAYER.

One of the literary men of England, who has outgrown many of the religious influences of his childhood, gives the following touching sketch of the impression made on him by the habit of prayer, taught at his mother's knee:

Very singular and very pleasing to me is the remembrance of that simple piety of childhood, of that prayer which was said so punctually, night and morning, kneeling by the bedside. What did I think of? Guiltless, then, of metaphysics, what image did I bring before my mind as I repeated my learnt petition with such scrupulous fidelity? Did I see some venerable form bending down to listen? Did He cease to look and listen when I had said it all? Half prayer, half lesson, how difficult is it now to summon it back again! But this I know, that the bedside where I knelt to this

morning and evening devotion became sacred to me as an altar. I smile as I recall the innocent superstition that grew up in me, that prayer must be said *kneeling just there*. If, some cold winter's night, I had crept into bed, thinking to repeat the petition from the warm nest itself—it would not do!—it was felt, at this court of conscience, to be “an insufficient performance;” there was no sleep to be had till I had risen, and, bed-gowned as I was, knelt at the accustomed place, and said it all over again from the beginning to the end. To this day I never see the little clean, white bed in which a child is to sleep, but I see also the figure of a child kneeling in prayer at its side. And I, for the moment, am that child. No high altar in the most sumptuous church in Christendom could prompt my knee to bend like that snow-white coverlet, tucked in for a child's slumber.

Health Department.

SUGGESTIONS ON HEALTH.

NO. III.

BY HATTIE HOPEFUL.

As all the solids and fluids of the body are made from the blood, it is of the utmost importance that the blood should be pure; but to render it so the air breathed must be pure; so, also, the food and drinks.

Out-door exercise is a great purifier of the blood, but none should infer that a fountain can become pure while impurities are daily added, as well as extracted. Erroneous customs must be abandoned, even though they take the most coveted dish. The mind must be divested of the idea that to live well certain things destructive to health, but pleasant to the taste, from long continued use, must be cherished as essential to good living. Can the things which cause disease, confusion of mind, perversion of morals, and derangement of intellect, be called good things? Does good living, in its just sense, require the use of such things? Has not custom, instead of the wants of the system, perpetuated the use of many things? Should not intelligent and reflective beings consider the real wants and the destructive habits of the system more than they are disposed to do?

Though the human system is so wisely arranged that many useless particles are constantly removed therefrom, yet can we not see that if extra work is required of a machine it sooner wears out? This is no less true of the human machine—the more we add in the form of food, drinks, impure air, &c.,

the sooner it becomes impaired. Whatever is introduced into the system from which it cannot manufacture pure blood, bones, muscles, &c., must in some form be expelled, or sickness and death supervene.

An active person requires more food than an inactive one, for the waste is greater. The greater the waste the greater must be the supply, and the human system often finds itself, from various causes, incapable of supplying the exhausting draughts made upon it. It then becomes impaired from the superfluous waste matter it is unable to remove in any form, and the mind becomes gloomy, the nerves irritable, the muscles weak, and the human machine greatly out of repair. Every day we meet instances of this nature, yet how few, comparatively, seek to ascertain and avoid the true cause of such evil results. Multitudes continue to eat and drink whatever custom dictates, however destructive to life, health, and happiness. The health of all requires sufficient nutritive food to supply all the demands made upon the system; and these demands differ in different persons, different ages and occupations. No one can give rules to determine the amount of food required by different persons, ages, and occupations.

But all may learn something of the nature of different articles used as food and drinks. Some articles nutritious and healthful cannot be eaten with benefit at all times, and in all conditions of the system.

Nature, ever benevolent and willing to renovate, makes such severe struggles to remove deleterious

substances as to cause, at times, great and almost unendurable sufferings—sufferings which might have been avoided had the cause of them been known and avoided. But as habits formed in early life are hard to correct in mature years, the health, morality, temporal and spiritual interests of all, demand that much attention and care be exercised in forming the habits of the young.

The use of poisonous stimulants—as alcoholic drinks, tobacco, opium, and many other lesser stimulants—may be combatted for a while, with a strong and active human system; but the draughts made upon it for this purpose weaken and wear, so that disease will sooner manifest itself in the total or partial obliteration of reason, irritability of nerves, and lack of vigorous bodily and sane mental action. All things destructive to the health of the

body and saneness of the mind should be conscientiously avoided.

All should remember that in one respect the human machine is unlike all others. It is the workmanship of God—constructed for His glory—lent to mortals for a season, mortals who should esteem the loan a great favor, and endeavor, by all means, so to care for its purity as to be able, at last, to present the soul connected with it here spotless, and free from the vices engendered by all things which are not necessary to the health of the body and mind.

Eminent physicians tell us the deplorable effects of alcohol, tobacco, and opium—still their use is continued in many instances. Why is this? Is it because their use so blunts the moral sense as to obscure reason?

Hints for Housekeepers.

INTERESTING TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—The *Housekeeper's Friend* contains the following useful items of information:

"As a general rule it is most economical to buy the best articles. The price is, of course, always higher; but good articles spend best. It is a sacrifice of money to buy poor cheese, lard, etc., to say nothing of the injurious effect upon health. Of the West India sugar and molasses, the Santa Cruz and Porto Rico sugar are considered the best. The Havana is seldom clean. White sugar from Brazil is sometimes very good. Refined sugar usually contains most of the saccharine substance; there is probably more economy in using loaf, crushed, and granulated sugars, than we should first suppose. Butter that is made in September and October is the best for winter use. Lard should be hard and white, and that which is taken from a hog not over a year old is best. Rich cheese feels softer under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither very good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies, and hang it up in a cool, dry place. If mold appears on it wipe it off with a dry cloth. Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place. The best rice is large, and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels. The small white sago, called the pearl sago, is the best. The large brown kind has an earthy taste. This article and tapioca, ground rice, etc., should be kept covered. To select nutmegs, prick them with a pin. If they are good the oil will instantly spread around the puncture. Keep coffee by itself, as the odor affects

other articles. Keep tea in a close chest or canister. Oranges and lemons keep best wrapped close in soft paper, and laid in a drawer of lincn. The cracked cocoa is best, but that which is put up in pound papers is often very good. Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and not be used until three months old. To thaw frozen potatoes put them into hot water. To thaw frozen apples put them into cold water; neither will keep after being frozen."

THE HEROISM OF ECONOMY.—It takes a hero to be economical, says Miss Muloch. "For, will she not rather run in debt for a bonnet than wear an old one a year behind the *mode*?—give a ball and stint the family dinner for a month after—take a large house and furnish handsome reception-rooms, while her household, huddled together anyhow, in untidy attic bed-chambers, and her servants swelter on the shake-downs beside the kitchen fire? She prefers this a hundred times, stating plainly, by word or manner, 'My income is so much a year—I don't care who knows it—it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate; it will not keep comfortably both my family and acquaintance; therefore, excuse my preferring the comfort of my family to the entertainment of my acquaintance. And, society, if you choose to look in upon us you must take us as we are, without any pretences of any kind; or, you may shut the door, and good bye!'"

WALNUT PUFFS.—Two tablespoonfuls of flour, two ounces melted butter, two ounces sugar, two ounces hickory nuts beaten fine. Bake in cups well buttered.

TO DRY AND COOK SWEET CORN.—Soon as the corn is fit for the table, husk and spread the ears, in an open oven, or some fast drying place. When the kernels loosen shell the corn, or shell as soon as you can. Then spread upon a cloth to dry in the sun, or on paper in a warm oven; stir it often, that it may dry fast, and not overheat. It more resembles the undried by its being whole, is sweeter, and retains more of its natural flavor by drying faster. When all dried, expose it to the wind by turning it slowly from dish to dish; the wind blows off all that troublesome white chaff.

In the morning of the day it is wanted, look it over and wash it; then boil gently in water sufficient to cover it. Refill with hot water, if more is needed. A short time before you dine (it should now be tender, and nearly dry,) add some sweet milk, or cream, pepper and salt to taste; a little sugar is an improvement. If the cream is not perfectly sweet, it curdles.—*Genesee Farmer.*

MUTTON AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.—The *American Agriculturist* says:

"We mean to repeat a thousand times, or at least till what we say has some effect upon our countrymen, that a pound of lean, tender, juicy mutton can be produced for half the cost of the same quantity of pork; that it is infinitely better food, especially in the summer season, and those who eat it become more muscular, and can do more work with greater ease than those who eat fat pork. We know nothing more delicious than smoked mutton hams, of the Southdown breed of sheep. Venison itself is not superior."

LEMON CAKE.—Take one teacup of butter and three of powdered loaf sugar, rub them to a cream, and stir into them the yolks of five eggs, well beaten. Dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a teacup of milk, and add the milk; then take the juice and grated peel of one lemon, and the whites of the five eggs. Sift in, as light as possible, four teacups of flour. Bake in two long tins about half an hour. It is much improved by icing.

FANCY BISCUITS.—One pound of almonds, one of sugar, and some rose water. Beat the almonds fine and sprinkle with the rose water; when they are smooth to the touch, put in a pan with flour sifted through a fine sieve; put the pan on a slow fire to dry the paste till it does not stick to the fingers; keep stirring to keep it from burning; then take it off and make it into fancy shapes; you may ice them or not.

APPLE CUSTARD.—To make the cheapest and best every-day farmer's apple custard, take sweet apples that will cook; pare, cut, and stew them; when well done, stir till the pieces are broken; when cool, thin with milk to a proper consistency, and bake with one crust, like a pumpkin pie. Eggs may be prepared and added with milk, if handy, though it will do without. No sweetening is necessary. It may be seasoned with any kind of spice to suit the taste; the less the better.

MEASURE CAKE.—Stir to a cream a teacup of butter, two of sugar, then stir in four eggs beaten to a froth, a grated nutmeg, and a pint of flour. Stir it until just before it is baked. It is good baked either in cups or pans.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

DETAILS OF DESIGN.

PLATE OF COLORED DESIGNS—LADY ON THE LEFT.

WALKING DRESS.—Bonnet of black reps or taffetas silk, enlivened by the weaver with small bouquets in natural colors. The edges are bound with dahlia ribbon. On the right side of the bonnet, at the joining of the passes and border, is a *chou* of *Magenta* purple, with petalio centre of black lace. Above the forehead is a quarter circle of green and purple ribbon and flowers, and the cheeks are either of blonde ruffles or white point lace.

The *brides* (strings) are of black ribbon, ornamented with floral bouquets by the weaver in keeping with the material of the rest of the bonnet. The crown is plaited into bands, falling full on the curtain. This bonnet is both pretty and plain, and lasting *withal*. The shape is very graceful—judged by the most acceptable contour for the present—and we commend it to the fair readers of the *Home Magazine* as the inauguration of the union of that kind of taste and judgment which is most attractive to the coarser sex, especially to us widowers.

Roses of checked silk, of neutral-tinted bluish-gray, or *sienna*—either burnt or plain—or mode, which is a *nuance* between *sienna* and purple. It is cut plain in the skirt and high in the neck, with jockey and half-tight sleeves, large enough at the

wrist to admit the hand, and the end is often relieved with a *poignet*, or cuff. Sometimes the sleeve extends only to the elbow, and the under-sleeve is formed of one or two large puffs of blonde. Sometimes the body is a simple *Zouave* jacket of black silk, cut like a full *basque*, reaching to the top of the hips. The sleeves are plain, and rather the largest at the wrist. At the bottom of the jacket an opening at the side seams and at the sides, ornamented with buttons of silk, and net-work of cord. The front is also trimmed with black cord, and a row of buttons up the front set close together, or not over an inch apart. The upper side of the sleeve at the wrist is finished with a vent five or six inches long, trimmed with *cadriles* of cord and buttons like the slits at the bottom of the jacket. The very latest style of jacket of this *genre* is for home wear, and is quite similar to a *coin de feu*, being a closely-fitting scarlet velvet jacket trimmed with black silk and gold braids. This jacket is very lively with a white skirt, but it is reckoned appropriate wear with a black skirt. The *Zouave* jacket is cut, when intended for morning toilet, so as to close at the neck with a cord and tassel, and fall full without other means of closing; but for evening toilet it fits the bust like a vest, or closely-fitting round jacket. It is one of the popular articles of ladies' dress at present, and we would give a pictorial illustration of it, did we not know that it is so simple that any country girl who can fashion a full *basque*, may also fashion a *Zouave* jacket—because it is only a loose, short *basque*, with an opening of three inches at the bottom of each side-seam, and one at each side over the hip, one opening at the top of each sleeve, and the openings and the edges up the front of breast are trimmed with cord and buttons, in the regular *bussar* style, closely trimmed, and the buttons in the ball shape, covered with silk.

BLACK SILK CASAQUE. set in large plaits; the body entirely covered with a small *pélerine*, reaching to the waist, trimmed round with fringe and with plaited silk in checks, and small rosettes of velvet at each crossing. Very long, full, flowing sleeves. This *casaque* is duplicated in Lyons velvet, rendering it the richest promenade over-dress in vogue. It is also made of a new fabric—the real woolen velvet, rich, warm, and glossy. It is lined throughout with white or blue sarsenet.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—Robe of silk muslin in designs of *maron* and white, trimmed with flounces bordered with a bias of *taffetas*. Six flounces garnish the tour of the skirt, and other flounces rise in apron form to the waist.

Bodice with flounces in the form of a round tunic which closes not entirely to the waist, terminating by a large *bouillon* or puff with cross plies and double head, forming in the *contour* a little in the form of *demi-dent*. Sleeves with easy *poignets*, terminating by a double-posed flounce *en engageante*. Body open in the heart form. Mantelet of the

same, trimmed with knots of *taffetas* and *barrattes*, terminating with a deep flounce, surmounted by a smaller one.

Bonnet of blonde, and ruches of rose crape, below the border and outside. Gloves of kid.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The most simple toilets are as seductive as those the most rich, and the robes of the morning are equally *récherchées* with those for the evening, evening a *cachet* of distinction, the one and the other, which heighten and set off the creations of our best *couturieres*.

Among the serious novelties, the robes *des chambres* hold a very important place. Those most modest are made of plain tissues, trimmed with deep *tuyantes* and double heads. They are more or less training, and always closed with *cordelières*, (cord and tassel,) the nuance of the plaits.

Of these charming *négligées* we will try to describe one of the most attractive.

Robe of *cachemere* in peach-flower nuance, extremely delicate in shade, made with a square piece in which are formed three large plaits behind.

The *lés* on the back add to the grandeur of the train. The sleeves—extremely large, pointed, and flowing—like those of the magicians, are ornamented with three rows of flat double-buttons, placed in the guise of *barrattes* on the middle of the front. These buttons correspond with the beautiful cords and tassels, and the *pasementerie* galloon which ornaments the tour of the neck, the outline of the piece, the sleeves, and the bottom of the robe. The *pasementerie* is an entire new style, noticed in our last number, and representing lace. The grand color is the same as the robe, but the borders are relieved by a certain mixture of yellow silk, very well *nuancée*. The robe is lined throughout with white *taffetas*—thirty-five yards of that stuff for the lining will give an idea of the amplitude of the robe.

The shawls of *cachemere étoilés* (starred) are the only ones adopted for their veritable elegance. They are trimmed with flounces of *guipure*.

Shawls in *grenadine* have nearly always flounces of Chantilly lace. It might be said that these two shawls are the only kinds *de rigueur*.

Dresses continue to be very various. All shades of material and all materials of trimmings are in use. The flat bands, or large plaits, please much, and the flounces maintain indefinitely their value. A pretty *robe de ville* in silk muslin is always made with flounces. A quite new style is to trim the bottom with a series of little flounces, augmenting them to the centre of the skirt, and then diminishing them to the waist. This style is popular, but it is only one of the numerous freaks of the fickle goddess. The *pagodes* sleeves, sometimes open to the elbow, are trimmed with flounces in keeping with the skirt, and the flounces which rise on the body form the heart-shaped *bodice*.

The open bodies, high at the neck, but rather low in the pointed front, or *fichu* form, are in great favor. They are not unlike the surplice waist, being trimmed with plaits, sometimes, instead of flounces. The sleeves always comport with the trimmings of the body and skirt.

There are also for the morning toilet those sleeves of religionists, of a perfect taste. The *poignets* are closed, but large enough to admit the hand, and the cut of the sleeve is neither large or small, but—what might be called—a *demoiselle* or half mutton-

leg in form. Above the wristlet, or *poignet*, are two ruffles called *tuyantes*, and after a little space there are two others; and then the sleeve-head is often enlivened with a slashed jockey. The open collar which accompanies these sleeves is also bordered with ruffles *tuyantes*.

With the next number we hope to be able to give a very full catalogue of goods for fall wear, together, also, with a description of an attractive and new style of marriage costume, just coming into great vogue in Paris.

New Publications.

A REVISED VERSION OF THE EPISTLE OF PAUL TO PHILEMON. New York: American Bible Union.

We have examined this little volume with much satisfaction. We are always glad to see an effort at a faithful rendering of the original text of the Sacred Scriptures in English. Our language has changed since the version of the English Bible now in use was made; and there are, therefore, many expressions and phrases in it that are not now pure English, and there are interpolations which in some cases essentially change the meaning.

This Revision, with "Notes on the Greek Text," also with "Philological Notes" on the English text, is from the pen of Dr. Hackett, who seems to have done his work in the most thorough manner. It is said in a circular which we received with the volume, that this "is the first Revision from Dr. Hackett's pen which we have printed, and we publish it according to our plan for the examination of scholars. As it will soon be followed by others from the same source, we desire our friends to examine it carefully, so that they may be able to speak of it from their own knowledge."

We hope that this enterprise will meet with the encouragement which it deserves, and that the work will go on until the whole Bible shall be rendered in pure, intelligible English, and without interpolations.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By the late Charles Robert Leslie, R. A. Edited by Tom Taylor, Esq. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Though of American parentage, Mr. Leslie was born in England, and spent most of his life there, and his artist-reputation is an English one. We cannot, in any sense, claim him as American. His father resided in Philadelphia, where his sister, Miss Eliza Leslie, passed the greater portion of her life, and gained her literary reputation.

These autobiographical recollections are exceedingly interesting, as giving us new anecdotes and incidents of personages in whom the public have a kind of property. Leslie was the personal friend and correspondent of Washington Irving, and was intimate with him during his first years abroad, ere the pleasant sunshine of prosperity fell golden on his path; and some of the recollections of that period are curious and instructive. The book will be found highly attractive.

THE MOTHER'S DREAM, AND OTHER POEMS. By ENRICA. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The readers of the Home Magazine will recognize, in the word "Enrica," the name of a correspondent from whose pen, pure suggestive thoughts came to them, occasionally, in our pages. But the hand that traced these thoughts has completed its work here, and now finds employment in the land of immortals. From an introduction to the volume by E. D. G. Prime, of New York, we make this extract:

"Another name is added to the list of those who, blooming in beauty like early spring flowers, have, like the flowers of spring, early passed away, leaving a sweet perfume which will ever linger round their memory in the hearts of friends. To gather and perpetuate this fragrance, and at the same time to scatter it more widely, is the object of the unpretending volume now introduced to the public.

"The writer of the fugitive pieces here collected, Mary Grafton Thomas, died at Philadelphia, April 3, 1860. She wasted away with a lingering disease, consumption; but her pen, which had been employed upon more elaborate work than the contents of this volume, was not laid aside until within a few hours of the time when she exchanged the lyre for the harp of the heavenly land."

MID-DAY THOUGHTS FOR THE WEARY. Boston: James Monroe & Co.

A little volume for the pocket, or to lie on the table for handy reference. Each page contains two extracts—one from the Bible, and one from some religious author as a commentary on the text. The plan is seen at a glance, and all will appreciate the use of such a book. The two verses below, with which the section on "God's Providential Care" opens, would help many a one to a calmer day, if thoughtfully considered ere the day's duties were commenced :

"Thus ever on through life we find
To trust, O Lord, is best;
Who serve Thee with a quiet mind,
Find in Thy service rest.

"Their outward troubles may not cease,
But this their joy shall be,
Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace
Whose mind is stayed on Thee."

MARGARET MONCRIEFFE: THE FIRST LOVE OF AARON BURR. A Romance of the Revolution. With an Appendix containing the Letters of Colonel Burr to "Kate" and "Eliza," and from "Leonora," etc., etc. By Charles Burdett, author of "Three Per Cent. a Month," &c., &c. New York: Derby & Jackson.

Margaret Moncrieffe, who was the daughter of a British officer, was taken prisoner by the Americans during the Revolutionary War and removed to West Point. The arrest was a matter planned on her part; she was, in fact, a female spy, and at West Point she undertook to make a drawing of the fortifications; but the work was discovered. On her romantic history, blended with scenes of the War, the author has based his novel. The title indicates its range. It is a fairly written book, but has not made much impression on the public.

THE MINSTREL'S BRIDE; OR, THE SHEPHERD OF HAZEL GLEN. By Catharine Mitchell. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We cannot subject this volume to severe rules of criticism, but must regard it with a kindly consideration, as the product of a mind struggling for expressions under various disadvantages. Many fine thoughts are scattered through its pages, and many instances are given of a genuine poetic ability. For so long a poem, over two hundred pages, it is not always well sustained; but in many portions it rises into dignity and eloquence, and gives evidence of considerable latent power. We make a single extract, which will show the delicate fancy and rhythmical skill of the author.

GLANCING MOONBEAMS.

Gathering on the verge of day,
Lo! the shades of twilight gray;
Faintly now Apollo gleams,
And the sinking golden beams
Dart athwart the limpid streams.

Rocky height and vale behold
His crimson canopy unfold;
And the temple's gilded spire
Seems a burnish'd globe of fire
As the glowing tints expire.

In the arch of heaven so bright
Comes the radiant orb of night,
And her quivering light now plays
On the rivers, rocks, and bays,
In a thousand glancing ways.

As a bride she now comes forth,
Shedding lustre o'er the earth;
Her attendant sparkling train,
Stad, like gems, her wide domain,
Flooding city, grove, and plain.

Now the gentle moonbeam falls
On the ruin'd castle walls,
Skips across the oaken floors,
Through the carved and panel'd doors
And the broken corridors;

Looking from the cloudless sky
On the tottering terrace high,
Flitting o'er the crumbling piles,
Peeping through the loosen'd tiles,
On the quaint old cornice smiles;

Then her fairy footsteps pass
O'er the dew-besprinkled glass;
On the crystal stream she rides,
Through the portal gate she glides,
Where Time, as porter, now presides

Silently her steps now tread
Through the leafy valley's bed.
Watching Nature's brief decay,
Dancing on the mounds of clay
Like a gladsome child at play.

CASTLE RICHMOND. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE THREE CLERKS. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "Doctor Thorne," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The author of "Dr. Thorne" could hardly fail in the production of a good and readable novel. "Castle Richmond" and "The Three Clerks" are both excellent.

RIGHT AT LAST, AND OTHER TALES. By Mrs. Gaskell. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Without brilliancy of imagination, Mrs. Gaskell, by the skillful manner in which she weaves her fictions, and the everyday life aspect which she gives to them, possesses much power over the reader's mind. This volume is made up of several well told stories. In "Right at Last" are some very touching passages.

We have received Part VII. of "Tom Brown at Oxford," from the publishers, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

Editors' Department.

"SOMETIME."

It is a sweet, sweet song flowing to and fro amongst the topmost boughs of the heart, and it fills the whole air with such joy and gladness as the songs of birds do, when the summer mornings come out of the darkness, and the day is born on the mountains.

"Sometime," murmurs the young girl, blossoming into her first womanhood, "I shall have somebody to love me—somebody I shall love, too! Oh! it will be very sweet to be cherished and cared for, to be the light and gladness of some other heart. How good, and tender, and true I shall be all the days of my life! How in sickness and sorrow I will be rest, and comfort, and happiness, and when lines gather on the dear face, and frosts come one by one amid the hairs my fingers have caressed so long, wont they only be more sacred and beautiful to me—more to be loved and cherished, because they will speak to my heart of the time that is drawing nigh when we must go apart, when the loving glance has faded from the eyes, and the loving words faltered on the lips! Oh, I shall have somebody to love me, sometime."

"*Sometime!*" murmurs the youth just coming into his proud, strong manhood, "I shall have a dear little somebody to love and to love me. How I will cherish her in my heart, and protect her with my strong arm! How I shall love to see her fair face at the window smiling out a welcome on me when I return home at night. What a dear, cozy, soft-lined little nest that home shall be, too! I'll toil early and late for my singing bird. It must be a very pretty one, with soft eyes full of shy, deep tenderness, and little red lips ever falling into smiles, and small fingers that shall have a trick of running along my forehead and leaping amongst my hair, and doing every day a thousand little acts of tenderness for me.

And oh! it shall be a face that shall never wear shadows—that shall never grow old or homely to me. When wrinkles chase away the beauty of its youth, and gray hairs gather among the golden tresses, I will only love it the more, because it has walked with me in tenderness and devotion through so many years, and been my comfort and strength and joy in sorrow and gladness, in cloud and sunshine. Sometime I shall find it—*sometime!*"

"Sometime," murmurs the young mother, bending over the cradle of her sleeping boy, and playing with the brown rings of hair, "this little baby of mine will be a man, if God wills—a strong, noble, good man. How proud I shall be of my

boy then! How tender and careful he will be of his mother, too, remembering all the years of her love to him, if she is an old woman with a faded face and tottering steps. Perhaps my boy will be a great man, a genius, and men and women shall hang breathless upon his words, and his name shall be honored and beloved throughout the land.

"Oh, I hope he will be a good man, always choosing the right, and doing justice in the world, and blessing many hearts in his day and generation."

And so the mother sings her lullabies by the cradle of her child, to the sweet tune of *sometime*.

"Sometime," murmurs the little girl, who counts her life by a score of birthdays, and whose hopes come and go like the blushes in her cheeks. "I shall be a woman, and have my own way in everything. I shall be mistress of a beautiful home, and I'll have a pony to ride and servants to wait on me, and such heaps of handsome dresses!"

"Then what parties I'll give, and how good it will seem to be done with my tiresome lessons, and not have to ask papa and mamma every time I may go out, but only have to sing, and ride, and dance, and play, and visit. Oh, such fun as I will have—*sometime!*"

"Sometime," says the boy just mounting his fourteenth summer, "I shall be a man! Wont it be jolly, though, when that time comes! I'll make money, and I'll spend it, too. Such a house as I'll have, and such horses to ride, and such boats to sail in! And I'll have a couple of big dogs, and go fishing and hunting, and see something of the world besides. Perhaps I'll go on a voyage and turn soldier, just for the fun of it. And I'll travel through a great many countries, and see all sorts of wonderful things, and come home and be the lion of the neighborhood—*sometime!*"

And so the changes ring. And so we all have our fair possessions in the future, which we call "*Sometime*." Beautiful flowers and sweet singing birds are there, only our hands seldom grasp the one, or our ears hear, except in faint far-off strains, the other.

But oh, reader, be of good cheer, for to all the good there is a golden "*Sometime!*"

When the hills and the valleys of time are all passed, when the wear and the fever, the disappointment, and the sorrow of life are over, then there is the peace and the rest appointed of God.

Oh, homestead, over whose blessed roof falls no shadow of evening clouds, across whose threshold

the voice of sorrow is never heard, built upon the eternal hills, and standing with thy spires and pinacles of celestial beauty among the palm trees of the city on High, those who love God shall rest under thy shadows where there is no more sorrow nor pain, nor the sound of weeping—sometime!

V. F. T.

HOME AND COLLEGE.

The dangers attendant on college life have become so proverbial that we hear it said on all sides that the risks of moral deterioration are so great in our Universities, that parents had far better keep their sons at home, and trust to the best educational advantages within their reach, than send them to almost certain ruin. There is, doubtless, cause of fear in this direction; but the source of the evil lies not in colleges, but in homes, where the boy learns his first lessons in sensuality, vicious indulgence, and insubordination. The temptations incident to student-life too often rapidly develop these evils, but the seed had been sown and the plant rooted before the transfer from home to college.

This subject has been most ably discussed in an address delivered in the Hall of the Massachusetts House of Representatives by F. D. Huntington, "Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University," in which it is clearly shown that without the right home-training, college expectations must prove, in most cases, utterly delusive. We make the following extract from this address, and commend it to the earnest consideration of parents who have college advantages in view for their sons:

The average age at which Freshmen enter is now, perhaps, eighteen years. Suppose it were a year or two younger. Does it seem probable, according to all we know of the moral laws, that after that time, and within a short period, desires which had before been unfelt should break out into sudden and ungovernable activity, or that those which had been held in a rational subjection should all at once overmaster their restraints, and spring up with prurient eagerness, and rush into shameless license? Allowing for exceptional inances, this would not be likely under any circumstances: still less, where the vigilance of governors, the rules of the place, the standards of promotion, and the exactions of daily routine in presence and study, all tend to resist propensities to dissipation. We must look farther back, not only for the seeds, but often for the blade and the ear of these poisonous growths. Their morbid beginnings are to be found, not seldom, very near the cradle,—by the portals of that Land of Life where the Ebal and Gerizim of cursing and blessing stand side by side. They are in the infantile encouragements of inborn depravities. They are in the senseless gratifications of sensual importunity; in the sweetmeats and confections of the nursery; in the stimulants and seductions of highly-seasoned tables; in the nibblings and sippings tolerated by weak or reckless parents, or by untaught domestics; in all that apparatus and commissary of luxury which pervert the primal ordination of nature in the body,—heat its blood and corrupt its juices, dull the digestion and quicken

the palate,—loosen the muscles and invigorate the lusts,—disincline to action, but instigate to pleasure. Thence come intemperance, gluttony, and unchastity. They come of all childish indulgences in eating and drinking. Whatever theories you may have about drunkenness and the cure of it,—whatever interpretation you may put upon the apostolic recommendation of "a little wine for the stomach's sake" of an individual, and that individual probably an invalid, in a wine-producing country,—one thing is clear: the class of persons for whose stomachs, brains, and souls no wine-drinking at all is needful, is that of young men in their vigor, young men away from home securities,—such as they may be,—young men amidst convivial exposures, and young men whose business is the use of their minds. Late hours, bad company, mornings of headache, dull recitations, long absence-lists, declining scholarship, complication in crime, broken health, a blighted life,—this is a catalogue of evils which has its real explanation, not on College premises, but in the houses from which the College draws its mixed assemblages; while, on the other hand, those in its walls that carry clear heads and a tender conscience, intellects not sluggish with animal excess, but the flesh made the light and nimble and hardy servitor of the soul, are those who have been taught to keep their bodies under from their childhood, have fought their battle with the tups and demons of the senses long ago, and now scarcely know what the temptation to a surfeit or a carousal means.

The admirable address, from which the above extract is taken, has been published in a neat volume of seventy pages, by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co., of Boston. It abounds in admirable suggestions on the various evils that attend College life, and shows that the cure of these must begin where the diseases originate—in the homes of the people.

POOR CHILDREN IN CITIES.

Grace Greenwood thus pictures the condition of poor children in cities, while expressing her good desires in their behalf:

"Had I the power I would every year have a grand irruption of the children of the poor from the cities into the country. I would bring them from their dreary exile in those sickly Cayennes of brick and mortar—I would bring them down from their lofty, perilous prisons of poverty, the crowded tenement-houses—I would bring them up from noisome basement dungeons—and would lead them out beyond the hot pavements, past factories, slaughter-houses, cemeteries crammed with little coffins—far out, till the cool green of the country should close around them—far down to the ocean-beach, where the waves would lap their feet, and the sea-breeze frolic with their hair—or far up, where the mountain-winds would kiss their wan cheeks into unwonted bloom. I would have Nature welcome home all her little ones for a grand summer festival, and minister to them with all her strengthening, purifying, divinely tender influences."

Many benevolent hearts will sympathize with her in these kind wishes.

BE OF GOOD CHEER! I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD.

There are seasons, great crises, of weakness and terror and suffering in human lives, when darkness and fear settle upon the soul, when all the lights seem to go out, and the great billows go over it.

And at such times with what marvelous beauty and richness and significance does some old Bible passages which we have known all our lives, and said over at morning and at evening, open upon our souls! The spring is touched, and hungry, and athirst, and faint we go in, and lo! these old familiar passages are like stately rooms, furnished with all grace and beauty, or they are great gates leading into gardens filled with all rare and precious fruits, where sweet birds sing and springs of water cool the air, and the soul sits down under the shadows, and is filled with peace!

And then again, in the small rain of every day life, amid the little fretting, wearing cares and trials which slowly eat and rust out the hope and vigor of the soul, how these passages flash down into our soul like perfumed lamps, pouring sudden light into dark places, and the soul looking up, goes on its way strengthened and refreshed!

"BE OF GOOD CHEER, I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD."

Oh, reader, if your eyes have been opened to see and your heart to understand what a blessed gift these words are to every human life, blessed are ye!

When all faith in our own strength to do good has left us—when we see what deep roots pride and vanity and selfishness have taken in our hearts—when the way of duty seems so sharp and rugged that our feet cannot climb it—when care, and vexation and fearful suffering beset us on every side—then there suddenly rings down through the silent centuries, like the notes of a trumpet, that exultant, triumphant call which cleaves to the heart of all doubt and dismay, and sets our feet once more upon the Rock. "BE OF GOOD CHEER—I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD."

V. F. T.

SEPTEMBER.

The sweet song of the summer is over.—The beautiful and perfect fabric has fallen out of the loom, all eyes have seen it, all hearts have rejoiced in its beauty! Great and marvelous was the miracle, and she, the great artist who wrought the work with her rains and sunshine, with her nights of stillness and her days of glory, sleeps now as the good sleep, her work done, her times completed—*the summer is dead!*

And September is born! Oh, rare and stately blossom in the Tropical Zone of the year, we hail thee! Beautiful are the mountains for thy coming, joyful are the valleys with thy presence! Thou hast new revelations of beauty, thou hast new and sublime anthems of gladness and praise for our hearts!

God hath sent thee to inaugurate the autumn, and thou dost stand, oh fair and stately hostess, at the head of the feast of His spreading. The tables

overflow with the fat and the feast of the earth! Oh, well may thy head, fair September, be anointed with the oil of gladness—well may thy feet be hidden among the vines, and the clusters hang thick in thy locks—well may thy songs fill the earth with their grateful harmonies, oh month of all bounty, and beauty, and graciousness—September.

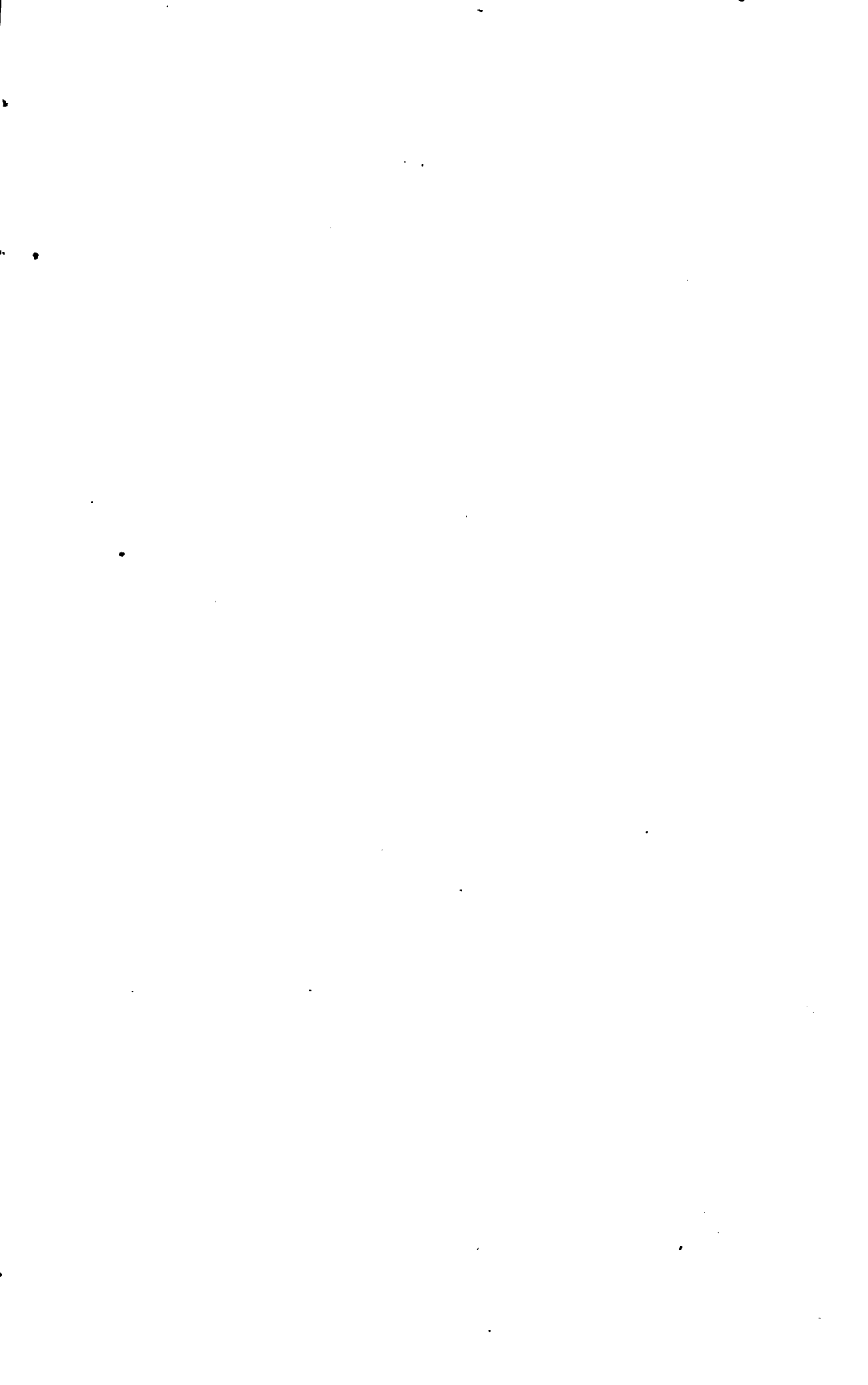
V. F. T.

JOHN NEAL.

Those who remember John Neal, editor, in the days of the "Boston Galaxy"—some twenty-two or three years gone by—have some spicy things treasured up. The ink in which he dipped his pen seemed to be always bubbling with wit, fun, satire, and poetry. The inside form of the "Galaxy," when he and Weld covered it with their sage and saucy paragraphs, was one of the best antidotes for the blues to be found in those days. After he left the Galaxy, we believe Neal retired from editorial life; but, recently, in the Portland Transcript, his pen has been at work again as a reviewer of books, and we see the old quaintness and originality coming out again as fresh, peculiar, dashing, and independent as ever. John Neal's idea of a book is always worth reading, and it is sometimes a curious comparison to lay it alongside of your own. We take from a recent number of the Transcript a couple of paragraphs on Hans Christian Andersen, written on the text of his new book, "The Sand Hills of Jutland." Don't pass it by, reader:

"That Hans Christian Andersen is a poet—a real flesh and blood poet—one whose flesh is not *doughy*, and whose blood you may almost hear rattling through his arteries, everybody knows—who knows anything about him; but how few are they that understand him. Of conventional poetry we are sick, heartily sick, 'tired to death,' as the young ladies of the high school say. But of such poetry as we have here, the wine of life, the true blood of the grape—the melted ruby—the subterranean sunshine, which people are digging for under the name of gold, in all parts of the world—how little there is, and how little it is felt or understood. Our very newspapers, and some of the dullest and least promising, often turn off better poetry and truer poetry than goodly portions of the British classics—but how little of it, after all, has the fervor and flash, the glow and sparkle we meet with in such northern lights as we have imprisoned here, just for the fun of the thing, like fire-flies in a transparent globe. There is heartiness—a downright rough and tumble way of doing his work, which always characterizes this strange man—this living Aurora Borealis.

"And this, after all, is the kind of northern literature we most need; that which healthy people, whether young or old, must hanker for and hunger and thirst after—something new and startling. Not that it should be in verse—for the grandest poetry in the world may be but prose in shape—not that we need airy tales and hobgoblin extravagancies to keep us alive and stirring, 'tut we do need something which is not altogether what we have always been acquainted with—in one shape or another; something to stir the blood—to wake us up—and to keep us awake. And so three cheers for Hans Christian Andersen, come in what shape he may!"



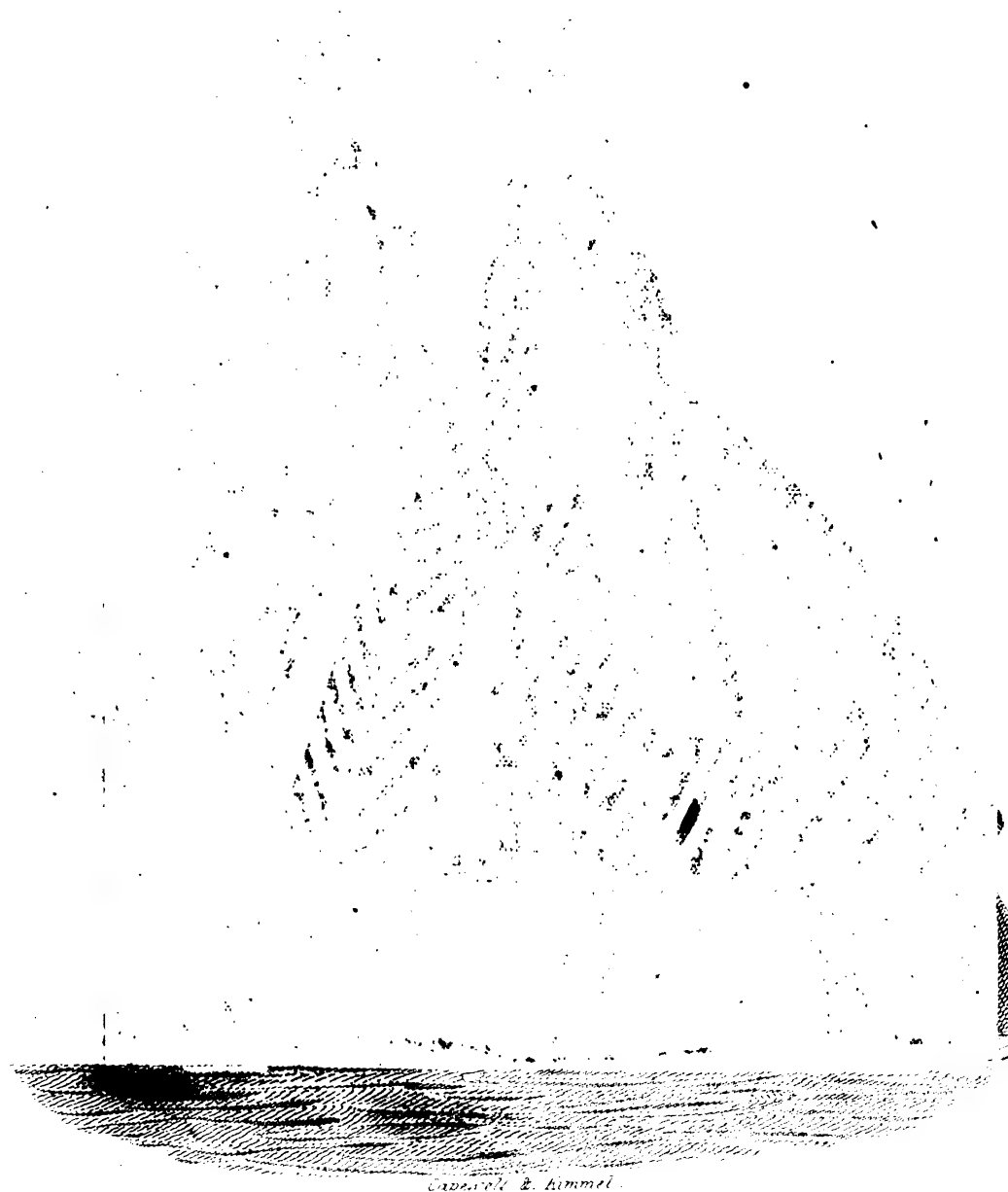


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THE YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE EAST.

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Casper & Himmel

HOME MAGAZINE OCTOBER 1860.



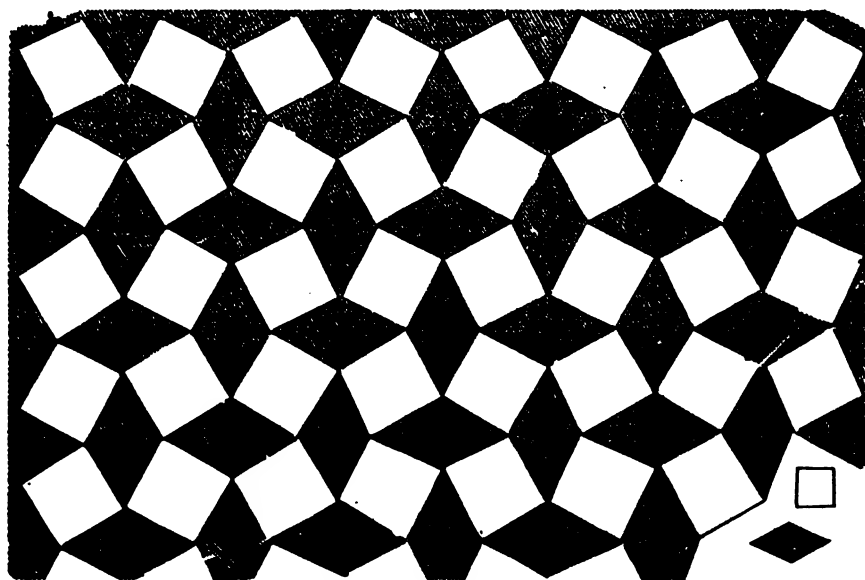
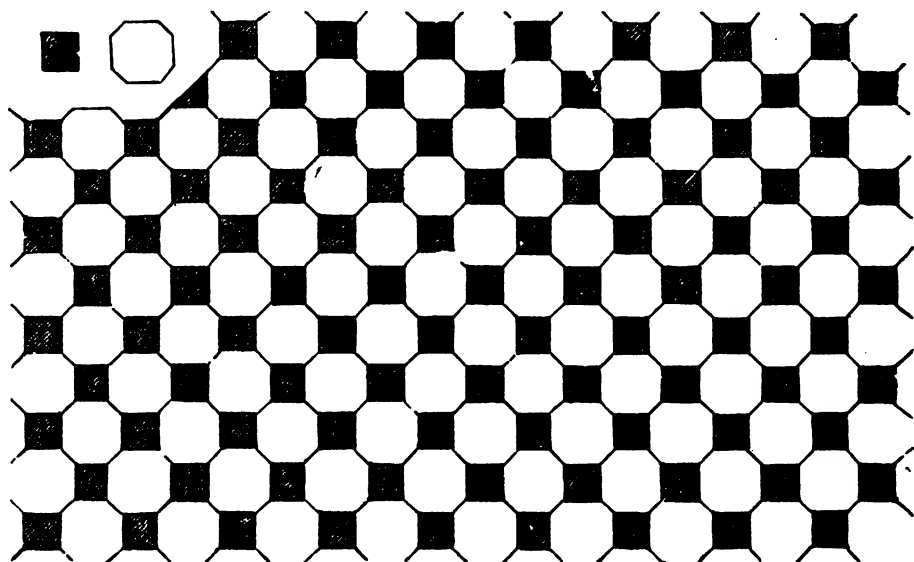
THE GIBBY MUSEUM



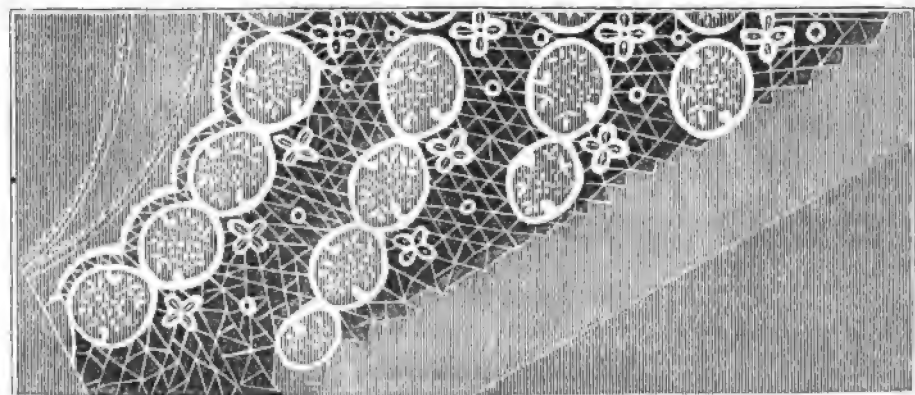




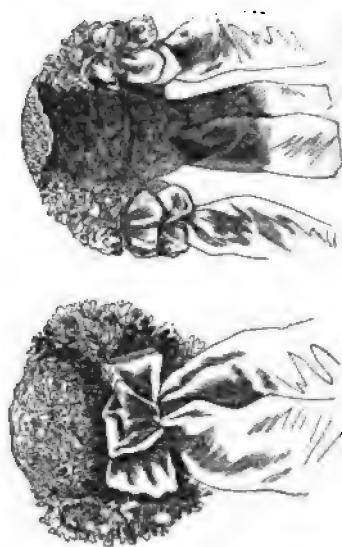
VERY LOVERLIKE.



DESIGNS FOR PATCHWORK.

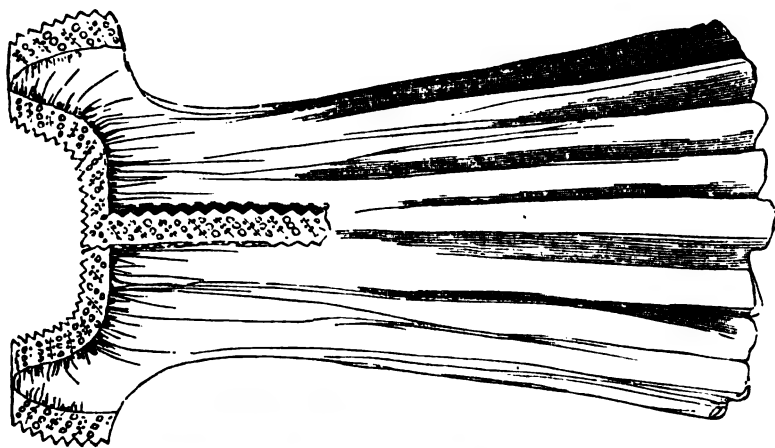


CHEMISETTE IN IRISH GUIPURE.



BLOND CAP—FRONT AND BACK.

One of those charming blond caps, that are so beautiful for a full or demi-toilet. The crown is made of black net, and over this is thrown a Mary Stewart cap of the most elaborately wrought blonde. The border about this cap is a vine of grape leaves woven with clusters of fruit, linked together with delicate meshes that a spider might have woven. The blonde gathers in a rich fullness on each side of the face, and a point descends in front toward the forehead. In addition to the side fullness is a ruche of blond lace, mingled with puffs of pink crape ribbon that ends on each side in broad flowing strings. The lace is gathered behind in a narrow curtain, and over it is a bow of ribbon like the front trimming, with long ends flowing down the back.



CHEMISE OF FINE LINEN.

The sleeves are cut entire, with the garment, and the embroidered edge is united on the shoulder in a point that meets the band upon the neck, uniting with it by a lace button. The garment is gathered full into the band before and behind



EMBROIDERED DRESSING GOWN.



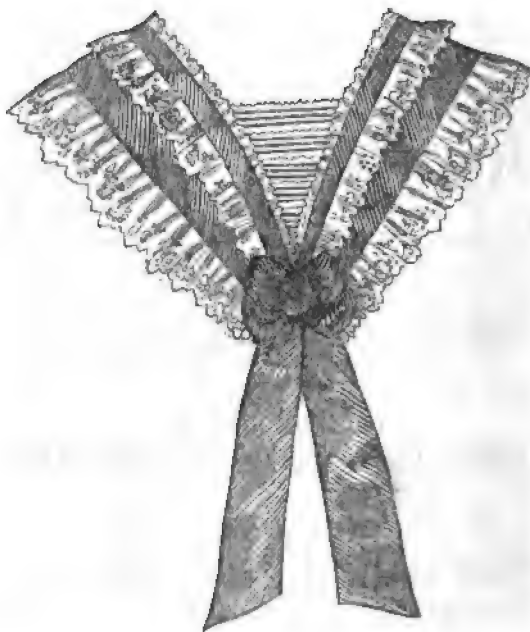
CHRISTENING ROBE.

Fine French Cambrie; the front breadth is apron fashion, richly embroidered.

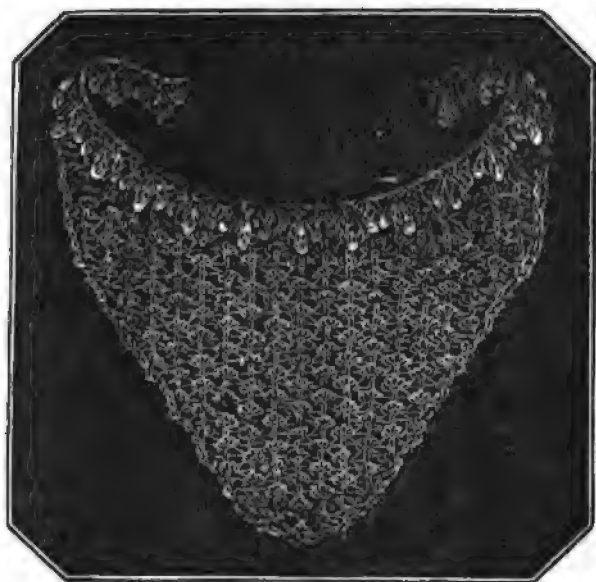


CHILD'S DRESS.

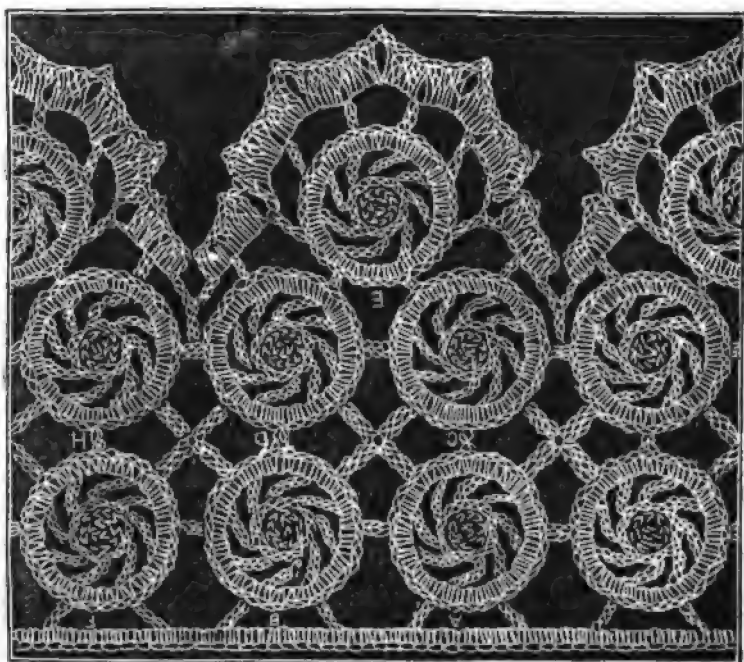
Dress for a child, five years of age: the skirt flounced, and the waist and sleeve composed of embroidered bands. Sash and sleeve bows of pink or blue.



BRETELLES.



CHEMISETTE IN CROCHET.



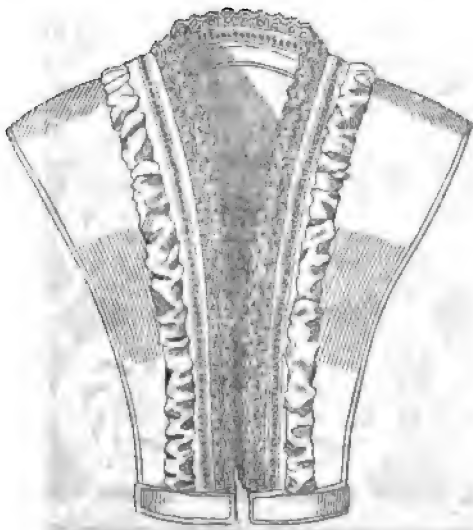
DEEP LACE IN CROCHET.



CHILD'S WALKING DRESS,
Of White Marseilles; the scallops are bound,
not worked.



BRETELLES.



CHEMISETTE.



UNDERSLEEVE.

THE LADIES' Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1860.

POOR COUSIN EUNICE.

"I have a letter from Windham," said Mr. Gregory. It was nearly five minutes after he had come in, one cold Saturday evening in November. A fire had been made up in the dining-room, and his wife and two oldest daughters, Harriet and Lissy, were sitting in its genial glow when he entered, and joined the circle that opened to receive him.

"From Helen."

"No. Helen is dead."

"Dead!"

There was surprise, but no sorrow in the voices that uttered and echoed the word—"Dead."

"Yes; she died last Monday."

"Who is the letter from—Eunice?" asked Mrs. Gregory.

"No; it is from Judge Helmbold."

"Ah! How came he to write?"

"I don't know."

"What does he say?"

"He simply mentions the fact that Helen died on last Monday, and was interred on Wednesday; and that Eunice is, for the present, at his house."

"At his house!" There was a tone of surprise in the voice of Mrs. Gregory.

"Yes."

"Is she going to stay there?"

"I infer not. Had any such arrangement been made, or in contemplation, the judge would have said so. She is there only temporarily, I infer—that is, until we send for her."

"O dear, pa! you wont do that!" said Harriet, visibly disturbed at this suggestion.

"We don't want her here," added Lissy, the second daughter.

"We can't have her," said Mrs. Gregory, positively.

"She has no other relatives living," remarked Mr. Gregory, "and it will not look well for us to turn away from the poor orphan. We cannot wholly disregard appearances. She is now at Judge Helmbold's, and it is evident that the judge, out of respect to us, took interest enough in Eunice to give her a home until we could make arrangements to receive her."

"I wish he hadn't meddled himself in the affair," remarked Mrs. Gregory, in no amiable tone of voice. "Eunice is nothing to us."

"She is your brother's child," said her husband, with enough of rebuke in his voice to indicate his better feelings on the subject about which they were talking in such a heartless manner.

"No matter. When he married Helen Leeds he put a distance between us that was never diminished; and when he died I held his widow as a stranger."

Mr. Gregory did not answer to this. He had a kinder heart, and it had been warming toward the motherless girl ever since the reception of Judge Helmbold's letter.

The brother of Mrs. Gregory had married, in the view of that lady, socially below his family position, and as she was simply a woman of the world, she never gave his wife coun-

nance or favor. His death occurred some years before the period at which our story commences; and now, by the death of his widow, their only child, a daughter in her eighteenth year, was left alone in the world, and penniless. No wonder that a woman like Mrs. Gregory should feel worried at the circumstance. If Judge Helmbold had not received Eunice into his family, nor written to her husband giving information of the sister-in-law's death, the case would have presented a better aspect. Some provision might have been made for the girl in her native place; but now, respect for the good opinion of Judge Helmbold and the circle in which he moved, demanded of them such a recognition of Eunice as would place her side-by-side with their own daughters. In other words, she must be taken into the family.

Mr. Gregory answered the judge's letter, and enclosed one for Eunice, in which he offered her a home. The letter to Eunice was brief, but kind and sincere. In the course of a week there came a reply from the girl, thanking Mr. Gregory for his tender of a home, and saying that she would be in Boston within a fortnight. She asked to be lovingly remembered to her aunt and cousins, adding that it would have been grateful to her feelings to have received a letter from one of them.

"Harriet," said Mr. Gregory, "you must write to your cousin. It isn't kind!"

"Indeed, pa, you must excuse me," answered the young lady, in a cold, proud manner. "I have nothing to say."

"You could say a kind word to the motherless girl. Think of her lonely, sorrowful condition. It should fill your heart with tenderness and pity."

But Mr. Gregory could make no impression on the proud, unfeeling girl, who was wholly influenced by her mother's estimate of the case.

At the end of a fortnight Eunice arrived. Mr. Gregory met her at the railway station. He had not seen her for five years, but recognized her in a moment by the large, dark, chestnut brown eyes which he had thought so beautiful in her mother. Her reception, when he presented her at home, was not cordial. The aunt and cousins scarcely veiled their reluctance at receiving her with a decent politeness. They pushed her away from them to the utmost distance in their power, and she moved back, instinctively, at the pressure, and stood afar off—not in tearful submission to her fate, nor in proud defiance—but in such

calm, womanly dignity, that her aunt and cousins were embarrassed in their efforts to make up an estimate of her character. She had disappointed them. Her picture, in their minds, had been that of an ordinary looking girl—plain, uninteresting, shrinking—a nobody whom they could snub, and slight, and insult at will. But, instead, Eunice came among them dignified in manner, and impressive in person and bearing. Her face was handsome, rather than plain, and her eyes large, dark, and of that liquid depth which we sometimes see in eyes that appear looking at us from a far distance, and that hold us with a power which we can neither define nor break.

As we said, at the first meeting Mrs. Gregory and her daughters pushed Eunice away from them with a cold repulsion to which her sensitive, but womanly spirit, yielded instantly, and she took her position at such a distance that they were never able to get near her afterward. She was not one to snub, and slight, and insult at will, as they had imagined. O no! There was a tone and an air about her that forbade this. They could be cold and formal, but not insolent—for the calm dignity of her manner, her self-poise, and self-consciousness, repressed rudeness and enforced respect. She never intruded conversation on her aunt and cousins, but often talked with Mr. Gregory when in their presence, in a way to surprise and shame them—the shame being for their own mental inferiority.

As Eunice was in mourning, there was a good reason why she did not see company, and her presence in the Gregory family was scarcely known in their circle of visiting acquaintances. Occasionally she was seen by one and another of their more intimate friends, and when questions were asked in regard to her, she was slightly referred to as a poor relative to whom they had given a home.

Nearly six months had passed since Eunice came into her uncle's family, and she was almost as much a stranger there as on the day of her entrance. Mr. and Mrs. Gregory were sitting alone one evening, about this time, when Eunice came down from her room and joined them. Mr. Gregory met her with his usual kind manner, Mrs. Gregory with her usual distant politeness. She had, evidently, come with the purpose of talking to them on some matter concerning herself, and she did not keep them waiting.

"For your kindness," she began, with a slight unsteadiness in her voice, which soon grew calm, "in giving me a home up to this

time, I shall ever be grateful. I would not have intruded upon you so long, if heart and brain had been strong enough for the work of self-support. Both are strong enough now, I believe, and I have made my arrangements to leave you next week."

"Leave us, Eunice? I don't understand you! For where, and for what?" Mrs. Gregory spoke in real surprise.

"I am going into Miss R——'s school as a teacher," calmly answered the girl.

"No, Eunice," said Mr. Gregory, "you shall do nothing of the kind. You have a home here always, and in welcome. What has possessed you to think of such a thing?"

"I have never intended, uncle, to burden you with my support," Eunice replied. "Your kind offer of a home I accepted gratefully, while my heart was too heavy with its recent sorrow to bear me out in the world. I am stronger now, and independence is a native element of my character."

"In Miss R——'s school!" exclaimed Mrs. Gregory, giving voice at length to her astonishment.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Eunice.

"Where Lisette goes?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"No—never!" she said firmly. "I'm not going to have my niece a teacher in *that* school. No—nor in any school in Boston."

"Why not?" asked Eunice.

"Is the girl beside herself?"

"You must reconsider this whole matter," said Mr. Gregory. "I'm sorry it was not mentioned before. Have you really engaged with Miss R——?"

"Yes, sir."

"My niece! Such a disgrace!" ejaculated Mrs. Gregory, carried away by her feelings.

"What will be thought of this?"

"I will call on Miss R—— and cancel the engagement," said Mr. Gregory, in the kindest manner. "I regret that you have not felt at home here, but we will try to make things more agreeable. Don't think that you are a burden to us."

"Uncle Gregory," replied Eunice, "I settled this matter long ago. I am too self-reliant and too just, I hope, to live in idle dependence. Since I have been here, I have tried to make myself useful, and to repay your generous kindness in all ways in my power. It has been done inadequately, I know—but the heart of gratitude was there, and it will never cease to beat. Now I go, as I have said."

Remonstrance and persuasion were alike

unavailing. At the time specified, Eunice left her uncle's house, and assumed the duties of a teacher in Miss R——'s school, greatly to the scandal and mortification of Mrs. Gregory and her daughters, and greatly to the satisfaction of her own independent mind. The six months she had spent in her uncle's family had been months of painful humiliation, and the time was only prolonged to this period for the reason which has been given.

Among the visiting acquaintances of the Gregorys was a young man named Edmondson. He was a lawyer, whose talents had already attracted public notice, and of whom almost every one predicted a brilliant future. A small fortune had come to him recently, from a distant relative. His talents, person, prospects, and fortune—moderate though it was—gave an aggregate of attractions that made him of no light consideration in the eyes of Mrs. Gregory, who thought him just the man of all others she would like to see the husband of Harriet. In consequence, she was always very gracious to him, and never let a good opportunity for turning his thought toward this daughter pass unimproved. Harriet, in common parlance, was quite in love with him—that is, as much so as was possible for a girl so selfish, worldly, and heartless, to be. He filled her fancy better than any other man she had yet seen. His fortune was not large, but his family was good, and he had talents that were likely to command fortune. Moreover, there were distant relatives possessing large wealth, and the probabilities, it had been reasoned among the Gregorys, were largely in favor of his sharing a portion of this wealth in time.

"Where is that brown-eyed niece of yours, Mrs. Gregory?" asked Mr. Edmondson, one day, "I hav'n't seen her for some time."

"She is not with us any longer," replied Mrs. Gregory. Her manner told the young man that he had touched a disagreeable subject.

"Ah; I was not aware that she had left you."

Mrs. Gregory said nothing more; but the impression on Mr. Edmondson was unfavorable to Eunice. Sometime afterward, a thought of this girl passing through his mind, he said to a lady with whom he happened to be conversing,

"Did you ever see a young lady in black at Mr. Gregory's?"

"His niece?"

"Yes. A dark-eyed, elegant-looking girl, with something queenly in her manner?"

"O, yes. I've met her there occasionally."
 "She always seemed to hold herself at a distance."

"That was her manner."

"Was there any thing wrong about her?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I inferred as much, from the aspect of Mrs. Gregory, when I inquired about her not long ago."

"Ah! Then you asked after her? What reply did you receive?"

"The unsatisfactory one, that she did not reside with them any longer. From her manner, I inferred that there was something wrong about the young lady."

"Would you like to know of that something wrong?"

"It gives me no pleasure to hear wrong of any one; but, in the few times that I saw her, the girl interested me, and I would, therefore, like to know the truth in regard to her."

"She left the house of her uncle and aunt, to become a teacher in Miss R——'s school," said the lady.

"Why so?"

"Because she had too much spirit to eat the bread of dependence."

"Is that so?" There was a quick lighting up of Mr. Edmondson's face.

"Even so."

"And is there nothing wrong beyond this?"

"Nothing that I have heard. Against her purity of character, slander, I take it, dare not even whisper. And Miss R—— says, that in sweetness of temper, womanly dignity, self-reliance, and Christian patience in the discharge of duty, she is peerless."

"I like all that!" replied the young man, with enthusiasm. "Here we have a real woman; not a weak, selfish, proud, indolent, spoiled nursling of a luxurious home, reared by as weak and selfish a mother, and kept in laces and satins, and pillowed on down, for some silly man who is weak enough to take her, in the hope of getting a wife! Of what use to any one in this world of care, sorrow, trial, reverses, and disappointments, is a silly doll like that? He is a fool, who tries the voyage of life with such a helpless companion. I pity him when the sky darkens, and the storms fall! The niece, I infer, was poor."

"Yes. A brother of Mrs. Gregory married a girl whose position in life did not suit her high notions; and so neither himself nor wife had any countenance. The brother died some years ago, and his widow, and true, good woman, as I have learned, struggled alone with poverty, to

raise and educate her daughter. She died, after well accomplishing her work. The Gregorys then offered Eunice a home. They were written to, I believe, by Judge Helmhold, of Windham; and she was taken into their family, as I infer, merely to save appearances."

"Why, a girl like this one, is worth a hundred idle fashionables!" said Mr. Edmondson. "I must know her."

"Win her and wear her, if you can, my young friend," said the lady. "But, such as she, are not lightly won. Fruit of this quality does not hang low, but on the higher branches; and they who pluck it must climb."

"Thank you for the hint," replied the young man. "I will climb."

A few months afterward, Mrs. Gregory received this note from Miss R——:

"DEAR MADAM: I think it my duty to inform you that a gentleman, Mr. Harvey Edmondson, is in the habit of visiting your niece frequently; and they are often out together in the evening. I have spoken to her once or twice on the subject, but have not received answers that were altogether satisfactory. I have every confidence in her as a pure, good girl; and yet, as I cannot feel sure of Mr. Edmondson's honorable intentions, I am naturally concerned. As her nearest relative, I think it best that you should be advised of the facts as they exist."

There was considerable stir among the Gregorys, on receipt of this letter. The worst was inferred by all; no, not by all, for Mr. Gregory's thought went first to the truth, though it wavered a little under the positive conclusions of his wife. What was to be done? With Eunice, they could have no influence; for, since the step which had made her a teacher, instead of an idle dependent, there had been no intercourse between them. As a mere teacher, she could not be received by them as an equal and friend, and she would not meet them on any other footing. So, she could not be admonished or controlled. The only mode of interference suggested was that of Mr. Gregory, as directed upon the young man himself. Mrs. Gregory insisted upon it, that her husband should caution the young lawyer against any further advances in that direction. She remembered how she had herself given Mr. Edmondson the impression there was something wrong about Eunice; and now conscience—no, a dread of family disgrace in the person of her niece—troubled her considerably. It was plain to her, that she had herself put the destroyer on the track of her niece.

"Have you seen Mr. Edmondson yet?" she asked, almost daily of her husband. But Mr. Gregory, whose anxieties on the subject had never been very disturbing, invariably said no.

About this time, cards of invitation were received from a family of high social standing in the city—a family whose position was not based on wealth, but on something harder to acquire, and more enduring. The Gregorys were flattered by the notice taken of them in this invitation, and were at special pains, like all vulgar people, to make an imposing appearance on the occasion.

The company was not large, but select; and, certainly, Mrs. Gregory and her two daughters did make an appearance. There were no such displays of costly laces and jewels in the rooms. The guests were in two large parlors, opening into each other by folding doors. Soon after the arrival of the Gregorys, Mr. Edmondson moved through the room in which they sat, and, seeing them, joined their circle. There was nothing of coldness or reserve on the part of Mrs. Gregory or her daughters, toward the man whose apparent relation with respect to their niece and cousin, was of a questionable character, but a fluttering pleasure that was not concealed. No one who saw the smiles with which he was received, and the pleased affability that was maintained, could have imagined how the case really stood.

Mr. Edmondson was still talking with the Gregorys, when a movement indicated a selection of partners for dancing. The young man, instead of asking Harriet to take a place with him on the floor, merely bowed and withdrew. In a little while, gay music filled the air, and beauty wheeled in intervolving circles through the rooms. No one had offered a hand to either of the Miss Gregorys, and they sat, in some disappointment, where they had taken their places, on entering the parlors. Mr. Edmondson was on the floor, in the other room, but they were not, at first, from their position, able to make out his partner, of whom they could only get fleeting glimpses, as she swept to the outer circles in the mazy figures. They saw that she was tall, beautifully formed, and graceful in her movements, but attired with exceeding plainness. Her face did not happen to be toward them, when her person was seen.

Who was she? That was the one question in their thoughts. The solution came. As the figures took a reverse motion, the faces of the dancers were seen successively, and that of Mr. Edmondson's partner was presented to

the eyes of Mrs. Gregory and her daughters, radiant with beauty and feeling.

"What a sweet, pure, lovely face it is," remarked a lady, who had seen the countenance of Mr. Edmondson's partner. She addressed Mrs. Gregory, but received no response. If she had looked at her closely, she would have noticed a sickly pallor on her face.

"His *fiancé*, I believe," said another lady, turning to the one who had spoken.

"Ah! Is that so?" With some interest.

"Yes; and I admire the manly independence which has determined his choice."

"Why so? It strikes me, judging from the countenance I saw just now, that manly independence would have very little to do with the selection."

"And I presume had not; but we are apt to speak after this fashion, when a young man in his position and with his prospects, selects a poor girl for his life companion—one standing quite alone in the world, and self-dependent."

"And this is her case?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"A Miss Hadley."

"What of her?"

"She is a teacher in Miss R——'s school."

"Ah?"

"Yes;—and I am told that she chose the life of a teacher, in preference to idle dependence on wealthy relatives who offered her a home."

"Noble girl! I like that!" was the warmly-spoken response. "The true woman proved itself there. Our young friend showed good sense, as well as good taste. But, who are these relatives? Do they live in Boston?"

"Yes; but I have not heard their names. They are, as I understand, rich nobodies, who offered her a home to save appearances, but who never countenanced her after she elected independence and a teacher's life."

"And Mr. Edmondson is really going to marry her?"

"O, yes. That is all settled, I hear."

"Then I shall claim her as a friend. Give me the womanly quality, and I will let others content themselves with the effigies of women, elaborately made up, that flutter in our social circles like butterflies, and who are about as substantial as these aerial beings. Money will give you such creatures by the hundred; but solid substance—women are of rarer production."

The Gregorys heard no more, for the two ladies arose and went to another part of the

was before five, at least I lost an hour's sleep in consequence—I heard Tim crying out lustily for help. His room was just over ours, but it was necessary to walk the length of the building through the old-fashioned, rambling hall ere one could gain access to his room, the stairway belonging to it being at the extreme end of the hall. I did not need Mrs. Oliver's urging to hasten my movements, but dipping into an old night gown and a pair of slippers, I hurried through the hall, smiling to myself as it occurred to me that I only wanted the laced hat to complete the costume of the Laird of Dumbiedikes where he interferes to protect Jennie Deans from the violence of Mrs. Balchristie.

"Och! howld aff wi' ye, Fin', an' it be yer-self comed back! For the luve o' heaven lave me, lave me! There's a dear soul now, an' I'll gie yer widow lashings o' goold. I wondher how ye can have the heart to tormint me, and me making restitushun to a farden (farthing) to the widow McGann!"

The last of this was muttered with his head under the bedclothes, which were no little agitated by Tim's excessive trembling.

"What is all this, Tim—are you crazy? Who are you talking to, or what are you talking about? Here you have roused the house, and frightened Mrs. Oliver out——"

"Och! Master Oliver, save me from him, or sorra the one o' me 'll iver set another fut on the rod."

"What are you shaking there for? For shame, Tim; a man of *your* age to huddle under the bedclothes as if he had seen a ghost. Get up!" (authoritatively.)

"Tare an ages! how can I, an' him making all manner of faces at me?"

I began to think I had a lunatic on my hands.

"*Him?* who do you mean, Tim?" I inquired, in a coaxing tone, "I see no one; there is no person here but you and I. Who is making faces at you? You are surely dreaming."

"Is he gone thin?" and Tim ventured to let me pull the clothes down from his head, glancing up to the ceiling, while his teeth fairly chattered with fear and terror. "*Dhraming*, is it? Whisper a wee, Mr. Oliver; *I've seen his ghost!* I seen it as plain as I see you, an' it's myself mislikes to belave it; but faix! wan's sight must e'en be trusted, the more betoken—Howly Mither! save me, Master Oliver—save me!" and Tim suddenly ducked his head under the bedclothes again, shivering in an agony of fright.

The man is raving mad, I said to myself, as I cast about for means to rid myself of this annoyance. He heard me as I was about to leave the room for the purpose of donning some heavier garments.

"For the luve o' heaven don't lave me here alone, Master Oliver! that's a darling! an' I'll just confess t'ye an' resign me sitcoashun this blessed minit, for I can't stand this at all, at all!"

"What is the poor fool gabbling about now?" I demanded angrily, as I turned toward the window and opened the blinds.

"God bless you!" cried Tim, as he heard the blinds creaking, throwing the bedclothes aside and sitting up in the bed, "why didn't you think ov that sooner? Begorra! I'm most dead wi' fright—bad scan to him! Och! but that's the blissid sunlight, ony way; sure, an' he'll no venture back in broad daylight, Mr. Oliver?"

"Tim," I said, advancing to his side, and assuming a serious manner, as a suspicion entered my mind, "there is something wrong here—your conscience must be troubling you."

"Indada, Mr. Oliver——"

"Stop, whose ghost have you seen?"

"Fin' McGann's." I sat down beside him with a smile, saying,

"Tim, people with clear consciences don't tremble as you are doing now; there is more than a ghost here."

"Ye may well say that, air; but may I sup sorrow wi' a spoon o' grief durin the remaindher o' my nateral life, if Fin' McGann's ghost did'nt walk over the ceilin' afore yer honor's very eyes,—but may be it's only permitted to me to see it, tho' sorra the one o' me feels obligated to thim for that same prillidge, the more be token my stomache was ill able to bear it, consaithering I naether tasted bit or sup from mornin' till night, (except a drap o' whiskey I got from the cook in the mornin') wi' the fright I got yesterday; but I'll just resign, Mr. Oliver; I'll just resign my sitenashun, an' may be he'll lave me in peace."

"And who was Fin' McGann?"

"It's a long story, Mr. Oliver, an' may be it ud no please ye to hear it,—but Fin' an' I were loons thegither in the ould counthry, an' we had ay a bit *jalousy* until Fin' married Biddy Dougherty, an' thin the bit grew to a muckle, an' so wan day he rappit me ower the crown for sayin' just nothin' at all, consaithering I was his aqual, an' so—an' so I returned the compliment w' hearvy intherist."

"Well, and what am I to infer from that?"

"Why, sir, he went to his bed—it's meself

mislikes to think ov it; but it was a fair fight as ever was seen!—he went to his bed, an' niver left it till he was carried out feet foremost, an' that's the whole ov it."

"I don't wonder at your troubled conscience, Tim, with the blood of a fellow-creature on your head."

"I tell ye it was a fair fight! An' didn't I make restitooshun to his widow? Sure an' I offered to fight ony o' the name, besides payin' all expenses—a good penny it was, as I have cause to remember—didn't I make restitooshun, even to his dudeen that I broke when I rapped him over the crown?"

"But what do you want to confess to me?—there is something on your mind—out with it at once."

"Why, thin,—but may be it ud do as well to-morrow!"

"No! I want no more bawling at this hour of the day. What has your confession to do with Fin' McGann's ghost? By the way, what did the ghost look like?"

"Ooh! Mr. Oliver," replied Tim, with his hand over his heart, "like nothing that iver was seen by mortal; sometimes it was like the face ov the moon, only far brighter; an' sometimes it had wings, that wur niver at rest; but divil the flap could wan hear—sure an' that was awful; to see it flyin' over you, an' around you, always threatnin' to ate you up, body an' sowl, an' still niver coming near you!—an' sometimes it made faces—indade, I may say it has niver got rid of Fin's bad habits—he was always a makin' ov ugly faces—an' *whisper a wee*, Mr. Oliver; sometimes it was like a blue flame ready to lick wan up, an' it's meself thinks that was the worst ov all."

There could be no doubt of Tim's sincerity; he trembled violently, even when describing the apparition; still, I was not prepared to acknowledge the presence of a ghost in my house, which I flattered myself was as orderly and well-kept, (thanks to Mrs. Oliver,) as any house in the village.

"When did you see this first?"

"Yesterday, early i' the mornin'."

"At what hour?"

"If I don't misremember, about four, or a thrifle later."

"How did it get into the room—you say it flew over you?"

"Faix! iv ye'll only tell *me* that same, Mr. Oliver, I'd be obligated to ye foriver, and a day longer. Av coorse it flew over me; it couldn't worry me much, if it wint undher the bed out ov sight."

"How large was it? describe it particularly now."

"Arrah an' hav'n't I just attempted that same, only me language failed me intirely. Sure an' I could naether tell ye the hoith nor the breadth ov it; but," pointing from one bed-post to another, as he spoke, "it waver'd from yander to yander—sometimes it was big as a plate, (whin it drew its wings in, an' gaped at me, an' me lyin' on the broad o' me back in the dark,) an' thin again it flashed out, (that was when it resimbl'd a blue flame,) as broad as the bed, an' broader too; but the worst ov it was the settlin'! Ooh! when it rin' round an' 'round forinist me very face, dancin' an' shiverin' like nothin' that iver was een wi' mortal eyes!"

I thought for a moment, and then replied, "Well, Tim, I will sleep with you to-night. But you will keep this a secret; say nothing to any one, and I will get at the bottom of this strange affair. Come, put on your clothes, and go down; I will stay here until you leave the room."

He obeyed me with alacrity. When he left me alone, I examined the room, but found no clue to the mysterious apparition! In the course of the day, I inquired of Mrs. Oliver if she had missed any valuables lately. Yes, she had lost her ear-rings, a very pretty cloak, and a silver thimble; but she knew where they went, or rather, she knew they had been stolen by a beggar woman—that was the thanks *she* received for taking such people in. But the woman should never enter the house again!

When night came, I told Mrs. Oliver my plan, and ascended with Tim to his room, there to defend him from the ghost of his old enemy, Fin' McGann. I was sleeping soundly, when Tim drove his sharp elbow into my side, at the risk of breaking my ribs, about half past four the next morning; and, looking up, I beheld a bright light circling over my head, with a strange, irregular motion. The room was dark; and when I had looked at the light a minute or two in silence, I was at no loss to account for the singular movements of Mr. McGann's ghost. I rose and approached the window, threw open the blinds, and gazed down upon the ground; then closed the blinds again, and went back to bed to comfort Tim, who lay trembling and moaning under the bed-clothes.

"Tim, look up."

"Bid me do anything but that, sir. Ooh! wurra! wurra! but I'm in the hoith of misery! Have ye niver a Bible or a prayer to drive him away, Master Oliver?"

"Tim, this is all nonsense; you may as well meet him first as last."

"Och! why did I stay in the house, acushla! whin it was all wan whether?"—

"Tim, did you ever know me to deceive you?"

"I wonder that ye ax me such a question;—but pit Fin' out o' the room at wanst, or he'll dhrove me distracted—an' ye can do it; do it at wanst, for the luv o' heaven, Master Oliver!"

"Tim, on the honor of a gentleman, I promise to banish Fin' McGann's ghost forever—provided you confess the truth. But, if you don't, McGann's ghost will follow you everywhere, for it is a ghost that can only be 'laid' in one way, and I very much doubt your ability to 'lay' it alone."

"Well, sir—but is it there now?"

"Look for yourself."

"Me! how can you be so dhroll, an' me in such misery! Och! but this is beyant iverything!"

"It will go worse with you yet, if you don't confess what you done with Mrs. Oliver's cloak."

"Sure an' I gave it to—phat the divil am I sayin'? What do I know about her cloak?—ax the beggar woman."

"Did you give the ear-rings away too? the truth? or I'll pull the clothes from your head!"

"Yis, yis! To be sure! an' the thimble! an' the gloves, an' the bit lace—they all wint the same way—bad scan to the diel that enticed me!"

"Well, you will recover them again, or go to prison, Tim: I give you your choice."

"Me! how can I recover them, an' the jade aff to Australia wi' that spalpeen, Dan McGwire? But dhrove the ghost away, an' I'll confess iverything—there's a darling!"

"Confess first,—you are such a liar, that I can't believe a word you say."

"An' you promise on the honor o' a gentleman to 'lay' the ghost—is it there yet?"

"Yes, just over your head. Come; your confession."

"An' if I have naething to confess?"

"Very well; you can 'lay' the ghost at your leisure."

"Don't, don't lave me here alone. There is the bill at the butcher's, an' there is the bill at the grocer's, an' the baker's bill, an'—an' that's all, as thrue as I'm a sinner!"

"Ah! indeed! And what do these bills mean, pray?"

"Sure an' your hard o' compasshionshun. Doesnt my sister, Mrs. McGraw, live at the end ov the lane wi' a wheen hungry mouths around her, an' doesnt yer honor have lashings o' gude things an' to spare, an' at I the wan that dis the errands, forby workin' in the garden? How could I help throwin' a mouthful to the wanes (children) an' I their only uncle? It was a sin for ye to timp me."

"And so you have been feeding your sister's family at my expense, you rascal!"

Tim made no reply: probably he deemed a reply unnecessary. I however opened the blinds a second time, and compelled him to look at a bucket of water which sat on the ground at a little distance from the house. (I ascertained afterward that a bucket had been placed there by the cook, who was an early riser.) Then closing them, I bade him look up to the ceiling, where Fin' McGann's ghost shivered above the bed. But, to prove the matter, I opened the blinds a third time, and aiming a stick at the bucket, struck it on one side, then closing the blinds hastily, commanded him to observe Mr. McGann's ghost, (which of course was simply the reflection of the water upon the ceiling,*) as it 'spread its wings' over the bed, describing at the same time an irregular circle.

"There is nothing there but the reflection of the sunlight from that bucket of water below us: here is the proof. If I turn down these slats so, it disappears; but your guilty conscience gave it the face of Fin' McGann, and the wings of a demon; and that which is a pleasant spectacle to innocent children, your fears caused you to view as 'blue flames, ready to lick you up.' You can go, Tim; I never was partial to cowards, and I have less partiality for a thief. I am very thankful to Mr. McGann's ghost for the discovery I have made, for I have no doubt you would have managed to deceive us five months longer, if it had not been for this fortunate 'Ghost!'"

In conclusion, I have only to say that Mrs. Oliver reprimanded me for letting the scoundrel off so easily, and even now she is acquiescing herself with stupidity, in permitting her man-of-all-work to swell our bills forty odd dollars more than they should be: however, we both owe Fin' McGann's ghost our everlasting gratitude for the lesson we learned through it.

* The above story is founded upon a fact.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY SARAH FAUSETT.

It hangs upon the wall, dust dimmed and lonely,
A woman's face, a faded portrait only

Of one long dead, whose name I know not even,
Yet one who has, I know, loved, suffered, striven.

Some eyes are open books, soul-records merely,
Books where the inner life is written clearly.

So still I linger as night gathers o'er me,
Reading her life in those deep eyes before me.

When crowds who rest with hearts no life-throb
giving,
Wrote their life songs in deeds, toiled, lived as we
are living,

A child reamed o'er the sunny summer meadow,
Dreaming alone within the maple's shadow,

Till full her heart grow of sweet, wayward fancies,
Thoughts only wakened in these waking trances.

Life's spring-flowers bloomed; singing she walked
beside them,
Gathered the fairest, and with sunbeams tied them.

A dream: in whose day-dawn of glory breaking
Life seemed transfigured, then, the dread awaking,

When the heart buries its sweet, broken vision,
Gropes in the dark sheet from its lost elysian.

When the soul wakens from the spell that bound it,
To see its chains, the gilded cage, around it.

Some, when the idols of their love have perished,
Mourn, helpless, o'er the grave of day-dreams
cherished,

Shut from the heart all gladness there abiding,
Till they grow clouds on earth, the sunlight hiding.

And some, with hearts pride-locked, in whose cells
clouded

Lie ghastly griefs unburied and unshrouded—

Tread the gay rounds of revelry beside them
To drown the wailings of regret that abide them.

Ah! there were dreary hours, and days unnum-
bered,

When Faith bowed low her head, and Hope's voice
slumbered—

When in a forest dark she groped benighted,
Crumbling, at every step, Hope's leaflets blighted.

At last she ceased to struggle; faint and weary,
Her soul looked upward, through the darkness
dreary.

A light dawned downward on her spirit slowly,
She clasped it, bowing in thanksgiving lowly.

What though the sunlight of her life was shaded,
What though the blossom of her heart had faded,

All flowers must fade and fall in pain and sorrow,
That fruit may grow and ripen on the morrow.

Bowed low in suffering, yet blind no longer,
She rose unto her life-work purer, stronger.

Dead lay love's fire with all its glowing flashes,
Yet rose all deathless from its buried ashes.

In every soul some hidden seeds are lying
That might up-spring, and bloom to flowers undying.

Full many souls in close locked cells imprison
Winged thoughts that might in glory have arisen.

But some know never their own riches measure,
They have no keys that may unlock the treasure.

Thank God! there is a sphere where souls oped
never

On earth to light, may be unlocked forever.

Slowly her feet, when life's smooth path was ended,
The weary stairs of suffering ascended.

Sorrow, to her, was but a key, God bidden,
That oped the cell where her soul's wealth was hid-
den;

What though the key in turning sent a quiver
Of anguish through her heart—she blessed the giver.

What though the door, when opened, hid in sad-
ness

The sunny path where she had walked in gladness,

Another life, and higher, lay before her—
God led her gently on, His hand was o'er her.

With clearer vision and with larger seeing
The hidden wealth undreamed-of in her being—

Winged thought-birds from their slumber wakened
never—

Birds that if freed might soar and sing forever.

Slowly she oped the cage where they were lying,
Praying, "God bless them, speed their wings for
flying!"

"Let them go forth their way, in gladness winging,
Of Hope and Love, of Faith and Patience singing,

"Bringing a little light to pathways dreary,
A little music unto spirits weary."

Wakened to life, and freed from bonds that bound
them,

They flew into the busy world around them—

Some soaring eagles to the light upheaving,
Some little spring-birds by the wayside singing.

There were lone aching hearts, long bowed in sor-
row,

To whom they sang of sunlight on the morrow.

With folded wings they perched, like robins, lowly,
Singing of all things sweet and all things holy,
Till careless ears long deaf to music listened,
Till eyes unused to weep with teardrops glistened—
Till souls long darkened sought the sunshine golden,
Once more turned backward to their visions olden.
Sang—until fainting hearts for life grew stronger,
And rose to struggle on a little longer.

So on they flew, and left the darkness lighter,
Left light behind that made their pathway brighter.

Then backward came their way in sunlight winging,
An olive branch unto the watcher bringing.

Toiling and trusting the far goal grew nearer—
The darkness passed away, her sight grew clearer.

So life's rich harvest ripened slow around her,
The fruit was growing, bliss and God's peace
crowned her.

Then looking backward o'er her pathway lowly,
Saw it transfigured in the sunlight holy,
Saw with soul-sight each rugged step and briar,
Murmuring, "I thank Thee! they have led me
higher."

Death—nay, not death, though called so in our
blindness,

To her 'twas but God's crowning deed of kindness.

Some day her smile grew holier and brighter,
Some day her spirit grew a little whiter;

Her soul that budded long had upward risen
Burst into perfect blossom from its prison.

After the toil and waiting rest was given:
There was less light on earth, and more in Heaven.

MY GREAT BARGAIN.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"So cheap, marm; such a bargain! real silk and worsted—looks as well in a dress as the silk tissue, and might be mistaken for grenadine! Only one shilling per yard!"

The eloquent pedler held up the flimsy fabric in the best light, and gave it an artistic whirl over his arm, that it might catch the stray beam of sunlight that fell into the room.

"But isn't it a trifle narrower than such goods usually are?" I ventured to inquire.

Such a look of wounded pride as he cast at me!

"No, marm, not the tenth part of an inch! I assure you upon my honor! But even if it was it would be a monstrous cheap dress—dog cheap. Why, marm, you couldn't get up a tissue for less than twelve dollars, and here I offer you a full pattern—eighteen yards, you'll want it made with tuoks—for three dollars! Only think of it!"

"Yes, I know it is very cheap, but I don't really think I need it. I have several summer dresses now, and——"

"Oh, indeed marm," put in the velveteen pedler, "that is no excuse for declining such a bargain—no excuse at all. A dress will keep until it is wanted, and anything of this kind is always fashionable. It will be just the thing for next summer, and you can have it made up at your leisure."

"Yes, but I make it a rule——"

"Oh, well, but rules must be broken sometimes, you know. A handsome lady needs a great many new dresses, and pardon me if I observe that of all my beautiful customers the one before me is best fitted to adorn my goods. I shall really feel a sincere pleasure in knowing that anything my taste selected would be worn by one so charming."

The rascal was, evidently, well posted up in regard to the accessible points of the fair sex.

"Thank you for the compliment, which does not apply so closely that I need resent it," I said quietly, "but I think I will not take the dress. I can do very well without it."

"Oh, I beg you will not say that! I cannot find it in my heart to carry away a piece of goods that suits your style so well! I cannot, really! Rather than be compelled to that I will put it even cheaper—fifteen cents a yard for eighteen yards, marm."

"No, I will not take it, even at that rate. I do not need it."

"But you must have it! it was calculated expressly for you! Pink is so becoming to ladies of your fair complexion! And now look here; as it is you, and as I hope to deserve your future patronage, I will let you have it for ninepence a yard—cheaper than anything you ever heard tell of."

He had hit the mark at last. The temptation was too great for a fashionable woman with a limited purse to withstand, and the sum of two dollars twenty-five cents immediately found its way from my *port monnaie* into the pocket of the pedler.

The pink balsorine was mine—eighteen yards of it—and I had made a great bargain!

Prate of honesty and magnanimity toward our fellow men as much as we like, there is a latent love of a good bargain in the breast of every human being. When we purchase anything we like to get our money's worth, and if we happen to get a trifle more, we don't, generally, lose our sleep on account of it, but declare it was all luck and chance, and in-

wardly feel jubilant over that same obliging luck and chance.

My new purchase was really pretty—there was no gainsaying that—a pale gray and subdued pink, delicate as the hue of a sea-shell; and the fabric itself was shadowy as a summer cloud—ah! shadowy indeed!

I showed my great bargain to my husband when he came home to dinner. He held it up daintily between his thumb and finger, and surveyed it at arm's length, as though it were a spider's web, with the deadly tarantula yet hiding in its folds.

"It is very pretty, and so cheap, Edward," I said, adopting from memory the pedler's most expressive air of sincerity.

"Yes, so I should guess," was the reply, "cheap as dirt and about as serviceable, isn't it, Ellen? And permit me to caution you, dear, against going out with it in a high wind, it would positively take wings and fade into thin air."

I was vexed with Edward for his uncalled-for remarks—but then! when one shows a man a great bargain, especially if that man happens to be one's husband, not much flattering unction is generally gained. Men appreciate dry goods bargains so little!

Well, I went to the dressmaker's with my balsorine. Madame Brognere—just from Paris—held it up with a professional gesture which displayed all its virtues and graces at a glance.

"Very thin indeed; Madame will need lining, sarsnet—*blanc-oui*, to be sure, white sarsnet, twelve—no, thirteen yards. It is best to be always on the safe side, Madame knows?"

Hum! thirteen yards of sarsnet at thirteen cents per yard would amount to one dollar sixty-nine cents! My dress would not be so cheap, after all!

"And braid for the bottom—buttons, two dozen—sewing silk—what will you trim it with?"

Madame stopped scribbling the items with her gold penoil, and glanced up for an answer.

"Indeed, I had scarcely thought it necessary to trim so cheap a dress—"

"*Vraiment! Je m'etonne!* Madame is wrong. The trimming must make up for the want of *richesse* in the material. We always trim this sort of goods lavishly. *Moire antique*, gimp, or fringe! which will Madame Grayburn be pleased to order? And, oh yes, lace-edging for the neck? I had forgotten, *pardonnez moi*. Shall it be linen or wrought?"

The voluble tongue of the Frenchwoman confused me, and I did a very silly thing, as many another poor woman has done before me. I left the whole affair in Madame's efficient hands, glad to be rid of the odious duty of matching trimmings, and selecting sixpenny braids. It would be quite as well, I argued, and I should be spared the fatigue of a tour down Washington street, and as it was the middle of a very warm June, that was some consideration.

In due course of time my dress came home. It was perfectly charming—five tucks in the skirt—puffed drapery sleeves—corsage demi-high, with a delicate *berthe* trimmed with silk fringe, and edged with thread lace around the neck.

I tried it on, and was delighted to find that it became me wonderfully. The pedler was a man of discernment as well as taste. Pink fitted my style admirably,

I was just turning away from the mirror with a well-satisfied feeling at my heart, when Edward came up the steps, and a moment afterward into the chamber, where I was still admiring my bargain.

His eye glanced quickly over my person. I could see very plainly that he admired my bargain, too.

"It is pretty, Nelly," he said patronizingly, "and it suits your complexion to a T. But *aha!* what is this?"

He made an unceremonious dive at the sweep of the voluminous skirt, and unpinned an ominously long strip of paper which had been attached, and with a husband's customary impudence took the liberty to examine it.

When he had fairly satisfied himself as to the purport of the billet he handed it to me with an expressive

"Whew!"

It read thus:

MRS. EDWARD GRAYBURN

TO MADAME BROGNERE, Dr.

To thirteen yards sarsnet at 18 cts. yd., \$1.69

"five yards silk fringe at 20 " " 1.00

"two yards thread lace at 40 " " .80

"sewing silk, - - - - .28

"buttons, - - - - .30

"braid, - - - - .08

"whalebone, - - - - .10

"making up, - - - - 1.50

\$5.75

I drew a long breath. So the trimmings and making of my dress had cost three dollars and fifty cents more than the material itself:

and the whole expense of the great bargain was eight dollars.

I fully expected that Edward would scold, or, at least, read me a lecture on extravagance and vanity, but the model man did no such thing. He took out his pocket-book, gave me a five and a two on the Bunker Hill Bank, and quietly remarked—

"There, Nelly, settle Madame's bill at the earliest opportunity, and the remainder you can keep to pay you for your disappointment in not having made a bargain, after all."

Edward laughed in my face—the uncourteous fellow—but I gave him a kiss for his impertinence, and the next day Madame Brognere's receipt was lodged in my pocket.

The fourth of July arrived, and, as usual, there was a grand parade of military on the Common.

Dr. Lindsay and Mr. Peale, two college friends of my husband, were stopping at the Revere for a few days, and were to join us on the Common. I had never seen these gentlemen, but I knew them by Edward's frequent descriptions—Lindsay as a wealthy, fastidious Southerner, and Peale as an honest, matter-of-fact fellow, bound to make his way in this world even without genius.

Dr. Lindsay was a connoisseur of much importance in the fine arts of female dress and beauty, and, naturally, Edward felt some little solicitude concerning his wife's first appearance before this eighth wonder of the world.

I shared my husband's feeling sufficiently to wear my most becoming dress—which was none other than the famous balzorine; and when I was attired in it, with the addition of point lace sleeves, and a gold clasped girdle, I must have the vanity to remark in private to the reader, that I was by no means the plainest woman in Boston.

After all, I thought, I hadn't come far from making a bargain, for my dress was lovely, and did not cost so much—as it might.

The crowd in the streets was immense, and Edward hurried me up to the Beacon street entrance as though his life depended on reaching the Common at a given time. Strange that men are always in a hurry.

We had just arrived at the grand centre of attraction, when something impeded my further progress. I turned, and beheld a tall, red-nosed man, with an immense pair of whiskers, standing on the skirt of my dress. I politely admonished him of his offence—he stared, muttered out an apology, and with a blundering shuffle succeeded in removing the

obtrusive member; but, in the effort, he had torn the skirt of my balzorine across two whole breadths, just above the upper tuck!

I was horrified, but Edward came to the rescue with a supply of pins, which he always carries about him—one of his unforgetten bachelor habits—and I was put in tolerable order, as the rent was up too high to be noticed below the sweep of my ample Raglan.

Presently Edward's friends joined us, and the long-expected presentation took place. Dr. Lindsay's fine eyes took in every detail of my toilet at a glance; and I had no difficulty in guessing that he was pleased with the appearance of his friend's wife.

The crowd became denser—and the clouds blew up black and heavy, threatening rain. Edward proposed that we should go home, and invited the Doctor and Mr. Peale to dine with us.

We had some little distance to walk before reaching an omnibus, and the rain overtook us before half the distance was passed. Edward stepped into a shop and purchased an umbrella, but every one knows that there has never yet been an umbrella manufactured that will protect a full crinolined lady, and her escort, entirely. Before we reached the stand of the P— street omnibus we were thoroughly wet.

Edward, from time to time, cast curious glances at the skirt of my dress, and at last my eyes followed the often traveled direction of his. I did not wonder at his inquiry.

"Why Nelly, what has become of the skirt of your dress?"

It was a simple question enough, but one that I could not answer. I wondered about it myself. The sarsnet was there—exceedingly prominent—but the pink balzorine was beautifully less, and growing more so every moment. Edward suggested the cause.

"It is of two kinds of material, and the rain is shrinking it, Nelly. But, never mind, dear, it can't shrink much further—it is within four inches of the waist now! So, take courage, child!"

Oh, dear! dear! dear! My bargain! my great bargain! Where was it? Fading into air, thin air! I could have wept, from mortified sensibility and wounded pride!

We were at the omnibus stand at last. The vehicle was crowded, as such conveyances always are, but still there was room for more. We got in, and were obliged to stand all the way to P— street, jostled and thumped unmercifully by the stress of the eager crowd already within its shelter.

Our habitation was in sight. Edward pulled the strap, and the clumsy equipage drew up to the curbstone.

Dr. Lindsay and Mr. Peale were there before us, and, on perceiving our arrival, the Doctor came gallantly down the walk to assist me out.

I appreciated his politeness, and would have been glad to have made an *au fait* descent, but my unfortunate dress sadly impeded my locomotive powers. I gave a spring forward—meant for a very graceful one—for Dr. Lindsay admired grace of motion—but, alas! my foot caught in the disgusting balserine—I blundered, stumbled, and sprawled directly into the dignified Doctor's face and eyes—and he was obliged to put up both hands to keep me off, and thereby prevent himself from being overwhelmed. I should have landed on the pavement but for Mr. Peale, who, seeing the condition of affairs, came bravely to the field, like a true hero, and received me in his sturdy arms.

I flew up to my chamber, mortified and vexed. I could have cried heartily, if thereby good might have come. I had a very unpleasant consciousness that I had smashed Dr. Lindsay's watch crystal, for I had certainly heard the crack of breaking glass during my close encounter with him. And how must I have appeared to the elegant, æsthetic gentleman, in that horrible dress, dirty, disordered, and dropping to pieces? How, indeed!

I went to the full-length pier glass, and took a survey of myself. The view was anything but flattering to my vanity. The balserine had shrank more than one-third, and there was a flocence of sarsnet hovering forlornly above my embroidered cambrio skirt, like a torn banner above a conquered city! Moreover, the flimsy material of my dress was rubbed entirely off in several places, by the rough handling it had received on board the omnibus.

I took it off and hung it up in a dark closet, and attired myself with a sigh of satisfaction in a stout brown silk. I felt morally sure of the safety of that.

Dr. Lindsay never allowed me to think that he even noticed my ungraceful personelle on that memorable afternoon, but I know that he did, for whenever I enter the room where he is, he unconsciously draws back, as though he expected a repetition of the former onslaught.

And in that dark closet the pink balserine hangs continually, to remind me that it is never well to purchase any article that you do not need, simply because it is cheap, and to

teach me that it is better to have one good, durable garment, than a dozen inferior affairs, that a breath of wind will destroy, or the touch of a finger annihilate.

UNCLE NED.

BY ELIZABETH.

"THERE now! you just put that thing where it belongs—strange you can't let things be!—It is the strangest thing in the world you can't learn how to behave. Stop your noise! shut that door! sit down in that chair, and don't you get out of it till I tell you. You go in that bed-room, and don't let me see your face again very soon. Go to bed now, and see if you can be still long enough to go to sleep. It is clatter, clatter, from morning to night. Such children as we have got, nobody ever had before."

This is the way Uncle Ned used to talk to the little ones who called him father. They never seemed to think any strange thing had happened, when such tones as these fell upon their sensitive ears; but the little things would slip away out of sight, with their bright young spirits all crushed. But a child's heart is elastic, and a new play would soon start off, then the hard words would come again, although they were trying to go on tip-tee, for fear of disturbing 'pa.

"There, you, at it again! I say, you stop that noise!"

When the warm spring-time came, how it brought joy into those little hearts! Then they could run about the yard, climb trees, and hunt hens' eggs with comparatively little fear of "disturbing 'pa." To be sure, if he caught the sound of their glad voices above the usual tone, he was very likely to wheel his great chair to the door, and cry out, "What's all this racket for? you'll disturb the neighbors"—or, "you go away from that tree, and don't walk so near the border."

But, when his voice died away, the little feet would carry the laughing hearts of Uncle Ned's, "What ye up to now," &c. If the children did clatter from morning till night, I used to think, what did he do but scold the whole of that time.

I look away back, as far as memory carries me almost, and I seem to see the feeble man, as he sat in his great arm-chair, from sunrise to sunset, without doing a solitary thing but read his paper, chew tobacco, and fret. Child as I was then, when I remember now the old-time visits at that uncle's house, I think involunta-

rily, "I'd like to go and see Jenny, only he'll scold us so, if we happen to speak above our breath." Then I remember I am a grown woman, and that poor Uncle Ned with all his failings has passed away, and a softening feeling comes over my spirit, for here I often have to sit, as Uncle Ned used to do, a poor feeble body, in the same old arm-chair he used to occupy—and my heart goes back to his heart in sympathy, and I can realize, with the experience that years give me, how hard it must have been for his sensitive nerves to bear the slightest noise.

But, hard and unkind as Uncle Ned always seemed, there was a soft place in his heart, and a way to it, too. He had his good qualities, as most of us have, I believe; but it was seldom, so very seldom we saw the lovely side of his character, that the unpleasant impression his harsh ways made in our hearts, was always uppermost, when we thought of him.

I can remember when his dear little Nellie died, how sad and still the tears fell from his pale cheeks upon her marble face. Ah, yes, there was a "door to his heart," and Nellie had opened and entered it. She would sit in his lap, when he permitted her, and with her gentle, loving look, she would say,

"You do love me, 'pa, don't you? you are my dear 'pa, and I love you;" and when his pet child was taken from him, there was such a sad, cheerless look about him, as though all the chambers of his heart were left desolate indeed. The loving sunshine of her angel presence was withdrawn, and a long dark night covered his days. Then was the time for those who were left to make up to him for Nellie's loss, but we had not her key—her loving ways we had not learned, else, like her, we might have passed through the then open door to his heart—and a cold, chilling reserve followed, which we dared not penetrate. For all this, Uncle Ned was in fault, as were those about him also. Each one had an influence over the other, which might have produced very different results.

Had it not been for the opposite teaching which the mother of those children gave them, we cannot say where they would be now. When the smarting blow of harsh words fell upon their tender hearts, she felt like instinctively gathering them to her bosom, to save them from the blight and scars which time could scarcely efface; but, like a true, wise mother, she taught them to respect their father—to bear all the chafing and battling of this life with Christian heroism.

It is very probable that Uncle Ned owed his unhappy disposition in part to those who had the training of him. How very important it is, then, for those who have the care of children, to teach them to be kind and gentle in their feelings and in their manner to others, and not to fear *giving expression* to loving words. We all desire to be loved, and to be treated as though we *were* loved: this desire seems to be a part of our nature; we see it in the little child, and it clings to us when we grow old. We do not like to be repelled by harsh, unloving tones; then we should cultivate the gentle, the forbearing, the loving. Wise King Solomon says: "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith." I hope parents may remember this; I hope children may feel its heavenly influence all about them; and that we, all together, may be drawn to "God, who is love."

"Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life, as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently!—"Tis a gentle thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. IX.

SHE was so pretty, Anoret Lee! The poor sometimes sigh, when a stray waif from the unseen world is wafted to them, journalizing the beautiful pictures that adorn the lordly palaces of the rich; but, if they would only open their mental and sight-seeing eyes, and daguerreotype on their souls the enchanting views nature gives to them almost daily, that no pencil can copy, or pen portray, they would have a panorama which would never fade, or cease to give pleasure, till memory wrote her last page, and sealed the book for time.

Such a picture Anoret Lee gave to me. On one of the brightest days of June, I had been expecting and watching for her, but just at night a friend called, and wished to see a plant in my garden, and I threw on a veil, and passed out through the back yard, to point it out to her, forgetful of my expected guest. It seemed to have a strange attraction for her, for it was sent me from a distant State, where her only son resided, and she lingered over it, and we insensibly glided into a long conversation about him, who alone gave to her the sweet

name of mother. Suddenly I thought of Anoret, and plucking a tuft of flowers, bedded in broad green leaves, for my friend, which she clasped as tenderly as if caressing the fingers of her long-absent son, we returned to the house. Our lips were mute, for the froth of thought had worked off in words, and left but the deep, silent undercurrent of feeling, and our footsteps fell on the soft sward light as the tossing snow-flake; so not a sound came to disturb the beautiful picture till I could gather it in all its blending of light and shade, a gem for life in rare embossing.

Our house stood on an eminence facing the west, and a broad hall, with folding-doors at each end, divided it in the centre, and a rose-vine, clustering over a lattice, shaded the front entrance; one long, trailing branch, hung loosely from the trellis, and there, just back of it, stood Anoret, with the roses and green leaves of the vine lying against her pure muslin dress, and a necklace of the same almost clasping her soft, fair neck. The gorgeous sunset sky, rich with hues of vermell and gold, formed the background, and threw out the clear white of her forehead and rosy tint of her cheeks, with its drapery of long dark curls in beautiful relief. A moment later our footsteps in the hall startled her from her reverie, and she was clasped in my arms, for she was the child of a dear classmate whom I had never met since our paths parted in girlhood years, and I was ready to give the daughter all the love hoarded for the mother, and take her to my heart, though before unseen. She was a merry, laughing girl, with a fund of good humor and variety, and her thoughts shadowed forth by words ever reminded me of a fountain throwing up its waters, shifting, dazzling, sparkling in the sunshine, ever changing, thus giving endless pleasure to the mind. I found her just the associate I needed to mix in with the heavier calibre of my surrounding companions, and lighten up the care and burdens of my life till they took invisible wings and flew daily past with marvelous speed.

Others, too, found her welcome to their hearts, and she soon was unseekingly placed in that most trying position—a stranger amid strangers, becoming in a few weeks a general favorite, and receiving the delicate flattery of copyings of actions and words from imitators, adulations and compliments at first unsparingly bestowed by her own sex, and then more grudgingly, as they saw the gentlemen were following their example, and freely giving what they never could win with unwearying en-

deavors. It could not last. The soil was becoming deep and rich for envy, and it sprang up hydra-headed, and sent out a deadly miasma, blighting friendship, constancy, and truthfulness.

One night Anoret came in from a sail on the lake, with a slow step and quivering lip, and leaning her head on my encircling arm burst into tears. She could hardly tell why she was so sad; some of the girls acted distantly, a few rudely, and she was sure when one of the favorite beaux twined a wreath of water lilies and threw it over her shoulders, she detected a sneer on Syby Stacy's face. It was the old story; they had throned their queen, and, jealous of her homage, were trying to hurl her to the dust. Anoret, free, unsuspecting, acting out the pure influences of her heart, often stepped out of the path worldly wisdom marks out, and the covert whisper of the designing, and shrug and taunt of the deceitful, and the coldness and averted glance of the multitude who have not strength of mind to act out what they know is right, soon left the poor girl almost companionless. Bold and firm, I tried to confront her enemies, but who they were, what had made them so, and wherein she had erred, was all an intangible mass, and weary, at last, with trying to battle with what was nonentity to me, I gave up the contest, thinking that time, which so often rights what no one else can, perhaps would make this straight. Anoret, who had lived her life amid the smiles and sunshine, drooped and pined beneath its frowns. The tears washed the roses from her cheeks, and the soft roundness of her form became sharp and angular, even as the smooth bank of snow drifts into roughness beneath the fierce, pitiless blast.

When the first snow of winter was spread out white and even in November, almost as white lay Anoret on my pillow in a darkened room, her mother and myself alternate watchers. In the long, silent night, when all was still except her low, heavy breathings, and the solemn ticking of the clock, two pictures would rise up before me—one, Anoret full of happiness and beauty, with a drapery of roses and sunset dyes; and the other Anoret, pale and still, apparently preparing for the grave—and I would close my eyes to shut out the vision, and pray, "Father, give me grace to say forgive them, even as thou forgavest those that took thy life." A manly step was added to the sick room, and a faint smile came back to her thin lips, and we blessed God for human love, that seemed almost potent to bring back life. She came

from that darkened chamber a woman strong to bear and suffer, and, stronger still, to act out the pure influences of her noble soul, though it led her through, to outward sight, a lonely path, with only now and then a kindred soul, yet peopled thick with guardian angels, and we gave to her a double love, but as we missed the ringing laugh unchorded with sorrow, that ever sent cheerfulness down into our care-laden hearts, and the hopeful, beaming face, that dispelled all clouds, as the thin rift in the darkened sky lets through the beams that irradiate the whole world with light, we bitterly questioned—O envy, jealousy, how long must the brightest, rarest, most needed flowers of earth be scorched by thy breath, and our homes, which might be very Edens, become bleak deserts of Sahara, because thy simooms must wither our most lovely plants, which God seemingly transplanted from his own gardens above?

Berea, Ohio.

COME AND GO.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was less than a week after our visit to the sea shore, one afternoon among the early heats of August, that I was unusually startled by a sudden summons of the door-bell. I reflected, in some trepidation, that there was no one but myself to answer it, for Aunt Abbie had lain down with one of her headaches, and Debby (our only domestic) was at the bottom of the long garden gathering currants for tea.

I was in the kitchen, just removing a card of sponge cake from the oven, which I had promised aunty I would attend to before she went up stairs. I had on a loose white wrapper, with no collar, and relieved only by a string of black jet beads, with a small gold cross, which I was fond of wearing, because Alfred used to admire them when we were little children together.

I had not disturbed my hair since early morning, but its arrangement was a very simple matter at all times; so I quickly smoothed the front with my hands, at the mirror, saying to myself—"I won't mind; it's probably some peddler or a neighbor to see aunty," and I hurried to the door.

I was disconcerted for a moment—only one—for "somehow that fair, haughty face at the gentleman's side, had at once the effect of restoring my self-possession; and when Mr.

Allyn said to me, in his graceful, courtly way, "My sister and I have done ourselves the honor of making you a neighborly call this afternoon, Miss English," I invited them to walk in without any visible palpitations, at least.

Well, we went into our little cottage parlor together, and I did not find it a difficult task to entertain my fashionable guests, or to undergo the scrutiny of Maude Allyn's brilliant eyes.

We fell at once into an easy flow of talk about the scenery, the weather, and other conversational topics, and at last, in a pause of these, I said to my guests, "I disapprove of apologies generally, as much as I do of compliments, but I must break my rule to tell you, had I known you were to call on us this afternoon, I should have presented myself in something a little more appropriate for a hostess; but my excuse is that I came from the kitchen to the parlor, and ladies who are compelled to do the honors of both should be allowed some extra consideration."

I think I took a little wicked pleasure in saying this, after what Lou had told me of Miss Allyn's aristocratic predilections.

"If it had been necessary we would have allowed you extra consideration on other grounds," was the lady's courteous reply.

I am not quick in detecting the subtle aromas of flattery, and though a very bright smile accompanied these words, I was not certain whether they concealed compliment or satire, so I asked, very simply, "On what grounds, pray?"

"Authoresses are expected to have matters of more importance on hand than their toilets."

"Oh," I said, laughing, "I didn't present my claims to your charity on any basis so slippery as a literary one; my apology had a solid culinary foundation."

I forget what reply was made to this, but I know that it somehow turned the current of our desultory conversation into another channel—that of books—and here I became interested, for Henry Allyn was a large appreciative reader, and he had conversational talents of a high order. I was absorbed, fascinated, and I think his sister must have read something of my pleasure in my face, for at last she interposed, tapping the carpet with the point of her ivory parasol, "I am rejoiced to find that Henry has at last found somebody to sympathize with him in his literary tastes. He is a regular book-worm, Miss English, and bores me out of all manner of patience."

"That is unfair, Maude, after the long doses

of music which I've taken daily, and the eloquent praises I've bestowed on your new chair embroidery."

"But you were amply repaid; for I have taken two severe colds riding down to the shore to see the sunset, and yesterday morning I was actually enticed to take a walk before sunrise."

The lady's look and shiver were irresistibly comical; but after our laugh had subsided she turned to me, saying, "I do wish, Miss English, you would take this romantic brother of mine off my hands. Are you fond of rides and rambles at the most inconvenient, provoking times, and in all romantic, out-of-the-way places?"

"Very, though I have some regard for my neck, and a decided dread of influenzas."

"Oh, if you will allow me the pleasure I'll insure the safety of one and a certain escape from the other," interposed Mr. Allyn. "Do you ride horseback, Miss English?"

"I did with my father, when I was a little girl, but I have no equestrian accomplishments."

"I wish you would allow me to judge. I have just been buying a Canadian pony, the gentlest, surest-footed little creature imaginable. Can't I prevail on you to try her?"

My imagination caught at this invitation at once, for horseback riding was with me a passion, an intoxication. The very thought of a wild gallop over the hills, the soft, swift motion stirring and tingling every pulse, with the glorious sky above and the loving earth below, was like an elixir to me, and something of my feelings must have leaped into my face as I answered Mr. Allyn—"I don't think you will find it very difficult to do so."

"Well, then, suppose we try a ride to Pond Rock to-morrow, if the weather be fine as to-day?"

So it was all settled, and Maude Allyn protested that she should be under life-long obligations to me for taking her brother off her hands; and her invitation to the Hill House, at the close of a somewhat protracted call, was a graceful and cordial one.

But after all, I was not drawn to Maude Allyn. I liked her grace, her beauty, her brilliancy of conversation, but I felt there were deep antagonisms in her nature. She was not a loving, large-souled woman—not one to whom, in any weakness or sorrow which had fallen on me, I could have gone, certain of tender, healing sympathies, and appreciation. There was a self-consciousness about her which

one felt rather than perceived, for she was cultivated and refined, more, however, in the outward than inward sense.

But all this feeling vanished with her brother. Henry Allyn was a gentleman in a far broader and deeper spirit than his sister was a gentlewoman. He was a generous, true-hearted man, with elegant scholarly tastes, an appreciation of all things good, and true, and beautiful in nature, in art, and in human life. His habits were a little indolent, and I think he had cultivated the æsthetic part of his nature until it was a little disproportioned, and he had a tendency to extreme fastidiousness. But this was partly the result of circumstances, and there was so much to admire and love in the man that one would scarcely be apt to blame what, after all, rendered him more attractive—for this Henry Allyn was to all women. His fine tastes, his courteous, half-reverential bearing to women, which was, to a large degree, the outward expression of inward chivalry, his fascinating conversational powers, would have made him a favorite with our sex without the additional possession of a tall, fine figure, and a fine, delicate, yet manly face.

Of course, I could not have so closely analyzed the gentleman's character after one brief interview with him, but my first impressions of the man were confirmed by our subsequent acquaintance.

That ride to Pond Rock was the inaugural rite of a new life to me. Even now the memory of that first sense of freedom, as I mounted the beautiful pony, and we turned down the road to the old mill, steals over my senses.

I was, by no means, an accomplished equestrienne, but I was a fearless one, and my companion was a perfect rider. The day was as beautiful as a ripe August day, with a soft, loitering breeze from the sea, could be. The scenery was a long chasm, with its intervals of meadow and hill, of woodland and mountain; and something of my youth came back to me, I mean the joyous flush and blossom of youth, away in the old home at Woodside, before cares had eaten and burdens had crushed the springs of my life.

We reached the pond after three hours of rapid riding. Its clear, crystal waters, shut in a gray bowl of granite rock; but the rock was enameled with beryl moss, and young birches made a dark green fringe about it.

We alighted here, and sitting under the trees, Henry Allyn read to me; he had one of those voices which I had always admired, rich, deep, vibrative, and the beautiful poems flowed

from his lips into the still air with a new melody and completeness.

"Oh, do go on," I exclaimed, as he closed the book with a smile, while we sat under the shade of the birches, and the rhythm of the poems were still flowing to and fro in my thoughts.

"No; I desire that something better than even these sweet poems should talk to you now."

"What is it?"

"The picture of these woods and hills, with this little pond shut up like a great pearl betwixt them."

We rose up and wandered along the banks—not speaking often to each other, for the stillness and beauty filled my heart almost to pain. My companion understood the feeling, and sympathized with it; his tones had a hush in them, for he, too, was a worshiper in the grand cathedral of nature.

"Tea is all ready," said Aunt Abbie, as she presented herself at the front door on our return, her face wearing a satisfied smile, which I supposed inspired by the thought of my ride, and the pleasure it had afforded me.

"Do you hear that, Mr. Allyn? I'm sure my ride must have given you an appetite for homemade biscuit and cake, and I defy any French baker to rival Aunt Abbie's."

"Thank you, Miss Constance. I have no doubt but the biscuit and the cake deserve your encomiums, but——" he paused a moment, and patted the neck of his horse meditatively.

"Oh, do come in, Mr. Allyn." It was Lou's voice said this, as she bounded out of the front door and up to the gentleman's side, with the liberty of an old acquaintance.

"Why do you ask me, my child?" he said, stroking the golden hair of that restless head.

"Partly because I want you, and partly because——"

"Well, speak out."

"You look just as if you wanted to."

We all laughed heartily at Lou's abruptness, but the gentleman patted her on the cheek in the most cordial fashion. "That is a fact," he said, "I do want to take tea with you."

"Take care, Constance," exclaimed Aunt Abbie, as I came up the walk; but I had caught the glimpse of a bright face over her shoulder, and did not heed the caution—a face which explained the smile she had worn when I entered the gate.

"Oh, Edward! Edward!" and I sprang toward him, unmindful of our guest.

He was just seventeen. He had returned

from a six months' absence at school, where he had been teaching and studying.

"I didn't intend to peep over aunty's shoulder, sis," laughed the boy, as he came forward and drew me to him, "but my eyes were hungry for a glimpse of your face."

So were mine, but they didn't get the glimpse then for the tears that blurred them.

CHAPTER IX.

There is no need that I should dwell upon my growing acquaintance with Henry Allyn, neither was it marked by any occurrences which could give it especial interest or value to another, though it flushed my life all over with new brightness and hope, and filled its silence with a song of new sweetness and exultation.

The young man's visits soon grew to be a daily expectation. In the whole wide range of our tastes we harmonized wonderfully, and the great open pages of nature, as their wondrous reading rose from the silvery idyl of summer into the tragedy of autumn, was ever before our eyes; and we read the pages day by day—read them in quiet sails on the river, and in stirring horseback rides and pleasant sunset drives—read them in rambles in the woods and among the lanes and old grass-grown country roads, and our hearts grew stronger, and drew closer together while we read.

Then we had books and music as the year began to whisper of her shortening life by her lengthening evenings, as though that shadow of death at her heart crept up and flung its silence and darkness across her days; and we went out together in thought into the world of men—into real and ideal life; we wandered into foreign countries, and here my companion brought me rich and varied stores of knowledge from his observation and experience, for he had lived what I had only read. There was much to learn from the lips of one who had observed the civilization of all the prominent nations of the earth, and knew something of the bearing their political, social, religious, and domestic life had had in developing this. My whole being was stirred with new enthusiasm and interest in life; and there came floating in between these conversations the silvery falling of some poem that had made immortality for its author; or Grace came to the piano, and some sweet air throbbed out from her fingers and warbled up and down our hearts.

There was not the faintest jar in the acquaintance of Henry Allyn and myself, for, as I have said, our tastes harmonized perfectly.

It is true that I felt a lurking element in his

character, in his conversation, in his heart, which I did not then realise, which I could in no wise have defined in words; but it was the lacking of true evangelical religion—of an experience which had revolutionized, renewed, sublimated his life. This had never been pervaded by a Christian experience. The story of that one perfect life, which sheds its light across the long tide of eighteen centuries, had touched the heart of Henry Allyn and won his reverence, but it had not fused and absorbed his soul.

The faith that makes men martyrs, the charity that forgives, and endures, and is patient—the love that makes of life a consecration, and fires the heart with holy zeal, were all a mystery to him. Still, he was always the high-minded, honorable gentleman, full of kindly impulses, sensitively alive to all that was kind, and good, and beautiful, in nations and individuals, quickly responsive to noble sentiments and acts, enthusiastic in his love of art and his worship of nature.

It was three months since we had taken our first ride together—three months which had been like a sudden outblossoming of the tree of my life—when Henry Allyn and I sat together in the sitting-room by the south window.

This was my favorite seat, because it had a dainty bit of a sea-view, and this afternoon the window was open, and the golden glory of the Indian Summer was over the earth and waters. Soft swells of wind came leitering up from the sea, and shook the leaves which still hung in red and yellow fringes on the trees.

We had been holding a long, earnest discussion on modern poetry, and the real advance of the nineteenth century in moral, æsthetic, and intellectual truth; and I closed with these words:

"But, after all, I suppose what Bayne says in his critique on Mrs. Browning is true, that 'the brightest year that ever swept in kindly change of seasons over the earth, saw enough of individual distress, to drive a man, were it presented to his imagination with vivid poetic power, raving mad.'

"So long as sin walks the earth, so long must its dark shadow, sorrow, fall on human hearts, and blight human lives! 'Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord. But there is no peace to the wicked!'"

Henry Allyn did not answer; he sat still, opening and shutting my scissors, unconsciously, for he had possessed himself of these during the conversation.

At last I put out my hand. "My scissors, if you please; I must finish hemming this handkerchief of Edward's before tea."

He let the handkerchief go, and he held the scissors firmly in one hand and my fingers in the other, and then he looked steadily in my face.

"Well, what are you thinking about me?" We had grown very familiar by this time.

"That you are a strange girl, Constance—the strangest girl I ever saw."

"Aunt would quite agree with you, only she would conclude the remark with a lugubrious shake of the head."

He had put down the scissors now; I was stroking my fingers. "Oh, how did that happen?" noticing a long half-healed wound on my thumb.

"I was cutting dried beef for tea night before last, and the knife glanced off and cut my thumb."

I think I was glad at this moment, to give the conversation a practical turn, for I had an intuition of what was coming; and though I knew the words would be sweet and precious to my heart, they gave me a sudden tremulousness and agitation, which made me glad to waive them off for a moment.

Henry Allyn and I had never spoken of love; but, though there had been no explicitness betwixt us, each felt sure of the other's regard; and perhaps the silence on this point, gave our feelings a new mystery and deliciousness. But I was certain the time had come now, by the look in Henry Allyn's eyes, by the handsome flushed face he put down to me.

"Constance"—Grace opened the door suddenly, "do come here, please, if Mr. Allyn will excuse you ten minutes. Debby's just had a message that her brother has fallen from a building, and broken his arm, and she snatched her bonnet and ran. So, you'll have to set the table."

Aunt Abbie had gone to pass a couple of days with an old schoolmate, about twenty miles off, and Abby's absence of course made the domestic duties devolve on us.

"I'm coming out to cut the beef this time," laughed Henry Allyn, as he followed me into the kitchen. We had a hilarious time getting supper that night. Grace made the tea, Lou cut the bread and cake, while I set the table.

In the midst of all this, Edward came in with some fine trout, which he had caught in the river. His look of surprise was comical enough, as he first caught sight of Henry Allyn, who was slicing the beef at the kitchen table.

Edward was as unlike his dead brother as possible; he had the bright, quick, vehement temperament of Louise; he was full of life and frolic as she was.

"What is to pay now?" as soon as the burst of laughter, which greeted his look of stolid amazement, subsided.

"It means that nobody can have supper under this roof to-night, who hasn't earned it;" and Lou danced up to her brother.

He pulled her golden hair: "Well, get me the gridiron, and I'll set these trout broiling in a hurry."

"Oh, Edward, you don't know anything about it!" interposed Grace.

"Yes, I do; I took lessons long ago, when I was a boy, and used to go fishing."

"When I was a boy!" Oh, Edward, you make me feel very old!" I said, distributing the napkins around the table. I did not hear Edward's reply, for just then I caught snatches of a conversation that was going on betwixt Louise and our guest.

"What would your sister Maude say now, to see you cutting our dried beef?"

"What's put that into your head, Pussy?"

"Oh, she's so aristocratic, you know; she'd be terribly shocked—now, wouldn't she?"

"Quite likely, but I guess that I should be able to survive it," laughed the young man.

"Mr. Allyn, let me have the plate of beef now;" and I came forward to stop the loquacious little tongue at his right side.

After tea, we all went into the sitting-room, and Grace and Lou sang and played for us."

"They are pretty girls, Constance," whispered Henry Allyn in my ear, as we sat together on the sofa, and watched the brown-golden and golden-brown hair.

"Grace," the speaker went on, "always reminds me of Lucy Evans, when she sits at the piano."

"Who is Lucy Evans?"

"Have you never heard me speak of her? Her father and my own are old friends, and were for several years engaged in mining speculations together; Lucy and Maude are warm friends, though two more unlike could scarcely be imagined."

Just then, the girls struck up a march, and absorbed our attention.

After the music was over, Henry Allyn said to me: "There is a young moon, and the night is beautiful as a dream. Get your bonnet, and let us go out, Constance."

We had just reached the garden-gate, when there came a message from Harry's father; he

had returned from New York, and Mr. Evans and his daughter accompanied him.

The young man gnawed his lip with vexation. "It is too bad—too bad, Constance; but it won't do to neglect father and his old friends. I wanted to have a long talk with you to-night."

"Well, there are other nights, you know; and I shant allow you to stay here a moment longer," giving him my hand.

He took it one moment, gazed from it into my face long and tenderly, and we parted.

CHAPTER X.

Three days had passed, during which I had not seen Henry Allyn, and only received a brief note from him, stating that he had gone with his family and their guests, to visit his aunt at Monkshead, a village twenty miles at the East. The visit, the writer affirmed, was an immense bore to him, as it took him from the society that had become like sunshine or music to him—anything that was a daily need and rejoicing.

"Got the blues, Con?"

It was Edward's voice asked this question, and Edward's arm which stole around my waist, as I stood at the window, watching the night come down, and the clouds cover the face of the sky.

"No, my dear boy, not a bit. I haven't so much as shaken hands with them of late."

"Well, what in the world do you stay off here in the dark for, listening to the wind like a solemn owl?"

"Oh, because I like the source of it. It's from the east, and it'll rain to-morrow, I know, by the way it moans about the house."

"There, now; you have just thrown a wet cloth on my tramp to Birch Neck. But, see here, Con, we want you to read to us, for we're going to have a real old-fashioned evening. I'm to crack walnuts, and the girls are busy over their sacks. Say you'll come now, like a good sister."

"I'll come, Edward," slipping my fingers into his hair.

At this moment, the bell rang.

"There!" in a voice of great chagrin, "I bet five dollars that's Mr. Allyn again, just in time to spoil all the fun; I wish he'd keep himself at home."

But the ebullition of disappointment was over with the words, and Edward started for the front door.

What a wild, troubled, frightened look the clouds had, as they hurried in gray and black

companies over the sky! The cry of the wind, the far-off moan of the sea, were all in harmony with the face of the night.

I remember that I was thinking of this, when Edward returned. "Constance," he said, in a voice of surprise, "don't you think old Judge Allyn is in the parlor, and wishes to have a private interview with you. What can have brought him up here to-night?"

"With me!" There came a chill over my heart, as I rose up—perhaps it was a prophesy. But I do not think there was any flutter in my voice or manner, as I entered the parlor that night.

Judge Allyn rose up from the arm-chair into which he had thrown himself, and came forward in a hasty, almost abrupt manner, only he was a habitual gentleman, and an air of stately courtesy characterized him in every movement.

It struck me very forcibly at the time, that I had never met so fine a looking old man. The gray head, the strong, clear, kindly features, the tall, dignified figure, with the impressive manner, altogether inspired a certain kind of awe and reverence; and then, Judge Allyn was the great man of Beachwood, and no one is altogether free from the influence of social association and position.

The old gentleman took my hand, and looked in my face with his steady, searching gray eyes. I thought there was more than curiosity in them, anxiety and pain.

"You are Miss Constance English?" he asked.

"I am she, sir. Will you resume your seat, Judge Allyn?"

"In a moment, my child. I am an old man; and I have come to say that to you to-night, which no human being has ever heard before. May I close this door?"

I gave him a practical affirmative, and then he offered me a seat, and took another at my side. Then he buried his face in his hands a moment, and I could see he controlled himself by a strong effort. The silence and the old man's evident agitation, oppressed, frightened me.

"Oh, sir, what is the matter?" I almost involuntarily gasped out. I was sure he had some painful tidings for me; and, of course, I at once associated those with his son.

Judge Allyn lifted up his face, and it was very white. "Yes, I will tell you," he said, "though it comes very hard. Miss English, my son has been in the habit of visiting you frequently this summer?"

I bowed: for my heart leaped into my throat, as the blood did into my cheeks.

"And, Miss English, my son loves you!"

"He has never told me so."

"But he has me."

I think that, through the bewilderment and suffering of that time, there flashed a sudden joy at the old man's words, which illumined my face; for Judge Allyn groaned out sharply, "It is just as I feared!" groaned it out, as though he were pronouncing his own death-sentence.

"Oh, sir, tell me what you mean?"

He drew his chair down close to mine, and took my hand in his.

"My boy has told me all about you, and if he had not described you as the tenderest, and gentlest, and noblest of women, I should not have dared come here to night on this errand; and yet, it rests with you, my child, to save the heart of Harry's mother from breaking, and my own gray hairs from dishonor."

"With me—with me, Judge Allyn!" I faltered; "oh, isn't this all a dream?" and I swept my hand over my eyes as one does awaking from a nightmare.

"Would to God it were!" murmured the old man.

And then, with another great effort, he controlled himself again, and bade me listen earnestly to every word he said, though there was no need of that, for it seemed that every faculty of my being was strained to its utmost tension.

So I sat and listened to Judge Allyn's story. The wind rose from its fearful moan into a wild howl, the light flickered to and fro on the table, and the gray looks of the old man shone like flakes of newly-fallen snow as I sat there, and heard a story which was a secret to the wife of his youth and to the children of his old age.

"Perhaps you have heard Harry speak of an old friend of ours, a Mr. Evans, who is visiting at our house with his daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

And then Judge Allyn went on to tell me, briefly, what I knew before—that he and Mr. Evans had been a number of years engaged in speculations in coal mines at the West, and the judge had become largely involved at that time.

Mr. Evans was a widower, and his wife and Mrs. Allyn had been intimate friends in their youth; and after the death of Lucy's mother the little girl passed a couple of years at Judge Allyn's home, and there had always a strong intimacy existed betwixt the young girl and Maude Allyn.

Mr. Evans was a stern, rigid man, whose

heart seemed to hold only one fountain of tenderness, and that was his love for his daughter. She was like her mother, a fair, gentle, delicate creature, and the rich old banker had lavished luxury and tenderness enough upon her to have sufficed for a dozen daughters.

"I must be brief now," said the old man, speaking in a quick, strained voice, as though the words tortured him; "but I have the best of reasons for supposing that Lucy Evans is attached to my son. They have always been intimate, and Mr. Evans and myself have believed that one day our children would be united to each other, for Harry is a favorite with him."

"And I stand in the way of that union?" beginning to see the drift of all this.

"It was not until last night that I suspected it," said the old man, avoiding a direct answer to my question, "but I had an interview with Harry, and he frankly avowed his affection for you, and his intention, if possible, to win you. I need not tell you that he loves you with the tenderest and truest love, and that no efforts of mine could swerve him from his purpose. It all rests with you."

"And Lucy Evans is an heiress, and I am not—therefore you disapprove of your son's choice?"

I think the scorn that I felt must have flamed over my face as I asked the question.

"Miss English," and the proud old judge spoke with appealing humility which softened my heart at once, "a number of years ago I was in serious pecuniary difficulty, and I took some advantage of Mr. Evans' name, which, were it known now, must result in my ruin. He, himself, is not aware of it, but in a little while the fact will inevitably be disclosed to him, and I am well enough acquainted with the man to know that only as the father of him whom his daughter loves will he show me any mercy. Indeed, he has quite set his heart on this marriage, and the disappointment will only incline him to push the law to its farthest extent."

I saw it all clearly then, and I sat still with a sudden pain at my heart, which seemed as though it must strangle me with every breath.

Judge Allyn drew his face down to mine, and the strong features of that proud man worked with agony, and he clenched my hand so fiercely that at another time I should fairly have shrieked at the pain it gave me.

"Miss English," he said, "I am a proud man, and you are a woman, and can never guess what this confession costs me. But you

will not bring dishonor, it may be a criminal's doom, on my gray hairs? I could not tell my boy of his father's guilt, and so I came to you. Will you be pitiful to me?"

"Judge Allyn, if it cost me my life I will do what you wish."

I closed my eyes and said these words—not so much with my lips to my hearer as I did with my soul to my God.

He rose up—he laid his hands on my head—they trembled like a little child's, and the voice was hoarse and broken with a sob that said—"May the Lord bless you, my child, for those words!"

There was little more passed betwixt us. That was no time for speech. In a few moments Judge Allyn rose to go. Mechanically I followed him to the door. After he had opened it he stood still a moment and looked in my face. Something he saw there seemed to touch and shock him. "My little girl," he said, "it will not break your heart to give up my boy?"

"God will take care of me."

He paused a moment and looked at me. "Oh," he groaned, "I would have given my right hand to have saved you from this," and then he went out hastily. I do not think he even paused to bid me good night. I shut the door, and the waves and the storms went over me.

CHAPTER XI.

"Sis, Henry Allyn is down stairs." It was Grace's soft voice said these words, as she came up to my chamber with her little tray of toast and tea, and tempting jelly. Two days had elapsed since my interview with Judge Allyn, and during this time I had not left my room.

But I knew that the time to act had come now, and with a silent prayer for strength, according to the hour, I went down into the parlor. Henry Allyn met me at the door with outstretched hands, and his eyes had a kind of greedy gladness in them.

"Oh, Constance, I am glad to see you again! Why, what makes you so pale?"

"I've been ill for a day or two, thank you; but I'm getting better."

"Sit right down here on the lounge. What a ghost you are! You've been left alone quite too long."

"Is your sister well, and have you had a pleasant visit?"

"Yes—yes; as much so as I could have with other company than yours, Constance."

"Oh, Mr. Allyn, I do not like you to flatter me in that fashion."

"Why may I not tell you, Constance English, the most solemn and earnest truth of my heart?"

It was coming. I could not turn aside, nor put it from me, and yet, to have saved myself from that hour, I would gladly have laid down my life.

"Mr. Allyn"—it was a low, calm voice that answered the gentleman—"let us change this subject. I have read the books you were so good as to send me."

"No, I will not change it, Constance English," seizing my hand impetuously, and speaking as though the words leaped in a rapid torrent from his heart to his lips. "I came here to-day to tell you a truth which has been growing on my heart day by day, hour by hour, filling it with new light and joy. I love you with all that is best and noblest in me, with the fervor of my youth and the strength of my manhood. I love every faculty and quality in you. You have risen upon me, my incarnate ideal of womanhood. Constance, will you be my wife?"

Twice I tried to answer him, and the words came into my throat and strangled me. The third time I conquered; "Henry Allyn, I cannot be this."

He put his face down close to mine—he fairly ground my fingers in his own, as he groaned out, "Why not, Constance?"

The vision of that gray haired old man rose up and answered the question—but this I could not tell him.

"I could never be happy as your wife," I said, "deeply as I respect, much as I admire you. Take this answer, and let it suffice you."

"But you shall be, Constance," he pleaded, and his face was white, and his whole frame was shaken like a sobbing child's—"I will make you happy by the great power of my tenderness. Such love shall shelter your youth and weakness as you never dreamed of. Do we not harmonize altogether in the great range of our tastes and aspirations? Oh, let my love plead my cause with your woman's pity! Come to me, Constance."

Oh, that cry! how it smote through and through my heart. I thought I was giving way—that I could not resist it; but I did, for God helped me. I rose up and spoke with a calm solemnity that seemed in strange mockery with the wildness and agony beneath it. "Once for all, Henry Allyn, I assure you that there is a reason which would make it sin for

me to be your wife—such sin that I would rather this hour lie down in my grave than commit it."

He threw himself down on the lounge. I heard quick sobs, and, at last, a groan. "Oh, Constance," he moaned, looking up at me, with a look in his eyes whose memory is like a sharp pain still, "I had rather you had killed me than told me this."

I could not answer him. My heart was full of such craving for his love, such a yearning to go to him, and push back the long, silky locks that were clustering around his forehead, and comfort him with all the woman's tenderness that was in my heart.

But I could only sit still, listening to his words, which he moaned out to himself as though scarcely conscious of my presence. "How can I give you up? All the hopes and dreams of my future are so woven about you! Oh, Constance, what is it to be together! What a fair, happy, graceful nest I had planned for my singing-bird, and now her songs will never gladden my household tree—oh, Constance!"

And my strength failed me, and a cry leaped from my heart out of my lips—"Don't, Henry Allyn, don't!"

I think the anguish of the tones touched him even then; he looked up at my face, and there was pity in his eyes.

"Constance," he said, "I will go and take my suffering away from you. Oh, if I had known this before!"

He must have believed that I loved another. This thought, though, did not strike me then; and I followed him to the door silently, just as I had followed his father. Then he turned round and took my hands—"Oh, Constance," he said, "can the bitterness of death be like this parting?"

"It will go away in a little while," I said, "and you will be happy. You will find some true, gentle, loving woman, who will gladden and enrich your life with her affection; and may God bless and keep you, my friend, Henry Allyn."

He bent down and kissed me tenderly and solemnly, as one might kiss the face of the dead. Then he went away. Oh, truly might he say—"The bitterness of death was in that parting."

"What shall I do with my life?" I asked myself this question as I awoke the next morning after a restless night, with that sickness of heart, that sadness and hopelessness of soul,

which those only who have felt shall understand.

Yet it was a fair and gracious morning, with pleasant autumn sunshine sifting through the side window that looked out on the sea; but the sight of it only sent a sharp pain through my heart.

My imagination looked out to the future with shuddering eyes, for they saw nothing there but a cold, chill, barren landscape, along which my fate appointed me to walk; and I thought how much sweeter death would be than such a life.

I know now, because a richer, deeper, more blessed experience has taught me, that Henry Allyn did not stir the highest part of my nature—that deeper than I dreamed there were chords whose tremulous music his skill never awoke; but I did not suspect this then; I only felt the craving for his tenderness, the need of his society, which had become a habit with me. Life seemed full of all blessedness with him—it wore all the radiance and beauty of youth, and love, and happiness, and without him all was darkness, coldness, death—a morning in June, full of the song of birds, the glory of sunshine, the sweetness of blossoms—a night in December, blank with darkness, shrouded in snows, without hope or promise—these are the contrasts.

“What shall I do with my life?”

I asked myself the question the second time, as I turned my head wearily upon my pillow; and then a sudden shaft of light flashed down into my soul, and like a still, small voice, there went through it the answer—“GIVE IT TO GOD!”

It was a call from Heaven, and my heart listened to it, and turning away from all thought of my own lost happiness, I tried to sound the meaning, and scope, and significance of these words.

It roused my whole soul with a new purpose of renunciation and consecration. I saw how, through all the years of my youth, my own happiness had been the central idea of my life. And I resolved to put this away from me, and to live, day by day, hour by hour, the life He had appointed me, seeking to do good to others in little, every day acts of love and kindness; to be patient, charitable, forgiving; to put aside all fears for my future, knowing that was guarded and sheltered by a wisdom that would never fail—a love that would never desert me.

It was no mere ecstasy of feeling, no poetic sensibility that actuated me. I felt that reli-

gion did not consist simply in emotion, but in the heart, in the daily living—that it was a principle pervading the entire life; and I felt, too, that this living principle was not in myself—that in the cross of Calvary and the death of Christ was my only strength or hope. And my life, the pale, broken thing I had longed to put away from me, rose up suddenly, exalted and glorified, a great and unspeakably precious gift, which I was to use faithfully and cheerfully for God.

Oh, you who shall read these words of my writing, for you, too, I bring this message of good tidings—by the love that called you into life, by the great sea of tenderness whose still, bright waters encircle your life, by that offer of pardon and reconciliation which, like a radiant bow of promise, overhangs it—turn away from all fear, and doubt, and anguish. Cast your great burdens upon God—strive to do “His will bravely,” and trust the love that “cannot deny itself.”

And when the light, and the peace, and the healing come down on the poor, aching, bruised soul, you shall find how unnecessary were the cares, the irritations, the daily frettings that have corroded your life, and submission shall take much of the sharp pain out of your sorrows, and you shall grow into new dignity, and grace, and peace. There is nothing like a strong, sudden, overruling purpose to energize the whole being. The light that shone down from the cross seemed to vivify every faculty of my being, and on the evening of that same day I went down stairs. Four faces, filled with glad surprise and anxious love, welcomed me to my old seat by the fire-place, and looking on these I underwent a pang of bitter self-reproach, that I had ever thought the world had nothing worth living for.

And that evening I briefly informed my astonished auditors that my acquaintance with Henry Allyn was forever at an end—that events beyond my power to disclose rendered this an absolute necessity.

As they all knew of my interview with Judge Allyn, I saw they half divined the truth, though they asked few questions; but I knew how deeply they felt for my sufferings, by their constant care and tenderness. I was not always “brave,” though. There were times when the great waves went over my soul, when it sank under the power of the old memories and habits and associations; but I did not let go my purpose to live for God, and He will not forsake those who put their trust in Him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE GAMBLER OUTWITTED.

A KNOT of two or three well-dressed men were standing on the levee at New Orleans, talking and looking about them somewhat curiously, as an attentive observer would have seen, though an inattentive one would have deemed them little more than idlers. Several flat boats were at the wharf near them, the owners of which were engaged in landing their cargoes. Three or four of these were laden with flour.

"Do you see that fellow on the levee, just over the largest of those three flat boats?" said one of the men alluded to, speaking in an undertone.

"I do," was the reply.

"He's the owner."

"Yes, I think that's clear."

"Keep your eye on him."

"I'll try; and if he gets beyond me, he'll be smarter than I think him."

"Look sharp. While you are dogging him, I'll attend to the whereabouts of the other flat boat captain, that sleepy fellow who is sitting upon one of his own barrels of flour. I'll make something out of him."

The third individual of this hopeful trio had said nothing. Now he merely remarked, sententiously:

"Be wide awake, both of you. There's good game in the field. You may depend upon me being in at the death, and no mistake."

"We mustn't be seen too long together," remarked the first speaker.

"No. Let us go into the city, and then separate. We can return in a little while."

As suggested, the three went into the city, and there parted from each other. That night they met in a private room at a tavern, in an obscure quarter of the city.

"All right, Jackson?" asked one of them, as they drew up to a table on which were decanters and refreshments.

"All right. The flour is sold to Mark & Blair. Five hundred barrels."

"And paid for?"

"No. It isn't all delivered yet."

"What is the owner's name?"

"Morgan."

"Where is he from?"

"Cincinnati."

"And puts up ——"

"At Randall's, in —— street."

"He's rather green, I judge."

"Rather. I took supper at Randall's, and pumped out of him, after we left the table, all that I have told you. He says he will make a

first-rate trip, and clear at least four hundred dollars."

"He's not so sure of that!" was said, ironically.

"No. Ha! ha! Not if I can get a fair chance at him; which I will, before he has the money in his pocket three hours. But, what have you done, Hamilton? How is your sleepy subject?"

"First-rate. There's good plucking about him!"

"The feathers will come easy?"

"Oh, yes—even without scalding!"

"Who is the purchaser of his flour?"

"Old Garcia."

"Indeed! He's fleeced him, then, out of at least half a dollar a barrel in the price."

"So I thought, when I learned who was doing his business for him. But it isn't the case—he got seven and a 'bit' for it, and that's a tip-top price."

"How came that?"

"He stuck out, and the old fellow had to come to."

"When does the settlement take place?"

"In a day or two. Meantime, he has bills to the amount of five or six thousand dollars to collect for merchants up the river. It will be a week or ten days before he gets through."

"Where does he put up?"

"At the Planters'."

"Do you work on him slow, but surely, Hamilton. Remember, that sometimes these sleepy-looking subjects are rather hard to manage."

"There'll be little difficulty with old Slack."

"Slack?"

"Yes. His name is Slack. This is his first trip down the river."

"And it will, no doubt, be his last."

"Perhaps it will." This was said with a sinister chuckle, in which the other two joined.

Enough may be gathered from the conversations already detailed, to enable the reader to guess pretty accurately as to the character and occupation of the three men introduced.

About a month previous to this time, a man named Morgan, who kept a small store in Cincinnati, came home from his business one evening, looking gloomy and dejected. This was noticed by the quick eye of his wife, who said to him—

"You look troubled, James. Has anything gone wrong?"

At first the man did not reply. But his wife was not to be put off. She came and stood close

by his side, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, said—

"You know, by past experience, that to tell me of all that disturbs your mind, will not make your burden any harder to bear."

"I know that, Eliza. I know that you have even more fortitude than I have," was replied.

"But, you have your cares at home,—why should I compel you to share mine?"

"Business is not good?" Mrs. Morgan said, in answer to this, preferring to lead him on to speak of what she instinctively perceived to be the trouble, rather than argue with him the point advanced.

"I am sorry to say that it is not, Eliza. To-day, I have made a thorough investigation of my affairs, and find that I am several hundred dollars worse than nothing. This distresses me beyond measure. Mr. Talbot, who so generously set me up in business, and who has for the past year been so untiring in his good offices, will, at this rate, be the loser by me. I cannot bear the thought. I did hope, and I have struggled hard to realize this hope, that in the effort I have been making to get fairly on my feet again, I should be successful. Now, I despair."

"Do not utter, my dear husband, that word, which should be stricken from our language. There is no such thing as despair to any human being who will keep on striving to the end. Rather say, confidently, 'If I fall, I will rise again,' for this is a truth which every man will experience, if he but keep steadily onward. Do not forget that One sits above the clouds, to guide the whirlwind and direct the storm, permitting them only to devastate just so far as purification is necessary."

"Eliza! I do despair!" the husband replied to this, with bitter emphasis. "Have I not been struggling for ten years with an honest purpose, and untiring industry, but struggling in vain? If, for a moment, I rise upon a wave, it is but to sink deeper the next moment. It is hard, very hard. Other men can get along—other men who think it no crime to cheat—but I, aiming in all things to do justice to my fellow-man, find myself like a horse in a mill, again and again upon the spot from which I started. It is enough to make a man despair."

Finding her husband in such an unhappy mood, Mrs. Morgan said nothing in return, but let him murmur on until he had exhausted his complaints. On the next morning he was in a calmer frame, but still much depressed.

"Something will turn up, James," said Mrs. Morgan. "It will not always be dark. I do

not fear. We have weathered many a gale, and will, I am sure, ride safely through all the storms of life."

"Perhaps so, Eliza. You are always full of hope, and it is, doubtless, much the best. Still, I cannot but feel troubled when everything around looks as gloomy as it now does. As to something turning up, that is pretty clear. I shall have to hand over everything to Mr. Talbot, who has been so kind to me, and have the satisfaction of knowing that I have injured my benefactor. After all is realized that can be made out of my stock, there will be a deficit, as I have before told you, of several hundred dollars, and that loss must fall, for the present, at least, upon Mr. Talbot."

"It cannot be so bad as that, James, surely," the wife said, betraying, in spite of herself, the real anxiety she felt.

"Yes, it is that bad, if not worse. I mean well. I strive to be honest in my dealings with all men; but, strange to tell, I am even injuring, pecuniarily, my best friends."

This was said with so much bitterness and despondency, that his wife did not venture to reply to it, lest her words should only have the effect to make him still more gloomy. She remained silent, and he showed no further inclination to converse.

On the next day, Morgan called in to see the individual he had mentioned as his friend.

"What ails you, Morgan, you look distressed?" remarked Mr. Talbot.

"And I really am," he replied.

"Why should you feel so, Morgan?"

"For the best of reasons. I cannot get along. I think there are not many who try harder than I do. But it's no use. I go backwards instead of forwards."

"What in the world does this mean? You seem to have given up all at once. Has anything particular happened, that you are disturbed so deeply?"

"I have been making a thorough examination into my affairs."

"Well, what is the result?"

"I am at least five hundred dollars worse than nothing."

"Why, Morgan?"

"It is true," continued the man, emphatically, compressing his lips tightly, and looking Mr. Talbot steadily in the face.

"But how is it, Morgan?"

"I know but one reason."

"Name it."

"My expenses are greater than my profits. Business has been dull with me for some months.

At this time, I am little more than making my rent."

"Humph!" ejaculated Talbot, and he cast his eyes upon the floor, and mused for some time.

"I wouldn't mind it so much," resumed Morgan, "if no one suffered but myself; I could bear to come down to the ground, if no one else were hurt by my fall. But I believe I am fated to injure every one who dares to become my friend."

"That is all folly, Morgan," Mr. Talbot interrupted him by saying. "No man should suffer himself to despond, for it is despondency that makes failure, while confidence is the forerunner of success."

"But what am I to do? There is one fact that cannot be got over by any degree of confidence. I am five hundred dollars worse than nothing. Will confidence remedy that?"

"It will."

"Don't trifle with me, Mr. Talbot. I feel too serious to bear anything just now."

"I am not trifling—I am in earnest. Confidence creates the means of success. A man who desponds when he gets into difficulties, looks down, and sees nothing but the hard, uneven ground at his feet; but he, whose confidence is strong, looks up and around, and soon discovers new paths in which to walk. Look up and around you, then. Think—but not of the desperate condition in which you find your affairs—that can avail nothing; think concerning the means of extrication from your present difficulties: that may and will avail much. If your present business does not give you a support, connect something else with it, or change it entirely.

"But, see, Mr. Talbot, the strait I am in. How can I change it, when I have nothing to change it upon? My stock of goods ought to be sold off at once before they are reduced still further, and the proceeds paid into your hands."

"When, according to your own statements, I should be the loser by some five hundred dollars."

"It is too true." This was said in a gloomy way.

"How much better, then, will it be for you to seek some new channel of operations, instead of giving up your present efforts. Morgan, you must be more of a man. A true man never desponds but for a very brief season. He has confidence in well-directed efforts, and will make them."

"It is very easy to talk, Mr. Talbot—but

what can I do? I have thought, but thought returns like the dove, weary. It finds no rest for its feet."

"Suppose I think a little for you?"

"Do, for mercy sake! If you can think to any good purpose."

"Have you confidence in your clerk?"

"Yes."

"In his honesty and capability?"

"I have the fullest confidence in both."

"Do you think your business would suffer, if you were absent a few weeks?"

"No."

"Very well. Then I think I can help you to an idea. Try a couple of boat loads of flour down the river."

"There are too many in that trade now."

"That is only an assumption. The flour is the thing. If you go down to New Orleans with flour, you can sell it, and clear something neat."

"Where is the flour to come from?"

"Don't throw difficulties in the way. Are you willing to try?"

"Certainly I am, if there is any use in it, and I can get a cargo."

"If there is any use in it? I am really out of patience with you, Morgan. But, to come at once to the point. I have about five hundred barrels on hand, and if you will go with them to New Orleans, I will charge you six dollars a barrel, and you may get what you can."

"The last quotation was at six and three quarters, I believe."

"Yes, and that will pay you very well."

"Yes, it certainly will; and if you do not see cause to change your mind, I shall be glad to make the trip."

This was said with a brightening eye and a more cheerful tone of voice. Hope had revived. There was something tangible presented to his mind, and he grasped at it eagerly.

In about two weeks, Morgan parted from his family, and with two well-laden flat-boats, commenced his voyage toward the Crescent city. Without accident from "bar," "snag," or "sawyer," he arrived in New Orleans; the period of time in making the descent of the Ohio and Mississippi, being just that required for his boat to float down with the gliding current. Much to his gratification, he made a quick sale of his flour at seven dollars, and received a good price for the lumber of which his flat boats were composed. Altogether, the clear profits of the trip were very near four hundred dollars, after all expenses were paid.

Morgan felt very much elated at the success of this transaction, and could not refrain from speaking of it to one of the boarders at the hotel, a very pleasant, affable man, who had shown him many little attentions, both at dinner and tea-time, and who seemed not only inclined to converse with him, but to take a good deal of interest in his affairs. To this individual he communicated freely all the particulars of his business, and was gratified to find in a stranger one who could sympathize with him, and find pleasure in his success.

"Come, take something to drink," he said to this individual, after they had left the tea-table, and smoked a cigar together.

"No objection," was the quiet reply, and the two went up to the bar and took a stiff glass of brandy together. They then sat down in the public parlor, and entered into a very friendly conversation.

"Cincinnati, I am told, is a very pleasant place," remarked the new acquaintance.

"It is, certainly. Have you never been up the river?"

"No. My business keeps me close in New Orleans. And, as I am a business man, I never like to be absent from my post."

"That is right. In what line of business are you engaged?"

There was a slight pause, and then—

"I keep a hardware store," was replied.

"You do? Where is your store?"

"At No. 90 — street."

"Well, I must call in before I leave the city, and make a few purchases in your line. I have a store in Cincinnati, and generally keep an assortment of nails, hinges, locks, etc."

"I shall be happy to see you," returned the friend, a little coldly. Then, after a short pause, he said—

"Your trip, this time, has turned out very well, I think you told me?"

"O yes; it has netted me handsomely. It is the first I ever made, but it shall net be the last."

"The river trade is quite profitable."

"So I find."

"How much flour had you?"

"Five hundred barrels."

"So much?"

"Yes."

"It sold very well?"

"O yes. Seven dollars is a very fair price."

"Who bought it?"

"Mark & Blair. A good house, I believe?"

"Why—yes—tolerably fair. But—have they settled your bills yet?"

"No"—with a look of alarm. "Don't you think them safe?"

"O yes, I suppose they are safe enough. But I would advise you, as a friend, to settle with them as early as convenient. I tell you, but it is in confidence, that, to my knowledge, they are pretty hard run just now. No danger, I am sure; still, as I feel a friendly interest in you, I would suggest a settlement of your accounts as early as possible."

"I am really indebted to you more than I can express," said Morgan, with warmth. "The first thing I do in the morning will be to see after a settlement of my bills. If I were to meet with any losses here, it would completely break me up. Everything depends upon the successful termination of this adventure."

"Don't be alarmed. There is no particular danger. Only it is best to be fully on the safe side."

"That it is. And I will put myself there right early to-morrow morning."

At dinner-time the next day, Morgan again met his new friend, whose name was Jackson, at the table. The latter managed to get a chair beside him.

"Well, how are you to-day?" said Jackson, with a frank familiarity that pleased Morgan.

"Bright as a new dollar," was replied.

"I am glad to hear it. All right, I suppose, with Mark & Blair?"

"O yes—thanks to your kind hint. I had all my bills arranged this morning, examined and settled by a check for thirty-five hundred dollars."

"Which you cashed, of course."

"Of course. Bank bills, any day, before private checks, say I. O yes, I got their check cashed in ten minutes after I received it, and here are the bills safe enough," placing his hand upon the breast of his coat, over against the pocket that contained his pocket-book.

"I shall not leave for a day or two yet, as I have a number of purchases to make," he continued; "and but for your kind hint, for which I am greatly obliged to you, I should have left my money in the hands of Mark & Blair, and, perhaps, have lost it."

Jackson turned his head partly away, to conceal the expression of his face. The pleasure which the communication just made, gave him, was so lively and so sinister, that he feared his companion might be roused into suspicion by it. As he did so, his eye glanced across the table. He perceived that an individual was looking at him, who, he had reasons for knowing, understood very well his character and

profession. From that moment, he had less to say to Morgan, and before the latter had finished his meal, he arose from the table and left the dining-room.

The individual, whose eye had disturbed Jackson, remarked the fact of his having left the table, to a person by his side.

"Yes; I observed him leave," was returned.

"Do you know him?"

"I know who he is. Don't you?"

"No. Who, or what is he?"

"A villainous blackleg. A scoundrel, who has ruined more young men of our city, and fleeced more of the up-river folks, than any two of his abominable craft!"

"Indeed! I should never have suspected that beneath his open, bland countenance, was so black a heart."

"It is true, nevertheless."

"Do you think that is one of his companions, with whom he has been chatting so closely?"

"No. You rarely see two of that trade very familiar in public. They ordinarily meet as perfect strangers, the more surely to act in concert when the time comes."

"He can't be a marked victim."

"Doubtless he is. Some man, probably, engaged in the river trade, who has just sold out, and has his pockets well lined with money."

"Some one should put him on his guard."

"Yes. It would be a charity to do so. But, one hates to meddle himself in these matters."

"True. But such a reluctance ought to be conquered in a case like this. A scoundrel should never be allowed to sacrifice an ignorant man, if a mere hint of the scoundrel's character will save him."

"True: but one don't like to be interfering in what is none of his business."

"It is every man's business to warn the unsuspecting of danger."

"Will you warn the stranger opposite?"

"H-h-am! I suppose, according to my own doctrine, I ought to do so. But it is a delicate matter to broach. And, after all, instead of a victim, he may be an accomplice in villainy."

"Exactly! And suppose it should so turn out? A man would feel pretty queer, I'm thinking."

"So do I. Though, I am clearly of opinion, that it is every one's duty to warn the unsuspecting of danger, I also clearly believe, that in doing so, he should be very cautious that he does not wake up the wrong passenger."

"Upon the whole, I think we had better let this green one, if such he be, look out for him-

self. It may do him good to get his fingers burnt a little. Any man who can be tempted to gamble, ought to pay a pretty severe penalty. Do you think a really honest-minded man could play at cards for money?"

"That's a pretty close question. Men who would resent an imputation of dishonesty with instant indignation, and, perhaps, shoot you for your trouble, play at cards for money."

"I know that. But can such men reflect that it is not a high-minded, honest way of making money?—That, in gaming, there is no exchange of equivalents: no mutual good derived in the transaction; but as perfect an abstraction of money on the part of him who wins, as if he had picked his companion's pocket."

"I rather think your views of the matter too broad. I cannot assent to it. Persons who play cards do so freely, aware of the risks they run. If they win, it is all fair; and if they lose, it is the same. I have known persons, who were not at all grasping, or money-loving, in their characters, who would play cards night after night, from the mere excitement of the thing, sometimes losing considerably, and sometimes winning. I do not call such dishonest men; but, rather weak men."

"No doubt, there is a distinction to be made, such as you present; but, I cannot help thinking, that any man who is lured by a stranger into gaming, has in his mind a latent vein of dishonesty. He hopes to *win*, or he would not play. And I call that man dishonest in heart who desires to *win* money, instead of *earning* it. To win money, is to take what belongs to another, without giving him something of equal value in return—and that, as I have said, I call *dishonest*.

The other made no reply to this: and the conversation ceased.

When Morgan left the dinner-table, which he did soon after his new friend had retired, he looked around in the bar-room and parlor for Jackson, and felt somewhat disappointed at not finding him. After smoking a cigar, he walked out, intending to purchase some goods for his store, and have them packed for shipping the next day. He had only walked half a square from the hotel, when Jackson met him, and, smiling blandly as he stopped, said—

"Ah, well—how are you now? I had particular business to attend to, and had to hurry from the table. Which way are you bound?"

"I have a few goods to buy, and wish to attend to it this afternoon. Your store is No. 90, I believe."

Yes."

"I shall call in. I want two or three kegs of nails, and several other articles in your line."

There was a pause; then, with a slight hesitation in his manner, Jackson returned—

"I am sorry that I shall not be at the store this afternoon. I have engagements that necessarily keep me away. Can't you come in to-morrow morning as well. I wish to sell you our goods myself."

"O, yes, I suppose so."

"Ah, well. I am glad of that. You expect to be engaged all the afternoon?"

"Yes."

"I'll see you at supper-time, I suppose?"

"If you are at the hotel."

"I shall be there. I am regular in my habits, and never miss a meal."

At tea-time, Morgan was pleased to find his agreeable friend at his side. They strolled out together after supper, and walked for half an hour, during which time Morgan was highly pleased with the affability and intelligence of Jackson. They were passing down a rather obscure street, when the latter, pausing before quite a common-looking coffee-house, said—

"Come, let us have something to drink."

"Not here?" objected Morgan.

"Why?"

"Isn't it rather a low place? I don't like its appearance."

"Come in and see. It's one of the most fashionable places in New Orleans."

"Why is it such a common-looking concern, then?"

"It's kept by an eccentric genius, who has got rich in the business. He won't move, nor fit up the outside of his house. But within, everything is costly and elegant, and the eating and drinking first-rate."

The two men then entered. Jackson hadn't exaggerated, in speaking of the interior arrangements of the house. The bar-room was spacious, and brilliantly lighted with more than a dozen gas-lamps, that were multiplied almost indefinitely by reflections from mirrors, that sent back the rays in all directions. The room was actually lined with mirrors. The bar was marble, and all the fixtures of the most showy and costly kind.

There were about twenty persons present. Some were drinking at the bar; others sitting at tables, comfortably discussing their liquor and newspapers; while others conversed in small groups, or sat apart, with eyes intent upon all the movements within.

"Is No. 10 engaged?" asked Jackson, in a low tone, as he stood beside the bar.

"No."

"Then send Dick up in a few minutes."

"Yes, sir."

"Come! Let us get out of this public place into a quiet room to ourselves up stairs. I'm sure it will be more pleasant to you."

"Certainly, certainly."

"This drinking of good liquor, standing at a bar, or sitting at a table, in a crowded room, is, at best, a low, animal gratification. But, a social glass, with a friend, in a quiet room, is delightful."

"You are right," returned Morgan. "I, for one, never enjoyed drinking at a public bar."

This conversation, which took place after the two men had entered a small but elegantly furnished and brilliantly lighted room, was broken into by the entrance of Dick, the waiter, with his bow, and

"What will you take, gentlemen?"

"I'll take a stiff glass of hot whiskey punch!" said Jackson. "What will you have, friend Morgan?"

"The same."

"Two hot whiskey punches, good and strong, and half a dozen principles."

Dick vanished quickly. In a short time he reappeared with the steaming compound and cigars. At the first sip of his glass, Morgan thought it tasted pretty strong—but this thought did not again cross his mind.

"Our friend below is unequalled in whiskey punch," said Jackson; filling his long glass a second time. "I never drink anything else here. Isn't it superb?"

"It is truly so."

"Did you ever taste anything like it?"

"No—never."

"I'll endorse that. Nobody ever has, except in this place."

In similar conversation about a quarter of an hour was spent, when Jackson had the satisfaction to perceive that the unequalled whiskey punch was doing its work on his intended victim, to his perfect satisfaction. The truth was, both the bar-keeper and Dick the waiter understood the matter thoroughly, and had managed to get into the hands of Morgan a glass of punch of more than double strength.

We will not proceed further in detail here. It is enough to say that Morgan was introduced to several of Jackson's friends during the evening, and, finally, induced to play. Half intoxicated, or, rather, half insane from drink, he was led on from one heavy stake to another,

until, when he rose from the table, he had not one dollar left out of his thirty-five hundred. He had played at *poker* with Jackson and two others. His losses nearly sobered him, before he was completely ruined. As his mind grew clear, he perceived that he was playing with men who were perfectly at home in the matter, and who ventured large sums with startling promptness. Determined, if possible, to cause his fellow-players to throw up their hands, rather than venture so heavy a stake, he put down his last five hundred dollars, and asked to see their hands. Jackson doubled that, and repeated the oft-uttered sentence—"I'll see your hand." Morgan could venture no more—all was upon the table. The other two players seemed to be in the same condition, or afraid to risk anything further. All the cards were shown. Jackson had three aces! He, of course, swept the board.

Instantly it flashed upon the mind of Morgan that he had been victimized by a regular blackleg. A feeling of angry desperation seized him. Springing, with a sudden impulse, to his feet, and bending over the table, with clenched teeth and hand, he exclaimed, in a loud voice,

"Infernal villain! Your cards were stocked."

The words were scarcely articulated, before poor Morgan fell backward, and struck heavily upon the floor. A blow from one of the party rendered him instantly helpless and insensible.

When Morgan's consciousness returned he found himself lying on the floor, with his head under the table at which he had been playing cards with such disastrous results. It was some minutes before he could set his mind in order sufficiently to obtain a realizing view of his condition. That was a moment of terrible agony in which the whole truth became presented vividly to his mind. His brain reeled, his bosom became oppressed with a feeling of suffocation. For a little while it seemed as if life must become extinct every moment. To this succeeded a state of almost pulseless calmness, in which he thought distinctly of his wife and family—of his benefactor, whose money he had lost—of the consequences to himself and all concerned with him, of his recent act of criminal folly.

"Madness!" he suddenly exclaimed, striking his hands against his forehead and springing from the chairs into which he had dropped on rising from the floor, as these thoughts awoke into a wild tumult the elements of his mind.

"What shall I do? Where shall I go? I am

ruined forever! Oh, my poor wife! My poor children! My injured friend!"

Descending, now, with a quick step, to the bar, as a sudden thought of his betrayal crossed his mind, he stalked up to the person who attended there, and said abruptly—

"I have been robbed!"

"Indeed!" was the only reply, while a cold, incredulous smile passed over the features of the man.

Three or four persons only were in the bar-room, as it was late. These, startled by the tone and words of Morgan, gathered round him.

"Robbed?" said one of them.

"Yes, by a cheating scoundrel, with stocked cards."

"Oh!" was uttered, in a tone of indifference, that said—"Is that all?"—just as plainly as the words themselves.

"Do you know the man who came in with me this evening?"

"No," replied the bar-keeper, with a slight curl of the lip; "nor you either. If you are fool enough to play at cards and lose your money, have sense enough to pocket your loss and say nothing about it. Don't come brawling here. We know nothing about these matters, and care less."

At this rebuff Morgan turned hastily away and left the house, his mind as wildly agitated as the waters of a whirlpool. Walking hurriedly along, without thinking or caring where he was going, he continued on until he suddenly paused beside the deep, dark waters of the Mississippi, that were rolling heavily onward toward the gulf. The crescent moon, and bright company of stars, threw a faint light around, while their rays glittered upon the rippling surface of the river. No waking mortal was seen. Alone the distracted man stood, and looked down into the mysterious waters. Dark thoughts crossed his mind.

"Yes—yes," he murmured, "this buries all. Here the heart will grow still. I cannot go back. No—no—never! What! Meet my uncomplaining wife? No! She will not chide me—she will only bid me hope. But I have cruelly wronged her, and cannot bear to look into her patient face. And he? Can I meet him? No—no—no! never! Here all this may end. Here all had better end. So far in life I have injured every one who has loved me or befriended me. This shall be no more."

A sudden resolution to commit an act of self-destruction was about to be as suddenly consummated, when there stole softly, but clearly

forth, from the cabin of a boat lying near, a voice, singing a familiar song. The air was one which the lips of his wife had often warbled, and it brought up before his mind his home again, and his bosom swelled with new emotions—emotions of deep and yearning tenderness.

"Shall I forsake you now, dear ones?" he murmured, as his head sunk upon his bosom. "Shall I leave you alone and helpless in the world? I cannot—I must not—I *will* not!"

And turning from the river as he spoke, he took his way toward his hotel, where he passed the night, but not in sleep. On the next morning he looked about him in vain for his very kind friend. He did not make his appearance at the breakfast-table. On inquiring for him at the bar, he could not make the bar-keeper understand who he meant.

"I'll find him at his store," he said, as he left the house. But the moment he uttered the sentence it occurred to him that the store about which the man had talked might only be a ruse to mislead him. He, however, went to 90 — street, and found that the house bearing that number was a dwelling instead of a hardware store. As he turned from it, his heart lying so heavy in his bosom that its pulsation was scarcely felt, he met Slack, the flatboat captain, to whom allusion was made at the opening of our story. They had become slightly acquainted while unloading their flour at the levee.

"Good morning, Mr. Morgan. Why, my dear sir, what is the matter? Are you sick?" said Slack, speaking with surprise and concern.

"Yes—sick as death," was the reply, while a shudder passed through the speaker's frame.

"Have you pain in the back or head?" This was asked with concern.

"No."

"Have you any pain?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"In my heart."

"Morgan, what ails you? You look wild and strange."

"No wonder. I have been robbed."

"What?"

"I sold my flour for thirty hundred dollars, received a check for it yesterday, and now every dollar is gone."

The poor victim wrung his hands bitterly as he spoke.

"Gone! Where? how? Robbed, did you say?"

"Yes. Robbed by an infernal blackleg!"

"You haven't been playing?"

"I was wheedled by a specious fellow into the insane idea that he was a merchant here, and took a friendly interest in me. He enticed me into a den of thieves—made me half drunk, and then won all my money from me by stock-ing the cards. I knew he must and did stock them. When he showed his hand he had three aces and two kings."

"The scoundrel! But can't you find him?"

"No. And if I did what more could I do now than blow out his brains? And I don't see what particular good that will do me."

"Humph! This is a hard place!"

This was said half to himself by Slack, who remembered, at the moment, that a certain pleasant gentleman at the Planters' Hotel had been very friendly with him, and had invited him to the theatre on the night before; an invitation that he would have accepted had he felt well enough to go out.

"Haven't you anything at all left?" he asked, after nearly ten minutes' silence, looking into Morgan's face with a feeling of commiseration as he spoke.

"Not one dollar."

"I am really sorry for you. Have you no acquaintances here?"

"None. And if I had I am sure I should not call to see them now."

"You will want money to pay your expenses here?"

"Yes; but——"

"You must call on me. I feel really sorry for you. And as your misfortune has, in all probability, saved me from the snare that is doubtless set for my unwary steps, I shall claim the right to meet your expenses here and pay your passage up the river. I will return in two or three days, and shall be glad of your company. In the meantime, look about for the villain who has betrayed you, and if you can find him, and can do no better, why"—and he cracked his finger and thumb to imitate the click of a pistol lock.

"I am deeply indebted to you," returned Morgan, with earnestness, "but I cannot think of going home."

"Why?"

"A friend loaned me money to go into business. I did not succeed. My expenses ate up both profits and capital, and I was unable to return to this kind friend the amount he had advanced me. But he did not reproach—he encouraged me; and still further to assist me, he sold me five hundred barrels of flour at

the lowest rate, and sent me to this city. I sold it handsomely, and netted something like five hundred dollars. But the flour is not paid for—and how can I return?"

"A trying case, indeed. Have you a family?"

"Yes; a wife and several children."

"Then you must return and brave all. No man has a right to forsake his family."

"I feel all that with great force. I love my family. My wife is deeply attached to me, and will neither chide nor complain. But, see to what a condition my folly has reduced me! Ah! the thought almost drives me mad!"

"Who is your benefactor?"

"Mr. Talbot."

"Of Cincinnati?"

"Yes."

"I know him well. A more generous heart than his never beat in a man's bosom."

"True—true. But I have wronged that generous heart."

"I will see him myself. I will stop a day or two as I go up the river and explain it all. He shall not think you regardless of him, or reckless of what he entrusted to your care."

"Thank you! thank you! From my heart I thank you! I shall need your kind representations. But, even after all you can say, everything will look black, and he cannot but justly reproach me."

Three days subsequent to this time the three men at first introduced to the reader, and whose profession, from their conduct and conversation, was so apparent, met one morning in a private room in the very house where Morgan had been fleeced.

"Nothing done yet, I suppose, Hamilton?" remarked one of them.

"No, Jackson. My sleepy subject is too dull to become inspired with even a desire to play."

The man addressed as Jackson was very different in appearance to the one who had won Morgan's thirty hundred dollars. He had dark whiskers, and wore spectacles. Morgan's friend had neither.

"He has some six or seven thousand dollars, has he not?" was asked.

"Yes. That much, all told."

"And leaves in the Gazelle this afternoon?"

"Yes, in company with your very particular friend, Morgan, who looks as if he had suffered from the seven plagues of Egypt."

"Ha! ha! He was easy to come over. I wish I could find his counterpart every day. I would retire from business in a twelvemonth."

"So would I. But this Slack must not escape us."

"No; we must give him chase."

"Shall we take passage in the Gazelle?" asked the third.

"I think we had better. I am sure that pigeon can be plucked."

"And must be."

About four o'clock on the afternoon of that day, Morgan, feeling almost as bad as a man on his way to the gallows, accompanied by Slack, went on board the Gazelle. In about half an hour the steamboat was pushed off, and commenced her voyage up the river. There were nearly a hundred passengers.

For the first day or two there was a general reserve, such as is felt among strangers. After that a more sociable spirit began to prevail. The ladies favored the company in the cabin with music. Dancing was then proposed, and the second evening spent in a manner agreeable to all—Morgan, perhaps, excepted, who could not be interested in anything, his own unfortunate condition filling all his thoughts.

"Do you know," said Slack to him, during the morning of the third day, "that we've got the very kind gentleman on board who tried his hand on me in New Orleans, but without success."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I thought the voice of the man in the green coat, white vest, and scarlet cravat, had a sound familiar to my ear. And there was something in his manner that kept reminding me of somebody I had seen."

"But why didn't you recognise him before?"

"This man wears spectacles."

"The other did not?"

"No. But it's an easy enough matter to put on glasses. He may not be the same; but I have my suspicions."

"You mean the man sitting at the table now?"

"Yes."

"What are they going to do? Cards, as I live! Cursed be the day that I ever saw a card!"

"Cards, ha! Well! Let us look on and see what course things are going to take."

The two men stepped into the cabin and drew near to the table, at which four persons had commenced playing. The game seemed more for the sake of amusement than anything else. The stake was only a 'bit, as it is called at the South—a twelve-and-a-half cent piece. Nothing beyond this sum was put into the pool. After looking on for nearly an hour,

Morgan and his friend went out upon the guards.

On the next morning, immediately after breakfast, the playing again commenced. Before dinner-time the stakes were beginning to increase. A good many five dollar bills changed hands. Slack noticed that the individual he suspected did not join in playing, as he had done the day before. He observed him very closely, and began to doubt his identity with the very pleasant personage who had cultivated his acquaintance at the Planters' Hotel.

"I may be mistaken in that man," he remarked.

"Very possibly you are. But, do you know, I have felt strongly impressed, for the last twenty-four hours, with the idea that the black-whiskered, blue-spectacled man, who is playing at the table this morning, is the scoundrel whom I shall have cause to remember for many a day to come."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—but in disguise. These fellows readily change their appearances. Oh, if I was only sure of it I would have his life or my money!"

Morgan clenched his teeth, while his face expressed the murderous feelings he had uttered.

On the fourth day Slack was asked by three or four different persons if he wouldn't take a hand, several tables having been formed, as the company generally were seeking to pass away time with cards, draughts, and chess. But he declined all invitations to play. At several of the tables the stakes were getting high, and much money changed owners.

It was on the fifth morning that Slack, after having looked on for some time, went out of the cabin and stood musing upon the guards. While there the individual who had excited his suspicions came up to him and commenced a conversation on general topics, which gradually came down to the particular matter of steamboat conveyance, and the irksomeness of a ten days' voyage on the river.

"Our friends inside are killing time, I see," he finally said.

"Yes," was the brief reply.

"And who can blame them?"

"No one, I suppose; though I should call their manner of killing time rather dangerous."

"O no. I've been looking over and playing myself ever since day before yesterday, and I haven't seen any sums of consequence bet and won. I have been as high as twenty dollars out of pocket, and then it has all come back

again. There are none but gentlemen here, and the playing is only for amusement. There isn't a single one of your black-leg gentry on board."

"Are you sure?"

"O yes—positive. I believe I know nearly every passenger with the exception of three or four. Oh, no! Everything is fair and honorable here. If I didn't think so you wouldn't catch me fingering a card."

After saying this the stranger stepped from the guards into the cabin, and in a little while took a hand at one of the tables. The captain of the boat came along soon after, where Slack was standing.

"Your passengers seem to be enjoying themselves," remarked the latter.

"Yes; and some of them will do so, before they are done, to their sorrow, if I am not mistaken."

"Why so, captain?"

"I think there are some gentry aboard who would not tread my deck for an hour, if I was only certain that they were all I suspect them to be."

"I have my own suspicions on that subject."

"Have you, indeed? Come with me, then, I would like to have a little chat with you," and the two walked away to the upper deck.

An hour afterward Morgan and Slack were sitting in the cabin near one of the tables at which two men were playing at *poker* for trifling sums. One of them was the man whom Morgan had mentioned as having something about him that had excited his suspicions—near the table sat the individual who was suspected by Slack.

"Wont you take a hand, friend?" asked one of the players of this person.

"I don't care," he returned, rather indifferently. "But who'll take the other hand?"

"You will, wont you?" and the speaker looked at Slack.

"As you seem short-handed I will do so, although I don't care much about playing," Slack returned. Morgan looked surprised, and whispered an objection in his friend's ear, which the latter did not seem to notice, but took his place at the table. A close observer might have seen, by the expression of the countenances of the three strangers to Slack, that they were not a little pleased at the fact of his having joined them.

Five cards were dealt to each of the players, and the *ante* determined. It was fifty cents each.

"The stakes are so small I'll go one dollar blind," said the first speaker.

"I'll see that and a dollar better," said Slack.

"I'll see that and go a V," said the third.

"I'll see that and go an X," came promptly from the dealer.

His left hand man paused a moment, and then said—

"I wont see it," and threw up his hand.

"I'll see it," said Slack.

"And I'll go out," said the third hand.

"I call you," and Slack looked into the face of the dealer, who sat opposite to him.

"I have three deuces," was that individual's quiet remark.

"Then I'm beat," returned Slack, and so he was.

The dealer pocketed the stakes, and then dealt out the cards again.

"Make your bets, gentlemen."

"Let's go a V at once. This is dull work," said Slack.

"No—no—don't!" whispered Morgan, who stood near, and began to feel very uneasy. But his companion paid no attention to his remark.

Each of the players now put a five dollar note into the pool. But minute detail is needless. A game at poker is quickly played. Game after game passed off, Slack sometimes winning, but oftener losing. With each new game the stakes were increased. As the stakes became larger and larger, one and another became attracted to the table, until a number of spectators stood looking on, each one feeling more and more interested in the games, as they became of more and more importance. At last, the *ante*, as named by Slack, was one hundred dollars. Half smothered expressions of disapprobation escaped from several of the spectators. This game bid fair to hold on longer than any of the others. When five hundred dollars were named, two of the players threw up their hands, and left the field to Slack and the dealer. They were, as has been said, seated opposite to each other. Several thousand dollars were now upon the table.

"I'll see that, and six hundred better," said Slack, laying six one hundred dollar bills upon the table.

"Ditto, and go you seven hundred." This was said with a confident air, and the money was thrown down.

"Too bad! too bad! He'll ruin him!" was whispered by two or three. The men who had

thrown up their hands continued to look on with eager interest.

"I'll see that and put eight hundred on top of it," coolly returned Slack.

"Will you? Ah, well. Then I'll go you nine hundred, and see your hand."

"I'll go you a thousand more!" said Slack, his voice becoming husky and tremulous from excitement, throwing another thousand dollars upon the table, that now held over ten thousand dollars.

There was an exclamation of surprise and displeasure from the crowd that had gathered around. The way in which the card-player who was now engaged with Slack had conducted the game, and the boldness with which he played, awakened the suspicions of several that both he and his companions were of the regular profession. The captain and his clerk were among the spectators. The former seemed much excited. He was so nervous that he couldn't stand still for a moment. Poor Morgan was almost beside himself. He stood directly behind the chair of his friend, and looked on with intense interest.

"Madness!" he muttered between his teeth, as he saw the last venture of his friend go upon the table, from whence he was well satisfied it would never return to him.

"You are a bold player, but I think my hand will stand even that. 'I go you eleven hundred better,'" said the dealer.

"I'll see your hand. What have you got?" The voice of Slack was still more husky as he said this.

The individual whose hand he had asked to see could not conceal the pleasure he felt. He knew that *his* hand must be the strongest at the table, and therefore he was satisfied that he should win. He paused a moment, glanced around at the company, and then, with a triumphant smile, exhibited *four aces* and a queen.

Morgan staggered back, and leaned, sick at heart, against a berth. But his friend, with a loud laugh, threw *five aces* upon the table, and then, in the twinkling of an eye, scraped the whole contents of the table into his hat, that had been held ready between his knees, and passed it to the captain, who clutched it with eager hands.

"Stop!" shouted the holder of the four aces, in a loud, angry voice, bending over toward Slack, and grappling at his throat.

"You villain black-leg, I know you!" roared Slack in return, springing to his feet and presenting a pistol, that *clicked* as the cold barrel

was pressed against the cheek of his opponent.

But further contention was prevented by the entrance of four or five deck hands, who, at a signal from the captain, seized the three men and pinioned their arms.

All was uproar and confusion in the cabin, for many minutes. At length order was restored, and explanations made by the captain. He stated that from many circumstances he had been led to suspect, as regular gamblers, the three men who had just been treated so roughly, and that he had taken from two packs of cards the aces, and given five of them to the individual who had used them so well, in order to let them have a little payment in their own coin. He was now ready to try them by a jury of the passengers, and if he had wronged them, to suffer, himself, any penalty which that jury might award, after sitting, in turn, upon his case.

This seemed the fairest way to get at the truth of the matter, and so a jury was empaneled, and witnesses examined. First of all, Morgan, now beginning to open his eyes, and understand what was going on around him, was asked, at the request of the captain, who had heard his story and his suspicions from Slack, to tell his adventure in New Orleans, which he did with much feeling.

"Which of these men do you suspect?" asked one of the jurors.

Morgan pointed him out.

"Take off his spectacles," was peremptorily ordered.

"Now try if his whiskers are real or false."

The whiskers were soon lying upon the table.

"The very man!" exclaimed Morgan, striking his hands together, and springing up at least a foot from the cabin floor.

The eyes of Jackson, for he it was, fell to the floor, and his face flushed, confirming, by its expression, the accusation of Morgan. All were satisfied.

"Now let us have your particular friend unmasked, if he is here," said the captain to Slack.

One of the trio was pointed out, and soon his appearance became greatly changed.

"I can swear to him," was Slack's confident remark. "He was exceedingly kind and attentive to me while I was in New Orleans, and tried hard to get me into some of the dens of thieves with which the city abounds. But I was a little too cautious. For three days he has been trying to induce me to take a hand at

cards, and at last he succeeded. But I reckon he won't want to try me again!"

"And the third—what of him?" was now asked.

No one accused him, and he was released.

"Here are some ten or eleven thousand dollars—what shall be done with the sum?" asked the captain.

"Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall," replied a juror.

"How much did you stake?" said one, turning to Slack.

"Three thousand dollars."

"Let that be returned to him."

All agreed to the decision.

"And thirty-five hundred to this poor fellow here, who has been robbed of his all."

"Right! right! Let it be done!" was the response.

Morgan looked wild and incredulous for a moment. Then, bursting into tears, he dropped into a chair, and leaning his head upon a table, sobbed aloud, while his whole frame quivered.

There are four thousand dollars left. What shall be done with them?"

"Give back to the unaccused party the amount of his stake, and divide the balance between the two gamblers. We have no right to make any other disposition of the money."

After some debate this was approved, and the money apportioned accordingly.

"And now what shall be done with these gentlemen robbers?"

"Set them ashore!"

"Aye—aye—aye!" ran round the cabin.

"It shall be done," said the captain.

And it was done. As the boat in which the two men, with their arms still bound, were placed, was about pushing off, the third person who had been suspected sprang from the deck into it.

A loud shout greeted him as he did so. The Gazelle remained at rest until the small boat in which the gamblers had been landed returned, and then shot ahead under a heavy pressure of steam, leaving the companions in crime on a lonely shore, miles from any village or human habitation.

Morgan has not since had cause to visit New Orleans, and he has no desire to do so. The four hundred dollars cleared on his flour has given him a new start, and he is now doing well. But the story of his loss he has never related to Mr. Talbot, nor even to his wife. He has not the courage to do so.

THE OLD MAID.

BY MRS. C. MARIA LONDON.

NAY, call her not unblessed, young wife, whose
days

Are one unbroken dream of happiness;
Nor deem that through her spirit's cloister cells
No holiest rift of sunlight finds its way.
Prayers for her good continually ascend
Foom hearts made richer by her spotless life;
And ever to her ear this comfort comes,
"Thou self-forgetter, well and nobly done."

The hand caressed, the cheek with kisses warm,
And all the dear amenities of love
That findeth *here* fulfilment and reward,
These are not hers.—Her little weary feet
Must climb the heights and walk the vales alone.
No child-voice breaks her slumbers in the night
With that sweet word most dear to woman's
heart;

And it may be that in those silent hours
When duty's many calls are all obeyed,
In the calm interval of quiet rest,
A dream of all the joy that had been hers,
If change or death had never intervened,
Steals with a saddening influence to her heart.
Unbidden that fond dream; no time has she
For vain regrets, or idle discontent.

Time was, when, even as *thou* she was beloved.
A great, true heart, and affluence of thought
Were laid in humble reverence at her feet—
Deep earnest eyes bent tenderly on hers,
And eloquent lips breathed love-words in her
ear;

But the destroyer came, and all is gone.
Couldst thou more bravely bear such bitter loss?
Well, she has hushed the wail of human grief,
That erst in uttermost woe welled wildly forth;
And having laved the fever-throbbing brow
In the broad stream that for our healing flows,
She, now, with steadfast step and trusting heart,
Goes gladly on through all the appointed way,
Nor ever falters in her high resolve
To bear the oil of peace to those who mourn.
Full well she knows, that, on the eternal hills
A home awaits her, of unseen delight,—
That when her feet have passed the narrow flood,
All shall be hers, and more than she has lost.
Yet, while one life in darkness gropes its way,
While one needs sympathy or help, she prays—
"My Father, let me live and labor still."
Such breadth of view, such wealth of soul is given,
To those who consecrate their lives to good.
To such an one who dwells so near His feet,
Life cannot be a barren, desolate waste;
But, clinging ever to the Shadowing Rock,
It upward climbs, a generous, graceful vine,
Pregnant of good and charitable deeds.

And I have thought, that, when we shall at
last

Await the sentence of our final doom,
Among the white-robed glittering near the Throne,
Her garments shall with fairer lustre shine,
And a beatitude unknown to us
Be hers, who waits for all reward in Heaven.

Longwood, Mo., July 4, 1860.

FLORENCE.

BY MABEL ST. CLAIR.

We called the baby Florence;
For it was our mother's name,
And we thought we'd love her better
If we christened her the same.

Oh! she wildly wept to leave us;
And she kissed us, all the rest,
But we thought she loved the baby
The fondest and the best.

For she said, Tell her, her mother's lip
Last to her own was pressed;
That her golden head was pillowed last
Upon her mother's breast.

And she told us we should tell her,
With a world of tenderness,
When we needs must tell our darling,
That she was *motherless*.

They clasped her hands together,
That had grown so strangely still;
And they scraped away the snow to make
Her grave upon the hill.

That night the purple curtain
That canopied the west,
Was folded back to let the stars
Look down upon her rest.

We thought we saw a shining wing,
But when we looked again,
We only heard the angels
Fling down a sweet—refrain.

We could not tell the words they sang,
'Till at length they whisper'd near,
"Give us the baby, Florence,
We can train her better here."

Then we went to Florence's cradle,
And we softly kissed her brow;
But she he'd heard the angels calling,
And she's singing with them now.

Spring Hill, Ohio.

HOW I LOST MY LOVER.

BY NELL CLIFFORD.

"Be careful of the fire, Nelly," was the last injunction of a thousand that my parents gave me, as they started off on a visit to some relatives residing eastward beyond the White Mountains. They were to remain absent a fortnight; and I was to be commander-in-chief of rows of shining milk-pans, pots, kettles, and household affairs in general and particular.

Farmers' wives know that this is a post of considerable importance, one of hard duty and constant watchfulness. I was so thoroughly convinced of my competency as housewife, that I was sorely irritated when my good mother implied doubts of it, by her countless and repeated charges.

Now, I thought, "I am alone in my glory," as I sat down to recover breath and patience I had lost in racing after collars, gloves, pins, and neck-ties; and in order to prepare for commencing operations, which, I resolved, should astonish my unbelieving parents, and show them what a treasure of a daughter they unwittingly possessed. I glanced around. The rooms were in woful confusion. Band-boxes, lesser boxes, boots, coats, pants, and cast-off skirts were scattered over the floor and chairs—cobwebs hung from the ceiling and windows; on the table lay a huge pile of unwashed dishes—and the half-opened doors revealed tumbled beds and mussey toilet-stands. This accumulation of disorder would have driven Lord Chesterfield distracted; and no wonder the mirror opposite reflected a heated and impatient face. I was not long to be daunted, however, for I had a notion to try what a pair of spry feet and hands could accomplish. At that instant, the old clock in the sitting-room pealed forth one, two, three, four, five; the morning was yet young, and I arose with a quick step and a light heart. Broom, brush, dish-cloths and persevering labor, got the mastery; and I shortly surveyed, with proud satisfaction, the beautiful order I had brought about. Something still was wanting; and snatching my broad-brim from its accustomed nail, with eager footsteps, I sought my flower-garden. Selecting choice roses, pansies, and verbenas, I transferred them to our cosy parlor, very angels of fragrance and beauty. Nor was this all. I determined to get a dinner that would shed honor upon me; so, baring my arms, I was soon deep in Aunt Dinah's mysteries, thought-busy, and, as the sequel will prove, thought-wandering.

Through the tender care of the novelist, a heroine retains the immaculate whiteness of her robes, even though she should wade through a mud-puddle. He knows it would never do to introduce her washing bedraggled and bespattered skirts; it would sound so unromantic. Well, I was once simple enough to believe all his poetical fibs, and inclined to imitate his lady Angelas in dress; so I donned my daintiest white muslin. While I stood before the glass, I could not help feeling a good deal of natural, feminine vanity; for I was looking my very best. True, my figure was too short, and its proportions of too healthy fullness for elegance; and, according to the American type of beauty, my cheek was too rich in color; but I was pretty—there was no gainsaying it. My short, thick curls, and bright, black eyes were attractive; and I knew it. I was a vain puss then, a petted, half-spoilt, only daughter, and heiress to many broad acres. You'll ask for whom were all these preparations?—certainly not for lone me. Who ever heard of a girl of eighteen working and puttering at such a rate, when she does not expect a beau? You see I knew, intuitively, that Philip Dean would come—you know Philip. There had been a little kindness growing up between us two from mere babyhood. He had carried my dinner-basket night and morning, during all our school-days, and always insisted that I was much handsomer and better than a rival belle, sweet Jenny Wheeler. Besides, he won my girlish gratitude, by slyly working out for me the long hard sums in the old arithmetic—no wonder he was undisputed owner of a large share of my affections. Since I had donned long frocks, I had been almost invariably his companion to all the singing and spelling-schools, pic-nics, sleigh-rides, and boating excursions. It was his general rule to spend two evenings of a week at our house; yet, with all this attention, he had never spoken a word of love. Somehow, I had a presentiment, (you girls will understand this,) that a declaration would soon be made. I was not mistaken. It was not long ere I heard a step on the gravelled walk, that could belong to none other than himself. Looking backward over the train of years, it seems strange what a flutter, flutter there was about my heart. Philip's cheery "good morning," in nowise tended to allay my perturbation. His hazel eyes had never appeared so handsome and impassioned before, nor had he been half so entertaining—oh! I was proud of him. We sat near each other: so near, that he toyed with my hand.

It was a way Philip had, and I thought nothing of it.

"How charmingly you are looking, Nelly," he said, moving a degree nearer.

Now, I don't believe that person lives, who does not like a little flattery, given in the right manner, time, and place, in spite of what wise-lings say, or may have said to the contrary. Our sex is supposed to be most pleased with it; and, in its name, I plead guilty to the weaknesses. Freely do I own, that I have liked it from my pinafores; and, surely, under *such* circumstances, it must have been agreeable. The complimentary speech, recorded above, was followed by an awkward pause, during which time we blushed to the rims of our ears.

"Nelly," he continued, "you know I have no sister. Sometimes, I am very lonely. My dear and valued mother is becoming aged; and my nature craves a younger and dearer companion"——

Horrid! At that moment, an odor of burning meat came most unpleasantly to my olfactories. I begged to be excused, and hastened into culinary quarters, to find the piece of beef I had so carefully prepared, almost spoilt. Nervously, I caught a holder from the shelf, and, in so doing, succeeded in knocking ma's favorite cut-glass pitcher, which fell with a loud crash, breaking into a hundred fragments. Philip must have heard it. Oh, this meal-getting, with a lover in the parlor! With a flushed brow, I went back to the old seat. Philip smiled, provokingly.

"Nelly," he added, "I want a wife. Home will lack nothing then, to render it the dearest resting-place this side of heaven. I know a little girl, who is precious to me as life"——

"Oh!"——Just then, a disturbance in Bridget's apartment, obliged me again to leave. I had carelessly left open the door; and dame grunter had taken the liberty to enter and *taste* of the pudding I had set to cool.

It was in no enviable frame of mind that I hauled out the dining-table, and laid the dishes. As I looked at the warm, heavy biscuits, upalatable meat, and burnt potatoes, my pride and self-confidence vanished. I should not have cared so much, had I not known what an excellent cook and notable housekeeper Mrs. Dean was. Besides, in matters of the palate, Philip had been an epicure from the cradle; and everybody knows that men think more of their stomachs than of their sweethearts. To add still more to my trepidation, Philip regarded me curiously, when I invited him to dine. As he eyed the viands before him, I thought he

was going to say grace, by the sudden elongation of his visage. I poured some muddy coffee; and, notwithstanding my secret discomfort, I took a malicious pleasure in watching him sip the beverage. He was an inveterate coffee-drinker; but, somehow, his cup did not lower much. What rare fun I should have had, if I had not been Dinah! We came to dessert at last; and when I handed him the flaky-crustured pie, a relieved expression stole over his countenance, which, on tasting, changed to a perceptible grimace. What could ail my highest effort? Alas! I had forgotten to sweeten the apple!

Were vexations never to cease? By chance, I caught a glimpse of a reflection in the glass. Was it mine? I glanced downward. Shade of Ham! My faith in spotless-robed heroines was gone at once. I was a tri-colored exhibition of red, white and black. Troubles heaped themselves up strangely. I wanted to throw myself on the carpet, and cry like a very child. I did nothing of the kind. Instead, I burst into a laugh, as the whole scene came before me in its ridiculous light. I laughed, till the tears rolled down my cheeks; and, as Philip became more disgusted, my merriment increased. I laughed when he went away, though I knew he would never finish the offer so unluckily began.

Three weeks later, he was united to Jenny Wheeler. Soon afterward, I attended a party at Widow Dean's, and had the happiness (?) of overhearing Philip's indifferent remark to Fred Lee, a kind of explanatory apology for the flirtation between us: "A dear little girl, but a *poor cook*."

In time my parents returned; and I was only too glad to put off a responsibility of which I was heartily tired. I shrewdly suspect that my father had had an eye on Philip's coffers; for he was cross towards me for three whole days, after hearing of the wedding. Just as though I could have helped it. I learned two lessons, that young ladies may profit by. Firstly, it is a different thing to play kitchen-maid, with mother for overseer, than to play the same without her. In the former case, if you forget sugar, saleratus, or oven, *she* will not. Secondly, never allow a lover, whom you wish to call husband, to declare his passion at breakfast, dinner or supper-time, especially if you are forced to prepare the meals yourself. Be too busy, be skittish, be anything, rather than allow it. If possible, delay it till the hour of twilight or moonlight; then you will not, like me, have the seal of old-maidism stamped indelibly on your brow.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

HARRY ATWOOD'S VISIT AT OUR HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Continued.)

The little squirrels were carefully buried the next day in a corner of our garden, at the foot of an ancient pear tree, over whose head had walked the white winters and smiled the sweet summers of a century.

We set the squirrel-house away in the darkest corner of the wood-house, for Harry's lip would tremble at the sight of it, and it was indeed more than any of us could well bear, when we remembered its pretty, graceful inmates at their play, or glancing with bright, shy eyes out of the bars.

It was several days after the death of his squirrels before Harry came upon Joe Winters.

I had felt a good deal of anxiety respecting this interview, for I was afraid the sight of the boy would stir Harry's impetuous nature into fury, and hoped that the first acuteness of his sorrow would have passed away before he met his enemy.

The boys came upon each other by the old creek, where Joseph had been fishing.

Harry stood still a moment and surveyed Joe, while a shiver of anger and disgust went over him. Then he passed on.

Joe dropped his eyes a moment, but I presume the look, or an uneasy conscience, troubled him, for he turned quickly and cried out,

"Hullo, Harry Atwood! what's become o' those fine squirrels o' yours?"

I do not suppose that Joe Winters suspected there was a slight triumphant chuckle in his tones, but the feeling in his heart found its way into his voice.

It roused Harry. The blood flashed into his face, and there came over his soul a fierce temptation to rush upon Joseph Winters and fell him to the earth; but he put it aside and answered, looking the boy sternly in the eyes—

"You know what's become of my squirrels, Joe Winters."

And this time the blood rushed in a burning tide over the sun-browned cheeks of Joe Winters; but he quickly recovered himself enough to ask, in a somewhat menacing manner—

"What right have you to say that I know anything about your squirrels?"

Because I know, Joe Winters, as well as you do, that you poisoned them."

The words leaped out of Harry's lips—so he told me afterward—before he knew it.

The blush went out from Joe Winters' face. I think that stern truth hurled so suddenly at him, overwhelmed him for a moment; but he evidently thought the only way was to "face it out," so he answered triumphantly—

"You can't prove I ever touched 'em, and you'd better keep still about accusin' me till you can."

"I know I can't prove it, but I know *who* will."

"Who?" This time the boy looked startled and anxious.

"God!"

There was a little silence. Harry turned to go on. Somehow that Name had quieted him. But Joe's voice followed him tauntingly.

"How long is it, Harry Atwood, since you turned parson, and took to preaching?"

He had touched a very weak part of Harry's nature, for the boy was extremely sensitive to ridicule, and like most boys, had not the discernment to perceive that unmerited ridicule is never a disgrace to the object against whom it is aimed. The old, fierce longing to throttle Joe Winters came over him again, but he conquered it and went on, speaking no words.

And Joseph Winters went on too, but the boy's face was dark with the evil passions that were gathering and lowering in his soul.

That last word of Harry's haunted and stung him, and he could not turn from it nor put it aside; and an intense hatred toward his schoolmate sprang up in his heart—for do you not know, dear children, that those whom we have wronged are always a reproach to us, and that the remembrance of them always stirs up the evil in our souls?

Everybody in the neighborhood had heard of the loss, for Farmer Winters or his son had gone to every house within half a mile of their residence to inquire for the lost bird.

It was a young parrot, a gift from Joseph's uncle, when he last returned from sea, and was greatly admired throughout the neighborhood.

She was a dark green, glossy bird, and the boy's heart was greatly set on her; he had taught her to speak many sentences, and she could call his name, and often amused visitors by her comical replies to their questions.

But the parrot had disappeared. They had placed the cage on a bench in the back yard the previous evening, and forgotten to close the door, and when, an hour later, they went to the cage to remove it into the house, the bird had disappeared.

A search for the lost bird had at once been instituted throughout the neighborhood, but it had been unsuccessful; and it was feared she had either flown into the woods, or some accident had befallen her. As for Joe Williams, he was inconsolable for the loss of his parrot.

I related all this to Harry, while he stood watching me fill some Venetian vases with the beautiful water-lilies he had brought me from the pond.

"It's served Joe Williams just right: I'm glad of it;" and a flash of triumph went over his face.

"Oh Harry!"

He understood me; but he kept on, partly answering my reproof, and partly another "Oh Harry!" which his conscience uttered.

"I can't help it, Cousin Janet. He deserves to be punished; and this will make him remember my squirrels, I hope."

At that moment, Harry was summoned by some of his schoolmates, and he hurried out of the room, before I could reply.

"Poor Polly!"

Harry stood still, as he opened the garden-gate, in the edge of the evening, while the young moon lifted her rim of gold over the distant mountain.

"Poor Polly!"

The voice sounded faint and mournful in the stillness, but it crept around the corner of the house to Harry's ear, and he followed it with eager curiosity. And there the boy found the lost parrot, half perished, for a storm of wind and rain had beaten on it, and it could not escape, because, in attempting to fly in at the pantry-window, its feet had been caught and tangled amongst the strings of peppers which had been hung there to dry. The bird must have died before morning, if Harry had not heard its cries.

He extricated the parrot carefully, and smoothed its wings tenderly; then he remembered its owner, and thought of his dead squirrels, and a fierce impulse came over him to wring the neck of the bird, and have fitting revenge upon Joe Winters for the wrong he had done.

An exultant smile went over the boy's face; he lifted his hand—in a moment it would have been done, but a thought sent from Heaven stayed the purpose of Harry Atwood—his hand fell down, there went on a short, sharp struggle in his soul: and then, the parrot was safe!

In a few moments the garden-gate opened, and Harry took the road leading to Farmer Winters'; and he walked very rapidly, for there was a fear at his heart, that the temptation might come over him again.

"Joe—Joe Winters, I say!"

The boy started quickly; he was sitting by the window; his arms folded on the table, and his face buried on them; but Harry recognized his school-mate, for the lamp-light fell bright on his hair.

The boy started quickly, and came to the door.

"Who wants me?" he cried out.

"It's I, Harry Atwood; I've got your parrot."

Joe sprang forward with a yell of delight.

"Is he alive?"

"Yes; but he wouldn't have been, if I hadn't happened round by the pantry-window," placing the bird carefully in its owner's hands.

"Oh, Polly, I'm so glad to get you back!" said Joe; and there were tears of joy in his eyes.

"I thought you'd be, so I hurried over with him;" and Harry started to leave.

"Don't go yet; I want to hear all about it," exclaimed Joe, who was bewildered by a variety of feelings.

"I haven't anything more to tell, only that I heard the parrot call, when I opened our back gate just now; and I went round to the pantry-window, and found her caught among the strings of peppers that hang there; but I must be off now, for they'll want me at home."

Joe did not speak another word, not even to thank Harry, but he walked thoughtfully up to the house, stroking the wings of his bird.

(To be continued.)

THE CITY PIGEON.

With all is the beautiful lingerer in our crowded cities a favorite. All love this gentle bird, that, shunning the cool and quiet woods, stays with man in the hot and noisy town, and amid strife and the war of passions, passes ever before him, a living emblem of peace. "It is no light chance," says Willis, in his exquisite lines "To a City Pigeon,"

"It is no light chance. Thou art set apart
Wisely, by Him who has tamed the heart
To stir the love for the bright and fair,
That else were sealed in this crowded air;
I sometimes dream
Angelic rays from thy pinions gleam."

In the same lines, how truly and how sweetly has he said:

"A holy gift is thine, sweet bird!
Thou'rt named with childhood's earliest word!
Thou'rt linked with all that's fresh and wild,
In the prison'd thoughts of a city child;
And thy glossy wings
Are its brightest image of moving things."

In the language of the same poet, how often have we said, as we looked forth upon the gentle bird:

"Stoop to my window, thou beautiful dove:
Thy daily visits have touched my love.
I watch thy coming, and list the note
That stirs so low in thy mellow throat;
And my joy is high
To catch the glance of thy gentle eye."

In his lines to "The Belfry Pigeon," Mr. Willis has expressed most truthfully the feelings and thoughts which all have had for this gentle creature, which,

"Alone, of the feathered race,
Doth look unsoared on the human face."

As we know of nothing on the subject more appropriate and beautiful than the address referred to, we will copy it for our young readers.

THE BELFRY PIGEON.

"On the cross-beam, under the Old South Bell,
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.
In summer and winter, that bird is there,
Out and in, with the morning air.
I love to see him track the street,
With his wary eye, and active feet;
And I often watch him, as he springs,
Circling the steeples, with easy wings,
Till across the dial his shade has pass'd,
And the belfry edge is gained at last.
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;
There's a human look in its swelling breast,
And a gentle curve of its lowly crest;
And I often stop with the fear I feel,
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

"Whatever is rung on that noisy bell,
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell,
The dove in the belfry must hear it well,
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,
When the child is waked with 'nine at night'—
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,
Filling the spirit with love of prayer—
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,
He broods on his folded feet unstirr'd,
Or, rising half, in his rounded nest,
He takes the time to smooth his breast,
Then drops again with film'd eyes,
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

"Sweet bird! I would that I could be
A hermit in the crowd, like thee!"

With wings to fly to wood and glen.
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men,
And daily, with unwilling feet,
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,
And drop forgetful to thy nest."

THE BOY THE FATHER OF THE MAN.

Solomon said, many centuries ago: "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right."

Some people seem to think that children have no character at all. On the contrary, an observing eye sees in these young creatures the signs of what they are likely to be for life.

When I see a boy in haste to spend every penny as soon as he gets it, I think it a sign that he will be a spendthrift.

When I see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, I think it a sign he will be a miser.

When I see a boy or girl always looking out for him or herself, and disliking to share good things with others, I think it a sign that the child will grow up a very selfish person.

When I see boys and girls often quarreling, I think it a sign that they will be violent and hateful men and women.

When I see a little boy willing to taste strong drink, I think it a sign that he will be a drunkard.

When I see a boy who never attends to the services of religion, I think it a sign that he will be a profane and profligate man.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it a sign of great future blessing from his Heavenly Parent.

And though great changes sometimes take place in the character, yet, as a general rule, these signs do not fail.

Mothers' Department.

HOW TO NURSE SICK CHILDREN.

This is the title of a tract by an English Physician, Charles West, M. D., on the office and duties of nurse in a Hospital for Sick Children. The hints and suggestions will be found of use to mothers as well as nurses. The position of a hospital nurse is admirably set forth:—

"There is a great difference, as you must by this time have found out, between a child when well, and the same child when sick. When well, it is all life and merriment and fun; if a baby, springing in its mother's arms, smiling at everything, or ringing

out its tiny laughter for very joy at being alive; or if it is older, jumping about, running backwards and forwards, full of frolic, shouting aloud with gladness, or in its more serious moods playing with its toys with the drollest earnestness. Nothing is easier, with the most moderate good temper, than to attend upon it then. But if illness comes; first the child loses its merriment, though it still shows just every now and then a sad attempt at playfulness, and then, as its illness increases, it grows more fretful; so fretful, that nothing can go right with it. It cries to be laid down in its bed, and then no sooner have

you placed it there, than it cries to be taken up again; it is thirsty, and asks, or at least makes signs, for drink, but nothing that you offer pleases its taste, and it pushes away the cup, irritated all the more by what you have so kindly done to promote its comfort. For days and nights this continues, but yet you bear it, losing your own sense of weariness in anxiety for the life of your little charge. At length amendment comes, but as the anxiety you had felt passes away, you are disappointed at finding that, instead of being more loving and more fond for all that you have done for it, the little one is more cross and fractious than ever, and it is only by degrees that its childish ways come back to it, and that you discover that the illness did not destroy, but only took away for a short time, the little loving heart.

"Now, if you devote yourself to the duties of a nurse in a Children's Hospital, all this would be happening over and over again every day; while as soon as your care and nursing, with the doctor's skill and God's good blessing, have made the sick ones well, they will be taken away from you to go home to their friends, and fresh sick children, fresh cross children, will come in, to tax your strength and try your tempers. Sometimes, too, the parents of the sick children are not nice, civil-spoken people; they show no gratitude to you for all your pains, but give themselves great airs, almost as if you were their servants, and as if they had been doing you and the doctor a great favor in putting their child under your care. Now, all this is very hard to bear, and yet you must bear it, and do your duty, and be happy in spite of it, if you are to be a useful nurse.

"Happy in spite of this! Perhaps some one may say, 'No, that I am sure I cannot be! Always to have some cross children to care for, often to meet with unkind and ungrateful parents; that is too hard!' I own it is hard, so hard that I would not advise any one whose health is indifferent, whose temper is fretful, or whose spirits are low, to undertake the office of a nurse. Even those whose health and temper and spirits are the best, and who have the truest love for children, need something more to help them to bear it. And this something more is the thought that all these blessings—the good health, the sweet temper, the cheerful spirits, the very love for children which you feel in your heart—are so many great gifts of God, to be used for His glory, for the good of these little ones, whose Father as well as your Father He is, and whose special blessing is promised for every kind act, even for the very least, which you do for every sick child in this Hospital."

Dr. West sets forth in great clearness and with considerable detail the symptoms that precede the principal diseases to which children are subject, as well as those that attend the different stages of each malady, together with a statement of the duties that fall to a nurse to perform, as those symptoms successively develop themselves. These directions are given in simple, untechnical language, which ren-

der them valuable in private families, as well as in an hospital, where the nurse is more constantly under the eye of the physician. The following hints may be useful in all cases of infantine sickness:—

"Little precautions, so trifling that few think of noticing them, have much to do with the quiet of the sick room, and consequently with the comfort of the patient. A rattling window will keep a child awake for hours, or the creaking handle of the door rouse it up again each time any one enters the room; and to put a wedge in the window, or to tie back the handle, and so quietly open or close the door, may do more than medicine toward promoting the child's recovery. There can, however, be no abiding quiet without a well-ordered room, and the old proverb carried out, 'A place for everything, and everything in its place.' A table covered with a cloth, so that things may be put down and taken up noiselessly, and set apart for the medicine, the drink, the nourishment, cups, glasses, spoons, or whatever else the patient is in frequent need of; with a wooden bowl and water for rinsing cups and glasses in, and a cloth or two for wiping them, will save much trouble and noise, and the loud whispers of the attendants to each other, 'Where is the sugar? where is the arrowroot? where did you put down the medicine?' of which one hears so much in the sick-room, so much especially in the sick-room of a child, who is unable to tell how extremely all this disturbs him. Management on the nurse's part, too, will do much to render the doctor's visit less trying than it otherwise would be to the child. Her report should not be made, as is too often the case, in the child's presence; the doctor questioning, and different answers being given, or different opinions expressed; a little dispute as to some perhaps trivial point going on for three or four minutes, undoing by this idle disturbance all the good which hours of perfect quiet had been needed to accomplish.

"With due attention to these points, it sometimes happens that the doctor is enabled to pay his visit, and to learn all he needs to know, without arousing the child at all, for he can notice its breathing, and count its pulse, and feel its skin unnoticed. Often, however, this will not suffice, and then, if the child is suddenly roused or roughly awakened, it becomes alarmed, the doctor is unable to form a correct judgment of its condition, and the whole time of his visit is occupied in fruitless attempts to pacify it. With a little care, all this might be avoided. The child should first be half-aroused by gently touching it; it may then be softly called by name, or by some customary term of endearment; while it is always desirable that a face which it knows and loves should be the first to catch its eye on waking; and in speaking to it the voice cannot be too soft, nor the tones too gentle. The same gentleness, too, must extend to every movement of the child, to turning it in bed and so on. If it is necessary to raise it in order to give it food, the nurse must re-

member that the head aches, and that the little one is dizzy; the head must not be raised from the pillow, but the arm must be passed beneath the pillow, and the head raised while resting upon it."

EASY MOTHERS.

We wish it were possible to persuade some otherwise excellent mothers how much trouble they would save themselves, by exercising a little firmness toward their young children. Of course it takes more time to contest a point with a child than to yield it; and a busy mother, not reflecting that this is not for once, but for thousands of future times, and to rid herself of importunity, says, wearily, "Yes, yes, you may do it," when all the while she knows it to be wrong, and most injurious to the child. Then there comes a time when she must say "No!" and the difficulty of enforcing it at so late a period of indulgence, none can tell but "easy" mothers of self-willed children. For your own sakes, then, mothers—if you have not the future good of your children at heart—for your own sakes, and to save yourselves great trouble in the future, learn to say "No!" and take time to enforce it. Let everything else go, if necessary, because this contest must be fought out successfully with every separate child; and once fought, it is done with forever. When we see mothers, day by day, worried, harassed, worn out by ceaseless teasings and importunities, all for the want of a little firmness at the outset, we know not whether to be

more sorry or angry. At any rate, we have no patience to stand by and witness such sad mismanagement.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Consider it your religious duty to take out-door exercise, without fail, each day. Sweeping and trotting round the house will not take its place; the exhilaration of the open air and change of scene are absolutely necessary. O, I know all about "Lucy's gown that is not finished," and "Tommy's jacket," and even his coat, his buttonless coat, thrown in your lap, as if to add the last ounce to the camel's back; still I say—up—and out! Is it not more important that your children in their tender years should not be left motherless? and that they should not be born to that feeble constitution of body which will blight every earthly blessing? Let buttons and strings go; you will take hold of them with more vigor and patience, when you do return, bright and refreshed; and if every stitch is not finished at just such a moment, (and it is discouraging not to be able to systematise in your labor, even with your best efforts,) still remember, that "she who hath done what she could," is entitled to no mean praise. Your husband is undoubtedly the "best of men;" though there are malicious people who might answer that that is not saying much for him! Still, he would never to the end of time, dream what you were dying of. So, accept my advice, and take the matter in hand yourself.

Hints for Housekeepers.

SODA CRACKERS.—A correspondent of the New York Enquirer, says—Noticing, in a previous number, a call for a recipe for crackers, I will just pen the one I use, called soda crackers. In one quart of flour, mix a teaspoon heaping full of cream of tartar; add a lump of butter about the size of a hen's egg, well rubbed in the flour; a teaspoon even full of soda, in half a pint of sweet milk—the newer the milk the better, if cold; where milk is scarce, water will do. Bake in a quick oven, and give close attention. If I make more than the recipe calls for, I prepare my ingredients, and only wet up at one time what I can bake at once. Wet it up hard. Roll out so that it will appear flaky. When baked, set them down by the stove to dry. Before mixing it all up, I generally make a small cake, and bake it, to see if it is right, as there is much difference in the strength of both soda and cream of tartar. If one has good luck, this compound will make crackers that are generally preferred to those on sale, by both sick and well.

E.

A NICE WAY TO SERVE CHICKENS OR PIGEONS A SECOND TIME.—Cut them into four quarters, beat up an egg or two, according to what you

have to dress, grate a nutmeg in some salt, chop parsley, a few bread crumbs; mix all well together, dip them in this batter, and have some drippings hot in a stew-pan, in which fry them of a fine, light brown. Make a little gravy, thickened slightly with flour. Lay the fowl on a dish, and pour the sauce over it. A cold rabbit, served in the same way, is good eating.

CHOOSE THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE STREET.—The sunny side of the street should always be chosen as a residence, for its superior healthfulness. In some barracks in Russia, it was found that in a wing where no sun penetrated, there occurred three cases of sickness for every single case which occurred on that side of the building exposed to the sun's rays. All other circumstances were equal—such as ventilation, size of apartments, &c., so that no other cause for this disproportion seemed to exist. In the Italian cities, this practical hint is well-known. Malaria seldom attacks the set of apartments or houses which are freely open to the sun, while on the opposite side of the street, the summer and autumn are very unhealthy, and even dangerous.

HOW TO EAT WISELY.—Dr. Hall, in his journal, gives the following advice: "1. Never sit down to the table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundredfold intermit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomachs than yours; and besides, eating under such circumstances, can only, and will always, prolong and aggravate the condition of things. 2. Never sit down to a meal after any intense mental effort, for physical and mental injury are inevitable, and no man has a right to deliberately injure body, mind, or estate. 3. Never go to a full table during bodily exhaustion—designated by some as being worn out, tired to death, used up, done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances, is to take a cracker, and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Boil one pound and a-half of good apples with a gill of water, and half a pound of brown sugar, until reduced to a smooth pulp; stir in one gill of sweet cream, a tablespoonful of flour, or fine bread crumbs; flavor with a little lemon juice, or grated lemon, and bake forty minutes.

FRENCH WAY OF DRESSING A SHOULDER OF VEAL.—Cut the veal into nice, square pieces, or mouthfuls, and parboil them. Put the bone and trimmings into another pot, and stew them slowly

a long time, in a very little water, to make the gravy. Then put the meat into the dish in which it is to go to the table, and season it with a very little salt and Cayenne pepper, the yellow rind of a large lemon grated, and some powdered mace and nutmeg. Add some bits of fresh butter, rolled in flour, or some cold dripping of roast veal. Strain the gravy, and pour it in. Set it in a hot dutch oven, and bake it brown. When nearly done, add two glasses of white wine, and serve it up hot. Any piece of veal may be cooked in this way.

MEASURE CAKE.—Stir to a cream, a tea-cup of butter, two of sugar; then stir in four eggs, beaten to a froth, a grated nutmeg, and a pint of flour. Stir it until just before it is baked. It is good baked either in cups or in pans.

COOKIES.—One egg, one cup of sugar, half a tea-cup of sour cream, half a teaspoon of butter, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of caraway seed. Mix rather soft, roll and cut.

CREAM CAKE.—Two cups of cream, two of sugar, four of flour, three eggs, one teaspoon of saleratus, nutmeg or lemon.

BUNS.—Three cups of milk, one cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, and flour to make it a sponge; let it rise over night, then add another cup of sugar, and one of butter. Mould them into small biscuits.

Health Department.

SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is, also, that that those who starve to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are these. First: Those who think most, who do the most brain-work, require most sleep. Second: That time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate. Third: Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake; and within a fortnight nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants

of the system. This is the only safe and sufficient rule—and as the question how much any one requires, each must be a rule for himself—great Nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

CELLARS.

There ought to be no cellar under any building designed for the residence of families; but in cities where ground is very valuable it is considered a necessity. The only access to the cellar of a New York dwelling is through the lower hall or passage; hence, whenever the door is opened, all the fumes, gases, odors and damps which arise from it, ascend through the building and impregnate every room with the foul air generated by decaying wood, vegetables, bones, skins, scraps of meat, etc., of which the cellar is too commonly made a common receptacle.

In the spring or early summer, every movable thing should be taken out, the walls and floors should be most thoroughly swept, and then the walls and ceiling should be most profusely white-washed. No cellar should be without a well-plas-

tered ceiling, not only to exclude the dampness and bad air, but to protect the lower room from cold and changeable weather.

There can be no doubt that an ill-conditioned cellar is the unsuspected cause of death among many a happy household. A gentleman recently built for himself a splendid mansion in this city. He had not been in it long before several members of a hitherto healthy family became unwell. On minute inquiry he found that the house had been erected on a filled-in swampy lot. He at once removed elsewhere, and the usual health returned to his household.

During one of the cholera years in Boston, the whole city was divided into small districts, and trusty citizens were appointed to visit each, and to leave no part of any suspicious premises unexamined, with power to compel a thorough and immediate cleansing. Their care was happily rewarded: only in one neighborhood was there any marked disease, when upon a more rigid exploration of a particular building, it was found that one compartment of a dark cellar was almost filled with a disgusting compound of all the offal of a kitchen for a long period. With such facts, those who possess any intelligence, with even a moderate affection for their wives and children, will give a prompt and wise attention to the subject.—*Hall's Jour. Health.*

SMALL BED-CHAMBERS.

There is reason to believe that more cases of dangerous and fatal disease are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small, unventilated rooms, than have occurred from a cholera atmosphere during any year since it made its appearance in this country. Very many persons sleep

in eight by ten rooms, that is, in rooms the length and breadth of which multiplied together, and this multiplied again by ten for the height of the chamber, would make just eight hundred cubic feet; while the cubic space for each bed, according to the English apportionment for hospitals, is twenty-one hundred feet. But more, in order "to give the air of a room the highest degree of freshness," the French hospitals contract for a complete renewal of the air of a room every hour, while the English assert that double the amount, or over four thousand feet an hour, is required. Four thousand feet of air every hour! and yet there are multitudes in the city of New York who sleep with closed doors and windows in rooms which do not contain a thousand cubic feet of space, and that thousand feet is to last all night, at least eight hours, except such scanty supplies as may be obtained of any fresh air that may insinuate itself through little crevices by door or window, not an eighth of an inch in thickness. But when it is known that in many cases a man and wife and infant sleep habitually in thousand-feet rooms, it is no marvel that multitudes perish prematurely in cities; no wonder that infant children wilt away like flowers without water, and that five thousand of them are to die in the city of New York alone during the hundred days which shall include the fifteenth of July, 1860! Another fact is suggestive, that among the fifty thousand persons who sleep nightly in the lodging houses of London, expressly arranged on the improved principles of space and ventilation already referred to, it has been proven that not one single case of fever has been engendered in two years! Let every intelligent reader improve the teachings of this article without an hour's delay.—*Ibid.*

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

PLATE OF COLORED DESIGNS—PROMENADE COSTUME AND CARRIAGE DRESS.

LADY ON THE LEFT.

Bonnet of tulle-blond, ornamented with a single feather, and a little *bruyère*. Interior of black lace, *bruyère*, cheeks of white lace, white strings.

Robe of *taffetas panée* silk, trimmed with a ruffle edged puffing of white *taffetas*, disposed in form of a tunic, and continuing across the back to simulate a *pèlerine* in a pointed form, extending to the waist. The end of the sleeve fringed, above which—several inches—is a band of ruffle-edged puffing. The *ceinture*, or waist-ribbon of the same, is closed with a steel or silver clasp. The front of the robe is garnished with a row of buttons covered

with the same, and diminishing in size toward the waist.

Collar and undersleeves of application. Straw-colored kid gloves. Lace boots of *satin français*.

This costume is appropriate wear for a young wife to an opera or concert *matinée* or *soirée*, and would be appropriate for a young lady at an evening opera, with a simple head-dress of white lace and blue ribbon, enlivened with a few flowers to lighten or tone the complexion.

Crinoline skirts, and Thompson's diminished corrugated skirts, are now the only ones worn as *jupe* supporters by the most *élite* of the millionarity. Most decidedly, inflated skirts are to be superseded by *trains*—and if the change have the effect of *training* our ladies into the graceful gift of raising their skirts on our promenades like the *Parisiennes*, we shall bless the fickle goddess for it; but the pre-

sent style of extremely light, and very fine hooped skirt, of diminished rotundity, will maintain throughout the winter.

LADY ON THE RIGHT.—Robe of *taffetas*—plain skirt for *promenade*.

Winged mantle of black *taffetas* or velvet, but the former is the most fashionable. This mantle is often cut with sleeves—either pointed or square—which reach to the bottom of the mantle. The trimming is formed of biases cut from silk goods striped with black and *penée*. It is cut with a yoke, covered with a *pelerine*, and edged in harmony with the rest.

Bonnet of Belgian straw, trimmed with tufts of violet and black lace, placed rather far back on the *passé*, near the crown. The curtain is covered with black lace. The crown trimming of lace is called an *opprdt*, and it covers the tufts of flowers. White *blonde* cheeks; *auréole* over the forehead of lace and flowers. Embroidered collar and under-sleeves. Russet colored kid gloves, and black satin lasting lace-boots.

The form of *mantilla* here illustrated is in higher favor with *demoiselles*, even, than is the *casaque*; but the latter is still preferred by many. Both forms of over-garment appear most graceful with a long, full, flowing, pointed sleeve, and with three neat silk braid *agrafes*—one *agrafe* at the neck, another across the stomach, and the other at the waist.

GENERAL REMARKS.

Amongst our most captivating styles of goods for the season are the silk *muslins*—*foulards*—flexible *taffetas*—*reps* and *poplins*. The last are in highest favor for the moment, and the favored styles seem to be almost monopolized by our favorite importers, Edward Lambert & Co., and Adriance, Strang & Co. The favorite colors are *penée*, *Marguerite*, Magenta purple, *mode* (the *mode* color is, this year, a dash of azure blue in Tyrian purple,) and all their combinations.

Bright or lively colors are still in favor for bonnet trimmings, and strings ornamented with stars of gold or silver, are in high favor for full toilet.

With the colored plate we have given the shape of the Broadway bonnet as now preferred; the soft crown having lost favor, is seldom seen at evening parties or at the opera; and our young ladies evince a dislike for wearing it to our most fashionable churches, and they would not for anything if a fashionable wedding was to be solemnized in the church.

Speaking of weddings reminds us that we intend, either with the next or the following number, to give careful illustrations of a bridal costume, with suitable directions as to the dresses and formularies to be worn and observed on an occasion the most important of all in the construction of society and the foundation of civilization.

For morning bonnets, black *reps*, blue, and isly

colored silks are in favor, trimmed with mauve, green, groseille, china pink, and azure blue, as best suits the complexion of the wearer, and blends or relieves the material of the bonnet. For full toilet, *crapé* is still a favorite material, and so is fine straw, if trimmed with fine lace, and choice artificial flowers.

There is no kind of trimming that a lady should be more careful in the selection of, than artificial flowers. Of the numerous milliners in our city we do not believe there are a dozen that invariably employ good trimmings. They make up for want of superiority in quality, by loading a bonnet with meaningless attractions that will fade on their first exposure to the sun or rain. Ladies of refined taste always employ very few trimmings, but these few are sufficient to assure the eye of a connoisseur that the wearer is a lady of cultivation. Of the few names that occur to us now, as keeping none other than the very best of trimmings, are Madame Laurent and Madame Dougal. These ladies never advertise in newspapers, because each piece of work that they finish is a *chef d'œuvre*, and the fashionable world kneels to them for the favor of their services in the millinery art. To believe the truth, that the proper understanding of the millinery art requires peculiar gifts and education, it is only necessary to reflect that it has been one of the greatest causes of celebrity to Paris and Vienna.

LINGERIE.

Caps, undersleeves, *casézours*, &c., seem to attract more than usual attention this season. Of caps, the *Parisienne* gives two charming samples. The first is of plain *mouseline*, extending out to the front of the hair over the forehead, and round back over the ears, drawn with a row of white lace across the back of the neck, and falling in a point between the shoulders nearly half way to the waist. The whole is edged with lace nearly two inches wide. There is a knot of blue ribbon above each ear, the ribbon connecting over the summit of the head, and from the knot there is a band of lace extending over the crown of the head. The strings are of rich blue *taffetas* ribbon, gathered into three puffs, extending seven or eight inches below the chin, and each puff is surrounded with a row of lace. The strings fall, flowingly, to fifteen or eighteen inches below the ears.

A cap more simple, and perhaps prettier, is formed of a round piece of embroidered muslin to fit the back of the head, and drawn in at the neck so as to form a curtain two inches deep behind. From the ears front the cap is edged with wide strawberry-pointed lace, starting from a half inch wide at the ears, and widening to three inches over the forehead. From the ears the curtain is edged with a fall of lace widening from nothing to two inches behind. There is a bouquet of *rose du roi* ribbon over each ear; from each a ribbon passes over the joining of the brim to the cap over the forehead and back of the neck. Underneath the

border, and extending out beyond it at the sides, is a *ruche* of wide ribbon *rose du roi*, thus forming a cap to cover the head to below the ears, similar to the form our grandmothers wore, and this is stated to be the most desirable form.

Pichu-canexou.—This is of muslin, cut so as to fit the neck closely, and extend out to the tips of the shoulders, and form a point at the waist behind, and a similar point at the waist in front. It is then laid in perpendicular plaits like a gentleman's shirt-bosom. At the edge there is then placed a width of lace, three inches wide on the shoulders, and terminating in points on the back and in front. In this band of lace is inserted a blue ribbon, or the band is formed of little rows of lace and ribbons to the shape required. It is then finished by gathering to the outer edge of the band a row of muslin, pointed before and behind, and three inches wide on the shoulders, this full band being edged by a narrow band of scalloped lace. At the front there is a large muslin knot, and long, round-ended lappets edged with scalloped lace. The neck is trimmed with a surrounding of lace two inches wide, stitched to the muslin full, or gathered on and edged with a half inch band of scalloped lace. Each edge of the band of insertion is also edged with a half inch row of scalloped lace.

Undersleeves.—Of those for full dress four forms prevail. The first is of muslin, embroidered in the form of little peas. It is very large, and gathered to a band four inches deep from the arm-hole. The inseam is gathered or drawn, and the sleeve is then gathered to an embroidered band just large enough to receive the hand. This band is three inches deep and *ruched*, then ornamented with a band of velvet one-fourth inch wide, in small figures.

The second one is of plain muslin, formed into one large puff, and then the lower half is divided lengthwise by nine bars of muslin, ornamented with velvet, to which the sleeve is drawn or shirred, to reduce its length one-fourth. The cuff fits the wrist easily, and is formed of a *ruching* of muslin, ornamented with velvet, and edged on both sides with black lace.

The third is of muslin, gathered to the hand with one narrow puff, long on the underside, from whence it is rounded and open on the inseam to the puff, where there is a knot of blue ribbon; and the edges from the knob round the bottom are the same, as the *pichu-canexou*.

The fourth (of muslin) is formed of two puffs above the elbow, and two *flounces* emerging from the puffs, the lower one extending to the length of a three-quarter sleeve. These *flounces* are very full, each ornamented round the middle with a puff of green ribbon, and edged with a *ruche* of the same ribbon; below each puff there is a very narrow fall of scalloped lace. A double bow-knot ornaments the inseam over each row of puffing.

WAISTS, SLEEVES, AND SKIRTS.—The Venetian

corsage for home dress is very popular. It is made of white muslin to fit the body, and divided lengthwise in front by five black velvet ribbons, to which it is gathered. There is a black velvet ribbon at the top round the neck, edged with a narrow band of scalloped black lace. There is no collar worn with this body. A velvet epaulette, in the form of a half moon, is widest at the top of the shoulder, below which are two puffs in the sleeve; from the lower puff the sleeve is divided lengthwise by six velvet ribbons, to which the sleeve is gathered. The wristband is trimmed round with a velvet ribbon and a knot on the top of the wrist. There is a waist-ribbon of black velvet two inches wide, tied in a double bow-knot at front, with flowing ends. This body is pretty, with a skirt of *rose taffetas*, or with any skirt of carmine nuance.

The sleeve in highest favor for morning dresses is cut full at the armhole, and tapering all the way to the wrist, and formed into eight graduated puffs, terminating in a fitting wristband, closing with a hook and eye. A sleeve of this kind for a dinner-dress, to be more dressy, is ornamented with a knot of ribbon like that which trims the rest of the dress between each puff on the top of the arm. The sleeve of graduated puffs is destined to have quite a run.

The *pagode* sleeve, and the full, flowing, pointed sleeve, both with one or two puffs near the armhole, are in favor, as is also the tight-fitting sleeve with one or two large puffs near the top, and fitting at the wrist, over which is turned a deep lace cuff.

Square bodies are worn for promenade and carriage dresses, with *ceinture* and ornamental brooch. Pointed waists for all *décolleté* bodies. Vest-pointed waists in front, and three points on the back with a diamond centre, is still in favor.

Short sleeves for *décolleté* dresses are formed of one or two puffs and a *flounce*.

Easy sacks of black silk and velvet are in fashion; they are cut in the Zouave style, but without the numerous buttons and loops up the front. They are generally closed with hooks and eyes, and the bottom is made with a slit at each side, and a slit behind up each side-seam. The back is cut six inches wide at the waist. The edges are braided, and a tassel is attached to the lower corner of each slit. Some *couturières* close the silk with trolleis-work of fine silk cord. Bodies of high dresses are trimmed as they were last spring, being either closed with buttons and holes, or with hooks and eyes, and a row of buttons placed on the upper edge of the front of body. It is quite fashionable to run a row of graduated buttons down the front of skirt, starting with very small ones at the waist, and enlarging regularly to the bottom.

Skirts of very thin material are ornamented with horizontal rows of puffing two-thirds the way up from the bottom. Those of heavier material, such as silk, *moiré antique*, reps, poplin, delaine, &c., are either made with from seven to nine narrow *flounces*

gathered on from the bottom to two-thirds the way to the knee, so that one flounce just escapes the heading of the one next below it. Or, they are made with one puff at mid-leg, and ending in a flounce from said puff, and with a puffing in the tunic form, or in the apron form, *à tablier*.

The style of promenade dress and traveling dress to consist of a gray poplin skirt, and *casaque* of the same, is quite in favor. The *casaque* is cut with a close-fitting body, and one row of large blue silk buttons trims the body up the front and down the edges of the skirt, set close together, and behind at the waist, are two buttons. They are one and a half inch diameter, flat-surfaced, and set two inches apart up the front. The body closes from the waist to the neck with hooks and eyes. The *casaque* extends to within six inches of the bottom

of the dress. The skirt is plain. That of the *casaque* is plain and cut like a long *basque*, with or without back-seam, but the back very narrow at the waist. It is plain and close at the neck, surmounted with a square muslin collar, turning down.

The *robe de chambre* is cut in the form of a long, full *basque*, without at all taking the form of the figure. It is closed at the waist with cord and tassels, and faced up the front, round the neck, and the cuffs of *pagode* sleeves, with quilted silk of bright gay color, such as pink, blue, or orange. Cashmere is the material preferred, either plain or figured. Subdued colors for the robes, and gay ones for the trimmings, is the fashion.

The fickle goddess has made no change in rings, pins, and bracelets.

New Publications.

TRAVELS, RESEARCHES, AND MISSIONARY LABORS, DURING AN EIGHTEEN YEARS' RESIDENCE IN EASTERN AFRICA: Together with Journeys to Jagga, Usambara, Ukambani, Shoa, Abessinia, and Khartum; and a Coasting Voyage from Mombasa to Cape Delgado. By the Rev. Dr. I. Lewis Krapf, Secretary of the Chrishona Institute of Basel, and late Missionary in the Service of the Church Missionary Society in Eastern and Equatorial Africa. With an Appendix respecting the Snow-Capped Mountains of Eastern Africa; the Sources of the Nile; the Language and Literature of Abessinia and Eastern Africa, etc., etc.; and a Concise Account of Geographical Researches in Eastern Africa up to the Discovery of the Uyenyesii, by Dr. Livingston, in September last. By E. I. Revenstein, F.R.G.S. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

For eighteen years, Dr. Krapf has devoted himself to missionary labors among the Africans on the eastern coast; and in this volume gives a large amount of curious and valuable information, in regard to races of people in the equatorial regions, hitherto unknown to Europeans. While Dr. Livingston has pursued his labors and researches in regions south of, but approaching, the equator, Dr. Krapf has as untiringly devoted himself to explorations, proximately, at the north, and along the eastern coast. The two distinguished missionary travelers approached each other within five degrees of latitude. In the Appendix, much important matter will be found, valuable to the geographer and student of ethnology and linguistic science. The interest felt in Africa, is one of the noticeable

things of the present day. The attention of the civilized world is being drawn to her vast interior population and resources; and, at the same time, Christian philanthropy is pondering the means of her development towards civilization and national regeneration. The discoverers' stimulant is not the love of gold or conquest; but Christian regard for the neighbors' good leads on the self-sacrificing adventurers. It is a new age, this nineteenth century; a new age, with new and higher motives and impulses. Interior Africa, in providence, has been guarded from the encroachments of Europe, until Europe could advance upon her in blessing, instead of cursing. She will not now be the land of bloody adventure and conquest; but a theatre of Christian civilization. In our mind, there is more hope of Africa than Asia; for life in Africa seems less sluggish, less coldly cruel; less fixed in the hereditary forms of impassive ages.

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, LATIN, AND ITALIAN LANGUAGES, WITHOUT A MASTER. By A. H. Monteith, Esq. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

We have here, substantially bound in one volume, five instructive books. They have been some time before the public as separate volumes, but can now be had complete.

EUPHIDES EX REGNIONE FREDERICI A. PALEY. Accessit Verborum Et Nominum Index Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD. Collected, arranged, and edited by his Daughter. With a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his own Sketches. In two vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Hood, though a humorist, was a man of deep and humane feelings, and his contemporaries bear testimony to the excellence of his character. These memorials are by his son and daughter, who speak of their father with a reverence and affection that are in themselves a high tribute to his worth. The preface and notes by his son Thomas are in good taste, and give us pleasant glimpses of the man. A delicacy, that we can well appreciate, kept from the work many letters written by Hood to his wife; but an extract from one is given, that shows the tender love that existed between them, and which is all the more fragrant, because such tenderness seems rarely to find growth with those who make literature a profession. We copy the extract, a veritable love-letter in style, and came from a warm place in the heart:—"I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you—and I have been a better, happier, and more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, sweetest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing warmly and fondly but not without good cause. First, your own affectionate letter, lately received; next, the remembrances of our dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old familiar love; then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours; and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hand is now writing. Perhaps there is an after-thought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgment of her tenderness—worth—excellence—all that is wifely or womanly, from my pen."

The following is related as a good joke, in retaliation upon some friends, who undertook the dangerous experiment of playing a trick upon the joker:—"On one occasion, two or three friends came down for a day's shooting, and, as they often did, in the evening they rowed out into the middle of the little lake in an old punt. They were full of spirits, and had played off one or two practical jokes on their host, till, on getting out of the boat, leaving him last, one of them gave it a push, and out went my father into the water. Fortunately it was the landing-place, and the water was not deep, but he was wet through. It was playing with edged tools to venture on such tricks with him, and he quietly determined to turn the tables. Accordingly he presently began to complain of cramps and stitches, and at last went in doors. His friends, getting rather ashamed of their rough fun, persuaded him to go to bed, which he immediately did. His groans and complaints increased so alarmingly, that they were almost at their wits' ends what to do. My mother had received a quiet hint, and was therefore not alarmed, though much amused at the terrified efforts and prescriptions of the repentant jokers.

There was no doctor to be had for miles, and all sorts of queer remedies were suggested and administered, my father shaking with laughing, while they supposed he had got ague or fever. One rushed up with a tea-kettle of boiling water hanging on his arm, another tottered under a tin bath, and a third brought the mustard. My father, at length, as well as he could speak, gave out in a sepulchral voice that he was sure he was dying, and detailed some most absurd directions for his will, which they were all too frightened to see the fun of. At last he could stand it no longer, and after hearing the penitent offenders beg him to forgive them for their unfortunate joke, and beseech him to believe in their remorse, he burst into a perfect shout of laughing, which they thought at first was delirious frenzy, but which ultimately betrayed the joke."

ECHOES OF EUROPE; OR, WORD PICTURES OF TRAVEL. By E. K. Washington. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

A new book of European travel, putting on the imposing shape of seven hundred pages octavo, is something so formidable, that one turns from it almost instinctively. So we felt, as this book, "*Rehobos of Europe*," looked up at us from our table. The brief, saucy preface—not in good taste—made us feel inclined to shut the covers down. But, a glance into the volume changed our feelings. We found it the record of a traveler, with eyes and intellect; of a man of quick observation, ready expression, and good powers of description. It is eminently a readable book, and will amply repay the time spent in its perusal. In a note, at the close of the book, the author gives the following information in regard to the expense of an European tour:—

"The necessary expenses of a trip to Europe, will generally average about five dollars per day, for every day one is absent. This will include locomotion, boarding, fees to guides, fees to guards, '*visas*' for passports; and, in general, one's necessary and decent expenses—admit of stopping at the best hotels. Should one travel fast, however, and not remain long in each city, his expenses will exceed this amount. In the British empire, also, one's expenses will reach, on an average, eight or nine dollars a day. The cheapest places are Southern Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy. The above estimate of five dollars a day, is about the average of one's necessary expenses. In Rome or Naples, one's merely hotel expenses need not exceed two and a half dollars per day; this includes ordinary wines. The French language is altogether necessary; for though many of the first class hotels keep one servant who can speak English, the traveler is always presumed to speak French, and addressed in it, and will frequently be exposed to inconvenience and annoyance, for want of this desideratum."

LOVELL, THE WIDOWER. A Novel. By W. M. Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A cheap edition of Thackeray's last novel.

A MAN. By Rev. Jno. D. Bell. Philadelphia: *James Challen & Son*.

A volume suggestive of healthy views of life. It is made up of a series of essays, and written with great earnestness. The author shows the difference between existing and living, laboring and working, and shows the fearful effects of the neglect or the abuse of intellectual and physical culture. "A superior education of the whole man is urged with great power. The author discusses the higher uses of the senses: Exposing the ignoble life of the mere utilitarian, he shows the true design and value of the beautiful. He dwells on the poetic susceptibility in its relation to Nature, on the pleasures of the eye and the ear, and on the scenery of the Seasons. He discusses the life of the student, and the encouraging and rewarding felicities which accompany the prosecution of intellectual pursuits. He considers the student's dangers and errors; the importance to him of maintaining his health, and of fitting himself for practical life, while he is engaged and delighted in the world of books."

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON MIND. By the Author of "Lessons on Reasoning," "Lessons on Morals," &c. Boston and Cambridge: *Jas. Monroe & Co.*

This small volume, by the distinguished Archbishop Whately, is remarkable for the clearness of thought with which every theme is presented, the directness and precision of every statement, and the pertinence and fullness of illustration brought to bear upon the subjects presented to the mind. How few there are who comprehend anything in regard to the mental evolutions constantly going on within themselves, or who understand anything about the grand machine of thought they possess! Thousands, who have ordinary intelligence, who are regarded as bright men and women, would find in this book such helps to orderly thinking, as would give them a new mental power, and a greater influence in their sphere of life. We study ourselves too little; have too limited a knowledge of the processes going on in the inner man. We do not know what manner of beings we are.

NATURAL HISTORY. For the Use of Schools and Families. By Worthington Hooker, M. D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Medicine in Yale College. Illustrated by nearly 800 engravings. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

The author says: "My object has been to cull from the immense mass of material which Zoology presents, *that which every well-informed person ought to know*, excluding all which is of interest and value only to those who intend to be thorough Zoologists." The volume is not, therefore, so much one of reference, as for instruction in all the leading facts of natural history. It seems to be well calculated for a home as well as a school-book. The illustrations are numerous, and finely executed.

ROSA; OR, THE PARISIAN GIRL. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

A moral and religious story for the young, giving us French life in an aspect very different from what is ordinarily presented in French literature. It has been said that home-life, in the sense of English and American home-life, is unknown in France. This, however, is denied by some who have been privileged to pass the barriers that shut in the true French home, which is guarded with scrupulous care. "Rosa" gives us glimpses of domestic life, as sweet and pure and loving as anything to be found. The translator says: "The scenes in this volume are *real*; and they differ from those usually found in poisonous French works of fiction, as do the sweet breath of morn, the smell of violets and of new-mown hay, from the hot, perfumed, unhealthy atmosphere of a Parisian drawing-room."

THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY. By Grace and Philip Wharton. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

This volume contains sketches of the lives of a number of distinguished women of England and France, who, in the last and beginning of the present century, ruled by their wit, beauty, or talents, as queens in society. Among these were the Duchess of Marlborough, Madame Roland, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Letitia E. Landon (L. E. L.), Lady Morgan, Madame de Staël, Mrs. Dama, Lady Caroline Lamb, Madame Recamias, &c., &c. The book is written in a pleasant style, and the pictures of character and social life given vivid and interesting. It is freely illustrated with engravings.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE. By George Henry Lewes, Author of "Physiology of Common Life." New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

Get this book, and read it carefully, ye who love nature, and seek to penetrate her mysteries. The author will lead you in among her hidden places, where the wonderful transformations in animal life are in process, and you will see more through his eyes, in a few hours, than a lifetime of unaided vision would reveal. The volume is small, but a treasury of knowledge.

THE SUNNY SOUTH; OR, THE SOUTHERNER AT HOME. Embracing Five Years' Experience of a Northern Governess in the Land of the Sugar and the Cotton. Edited by Professor J. H. Ingraham. Philadelphia: *G. G. Evans*.

These letters from the South were published several years ago in the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, and attracted attention by their liveliness and pleasant descriptions. The old readers of that paper will remember "Kate Conyngham" and her "Needles." The book will be found entertaining.

Editors' Department.

"HARVEY'S WIFE."

"But Harvey's wife is to have a new one, you see, Willard!"

"And that is a good and sufficient reason why my wife should have one, too, I suppose!"

Willard Phelps said these words with a smile so pleasant and so fond, looking on the fair face of the woman he had called his wife for a couple of years, that she could not feel vexed or wounded, though there was unconsciously to the speaker a little tone of reproof in his voice, just as though he felt the "good and sufficient reason" his wife had assigned for getting a new winter hat, was a small weakness that must be indulged.

Mrs. Phelps lifted a pair of very pleasant blue eyes to her husband, as she asked quite seriously, "Well, isn't it a good reason, Willard, that I should dress as well as your brother's wife?"

"I presume so. Women think a great deal about these things. How much will the hat be?" drawing out his porte-monnaie."

"Well—ten dollars, I think. I'll be just as economical as I can."

"I don't doubt it, Mary; only you must be certain to carry the fear and the memory of Harvey's wife's bonnet to the milliner's this morning."

Mrs. Phelps was a very good-natured woman on the whole; but I think she would have pouted this time, if her husband had not sealed his words with a kiss, as he slipped the money into her hands, and hurried off to the store.

He and his brother were clerks in a large wholesale house, each with a salary of fifteen hundred a year. The young men had married about the same time, and their wives were old friends, and had been schoolmates.

The young men were very happy husbands. Their wives were sensible, estimable, loving, home-women; but Mrs. Harvey Phelps had a rich brother, who was very fond of her, made her elegant presents, and supplied her with a good deal of pocket-money.

Mrs. Willard Phelps had none: and good and sensible a woman as she was, she was still human enough, and foolish enough to carry about with her a little feeling that Harvey's wife had no right to outshine her in her dress, or any of her household appointments.

Indeed, in some far back closet of Mary Phelps's soul, was a little spirit of envy and jealousy, that had never seen the light, but that made itself felt when "Harvey's wife" displayed an elegant dress,

a new set of china, or anything so costly or elegant, that it was at once evident some other purse-strings beside her husband's must have been loosened to purchase it.

And in all her household appointments, in all her outlays for her own wardrobe, Mrs. Phelps was unconsciously influenced, more or less, by the thought of "Harvey's wife." It was the "black crow" that stood at the door of the happy wife, and she never suspected it.

But that morning the words of her husband haunted the thoughts of Mrs. Willard Phelps, as she slipped the little roll of bank notes into her purse, and away down in her soul a voice commenced speaking after this fashion:

"Wasn't there some truth, now, in what Willard said this morning? Is it a good and sufficient reason that you should have a new bonnet, because Harvey's wife has one? You know your black velvet is as good as new, though you've worn it two years, and that you could alter it, and with new face trimmings and strings, it would be handsome enough for anybody."

"But, then, Harvey's wife will come out in something new and pretty, and I don't like to have her outshine me always." It was not the voice far down in Mrs. Phelps's soul, which added this last consideration.

But it answered promptly: "See here now, aren't you a little weak and over-sensitive about Harvey's wife? If she can afford a new hat, let her have it, but that's no reason you shouldn't wear your old one. Now, you are a sensible woman, Mary Phelps. I hope you are a Christian one, and it's just a mean and miserable way of getting on, to carry this shadow of Harvey's wife about with you. Look the matter bravely in the face now, and get above it as soon as possible."

There was a struggle—of course there was—in Mrs. Phelps's soul, but it ended in her saying, with a little emphasis of her foot on the floor: "I shall not go to the milliner's this morning; I shall wear my old bonnet next winter!"

And a little later, her thoughts leaped into another channel: "I'll just take *that* money, and get Willard a new dressing-gown for Christmas. There's plenty of time to make it; and if it doesn't look pretty, it shan't be my fault; maroon-colored silk, trimmed with black braid—he will look so handsome in it; and I'll go out this very day, and purchase the materials."

White and tasteful fingers worked assiduously at

that dressing-gown—worked at it, amid pleasant, dreamy smiles, puckering and parting the sweet lips—worked at it, amid snatches of old tunes, and breaks of sudden melody, that reminded one of a bird's song in a May morning, when the air is full of the joys of sunshine and the sweetness of blossoms.

"Here, Willard, here's your merry Christmas! I made it all myself!" She held up the dressing-gown with a proud, beaming face.

"Did you? Bless your little heart!" The young man took the tasteful garment, and inspected it with that mingled expression of wonder and mystery, with which gentlemen usually regard any feminine achievement of the kind.

"Isn't it a beauty, Willard? Come now, old fellow; I want to see it on you."

Mrs. Phelps tied with her dainty fingers the black and crimson tassels, and then turned her husband round several times, during her recurring survey; then, she stepped a little aside.

"Oh, Willard, its so becoming, and it fits like a charm; I never saw you look so handsome in my life!"

"You are the dearest little wife in Christendom," catching up the slender figure, and playfully swinging it round.

"What have you gone without, to get me this?"

"A new bonnet."

"And Harvey's wife has a new one. That was a sacrifice of which I didn't consider even you capable."

"Don't, Harry; I hope I've got over my old folly about Harvey's wife. It was a weakness and a sin."

It was about the only fault I ever saw in you; and how such a sinner as I, ever got hold of such a saint as you, Mary Phelps——"

The speech was not concluded: a little hand stole softly across the speaker's mouth, and he drew the hand away, and completed the sentence with a thank-offering of kisses.

V. R. T.

IDLENESS A CAUSE OF DISEASE.

The British government have appointed a commissioner to inquire into the results of excessive labor in factories, and the welfare of women generally, and this commissioner (Mr. Chadwick) reports:—"That the proportion of mothers of the well-to-do classes who can nurse their own children, is diminishing; that among women who have one servant there are ailments which are unknown amongst women who have no servants; and that these ailments are worse with women who have two servants; and get very bad, indeed, and with new complications of hypochondria, amongst women who have three servants."

When the number of servants reaches four or five, as often occurs in this country, as well as in England, the visits of a physician are almost as constant as the visits of the baker and milkman.

There is food for serious thought in the report of Mr. Chadwick. Its correctness no one will question for a moment—it being within the observation of most persons that a poorer state of health exists among those women who spend the greater part of their time in idle self-indulgence, than among those who are usefully employed. Biddy is hale and hearty, while her mistress has no appetite, and droops languidly through the day when not toned up by some extra excitement.

The number of servants kept by families in this country is an evil in more respects than one. It fosters indolence in wives and daughters, thus throwing heavier burdens upon husbands and fathers, and making the comfort of the household almost entirely dependent on a class (Irish servants, we mean,) who, as a general thing, have no interests or sympathies in common with the families in which they reside, and who make waste, instead of economy, the rule. The annoyance and discomforts of a domestic establishment always increases in proportion to the number of servants employed. With one domestic a lady may get along quite pleasantly, and be really the mistress of her own house. She will then find enough to do to keep the blood circulating freely in her veins, and her mind in that cheerful state which always accompanies a consciousness of having done some useful work. One servant in a moderate sized family, and a willing heart, dutywards, in the mistress, will keep out the doctor, the blues, and those domestic irregularities that form the common theme of talk among most American housekeepers. But give Biddy a companion in the shape of nurse, waitor, or chambermaid, and the day of home comfort has departed. At once a new interest, antagonist to your own, is set up, and you may consider yourself a second power in the kingdom. Waste, disorder, and annoyances of various kinds appear, and you war against them in vain. The work that, with your assistance, was easy, has become so hard, that sour faces and complainings meet you at every turn, and in the vain hope of relief you give strength to your enemies by adding a third to their number. Alas for you after that most serious mistake of all. Two servants in a house are bad enough, but with three the case is hopeless. Four and five are sometimes resorted to after this, in the vain struggle for relief—of all unfortunate housekeepers these last are most to be pitied. The general of an army has a lighter task than the lady who attempts to manage four or five servants.

Pride, self-indulgence, and idleness, lie at the root of nearly all the troubles that afflict housekeepers. Verily, we are in the hands of Philistines, who are despoiling wives and daughters of health, and husbands and fathers of their substance. Not one woman in twenty is now able to rule her house, nor one man in twenty sure of order and comfort in his home for three days in succession.

The remedy for all this lies only in one direction.

Lady housekeepers must begin to work in an inverse order in the matter of servants, and diminish, instead of increasing the number. In every house where there are two or more servants, let the experiment be tried of dismissing one, and dividing her duties, if need be, among the growing up girls of the household, if there are any such—the work will do them good in mind and body. If additional work falls on the mistress, it will, in four cases out of five, be a useful change for her, and make her feel better, mentally and physically. Such a general dismissal of servants would help to bring Biddy to her senses, and teach her a few lessons that she greatly needs to learn.

As to the doing of household work by delicate and dainty hands, that now lie for hours each day in fruitless idleness, the honor is all on the side of doing. Idleness is always discreditable, and useful work always honorable. But beyond lies the question of health, and this all physiologists, and all sensible people will tell you, is incompatible with idle self-indulgence. In the cares, duties, and labor of the household, cheerfully met, a woman will find more of a health-giving influence than in all medicines, or vagrant summer-wanderings after hygeian springs.

THE authorship of the "Rutledge" is one of the unsettled questions in literary circles. Two or three names have been mentioned, but no admission of the paternity has yet appeared. It is pretty generally regarded as the work of a young lady, and she is said to belong to a wealthy family in New York city. The manuscript was offered to another prominent publishing house, before it went into the hands of Derby & Jackson, and declined by their reader. The book is open to many objections, on strict rules of literary criticism, and is yet the most fascinating novel of the season. The author carries the reader away almost from the beginning, and holds his attention to the very last page. He recognizes improbabilities, and sometimes impossibilities, but they seem of small account, amid so much that is natural and genial, finely philosophic, or powerfully dramatic. Some of the characters are drawn with an artist-like fidelity to nature. As a whole, "Rutledge" indicates the possession of unusual ability, and we shall be mistaken if the author does not, in the maturity of her powers, take a distinguished position.

"It is ruinous to the young to demand of them more than you are quite sure that they can accomplish with moderate industry; it not only tends to make their minds superficial, but, what is still less thought of, their characters slippery, slip-shod, and slip-slop."

OCTOBER.

The year is completing her Miracle! Glorious as an army with banners she walks through October!

And they who rejoiced in the gladness of the spring, and the beauty of the summer, shall revel in such paintings of sky and earth as only God's hand can accomplish. The forests are great pillars of flame, in the west are seen great fleets with sails of crimson, and looking on the face of the earth, we know that solemn, and stately, and gorgeous October has taken up her march in the sisterhood of the months.

In a little while the year will fall into chill and shadow. The wood-fires will be kindled in the kitchens of old country houses; there will be the sad, rustling sound of the leaves on the earth, the fall of apples on the pale orchard grass, the droppings of nuts in the woods.

And later there will come that last smile of the year, the still, serene, yearning *Indian Summer*, and afterward the early nights, the cold, pallid, stricken days, and the wild storms—and then the year must arise and gird herself, and prepare to go out and die.

V. F. T.

MINNIE,

Aged two years, six months.

Is this all, Minnie—this bright lock of hair,
That sudden leaps into a ring of gold
When the stray sunbeams catch it? Is this all—
The picture of a sweet child's face asleep,
As though thou had'st turned weary from thy play,
And sank amid sweet lullabies to rest?
Are these all, Minnie, of that bright young head
That came to us last summer?

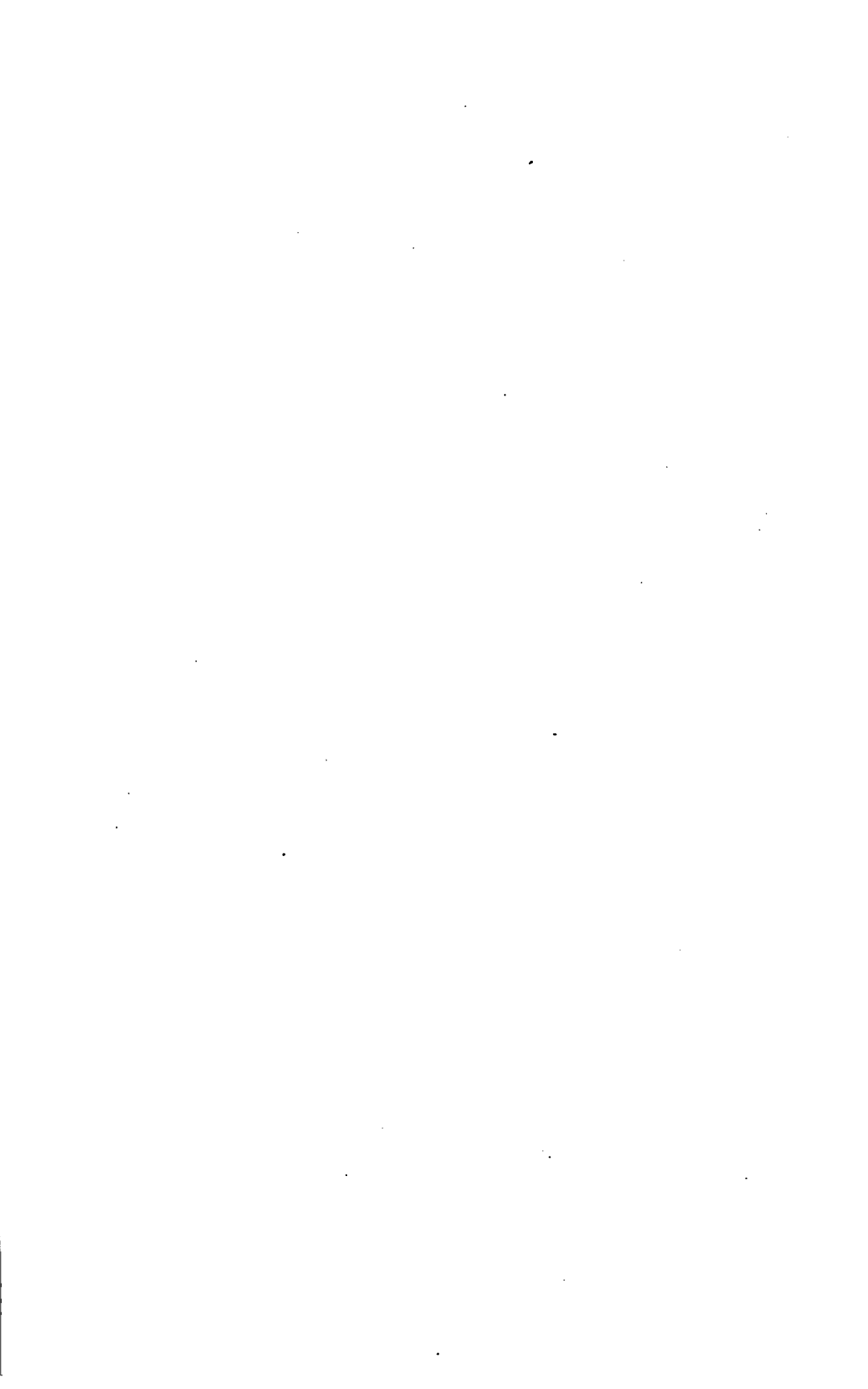
I can hear
The flutter of the small feet round the floor,
The outbreaks of sweet laughter, and the words
Tangled and broken upon lips whose bloom
Was like the flush of sea shells. I can see
The sudden glancing of the golden head
Amid its playing, and the blue eyes come,
And with shy wonder look up to my face
Just as they did last summer.

Oh, to think,
Child, made of God so fair and beautiful,
But these are left of thee!

Thou hast laid down
Where the green pillows of the prairie grass,
Cover thy loveliness; thou canst not know
What sackcloth and what ashes clothe the hearts
That mourn thee, Minnie!

But no tears shall blur
The lustre of those harebell eyes of thine;
Oh, child by angels led, thy feet have passed
Into the Upper Homestead. It is well,
For God hath called thee! and as sweet birds sing
Through joyous summer morns the songs of earth,
Sing thou, beloved, the morning songs of Heaven!

V. F. T.





THE "MUSICIAN" AND HIS FAMILY

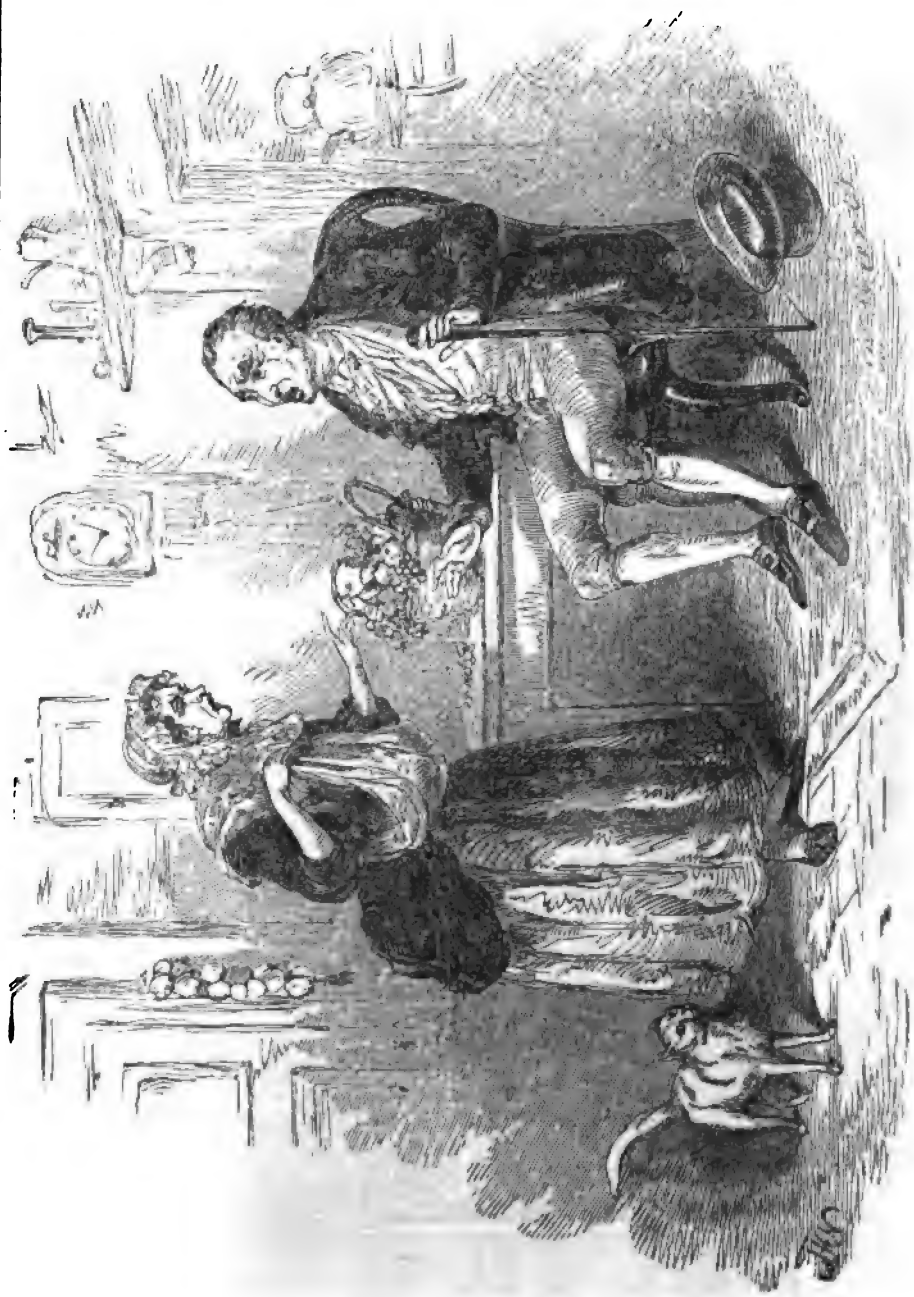


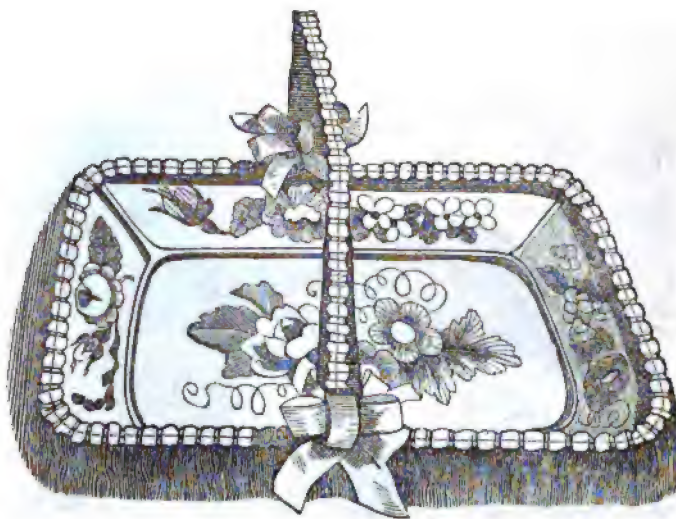


DESIGNED BY J. J. J. J.

THE MAGAZINE NOV. 1880.



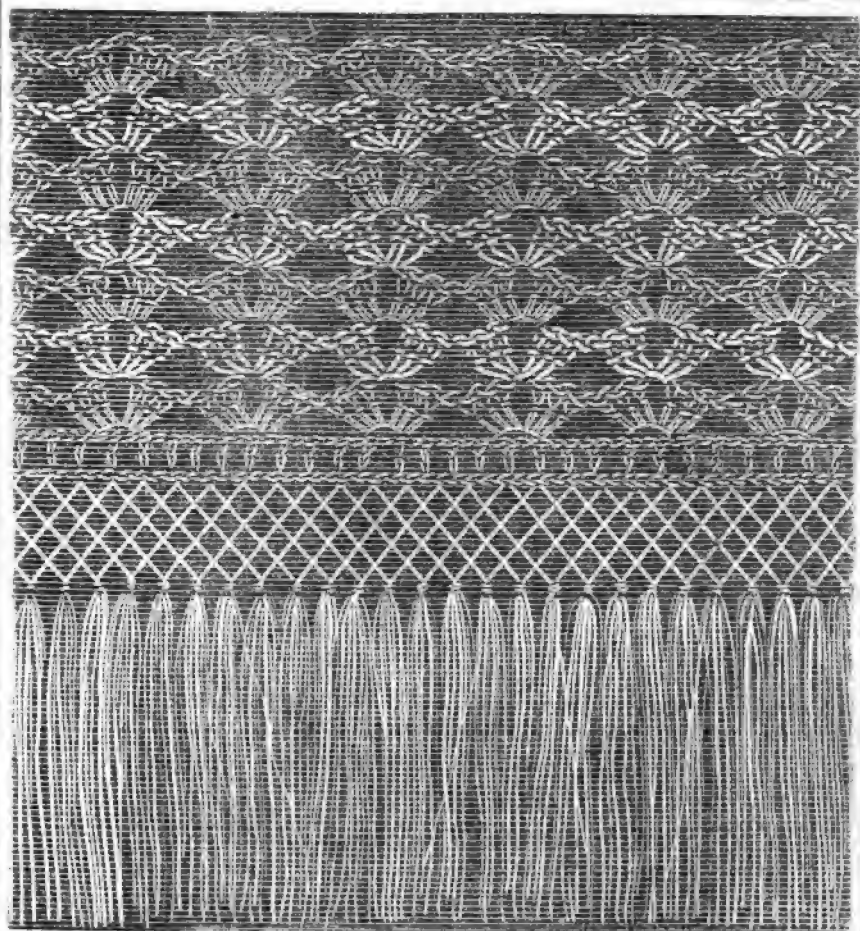




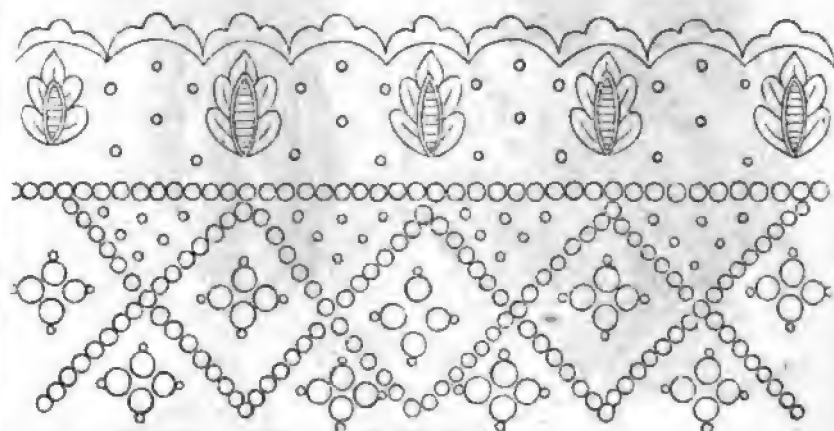
LADY'S WORK BASKET. (*See Description.*)



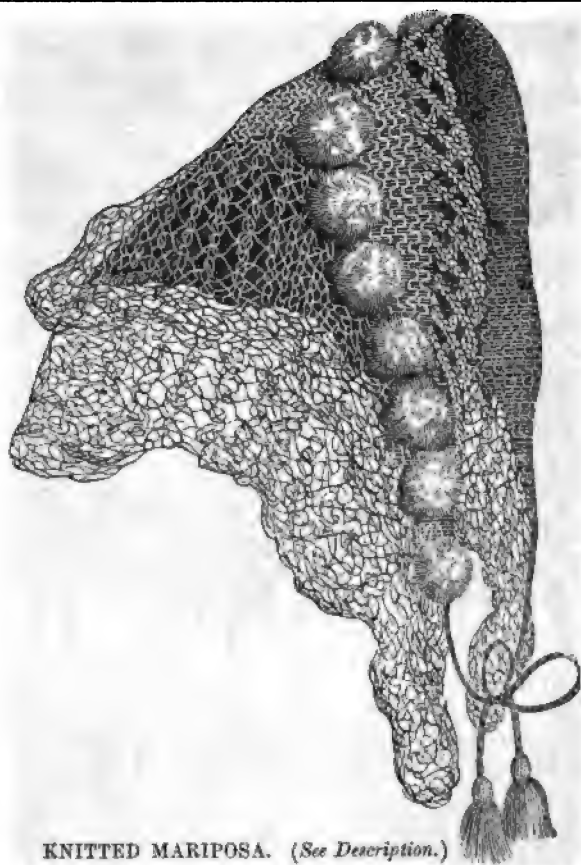
SHAVING BOOK.



WOOL SCARF, IN CROCHET. (*See Description.*)



PATTERN FOR NEEDLEWORK.



KNITTED MARIPOSA. (*See Description.*)



CAP.



HEAD DRESS.

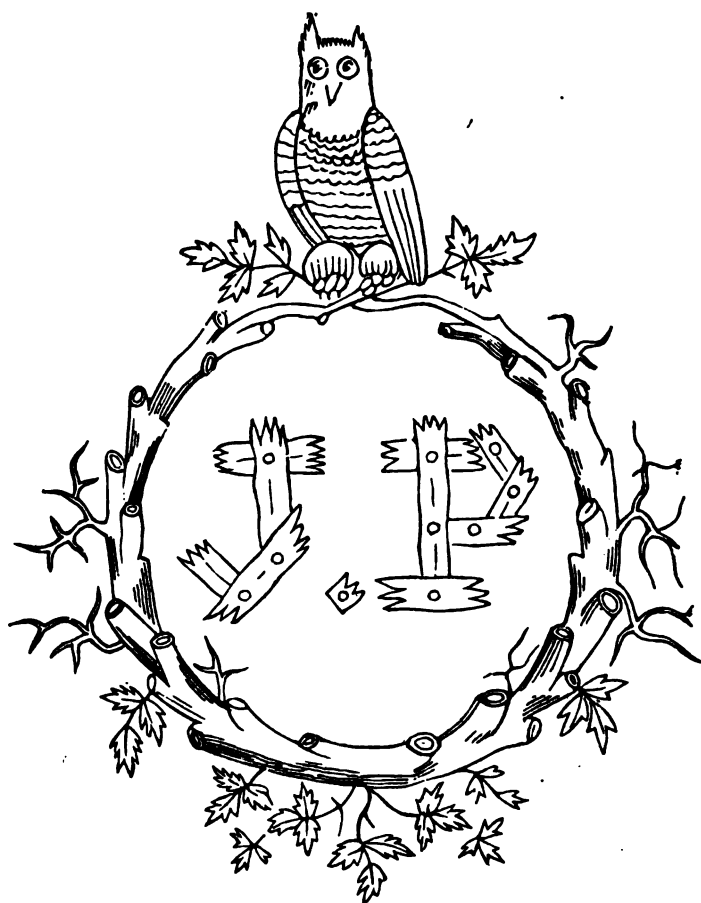
Composed of loops of black velvet falling full at the sides, mingled with golden wheat ears, from which descend on either side streamers of black velvet ribbon.



BOY'S WINTER HAT IN KNITTING. (*See Description.*)



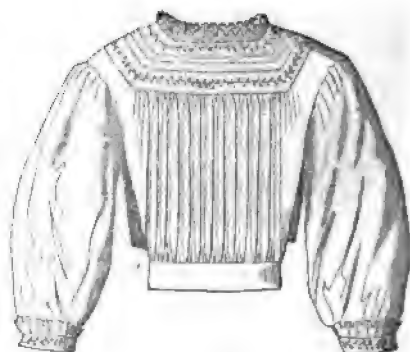
CHILDREN'S DRESSES.



CORNER FOR POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



CHILD'S SACK AND DRESS.



CHEMISETTE AND SLEEVES.

GENTLEMAN'S CROCHET LOUNGING CAP.



The material is coarse, rich blue netting; silk for the ground; the pattern being either in gold thread, or gold-colored silk; the veins of the leaves are black. It is commenced by making a chain of about nineteen inches long, joining it and working round and round until it is of sufficient depth. The small pattern round the edge is to be worked in the gold or yellow; the wreath of leaves and the star at the top also in the same. The crown is gathered in and finished with a handsome tassel of blue, gold, and black.



FALL CLOAK.

THE LADIES' Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1860.

A VISIT WITH THE DOCTOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Carleton?" asked Dr. Farleigh, as he sat down by his patient, who reclined languidly in a large cushioned chair.

"Miserable," was the faintly spoken reply. And the word was repeated—"Miserable."

The doctor took one of the lady's small white hands, on which the network of veins, most delicately traced, spread its blue lines everywhere beneath the transparent skin. It was a beautiful hand—a study for a painter or sculptor. It was a soft, flexible hand—soft, flexible, and velvety to the touch, as the hand of a baby, for it was as much a stranger to useful work. The doctor laid his fingers on the wrist. Under the pressure he felt the pulse beat slowly and evenly. He took out his watch and counted the beats—seventy in a minute. There was no fever, nor any unusual disturbance of the system. Calmly the heart was doing its appointed work.

"How is your head, Mrs. Carleton?"

The lady moved her head from side to side two or three times.

"Anything out of the way there?"

"My head is well enough, but I feel so miserable—so weak. I haven't the strength of a child. The least exertion exhausts me."

And the lady shut her eyes, looking the picture of feebleness.

"Have you taken the tonic, for which I left a prescription yesterday?"

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"Yes; but I'm no stronger."

"How is your appetite?"

"Bad."

"Have you taken the morning walk in the garden that I suggested?"

"O dear, no! Walk out in the garden? I'm faint by the time I get to the breakfast-room! I can't live at this rate, doctor. What am I to do? Can't you build me up in some way? I'm a burden to myself and every one else."

And Mrs. Carleton really looked distressed.

"You ride out every day?"

"I did until the carriage was broken, and that was nearly a week ago. It has been at the carriage-maker's ever since."

"You must have the fresh air, Mrs. Carleton," said the doctor, emphatically. "Fresh air change of scene, and exercise, are indispensable in your case. You will die if you remain shut up after this fashion. Come, take a ride with me."

"Doctor! how absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. Carleton, almost shocked by the suggestion.

"Ride with you! What would people think?"

"A fig for people's thoughts! Get your shawl and bonnet and take a drive with me. What do you care for meddlesome people's thoughts! Come!"

The doctor knew his patient.

"But you're not in earnest, surely?" There was a half-amused twinkle in the lady's eyes.

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"Never more in earnest. I'm going to see a patient just out of the city, and the drive will be a charming one. Nothing would please me better than to have your company."

There was a vein of humor, and a spirit of "don't care" in Mrs. Carleton, which had once made her independent, and almost boydenish. But, fashionable associations, since her woman-life began, had toned her down into exceeding propriety. Fashion and conventionality, however, were losing their influence, since enfeebled health kept her feet back from the world's gay places; and the doctor's invitation to a ride found her sufficiently disenthralled to see in it a pleasing novelty.

"I've half a mind to go," she said, smiling. She had not smiled before since the doctor came in.

"I'll ring for your maid," and doctor Farleigh's hand was on the bell-rope before Mrs. Carleton had space to think twice, and endanger a change of thought.

"I'm not sure that I am strong enough for the effort," said Mrs. Carleton, and she laid her head back upon the cushions in a feeble way.

"Trust me for that," replied the doctor.

The maid came in.

"Bring me a shawl and my bonnet, Alice; I am going to ride out with the doctor." Very languidly was the sentence spoken.

"I'm afraid, doctor, it will be too much for me. You don't know how weak I am. The very thought of such an effort exhausts me."

"Not a thought of the effort," replied Doctor Farleigh. "It isn't that."

"What is it?"

"A thought of appearances—of what people will say."

"Now, doctor! you don't think me so weak in that direction."

"Just so weak," was the free-spoken answer.

"You fashionable people are all afraid of each other. You haven't a spark of individuality or true independence. No, not a spark! You are quite strong enough to ride out in your own elegant carriage—but with the doctor!—oh, dear, no! If you were certain of not meeting Mrs. McFlimsey, perhaps the experiment might be adventured. But, she is always out on fine days."

"Doctor, for shame! How can you say that?"

And a ghost of color crept into the face of Mrs. Carleton, while her eyes grew brighter—almost flashed.

The maid came in with shawl and bonnet. Doctor Farleigh, as we have intimated, under-

stood his patient, and said just two or three words more, in a tone half contemptuous.

"Afraid of Mrs. McFlimsey!"

"Not I; nor of forty Mrs. McFlimseys!"

It was not the ghost of color that warmed Mrs. Carleton's face now, but the crimson of a quicker and stronger heart-beat. She actually arose from her chair without reaching for her maid's hand, and stood firmly while the shawl was adjusted and the bonnet-strings tied.

"We shall have a charming ride," said the doctor, as he crowded in beside his fashionable lady-companion, and took up the loose reins. He noticed that she sat up erectly, and with scarcely a sign of the languor that but a few minutes before had so oppressed her. "Lean back when you see Mrs. McFlimsey's carriage, and draw your veil closely. She'll never dream that it's you."

"I'll get angry if you play on that string much longer!" exclaimed Mrs. Carleton; "what do I care for Mrs. McFlimsey?"

How charmingly the rose-tints flushed her cheeks! How the light rippled in her dark sweet eyes, that were leaden a little while before.

Away from the noisy streets, out upon the smoothly-beaten road, and amid green field and woodlands, gardens and flower-decked orchards, the doctor bore his patient, holding her all the while in pleasant talk. How different, this, from the listless, companionless drives taken by the lady in her own carriage—a kind of easy, vibrating machine, that quickened the sluggish blood no more than a cushioned rocking-chair.

Closely the doctor observed his patient. He saw how erectly she continued to sit; how the color deepened in her face, which actually seemed rounder and fuller; how the sense of enjoyment fairly danced in her eyes.

Returning to the city by a different road, the doctor, after driving through streets entirely unfamiliar to his companion, drew up his horse before a row of mean-looking dwellings, and dropping the reins, threw open the carriage-door, and stepped upon the pavement—at the same time reaching out his hand to Mrs. Carleton. But she drew back, saying—

"What is the meaning of this, doctor?"

"I have a patient here, and I want you to see her."

"O no; excuse me, doctor. I've no taste for such things," answered the lady.

"Come—I can't leave you alone in the carriage. Ned might take a fancy to walk off with you."

Mrs. Carleton glanced at the patient old horse, whom the doctor was slandering, with a slightly alarmed manner.

"Don't you think he'll stand, doctor?" she asked, uneasily.

"He likes to get home, like others of his tribe. Come;" and the doctor held out his hand in a persistent way.

Mrs. Carleton looked at the poor tenements before which the doctor's carriage had stopped, with something of disgust and something of apprehension.

"I can never go in there, doctor."

"Why not?"

"I might take some disease."

"Never fear. More likely to find a panacea there."

The last sentence was in an undertone.

Mrs. Carleton left the carriage, and crossing the pavement, entered one of the houses, and passed up with the doctor to the second story. To his light tap at a chamber-door a woman's voice said,

"Come in."

The door was pushed open, and the doctor and Mrs. Carleton went in. The room was small, and furnished in the humblest manner, but the air was pure, and everything looked clean and tidy. In a chair, with a pillow pressed in at her back for a support, sat a pale, emaciated woman, whose large, bright eyes looked up eagerly, and in a kind of hopeful surprise, at so unexpected a visitor as the lady who came in with the doctor. On her lap a baby was sleeping, as sweet, and pure, and beautiful a baby as ever Mrs. Carleton had looked upon. The first impulse of her true woman's heart, had she yielded to it, would have prompted her to take it in her arms and cover it with kisses.

The woman was too weak to rise from her chair, but she asked Mrs. Carleton to be seated in a tone of lady-like self-possession that did not escape the visitor's observation.

"How did you pass the night, Mrs. Leslie?" asked the doctor.

"About as usual," was answered, in a calm, patient way; and she even smiled as she spoke.

"How about the pain through your side and shoulder?"

"It may have been a little easier."

"You slept?"

"Yes, sir."

"What of the night sweats?"

"I don't think they have diminished any."

The doctor bent his eyes to the floor, and sat

in silence for some time. The heart of Mrs. Carleton was opening toward the baby; and it was a baby to make its way into any heart. She had forgotten her own weakness—forgotten, in the presence of this wan and wasted mother, with a sleeping cherub on her lap, all about her own invalid state.

"I will send you a new medicine," said the doctor, looking up; then speaking to Mrs. Carleton, he added—

"Will you sit here until I visit two or three patients in the block?"

"Oh, certainly," and she reached out her arms for the baby, and removed it so gently from its mother's lap that its soft slumber was not broken.

When the doctor returned he noticed that there had been tears in Mrs. Carleton's eyes. She was still holding the baby, but now resigned the quiet sleeper to its mother, kissing it as she did so. He saw her look with a tender, meaning interest at the white, patient face of the sick woman, and heard her say, as she spoke a word or two in parting—

"I shall not forget you."

"That's a sad case, doctor," remarked the lady, as she took her place in the carriage.

"It is. But she is sweet and patient."

"I saw that, and it filled me with surprise. She tells me that her husband died a year ago."

"Yes."

"And that she has supported herself by shirt-making."

"Yes."

"But that she has become too feeble for work, and is dependent on a younger sister, who earns a few dollars, weekly, at book-fold-ing."

"The simple story, I believe," said the doctor.

Mrs. Carleton was silent for most of the way home; but thought was busy. She had seen a phase of life that touched her deeply.

"You are better for this ride," remarked the doctor, as he handed her from the carriage.

"I think so," replied Mrs. Carleton.

"There has not been so fine a color on your face for months."

They had entered Mrs. Carleton's elegant residence, and were sitting in one of her luxurious parlors.

"Shall I tell you why?" added the doctor.

Mrs. Carleton bowed.

"You have had some healthy heart-beats."

She did not answer.

"And I pray you, dear madam, let the

strokes go on!" continued Doctor Farleigh. "Let your mind become interested in some good work, and your hands obey your thoughts, and you will be a healthy woman, in body and soul. Your disease is mental inaction."

Mrs. Carleton looked steadily at the doctor.

"You are in earnest," she said, in a calm, firm way.

"Wholly in earnest, ma'am. I found you, an hour ago, in so weak a state that to lift your hand was an exhausting effort. You are sitting erect now, with every muscle taughly strung. When will your carriage be home?"

He asked the closing question abruptly.

"To-morrow," was replied.

"Then I will not call for you, but——"

He hesitated.

"Say on, doctor."

"Will you take my prescription?"

"Yes." There was no hesitation.

"You must give that sick woman a ride into the country. The fresh, pure, blossom-sweet air will do her good—may, indeed, turn the balance of health in her favor. Don't be afraid of Mrs. McFlimsey."

"For shame, doctor! But you are too late in your suggestion. I'm quite ahead of you."

"Ah! in what respect?"

"That drive into the country is already a settled thing. Do you know, I'm in love with that baby?"

"Othello's occupation's gone, I see!" returned the doctor, rising. "But I may visit you occasionally, as a friend, I presume, if not as a medical adviser?"

"As my best friend, always," said Mrs. Carleton, with feeling. "You have led me out of myself, and showed me the way to health and happiness; and I have settled the question as to my future. It shall not be as the past."

And it was not.

REAL PETS.

Best of all pets are little children, real children—not the fashionable ones, who, as soon as they can walk and talk, are transformed by artificial processes into silly little dolls—poor things! It is well to cherish a friendship for God's mute creatures, to be kind and gentle to the birds and beasts, and to recognize them as created by Him who "made and loveth us;" but human souls have the first claim upon our affections, and sentimental women who lavish their tenderness upon pet dogs and kittens, yet shrink from contact with buoyant, noisy childhood, are to be regarded with suspicion.

LIFE-TAKING.

BY J. STARR HOLLOWAY.

IN a former essay* under this title, we attempted to show what difficulties encounter the man who deliberately sets about taking another man's life, and the proportionate degree of applause that is earned in the satisfactorily accomplished task. There is no moral contradiction in the assertion, albeit life-taking is a serious business. A thoroughly good "Life" we claimed to be the highest mark for the pen of a writer—a Life in which "some important action of the history of the world is dramatically embodied in one figure, and we are made to pass through great events in good company, almost with the motions of a contemporary." Symmetry of proportion, thoroughness of treatment, and a well-affected belief in the subject under consideration, we enumerated as absolute essentials to success in Life-writing, while there is still needed the more consummate quality, the finer genius which, reaching higher than the touch of the artist, grasps with genial hand the nicer shades of the hero's temperament and personal pre-eminence.

The number of absolutely great biographies is woefully small. Probably the entire list will not exceed ten or twelve, among which we include Lockhart's *Scott*, Boswell's *Johnson*, Prior's *Goldsmith*, Moore's *Byron*, and Wirt's *Patrick Henry*. Below the high rank of these immortal works ranges an infinite number, not written without power, and the necessary quick-feeling sympathy, but wanting in that certain, immediate interpretation, to reach which one might almost be willing to descend to the meanness and self-complacency of him who wrote the *Byron*, or the funkiness of the valet who made his life of Samuel Johnson next to the very best biography in the language. Of this class, and occupying a very high place in it, is Mr. Parton's new *Life of Andrew Jackson*, of which two volumes have now appeared,† and the third is passing through the press. The importance of the subject, and the well-earned reputation of Mr. Parton for biographical delineation, have awakened a wide public interest in this work.

Of the qualifications necessary to a first-class Life-taker, Mr. Parton possesses in its utmost degree, pains-taking care. His industry

* ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE, December, 1856.

† LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. By James Parton, author of the *Life of Aaron Burr*, etc. Three volumes, octavo. With portraits, etc. New York: Mason Brothers.

and research are remarkable. His patience and careful labor in estimating and balancing authorities may well astonish less enthusiastic workers. Few readers will take the trouble to think how laborious and unceasing is the task of preparing a biography like this, and how certain must be the failure without that energy and enthusiasm of which we have spoken. The career of Jackson was so crowded with events, he was so shining a mark while living, his principles have been the subject of so much division, and his influence has been so various, that we cannot think of any other great name in American history requiring of the historian equal care, honesty, delicacy, and determination of treatment. The number of works consulted by Mr. Parton in the preparation of this Life—a full list of which, covering thirteen closely printed pages, is prefixed to the first volume—exceeds two hundred, besides Congressional reports, campaign lives and speeches, and the public journals of the day. In addition to the information thus gained, the author visited scenes familiar to the old hero while living, conversed with the woman, now in extreme old age, who thinks she remembers the boy an infant in his mother's arms; with "the gentleman who caught the hero's head when it fell forward in death;" with many who were always opposed to the man, with those who are proud to remember his friendship as the most distinguished fact in their lives. The mass of evidence thus gained, the grand labor was only to be begun. In his Preface Mr. Parton says:—

"For many months I was immersed in this unique, bewildering collection, reading endless newspapers, pamphlets, books, without arriving at any conclusion whatever. If any one at the end of a year, even, had asked what I had yet discovered respecting General Jackson, I might have answered thus: 'Andrew Jackson, I am given to understand, was a patriot and a traitor. He was one of the greatest of generals, and wholly ignorant of the art of war. A writer, brilliant, elegant, eloquent, without being able to compose a correct sentence, or spell words of four syllables. The first of statesmen, he never devised, he never framed a measure. He was the most candid of men, and was capable of the profoundest dissimulation. A most law-defying, law-obeying citizen. A stickler for discipline, he never hesitated to disobey his superior. A democratic autocrat. An urbane savage. An atrocious saint.' So difficult is it to attain information respecting a man whom two-thirds of his fellow-citizens

deified, and the other third villified, for the space of twelve years or more."

The doubts and uncertainties once made clear in the biographer's mind, however, no wavering or hesitation is suffered to disfigure the narrative, which, from first to last, is singularly straight-forward, succinct, and clear. The first three chapters of the Life disclose the descent of the hero, and narrate the disputed evidence of his birth-place. These chapters, with the fourth, which lifts the veil from Jackson's early boyhood, are extremely interesting, as furnishing us with many particulars never before related, and for which we are indebted to the industry of the author. The War in the Carolinas, in which the Jackson boys figured under Colonel Davie, who was the especial admiration and model of the young soldier, then thirteen years of age, fills the next chapter—followed, in the sixth, by a spirited account of the distressing campaign of 1781, and its Sooto-Indian mode of warfare, its defeats, its dangers, and surrounding death, in the midst of which, and before he was fifteen years of age, our hero was made a sick and sorrowing orphan, bereft of home, brothers, and kindred. Thus, through his early misfortunes, his adoption of a profession, his life at twenty, when he was anything but a creditable ornament of society, his early success as a frontier lawyer, his return as member of the House, and afterward of the Senate—Congress at that time being held in Philadelphia—his duel with Dickenson, his conduct during the Burr panic, the feud with the Bentons, the death of Tecumseh, and down to the eve of the brilliant Battle of New Orleans—his restless and eventful career is traced step by step in the first volume.

With equal minuteness and vivacity of manner, the second volume carries the brave soldier from the famed victory over the British at New Orleans, "that magical spring-board, from which he bounded at once to popularity and power," down to the year 1821, when there were six Richmonds in the field for the highest office in the nation, the country looking with no little astonishment, and yet with confidence, upon the adoption of General Jackson as the most available Richmond of all. Perhaps this volume is more satisfactory even than the first. As the career of the hero became more and more identified with public measures, and the biographer's opportunities for romantic embellishment and undue coloring, which, without producing a deformed picture of truth, add largely to the interest of the opening chapters

of the biography, are exchanged for the absolute requirements of a more crowded and real canvass, we behold a growing rigidity of outline, a stern, uncompromising picture, based on strict fact and direct evidence. This will be still more marked in the third volume, which will have appeared ere this can meet the eye of the reader. Thus completed, this singularly fascinating, full, and faithful biography will take its place among the standard works of the day, one which no American's library, claiming to be such, can be without. The elements of attraction in the career of the old hero—his inflexible integrity, his undaunted courage, and unconquerable will, are still the themes of popular admiration. His impress on the policy of the nation is unquestioned, and many of his measures are now conceded to have been as wise and politic, as they were ready and strong.

There could not possibly be a greater contrast between two works in any one department of literature than is presented when we compare Mr. Parton's elaborate biography, and the equally pains-taking *Life of Bishop Wilson*, of Calcutta, by the Rev. Mr. Bateman.* This contrast is the more marked when the two works are read together, as we have read them. The one is the record of a career devoted to the world, of a man whose soul was wedded to power, ambition, and politics. The other is the simple narrative of a life of self-denial; and if of ambition at all, then solely for the glory of that Cross which, for the last sixty years of a life of eighty, Daniel Wilson followed and preached unflinchingly to the world. Mr. Bateman's style is graphic, not lively nor profuse, but chaste and flowing, and as well adapted to his subject as Mr. Parton's more vivacious style is suited to his. The enthusiasm of Bishop Wilson's life, its earnestness of purpose, and untiring industry, required a powerful grasping of thought with succinctness of narration, and so far Mr. Bateman adopts a style at once vigorous and well-sustained. He presents to us a studied and faithful portraiture of the zealous missionary and preacher, the indefatigable theological student, and consistent Christian gentleman.

Bishop Wilson was a remarkable man. From his twentieth year the remainder of his long life "was an unceasing intercourse with the world, with business, with assemblages of men, gatherings, meetings, contests. Bustle, stir, ex-

citement, were as necessary to him as the play of the winds to the atmosphere." His constitution seemed of iron. He could endure any fatigue. When he took up his abode in India, finding his house provided with necessities for a few months' stay only, he inquired of the good Archdeacon Corrie why it was. "I thought, my lord," was the innocent reply, "that there was enough to last for six months," the archdeacon having acted upon the impression, produced by past sad experience, that life could not be prolonged there beyond that period. The bishop smiled, and lived in India a quarter of a century.

The chapters in the *Life* devoted to the Bishop's Literary Labors, the *Life in India*, and the breaking out of the Mutiny, are to us the most interesting. The picture of the bishop in his library is graphic:

"His library was very large and choice. The accumulation, in his later days, exceeded ten thousand volumes. Many, of course, were books of reference. Whilst he had any work in preparation for the press, everything having any bearing upon the subject was purchased without stint, and then retained. He was careful of his books; said that he looked upon them as his children, and could not bear to see them ill used. No turning down of the leaves was tolerated, and even a 'mark' was deemed unmanly. 'If you cannot tell where you leave off you are not worthy to read a book,' he would say. He needed quiet for study, but not solitude. 'Go or stay, as you please; but if you stay, be quiet;' and then he would turn and enter the world of books. He kept no late hours. His last reading (as his first) was always devotional and scriptural; and he generally retired about eleven o'clock. In working hours all his reading had reference to the sermon, or the controversy, or the publication which might be in hand. But in the hour of repose, after dinner, or in the country, the current literature of the day had its turn, and one member of the family generally read aloud to all the rest."

The large portion of the narrative that is devoted to India portrays life in that strange country in its most interesting and wonderful variety. Here is an outline sketch of the scenery and animal life on Genang Island:

"All Nature's strange sights are to be met with in different parts of the island—trees of gigantic growth, creepers of wondrous beauty, ferns of most curious and grotesque device; the monkey-plant, with its cup and cover opening to receive a supply of water, and shutting

* *LIFE OF DANIEL WILSON*, D. D., Bishop of Calcutta, and Metropolitan of India. By Josiah Bateman, M. A. 1 vol., royal octavo, with portraits, map, and illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

when supplied; the stick-insect, lying on the path, to be picked up and broken in an idle moment, like a withered twig, but for six legs, thin as a hair, undoubling and projecting at the moment of danger, and hurrying it off; the trumpeter, hidden in the grass, and sending forth its notes as from the lips of an English child; humming-birds, darting like flashes of green and gold, or half-burying themselves within the petals of a flower; the snake, gliding from beneath the feet of the startled traveler—all these are common sights and sounds in that strange island. Pepper, cloves, indigo, coffee—all flourish; but the nutmeg is the most choice and valuable product. Each tree stands separate in its own plantation, a model of vigor and beauty, laden with fruit, and yielding to its owner a rich and unceasing return."

The remarkable physical and mental activity of Bishop Wilson is spiritedly sketched by Mr. Bateman:

"Mark his untiring industry. It served him instead of originality and genius. It made him learned, powerful, useful, influential. No labor daunted him when important work was in hand. His charges were written over five or six times, his church missionary sermon nine times, each time removing some defect or adding some beauty. His sermon in Ceylon on the 'Pearl of Great Price' has been mentioned. He was seventy-eight years old; his desk was full of sermons; any one might have been preached without labor to himself and with profit to the hearers. But he is in the neighborhood of the pearl fishery, the subject will be interesting, attention may be arrested, and good done. Hence, on the Saturday, his table is covered with books, and on the Sunday every description is lively, every allusion correct. His industry never failed. When action did not so much require it, study had it. No man in India read half so much as he did, and his comments and criticisms prove how well the reading was digested. Even on the very last day of his life he was looking at 'Livingstone,' and learning something about Africa."

No severer application of the vitality of this principle can be desired, however, than is directly presented in the one grand exhibition of it in the crowning honor of his life—the promotion in India. Says a London review:—"it was scarcely more difficult, humanly speaking, for the shepherd-boy to rise to the throne of Israel, than for a London apprentice to become the Metropolitan of India." He died at his post, having passed the eightieth

year of his life, the same untiring, earnest, pious Christian worker to the end.

A delightful class of books—not formal biographies, and differing essentially from either of the two noble works just named—includes all those published memorials and memoranda in which, through the kind offices of personal friends, the habits, the motives, the very secrets of action, of the lamented dead are daguerreotyped and presented for the gratification of a wide circle of readers. As glimpses of portraiture, preserving to posterity the characteristics of celebrated men, many of these works are invaluable. They differ from the more stately life in their disclosures of private memoranda, and depend upon their personal relations, recollections of conversation, scraps taken from letters, table-talk, button-hole pauses, and whatever is sacred to the eye and ear of familiar intercourse, for that interest which, if not as consecutive as in elaborate biography, is at least as spontaneous and pleasing. When Colonel Parker's *Reminiscences of Rufus Choate*—a delightful book of this class—appeared, we remember reading a critic's observation that it introduced us familiarly to the great pleader in dressing-gown and slippers. The character of most books of the kind is well explained in the comment, it being inferred that there is something in the worth or fame of the one presented that will make the extra acquaintance desirable, and compensate for the informality. Literary men, artists, politicians, men who have stirred the popular heart, and are entitled to some such posthumous hearing, become frequently best known to us through these media of personal gossip.

As with the more elaborate life, success in this lighter department of life-taking is rare. The best works of the kind, as they at present occur to us, are Allsop's *Recollections of Coleridge*; Trelawny's *Recollections of Shelley and Byron*; the late volume of *Shelley Memorials*, by the daughter-in-law of the poet; the *Recollections of Samuel Rogers*; Cottle's *Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey*; Lady Blessington's *Conversations with Lord Byron*; Selden's *Table Talk*; Talfourd's *Letters of Lamb*; Goethe's *Correspondence with Bettina Brentano*; and the two freshly issued works, *Autobiographical Recollections of Charles Leslie*,* and the *Final*

* AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL RECOLLECTIONS. By the late Chas. Robert Leslie, R. A.; Edited, with a Prefatory Essay on Leslie as an Artist, and Selections from his Correspondence, by Tom Taylor, Esq. 1 vol., 12mo., with Portrait. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

*Memorials of Thomas Hood.** As the latest additions to this charming catalogue we select these two works for the further illustration of our subject. Taken together, they furnish us with the literary and art history of England for the last half century.

The editor of Leslie's *Recollections*, Mr. Tom Taylor, is widely known as the author of "Our American Cousin," and other plays, of numerous clever jeu d'esprits in "Punch," and of various pathetic and humorous ballads in "Once-a-Week," and other periodicals, etc. Better than these, however, as disciplinary steps toward the accomplishment of a task like the present, are certain delightful criticisms on art and artists, which, within a few years, have given him a place among the best art critics in England. This preparatory work found its first enlarged outlet in the *Autobiography of Haydon*, a more difficult and unsatisfactory labor than the present, from the more equivocal and painful life which Haydon led. In his character were united many of the faults and infirmities of genius, while his life was crowded with most of its sufferings, and cheered by few of its rewards. The career of Leslie presented none of these wayward features. Though born in London, the painter was of American parentage, and when five years of age was brought to this country by his parents, Mr. Leslie being engaged in business in Philadelphia. Here the boyhood of the future artist was spent, and his education given him, while his manhood again was chiefly passed in England. Nothing violent or remarkable is furnished in the story of his life, and, compared with Haydon's, it is unromantic enough, just winking at Sir Walter Scott's assertion, once told in Leslie's hearing—"I never knew a man of genius—and I have known many—who could be regular in all his habits, but I have known many a blockhead who could." There is this, however, as a mitigation, that Sir Walter himself was not irregular.

After looking upon the winning portrait prefixed to the volume of *Recollections*, we do not wonder at the attractive qualities of the man. We have rarely looked upon features more unmistakably indicative of native sweetness and urbanity, refinement of character, and intellectual capacity. And indeed, Mr. Leslie possessed all these, with that rare balance of power, which has induced the Quarterly

Reviewer to say, "He never seemed to have too much of one quality or too little of another." Especially free was he from every sign of jealousy or unkindness toward his contemporaries, at a time, too, when his devotion to his art made him naturally ambitious of personal distinction, and a just denouncer of æsthetic pretension. Of his friend Haydon he could not draw a severer portrait than this:

"In judging of Haydon's character it is fair to consider what he did *not*, as well as what he *did*; and it is to his credit that, through all the extremes of mental agony he suffered, and with his sanguine and ardent temperament, he never gamed, or sought relief from his sufferings by drinking. Indeed, whatever were his faults, he seems to have had no low vices; and in his family he was as good a husband and father as a man always over head and ears in debt could be—no doubt, a much better husband and father than many a man who never knew any but easy or affluent circumstances."

The kindness of Leslie's nature took delight in incidents like the following:

"I once found Coleridge driving the balls on a bagatelle board for a kitten to run after them. He noticed that, as soon as the little thing turned its back to the balls it seemed to forget all about them, and played with its tail. 'I am amused,' he said, 'with their little, short memories.'"

Or this, of Rogers and Sidney Smith:

"Mr. Rogers told me that Smith received invitations to dine with Whitebread and with some peer, at the same time. He accepted Whitebread's, and wrote to the peer that he was 'engaged to dine with the great fermentator in Chiswell street.' But putting his answers into the wrong covers, his excuse to the peer went to the brewer, and Lady Elizabeth Whitebread replied, 'The great fermentator is much obliged to Mr. Smith for giving him the preference.' 'I have received your ladyship's note, and kill myself on the spot.'"

The artist's life was a sweet, quiet stream, enriched by the endearments of friends, and a devoted family circle. To the last he enjoyed the intimacy of the most celebrated men of the day, and the *Recollections* include anecdotes of every name famed in English art, literature, and politics, during the last half century. Especially do we prize it for the full and interesting correspondence with Washington Irving which it presents. The author of the *Sketch Book* was Mr. Leslie's warmest and most faithful friend.

It seems hardly necessary to say a word in

* MEMORIALS OF THOMAS HOOD. Collected, Edited, and Arranged by his Daughter, with a Preface and Notes by his Son. Illustrated with Copies from his Own Sketches. 2 vols., 16mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

commendation of the two quietly luxurious volumes commemorative of Thomas Hood. Poor Tom Hood! These are indeed the *Final Memorials* of that most genial of wits, most tender of fathers, and kindest of friends. In compiling these last testimonials to one so universally admired and lamented, his children disclaim all ambition of "fine biographical writing." They hint at what we have all along maintained, and present a morsel of wisdom when they say—"We have seen too many great men fail in that art, and we feel no desire to emulate them." Nevertheless, their work is done serviceably and well. The natural promptings of the heart while lingering over so pleasantly melancholy a task as the arrangement of these materials, stimulating feeling and awaking old recollections, had been tame indeed not to have kindled into words of eloquence and beauty. Every page of the narrative exhibits the spontaneous utterance of feeling which is far superior to the finest language wrought by artistic design. Of the manner of the Memorials, the *London Spectator* says:

"The children of Thomas Hood have wisely chosen to make him as much as possible his own biographer, the means at their disposal being not inconsiderable in quantity, and very precious in kind. They consist of letters addressed to intimate friends chiefly during the last ten years of the writer's life, and these the editors have connected together by a modest thread of explanation and comment, derived from their recollections of a father who was the playfellow of their childhood, and who made them his close companions to the last. They have done their work in a thoroughly filial spirit, free from all desire of self-display, and therefore they have done it fittingly, as every judicious reader will thankfully acknowledge."

Few readers who knew Tom Hood as the brilliant wit and the editor of the *Comic Annual*, know anything of his life-long lease of suffering. Without placing this theme unpleasantly in the foreground, it is the business of these volumes to narrate the struggles and trials of the man, and the Christian fortitude with which he bore up beneath them. The opening chapter says:

"From his earliest years, with the exception of a few bright, but transient gleams, it was a hand to hand struggle with straitened means and adverse circumstances. He literally fulfilled his own words, and was one of the 'master-minds at journey-work—moral magistrates greatly underpaid—immortals without a living—

members of the human heart, breaking their own—mighty intellects, without their mite.'"

The italics are our own. With all the misfortunes of life, however, no man ever suffered less in spirit. The author of a memoir who said, "we believe his mind to be more serious than comic; we have never known him laugh heartily either in company or in rhyme," conveys a singularly mistaken idea of the unfailing cheerfulness and spirit of Hood's temper. These volumes, by the children of the poet, familiarize us with the genial tone of his life, and the lovable traits of his character, and tell us more artlessly and truthfully than it has ever been told before, how beautifully he lived the life of a benevolent, loving, cheerful, Christian gentleman, husband, father, and friend.

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. X.

I had a present this morning, girls, and I feel like writing and telling you all about it! In the first place, let me say, that to-day gave us no pleasant sunrise. The mists rose up from the valley and river, and the dull gray clouds hung low in the sky, and they met and wove in together so closely that not a single sunbeam could steal through. The dew, without one sparkle, hung around every leaf and spear of grass, and gave back a shower of cold, disagreeable drops for every intruding touch. The vines over the windows, with their drenched, half-open blossoms pressed against the pane, made the room look so cheerless that it seemed as if everything, in doors and out, was awry. I imagined the curtains one-sided, the pictures not parallel, and the doors creaked as if the pervading disagreeableness was fretting them to spoken misery. What should I have for dinner? and why could I not go to that picnic? were questions that came in naturally to disturb; and I was just on the point of sitting down and having a good cry, for I must confess that Aunt Hattie is not so far removed from girlhood but what she will cry sometimes, when there came a gentle knock at the kitchen-door. I crushed back the tears, and in no pleasant mood went to admit the visitor. Little Lilly White, with her bonnet thrown back on her neck, and her dark brown curls dancing in the breeze about her red cheeks, like the humming birds around the roses, and her eyes as bright as if they had been hoarding up sunshine all the day before, stood there with a transparent vase full of flowers.

"Grandpa sent you this," and then she poised her dainty foot on the step below, and was running a race with the kitten down the walk almost before I could say "thank you." I took the gift into my hands, seated myself in the rocking-chair, and looked it over. First, there was a heavy inlaying of moss, and then bedded in it, were a few fragrant syringas, some moss rosebuds, a crimson and a scarlet rose, and a few pansies, a trailing myrtle, here and there, laid against the heart of a rose, and nestled around a pansy, wove it all together, like a coronal of beautiful gems in emerald setting, and the grace, beauty, and completeness came to my soul like the lullaby of a mother to her babe, and the discord became tuned to harmony. There was no more trouble about dinner. Had I not potatoes and fish, and ingredients for a half dozen kinds of puddings! was not staying at home, and having a nice romp with baby, and chat with husband and children, and perhaps a visit to the falls, in the carriage, just at night, better than three picnics? The room looked as bright as if flooded with light, and I went about my work with a smile in my eyes and a song on my lips, in perfect forgetfulness of the gray mist, and the torn, weeping blossoms that still leaned against the pane.

I know you are disappointed, girls, about my present; you thought it was either a chased gold pen, or an *escritoir*, or perhaps a dainty writing-desk to pen the "Letters to the Girls" upon, or some other valuable gift; but only some flowers, and that, with a few other things, is what I would like to talk with you about—a simple bouquet, that only cost the time of gathering, and yet, it made me happy! There is all around us sorrow! Each heart, at times, hath its grief. Some hide it under a smiling countenance and merry laugh, and some put on a haughty air, and such is the perversity of human nature, proudly turn away from all proffered sympathy, though their hearts are pining for it, and need it as much as the portulaccas need the invisible fingers of light to open each folded petal to the day. It is so pleasant to make others happy by bestowing gifts, that we all love to give them—but that we are too poor, or how to do it, or in what manner, often makes us undecided till the occasion passes, and some heart goes on uncheered, and we have lost the reward that springs from a generous action. There is but one rule; we set out two plants in our garden; each has a thread-like stem and four leaves; we treat them exactly alike, stir the mold, and water them, and they

start, and grow, and send out new shoots every day. One is perfect grace, with twining tendrils, and glossy green leaves, and flowers pure and white as the cloud billows; and the other is clothed with dull, leaden green foliage, and sharp thorns bristle on every branch, and the whirls of dull red flowers send out a disagreeable smell. We prune it, and try to bend the ungainly stalks into shape, but it is unsightly still, and every branching shoot is a new annoyance to the sight. The life inherent in each shows itself in leaf, form, and blossom; and so with our souls. If they are full of the spirit of unselfishness, humble-mindedness, love, and a true desire to do unto others as we would have them do unto us, those affections that flow down through daily prayer from the Fountain of all Good, then our words and actions will be lovely and symmetrical, and will come like welcome incense to the hearts around us. They will bring no tears of wounded pride, no repulsive shuddering, as if a careless hand was pressing sharp thorns amid the tender nerves of the soul, and leaving them all torn and bleeding. It may be nothing but the gift of a smile, a kind word, a clasping of the arm around the waist, or a vase of flowers like mine, that none of us are too poor to bestow, yet they will be welcome for the love and disinterestedness that prompts them—the life within flowing out in the act, will make them fit and opportune, even as the life in our beautiful plant makes each shoot "a thing of beauty—a joy forever."

Berea, Ohio.

"THEY ALSO SERVE, WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

BY DAIST.

THE strong heart longs to battle in the strife,
And chafes beneath the curbing hand of Fate;
Man would be *foremost* in the game of life,
And buckles on his armor with a heart elate.
Equipped, he sallies forth—to *win* or *die*,
Nerved for the conflict, be it what it may;
For, on his banner's writ, "I'll try, 'I'll try,'"
The motto that will conquer in the wildest fray.

Proudly he breasts the tempest and the gale,
Exultant in the knowledge of his power,
Within his soul there's no such word as *fail*,
Courage, his peerless, glorious, priceless dower.
There's something bright to look on in this life,
That bids each drowsy power "*Awake! awake!*"
And though the way be dark—with dangers rife,
Never, oh! never! honor's post forsake.

Yet, there's another life—more silent far,
 Where hope of victory cheers not on the way,
 A life like violets fragrant, or the twinkling star,
 Whose soft, sad beams, over the still earth stray;
 Where gentle deeds life's wayfarer shall crown,
 And holy words—a blessing and a prayer—
 Shall fall from kindly lips, far down
 Into sad hearts oppressed by care.

And, as the lily by the water's shore,
 Blooming in silent loveliness and grace,
 The beauty of this life shall more and more
 Be gazed on in the wave's reflecting face;
 Its fragrance will be shed far, far around,
 Its beauty will delight the gazer's eye,
 And her brow with a bright wreath shall be crowned,
 Pure water-lilies from Life's stream on high.

Cares will come dark along this quiet way,
 And sorrows sometimes shroud the soul,
 Yet o'er these clouds the soft sunshine will stray—
 After long striving she shall reach the goal.

This life of patient toil is hard to live—
 Life's *active strife*, with heart elate,
 She could exultant bear; yet, cease to strive—
 "They also serve who only stand and wait."

THE LILY AND THE ROSE.

A traveler in far countries, I have beheld many lovely spots, but few that I remember surpassed, or even equalled, the picturesque beauties of the island of Ceylon. Situated in the Indian Ocean, at the Southern extremity of Hindostan, it enjoys the soft coolness of the sea breezes, blended with the rich tropical climate of the Indian Peninsula. I never wearied of wandering amidst its palm topes, its bamboo avenues, and its spice groves.

Some of my most pleasant days in the East were spent in traversing the quiet, shady lanes that are so thickly scattered about the outskirts of the capital, Colombo. Hidden away from the dust, the heat, and the noise of the black world about them, the dwellings of the old Dutch Burghers appear like so many snug rabbit-warrens; nothing but the cool sea-breeze ever intrudes within those green solitudes. As for the sun, it has not been seen amongst them for many a long day—not since the palms and the pomegranates were three years old—and that wasn't last week.

It was during one of my frequent rambles about those cool green places, upon hot tropical afternoons, when the sun was about to take a sea-bath, that I found myself on the summit of a lofty hill, commanding a view of the town and harbor. Fine old red-bricked houses lay

dotted about, up to the very topmost point, where, towering above them all, stood a venerable-looking, portly church, so massive, so huge, that, but for the tall tower, it might have been taken for a fortress.

Its ponderous doors stood invitingly open, and the interior wore such a cool, pleasant look, that I could not do otherwise than enter and examine the structure. It appeared to be a pocket edition of our own St. Paul's, roughly bound in brick. There was a glorious old window at the furthest end that would have delighted an antiquary; and then the wide, cold-looking pavement was literally a mosaic work of old Dutch coats-of-arms, and family crests, and official titles. All the Governors-General of India, and Commanders-in-Chief, and Councillors Extraordinary, appeared to have come to be buried in Ceylon, perhaps on account of the fine view from this church. At any rate, there they all were, and I could but examine the singular collection of names and dignities. I tried to count up all the official titles, but grew tired at the two-hundredth.

There was one small white stone which, from its singular simplicity, stood so prominent among the curiously wrought monuments, that I wondered what had brought the humble slab there, and what might be its history. It was a small smooth tablet, with no other device or mark upon it than a Lily beside a Rose. As I stood pondering on this, my eye caught the figure of a venerable, gray-headed man, in an old-fashioned garb, who approached, leaning on a staff.

The antique-looking Dutchman accosted me, and, pointing to the stone on which I had been gazing, informed me that there was a tale attached to the tablet of no common interest, and that if I would accompany him to his dwelling close by he would gladly recount to me as much as he remembered of the story. Following my new acquaintance from the church, and passing a short distance down the shady hill-side, we turned into a cool, pleasant-looking garden, and there, in a wide veranda, seated in a delightfully easy ebony chair, and sipping a cup of fragrant coffee, I listened to the tale of the old Dutchman, and which I will now recount in substance, if not in style, as I then heard it related.

It was in the year 1782, when Ceylon was as yet under the Dutch rule, that one of the richest annual fleets ever known in these seas arrived from Europe. Besides a most valuable cargo, there was a crowd of passengers of all ranks, and amongst these came Jan Van de

Graaf, the Governor's son, a young man of some acquirements, but whose good promises had been blighted by a course of dissipation in the chief cities of Europe. By the same fleet arrived two young passengers from Haarlem—brother and sister—Rose and Walter Pleyden. The maiden had attracted the notice of more than one young Dutch official on the very tedious voyage of eleven months, and amongst others, that of Jan; but she wisely declined receiving attentions from any until she should find herself under her father's protection in Ceylon. It was, indeed, whispered about amongst the passengers, that a young minister, one Arnold Meyer, found favor in the eyes of the youthful Rose, and perhaps not without some reason; but this may have arisen from the ecclesiastic giving daily instruction to Walter, and thus being thrown into close acquaintance with the sister.

Blooming with vigorous health, cheerful almost to merriment, and bursting into opening womanhood, Rose seemed a picture of the name she bore, and was indeed known in the fleet as the "Haarlem Rose." Walter, on the other hand, was delicate in health, and reserved in his manners; and, some years younger than his sister, needed from her all the fond love and care she gave him. He looked, as he was called, the "Lily," and as they walked up the landing-place at the port, beside the mild, thoughtful minister, Arnold, they seemed a group of exotic flowers, in striking contrast with the sallow faces of the colonial Dutch, and the sable countenances of the mixed Cingalese, Malabars, and Malays, who lined the beach to welcome the new-comers from Europe.

That day proved a sad one to the children of the late Captain Pleyden. His house stood at the south drawbridge of the fort, to receive them; but there was no parent to welcome them to a father's home. He had died three months before their arrival, and they now found themselves orphans, and all but friendless, in this strange, unknown land. Stunned and bewildered amidst their sorrow, they needed all the consolation and kind offices Arnold Meyer could give them. Walter lay ill for some days; but Rose found new courage with this trial, and, radiant with hope and love, and, better still, with faith, cast off her grief as useless to the dead, and more so to the living. It required all her woman's energy and calmness of purpose, and all Arnold's good judgment, to see a way before them; but, when every difficulty had been well weighed, and every advantage and prospect pondered, and there no longer

appeared a doubt as to her course of action, she lost not a moment in carrying out her plan.

Their patrimony, the house in the fort, was sold, and a small cottage and garden rented outside the walls. Their new domicile was prettily and quietly placed on some rising ground known as Hulfedorp Hill, in the midst of green fields and rice grounds.

A month produced a perfect revolution in their new abode. Walter had roused himself, and had actually been found digging in the garden one fine cool morning. Rose was a perfect female Hercules—a kind of fairy, endowed with miraculous powers of transformation within her own household. The most distressing incongruities about their domicile took a form of perfect symmetry at her bidding. Her magic fingers—and very pretty fingers they were—changed deformity into beauty and order. Arnold was struck dumb with astonishment at her performances every time he visited them, which, let it be said, happened daily; and the great marvel was that he thoroughly recovered his speech after these many attacks.

The little garden and shrubbery, under the direction of Rose, and with the aid of Walter and Arnold, soon underwent a series of transformations from the weedy and the wild to the clean and neat, and lastly, to the beautiful; and at the end of the following monsoon, when gentle showers, and bright skies, and cool evenings aided the young gardeners, there was such a terrestrial paradise of flowers and shrubs, and creeping plants, that even the old, cankered, slow-growing India-rubber trees, and the sleepy jamboes, and the venerable tamarinds felt quite ashamed of themselves, and turned over no end of new leaves, and became suddenly quite fresh and vigorous, and, indeed, rather fast fellows.

It would have done a misanthrope good to have seen the young minister doff his clerical garb every morning at day-break, in the little shrubbery, and then fall valiantly to work in the kitchen garden with spade or hoe, and prepare the ground in the most secular style imaginable for knoll-khol, bring-hall, melons, and all sorts of curry-stuffs and pulse.

In these occupations time passed rapidly and pleasantly, especially the Sundays, when the little party had their sweet, quiet house, and lovely shrubberies to themselves, and when Arnold brought a large, heavy-looking volume of Dutch sermons, and expounded them to his attentive listeners. But, amidst all this present tranquillity, Rose did not let the future escape

her care. Their slender means could not last long, and there seemed no prospect of aid from any quarter, save from themselves. She had faith in herself, and felt that those only who help themselves will receive help. Walter could do but little beyond using his pen, and in this he still took lessons from Arnold. Rose was a skillful needlewoman, and could work exquisitely at lace. She resolved to devote her leisure time to the preparation of superior Brussels lace, and endeavor thus to eke out their little substance until Walter might be able to undertake some employment.

It was a happy, glorious day when Rose, smiling, and almost beside herself with delight, returned from the Fort with the proceeds of her first lace-work. Two gold mohurs had been paid to her by the daughter of D'Almeida, the rich Portuguese pearl-merchant, who had, besides, desired her to bring more. The cottage seemed a perfect palace, now that prosperity began to dawn. The shrubbery appeared of a lovelier green, the flowers seemed to blossom more brightly, and the birds to be singing sweeter and more cheerfully than before. She toiled yet more earnestly; the days were far too short for her, and as she worked and sang while Walter studied, she dreamed of a long and happy future—of bright, sunny days, and unalloyed pleasure—in which, somehow, Arnold became mingled, she did not quite know how, nor did she ask herself; she was content to go on dreaming, and working, and singing.

Soon after this an incident occurred which for a time disturbed the happy harmony of the orphan family. Rose was, as usual, at work, and singing one of her merry Dutch airs, when she was startled by the presence of Jan De Graaf, the dissipated son of the governor. He had seen her at the house of D'Almeida, to whose daughter he had been paying great attention, and, struck by her simple manners and radiant beauty, he determined to renew the acquaintance begun on their voyage. The visitor was received with honest, hearty welcome, softened by the respect felt for his rank, so that Jan began to flatter himself that his visit was not displeasing to the fair maiden; and, as he strutted homeward, he already considered the little Haarlem Rose as his own.

The visit was renewed, and that, too, in such a marked manner as caused Rose some anxiety. Jan left no room for doubt as to the motives for his calls, which soon became frequent, until she gave him to understand that the wide difference in their positions rendered it impossible for her to receive his attentions, and begged

him not to persecute her with visits which could not but be dangerous to them both. It is doubtful if Rose had so soon been relieved from this unscrupulous visitor, had he not one day encountered Arnold at the cottage, who, knowing well his character, gave him such a stern reception as effectually banished him from that peaceful home.

Months passed onward. All again went smoothly and happily, and the unwelcome intruder and his hateful visits were alike forgotten. The brightness of that sunny spot was, however, doomed to be sullied at a time when least expected. Arnold entered the cottage one calm, lovely evening, pale and sorrowful. He had that evening received notice from the office of the *Presbyter-General of Ceylon*, to depart for the small island of Delft, on the morrow, and there perform ministerial duties for three years. This island was a wild, barren spot, inhabited solely by natives, who had charge of the Government stud of horses, some miles distant from the mainland, with which there was only a monthly communication. An appointment to the sinecure office of minister was considered, as it really was, tantamount to banishment. The news seemed to have almost paralyzed the faculties of the young clergyman, and it was not until Rose, with a gayety and cheerfulness that she little felt at heart, dwelt upon the rapidity with which time would fly—how he could study in that solitary island—and how glad, how delighted they should be to welcome him back—that he began to look calmly upon his departure as a thing that must be. He had no friends to intercede for him, and, being unconscious of enemies, and at a loss to divine whence the blow came, or why, speculation was useless.

The three passed a sad evening together in their little veranda, arranging what was to be done in the garden and the cottage, and how Walter was to endeavor to obtain employment, and how they were to correspond each month until those three dreadful years should have passed away, and *then*, oh! how sweet, how delightful, would be their meeting again! If the gentle, sorrowing Rose remembered, during this trying evening, that, as yet, Arnold had never breathed to her a word of the future—of *their* future—she had no cause to do so any longer. Before leaving her he extracted from her a willing, confiding promise, that she would be his bride at the termination of his exile. He left them late that night, roused, and cheered, and strengthened by the loving faith of one fond, hopeful heart; and so he turned

away from them more happy and cheerful than he had been since receiving the fatal order. Rose, feeling that the task was done, the trial over, burst through her bonds of fortitude, and, sinking on the couch where lately she had talked so bravely, gave loose to all her sorrow, and wept both long and bitterly.

The first letter from the banished minister, telling them of his safe arrival in Delft, found the orphans reconciled to their new solitude. Constant employment smoothed over their new trial; and when they read Arnold's cheerful, warm epistle, all their old happiness seemed to revive. The letter had been read and re-read until Rose knew every word by heart, and then it was locked up safely in their little ebony cabinet that stood shining, with monsters' heads and fishes' tails, in the centre of their sitting-room. They were determined to make a night of it, in their own simple manner, and to have their supper in the lawn, under the great jambo tree amongst the pomegranates, to commemorate the arrival of this first letter from Arnold. They had new milk, and plantains, and Dutch-cakes, and Cingalese-biscuits, and mangoes—in short, the most costly things they could find in their refectory; and, to make the banquet complete, they sat upon the soft, warm grass, while Rose, in her sweetest voice, sang some old Dutch melodies so dear to Arnold, and sang them, too, right joyfully, and with such spirit that she was quite unconscious, until she had finished, of the presence of a third party, who stood at some short distance, listening to her song.

The stranger was an old man, dressed in a plain brown overcoat and boots; indeed, so plain was his dress that one might, at first, have fancied him to belong to the humbler classes; but there was a quiet dignity in his movements, and in his very voice, which, whilst you were pleased by it, raised also a feeling of respect. Seating himself between them, on the grass, the visitor partook of their simple meal, and then begged so kindly that Rose would sing one more of her pretty airs, that she did not for a moment hesitate, and, in fact, sang a whole bookful of them, much to the stranger's delight.

In the fullness of her young heart, Rose related to the old man all their little, simple history, with the exception only of Arnold and his share in the episode, with all of which the stranger seemed deeply interested. Before quitting them he promised to use what little influence he possessed amongst the officials to procure some light employment for Walter,

which would be a beginning for him, and thus help the economy of their little household.

Days, and almost weeks, passed on, but no word of the stranger, no fulfilment of his promise. Walter felt inclined to consider him faithless, but Rose urged that there might be difficulties in the way of fulfilling his promises; she had faith in his fine, open countenance, and manly bearing. Sure enough, the little creature proved a very witch at predictions, for, a morning or two afterward, Walter was nearly knocked down by a gigantic dispatch, sealed with an alarming great seal, that was put into his hands by a Lascoryn, or Government-messenger, in full uniform. Whether it was that Walter feared to destroy the beauty and symmetry of that huge seal, or that he dreaded its containing some dangerous combustible compound that would instantly explode with the slightest friction, is not certain, but he resolutely declined to open the document, and Rose found herself compelled to do so for him.

Astonishment and joy are faint and feeble words to use on this occasion to express the feelings of the brother and sister when they found the letter to be an official intimation of the appointment of Walter to the post of "writer" in the Secret department of the State-council Office, at a salary of fifty rix-dollars a month. It exceeded their wildest anticipations, and amounted almost to a fairy impossibility; indeed, if there had been time, and he could have been capable of doing anything at that moment, Walter would have run after the messenger to ask if it were not a mistake.

On the morrow Rose accompanied her brother as far as the inner draw-bridge of the Fort, and there left him, full of anxiety and nervousness about his duties. To have seen him crossing the parade ground at that moment, one might have thought he was going to execution, so pale and frightened was he. In the evening he reached home an altered being, so delighted with his work, and so pleased with the gentleman who had instructed him in his duties, that he felt quite at home there, and actually longed for the next day to come. He fancied he had caught a glimpse of their stranger friend in one of the large stone offices; but the people were all so quiet, the desks so large, and the ink-horns stared him so hard in the face, that he had not found courage to ask about the old gentleman.

If ever there was a happy home—if ever there were honest, simple, loving hearts in this world, they were now to be found at the cottage

of Rose Pleyden. Arnold wrote in good spirits about his studies and his labors in Delft, and always spoke of his return hopefully. Rose toiled and sang, and worked lace, and made the garden more like a fairy-land than ever, while Walter became quite an official dignitary, and talked about dispatches and secret orders of State as though they were mere waste-paper, and as if he had been born in the State-office, and weaned upon real commissariat ink.

The peace of this little Dutch paradise was fated to be broken by an evil spirit. Once more Jan—the feared and hated Jan—forced himself upon Rose and her brother, an unwelcome visitor. Notwithstanding her expostulations, the ill-omened intruder was not easily to be foiled; and treatment that would have stung an honorable mind to the quick, seemed but to lure him forward more eagerly. Weeks passed on, until the patience of the gentle Rose was exhausted by the frequency and duration of his visits. She saw that the time had come when he must be shaken from her like an unclean thing, as he was, and, nerved by her own purity and goodness, she bade him, for the future, avoid crossing the threshold of her humble dwelling.

He *did* become a stranger to them; and, breathing once more an atmosphere untainted by his presence, they began to forget the Governor's son, and, in their innocence, to believe that he had forgotten them. But when they thought themselves most secure—when all appeared bright and happy around them—a storm was gathering in the distance, soon to scatter all their dreams.

It was the New Year's Eve, and the orphans were seated on the little lawn before their cottage, enjoying the cool breeze from the mountains, and dwelling upon the bright prospects that were before them; picturing their happiness when next Arnold—the good, much loved Arnold—should pass a New Year's Day with them. Rose was relating some of her recent domestic achievements, when a Government peon advanced through the garden to where they sat, followed by three Malay soldiers, and inquiring of the astonished Walter his name, told him that he was arrested on a charge of high treason. Without listening to any questions, the peon proceeded to search for papers and letters, and having secured all that were to be found in the cottage, ordered the soldiers forward with their prisoner. Walter showed no signs of alarm. His perfect innocence impressing him with a belief that it was a mis-

take which would be cleared up on the morrow, he parted from his sister as calmly as though he were proceeding to the Secret Department to copy letters.

Rose saw her brother leave with an uneasy foreboding. Not a shadow of doubt rested on her mind as to the perfect innocence of Walter; but there was a prophetic sense of some powerful enemy at work against them, which, though it assumed no actual shape, was ever before her. Bitterly did she lament the absence of Arnold, who at this moment would have been her sure and steady support.

Their stranger friend, too, could she but find him, without doubt he would aid her, with advice at least. Whilst these thoughts flitted rapidly across her mind, and before she could arrive at any determination, a footstep was heard upon the gravel-walk, and before she could rise from her seat, Jan stood before her and imprinted a kiss upon her unwilling hand.

There was a dogged air of resolve about him, but, at the same time, an affectation of calmness and politeness which assured Rose of finding anything save a persecutor in him.

Jan did not keep her long in suspense, but at once opened to her the purport of his visit. It amounted to this: that her brother's guilt was capable of the fullest proof—evidence was abundant; but that she could at once purchase his freedom by bestowing herself on him. The morrow would be New Year's Day, and the Governor had made it his practice to grant any boon, even to the saving of life, that should be requested on that day by any of his children. He had therefore but to ask, and it would be successful; and she had it in her power to bid him use this privilege.

Rose heard the tempter to the end. At first she felt bewildered, and it was not until Jan repeated his proposal that she comprehended the depth and villany of the plot against her brother and herself. Roused by the wrong attempted—strong in her hate of cowardice and cruelty—she dealt such scorn upon the creature before her, that his mean spirit quailed abashed, and venting execrations deep and bitter, he left the spot.

Freed from his cruel presence, all her fears and sorrow came back upon her heart; and as the figure of her young brother, chained like a felon in his cell, floated before her eyes, her resolution failed, and gathering up her strength, she determined on the sacrifice, and turned to follow Jan.

A shadow fell across her path—and there, before her, stood the stranger, in the same old

brown coat and slouch hat in which he had first visited her. As he led her gently to her seat under the large mango-tree, she might have seen how pale was the old man's cheek, had not her thoughts been elsewhere. In spite of an agitation which he himself felt, he endeavored to calm her spirit. He listened to her tale of sorrow, bidding her be of good cheer, for that the innocent, though crushed for a time, can never be abandoned by Providence. They talked long upon the subject, and Rose dwelt warmly and sisterly upon the impossibility of poor Walter's guilt. The stranger appeared touched and convinced by her arguments, and, indeed, hinted as much; but how was the proof to be best secured. He suggested an appeal to the Governor on the morrow by Rose in person; but she felt so timid, especially as she might encounter Jan, who would be certain to influence his father. The stranger offered to meet her at the Governor's house, and accompany her to his presence, which removed all doubts and fears, and she consented to make the effort. She was told to ask for "Master Jacob"—any of the peons would show her where he was to be found. And so they parted for that night—he with sad looks and heavy heart, she radiant with hope and faith.

I must now turn to another character, who was also taking an active part, though in secret, to shield the guiltless. Marie, the daughter of the wealthy D'Almeida, had long observed the frequent absence of Jan de Graaf, and, piqued by his marked indifference to her, had placed a trusty slave to watch his movements.

So well had this task been fulfilled, that Marie had become possessed of the secret of his attachment in another quarter, and of his rejection by Rose. Her jealousy of the pretty lace-worker was, however, turned to compassion when her faithful spy brought word of the plotting by which Arnold had been removed, and the brother now consigned to prison, of which she learned ere it had taken place.

Marie's first resolve was to communicate with Rose; but she remembered how powerless the poor girl was to avail herself of the information. Her next determination was to forward to the Governor himself a full statement of the whole affair, that he might interpose, and thus save his son from the commission of a great crime. With the fullest confidence in his high sense of justice, she acted at once on the impulse, and, ere it was night, the Governor

was in full possession of all the facts of his son's unworthy conduct.

That New Year's morning broke in a blaze of light and softest beauty, known only in the Tropics. Birds of unrivalled plumage swept through the fragrant air, and carolled sweetly amongst leaves, and buds, and blossoms, bathed in the richest orient tints. Not one smallest cloud dimmed the bright face of that blue Tropic heaven; not a wave ruffled the ocean; not a sound was heard but harmony; no picture met the eye but beauty. Would that that calm and chastened scene could have entered and sunk deep within the hearts of all the human race, and so given them to taste the gentle love of that first day of a new-born year.

At the hour arranged—not one second later—the little Haarlem Rose stood blushing at the palace-gates, wondering at her own courage. She found resolution to speak to one of the liveried peons who stood in dignified silence at the great stone doorway; and when he mentioned her to follow him up those wide stone stairs through an enormous hall, and across vast courts and terraces, that seemed to have neither end nor beginning, her little heart beat quickly.

They passed onward through many noble piazzas to the cool, green gardens below, where quiet, shady walks, and fountains, and green lawns tempted the weary footsteps. The peon paused at one corner of this flowery paradise, and waved her onward, whilst he slowly retired. Beneath a wide-spreading orange tree sat Master Jacob, lost in deepest thought. He took her hand almost mechanically, and bade her sit by his side and once more relate all her little history, which she did, not even concealing the name of Arnold and their betrothment. When this was ended he told her he would at once conduct her to the Governor, at which Rose felt alarmed, and inquired whether he would receive her kindly.

"As kindly as myself," was the brief reply; and, reassured, Rose walked by his side through long avenues of flowering shrubs and heavily laden fruit-trees, to the large stone veranda skirting the Governor's house. Up the stairs, and through a corridor, they reached the hall of audience, where groups of armed natives, dusky riflemen, and swarthy peons, were scattered about, with here and there a gayly dressed chief, who saluted them profoundly as they passed along.

Master Jacob conducted the agitated girl through this large hall, and led her to an

apartment opening from one extremity, in which were a desk and easy chair, and other luxurious fittings peculiar to the East. It was enclosed with lattices, which admitted the morning breeze, cooled by contact with many fountains. Flowering creepers lent their beauty and their fragrance to the veranda, and gave the room an air of refreshing quiet that was truly captivating.

Leading Rose to one of the sumptuous ottomans, Jacob laid aside his slouch hat, and clapped his hands twice. The sound brought in a peon through one of the side doors, who, receiving some order in the Cingalese tongue, disappeared in silence. Rose watched Master Jacob as he cast aside the long brown overcoat in which she had always seen him, and, as she looked in wonder at the gorgeous uniform he wore beneath, the truth flashed across her mind, and, in a moment more, she was kneeling at the feet of the Governor.

The words of Master Jacob were true. The Governor spoke to her so kindly, and gently, and fatherly, that her courage returned. This was needed, for at that moment a side door opened suddenly, and Jan advanced to meet his father with outstretched hand; but, on observing Rose, he started, and turned pale.

For some moments there was silence. At length Jan, with quivering lip, stammered out a few sentences in explanation, but was waved aside by the Governor, who, in a calm and solemn voice, forbade him to desecrate *that* day with words of falsehood and deceit. Then, ordering him to be silent, he told Jan how his villany had come to light; how his plotting against innocent and worthy people had been discovered; and how he had traced him in his intent to turn the privilege of mercy on that blessed day to unlawful purposes and cruel ends. 'Twas now his turn to be the accused, and he, the parent, would adjudge his punishment.

The young man, awed by his father's stern countenance, knelt at his feet, while the Governor pronounced a sentence of banishment against him. The lonely island to which Arnold had been sent was to be his abode for years. But, before the guilty man had risen from the ground, Rose knelt there too, and pleaded for him. All that her kind and gentle heart could suggest was employed in the cause of mercy. The father shook his head, though the tears that filled his eyes told how gladly, were it consistent with his duty, he would yield. But when she pleaded his own plighted word, and begged from him the annual gift of

promised pardon—the New Year's boon of mercy—the parent's heart was touched.

It was a sight not to be forgotten, when the son, overwhelmed with a sense of his shame, and thoroughly repentant, approached and kissed the hand of his father, and also hers who, not long since, he had so deeply injured. It wanted but the presence of poor Walter, who, a few moments later, entered from the garden as gayly as though the previous night had been spent in the most agreeable company. It scarcely needs me to relate how happy was that meeting. None seemed more pleased than the worthy Governor, who insisted that the Pleydens should pass the New Year's Day with him.

The beautiful garden, the noble terraces, the fountains, and a suit of rooms, were thrown open to them as their own; and Rose, as she trod the cool, quiet shades of that vast shrubbery, felt that then she wanted the presence of one other to make that day supremely happy. Walter guessed her feelings, and hinted to her how easy it could be to ask the kind old Governor to restore Arnold from his banishment. Perhaps it would. She resolved to make the attempt, and, in thinking over this, the day wore on, and noon and the Governor's commands arrived together. They were bidden to prepare attendance on a marriage.

Rose scarcely knew why, but she mechanically clad herself in a beautiful suit of wedding garments, prepared for her use, and even placed a bridal wreath in her hair, just to see how it looked for one moment. They were summoned to the audience-hall, where a host of officials and guests, all gayly dressed, awaited them; and in the midst stood the kind old Governor.

What a wonderful day that same New Year's Day was. There had not been such a day of excitement in Colombo for many a year—not since the Dutch had first settled there. How happy every one seemed, and how bewildered the lovely Rose looked, and how the people admired her as she was led up the aisle of the fine old church by the fine old Van de Graaf, and how they wondered, not less than she herself, why she wore that bridal-wreath, and whether the Governor was going to marry her.

Then, when Rose was led to the altar, and the clergyman asked where was the bridegroom—it was a perfect picture—a study for the first Dutch masters—to see how cunningly Master Jacob looked, and clapping his hands, watched Rose as she almost fainted, but not

quite, at beholding none other than Arnold enter and place himself quietly at her side.

That was a little bit of surprise got up by the Governor for his own gratification and their happiness. It is scarcely necessary to tell how Arnold had been sent for as soon as the plot against Rose had been disclosed; neither is it necessary to dwell any more upon the consummation of that happy day, except, perhaps, to relate how a right bountiful feast was prepared, and how festivities were kept up at the Governor's palace until twilight; and then, when the hour for dancing came, how a quiet little party drove away, no one knew whither, in two or three carriages.

Away from that busy scene, out through the suburbs, across a bridge, and then deep amongst some shady trees, and as Rose and Walter, and Arnold and Master Jacob, reached the end of their journey, fresh sounds of music fell softly on their ears. A thousand brilliant lights danced from as many shrubs; trophies and flower-decked arches graced a spacious lawn, where visitors were already assembled. Rose thought that mangoe-tree was not a stranger to her, and the large orange-tree and the lofty arecas, how like they were to those in her own cottage garden. She looked for a moment at Master Jacob, and, as he bade her welcome home again with one of his quiet smiles, she knew indeed where she was.

None other than the Governor himself led off the dance with Rose that evening. None other than himself had worked out that delightful New Year's drama, and none felt more real happiness than the Governor, as he bade them farewell, blessing and blessed by the actors for his own share in the mercy and forgivenesses of that New Year's Day.

LAUGHTER AND ITS USES.

The following paragraph reminded us of the old theological professor, who exercised his pupils one hour daily in laughing:

Laughter is healthful to the body as gladness is to the mind; and there is not a more beautiful spectacle than a smiling face, when you know it is the true index of the soul within. We do not speak of that species of idiotic laughter which is sure to follow the exhibition of any low trick, or the utterance of a coarse jest—but that genial outburst that enlivens the social circle when men, like true philosophers, forget their past cares, and put off till the morrow all apprehensions regarding the future.

THE "MATCH-BOY."

BY PAUL LAURIE.

"MATCHES, sir?—only two cents for three boxes."

It was one of the drowsiest of drowsy dog-days: the very door hung heavily, as if unable, or unwilling to perform its function, permitting a bar of gold to stretch across the floor, and over my shoulder, bending over the table that stood in the middle of the room, and lighting up the face of the old Dutch clock in the corner, as if to remind me of the hour. I passed my hand through my hair, yawned, half opened my eyes, and listened to the dead, heavy rumble of the distant carts, and the nearer and more monotonous buzz of the house flies.

"Matches, sir? three boxes for two cents—water-proof."

"Eh? O! No!—I don't want 'em—go away—stay. Will you have the goodness to close the door," and I settled myself comfortably in my arm-chair again, pillowing my head upon a book, and relapsing into a doze, from which I was only awakened by the level rays of the sun pouring in upon my face through the open window. This time I awoke with a start, impressed with the belief that there was some one in the room. Upon opening my eyes, my glance fell upon a lad of eleven, who sat watching me steadfastly from a seat at the side of the door.

"Well, my man, what is it?" I inquired, as I aroused myself, and bestowed a scrutinizing look upon him. He rose quickly, and held out a scrap of paper towards me. I took it from him: it was an old invitation to a public dinner, and of no consequence.

"Where did you get this, my lad?"

"I found it at the door."

"Why didn't you give it to me at the time?"

"You were sleepy, so I thought I would wait awhile."

"And you have been waiting ever since!—What did you say your matches were?" I inquired suddenly, as I ran my eyes over his attire rapidly, struck with the remarkable beauty of his features, and the directness of his manner.

His eyes were large and lustrous, fringed with long, jet lashes; the brows very fine, and exquisitely arched; the nose straight, with thin, delicately curved nostrils: his lips were vermilion hued, and, as he stood smiling before me, his teeth shone between them like rows of pearls set in coral. His face was brown, browned with exposure; but, as my observing

eyes ran over it, taking in the frame of raven curls which surrounded it, I thought I had never beheld one more beautiful, unless—however, there is no occasion for mentioning that here; besides, I was speaking of children. The dress of this match-boy was certainly nondescript. It would have puzzled a wiser than I to determine the original form and color of his clothes. That which had the appearance of a "cut-down" garment, (perhaps a coat,) was still several sizes too large; the cuffs of the sleeves were turned back to the elbows, to permit the free use of his hands. His pants evidently were intended for one twice as large, and were supported by a single suspender, which drew them to one side, and gave his little body an extremely awry appearance.

"How much a box?" I repeated, as he stood up before me, twirling his match-bag around with one hand.

"Three for two cents."

"I'll take a dozen,—there, I am sorry I kept you waiting."

"O! that's nothing, sir,—is that right?"

"Keep the change; I don't want it. Can you tell me your name?"

"Tote Potter."

"Tote!" I echoed, forgetting myself, and smiling at the singular name; "why, what does that mean? It must be a nickname, eh?"

"It's all I have, anyhow."

"Well, Tote," I said, as I shook off the last trace of laziness, and bent forward towards the match-boy, "you are a stranger in the neighborhood, I think. Is your father and mother living?"

"No, sir."

"And who do you live with?" bending still closer, and taking his brown hand between mine, as daintily as I would that of—nonsense! what am I thinking about! I simply held his hand in mine, and looked in his dreamy eyes, (wonderful eyes they were, with their unfathomable depths!) as I waited for his reply.

"I live with my Aunt Potter."

"Does your aunt make matches?"

"No, sir! I'm selling them for old John."

"Old John! Then old John pays you how much?"

"He pays Aunt Potter."

"Ah! Then your aunt sometimes gives you a trifle?" Tote did not reply; his bare toes were moving cautiously over the edge of the carpet, and the match-bag twirled swifter than ever, as he gazed steadily downwards.

"What does your aunt give you, Tote?"

Tote looked up suddenly, and a humorous

smile passed over his face, as he replied: "Sometimes she gives me a licking!"

"Which you never deserve, eh?"

"I don't know. Aunt Potter says I do."

"Has your Aunt Potter any more boys?"

"Yes, sir. She's got Tom, and Zeph, and Bob and Pete; besides Ann and Susan."

"All older than you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And what do they do?"

"The rest sell papers—I'm going to, too, pretty soon."

"How would you like to live with me, Tote?"

"I'd come at once, if Aunt Potter would let me."

"Where does your aunt live?"

"It's a long ways from here, 'round on Ann Street. Its just next to—but may be you don't know?"

"Never mind, my boy," I replied, as an idea occurred to me. "Will you come around here to-morrow about this time? I want to see you again."

"Yes, sir;" and the next moment he was off, while I lay back in my chair, and gazed out upon the setting sun, thinking of a pair of dreamy eyes, *not* the dreamy eyes of the match-boy, but a pair so like them, that it was impossible to think of one without thinking of the other.

I was thinking of *her* eyes, and of the last time they encountered mine calmly, composedly, and almost coldly, as she bade me farewell, before her departure for England, in company with her father. It was just such an evening as this, five years ago. Ah! me; how time had flown! I stood on my feet, and glanced at the care-worn face, with the sad cold eyes reflected back from the mirror, and smiled bitterly. And then I wondered how *she* looked at that hour, or if the roses had left her cheeks, and I prayed that they might bloom in the five coming years as bright as they had bloomed five years before. And then (there was no one there, reader, but the drowsy flies, and the searching rays of the sun), I took out a file of old letters—you would have known they were a lady's, had you been there—and, selecting one out, read it over slowly, like one who rolls a dainty morsel under his tongue.

It was a love-letter! Yes, it *was* a love-letter—but then the writer never knew that: it was left for me to discover that. It was short; but it was incomparably sweet. Perhaps it was all nonsense, perhaps I would have

displayed more wisdom if I had burned it; but you will excuse this exhibition of weakness, when I inform you that I had not looked at the letter during the two preceding years; and I only looked over it then, because the match-boy's lustrous eyes recalled to me *her* eyes, and, from one thing to another, my mind glided to her letters. No matter who she was, she was a true woman whom I am not ashamed to confess I loved, and whom I had thought to make my wife; but the fiend pride blinded my eyes—however, I may tell you how the separation was brought about. But I must first inform you how our acquaintance began.

I was hurrying down N— street, generally conceded the most fashionable street in the city, one bitter cold winter morning, with my muffler half covering my face, and my gloved hands thrust into my pockets, when, upon reaching Doctor's Row, I observed a bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked, flaxen-haired boy of seven, perhaps, seated on a handsome sled, and impatiently urging a boy about his own age to "run faster" with him, bringing his little heels down now and then energetically, as he strove to accelerate the motion of the sled, a fine illustration of the impatient, yet persevering spirit of Young America. I paused a moment, as I approached them, wondering at the hardihood of the little fellows, for there were very few on the street, and wondering still more at their parents' negligence in permitting them to go out with their sled upon such a morning. As I neared them, the child who held the rope, suddenly stopped short, exclaiming:

"There! I'm completely done out!—so I am!" As he spoke, he flung down the rope and glanced up at me, adding, a moment afterwards—

"It's warm work—pulling Ned!"

"I glanced up and down the street, and up at the windows, where I perceived the inmates looking down contentedly upon the few passers by;—one moment I hesitated, but it was only a moment, for the merry eyes of the occupant of the sled overpowered all the scruples false pride could advance.

"Jump on behind Ned, then, and I'll give you both a ride!" I exclaimed hastily, as I picked up the rope. The next moment we were dashing down the street at something less than rail-road speed, while my passengers expressed their delight in sundry boyish expressions, and one or two faint cheers, which no doubt would have been louder and longer, had not the rapidity of their motion compelled

them to use their strength in maintaining their position upon the sled. When we reached the cross street at which I usually turned off, after passing several blocks, I suddenly became aware of my improper, not to say extremely unmanly behaviour, and, dropping the rope, turned away hastily, ere the little fellows had time to utter their thanks, secretly hoping that none of my acquaintances had observed me. But the matter was not to end here.

A few mornings afterwards, as I was passing along N— street slowly, (for the weather had moderated and neither overcoat nor exercise was necessary to warmth,) I felt my hand seized suddenly by some one at my back. I turned around quickly—it was my impatient, cherry-cheeked master of the sled. Of course, I stroked his flaxen curls, tapped his dimpled chin, and smiled down upon him;—I would have been a cast-iron man, had I done anything else—facing the street as I did so, and consequently turning my back toward the houses nearest me. I was just passing on my way, after bidding him a good morning, when the door of the house opposite me was thrown open, and a pair of eyes much larger and brighter than Ned's rested upon me a moment. I had just time to perceive the immense superiority of a peach-blossom over a cherry-red color, and was hastening away rapidly; but, at that instant, Ned's brother rose up before me, (where the little fellow came from, or how he got there in my way, to this day surpasses my imagination!) and, clutching at my hand, cried out to the young lady in the door-way:

"This is the gentleman, Blanche!—the gentleman that gave us such a jolly ride, you know!"

Blanche looked vexed, and I had an opportunity of observing with what rapidity a delicate peach-blossom may become scarlet—while, at the same time, the "jolly ride" alluded to assumed a totally different aspect, now that I looked at it in company with a young lady.

"Alfred! for shame! what will the gentleman think?" said a voice as sweet as the chime of silver bells. Here Ned's voice struck in.

"O! he aint the least bit proud!"

I turned to the young lady and bowed, as I said,

"Pardon me; but, since I made the first advances, if there is any impropriety you will please excuse the children—don't scold them." The last was said with a smile, which she had the discernment to ascribe to its real motive, and the goodness to imitate, as she replied in an ordinary tone,

"It is not often I receive such advice; is it so common for young ladies to scold?"

"I assure you I did not mean anything of the kind," I replied, hastily, "I am a sad bungler;" and bowing a second time, I hurried on.

Now, doubtless this sounds romantic to some of my readers; but, with me, it was a painfully real and somewhat awkward incident, which I would have endeavored to forget as quickly as possible, had it not been for the peach-blossom cheeks, the lustrous eyes, and the charming voice of the beautiful *Blanche*. "*Lady Blanche*," I called her; but then you may be sure I was an impressible young man. However, much as I desired to see her again, I avoided N— street carefully, for a number of weeks, lest by any possible chance we should meet; and when I permitted myself to resume my old walk, I no longer loitered as of old, but assumed an exceedingly brisk, business manner. How long this would have continued would be hard to say, had not fortune favored me with a properly *vised* passport, in the shape of an introduction to Miss *Blanche Elmond*, at the house of a mutual friend, after receiving which I was in no extraordinary haste, but walked past the house with a feeling of comparative rest and complacency, always stroking the heads of the cherry-cheeked cupids when I met them, a thing I had not the courage to do before, save in one instance already mentioned, but which I was very *anxious* to do, considering they were—*Blanche's* brothers. To be brief, *Blanche Elmond* and I became the best of friends; from that we became—I was about to write the best of lovers; but of that the reader shall judge.

During her absence from the city through the summer months of the following year, we corresponded as friends; when she returned, our meeting was like the meeting of lovers; still, love was never mentioned by either of us. About two months after her return, there came to the city, ostensibly on business, a Mr. *Jayne*, a brilliant, dashing young man, but one whom my instinct warned me to avoid. His brilliancy I soon ascertained was borrowed; and before he was three months in the city, I had ample proof that his gayety was simply a cloak for the coarsest licentiousness. This man, rumor said, was an old acquaintance of *Blanche Elmond's*. At all events, he visited the house frequently, Mr. *Elmond*, like many others, receiving him with pleasure. Had he known the truth, or had *Jasper Jayne* been less skilled in the art of deceiving, it would have been far

different. As it was, I fancied his visits gave Mr. *Elmond* more pleasure than my own.

Any one acquainted with human nature, will easily understand why I gave way before this man. Had I acquainted Mr. *Elmond* with the truth, he would have imputed the action to a jealous motive; besides, how was I to establish his guilt? He was a general favorite, a fellow with infinite assurance, and at heart a scoundrel. No! I would permit Mr. *Elmond* to learn his real character through some other channel; I would, however, warn *Blanche*: she understood me better; I could speak freely to her.

I did speak freely to her; but, to my surprise, she listened to his exposure calmly, and without expressing the least degree of astonishment. On the contrary, she smiled when I had ended, saying,

"And do you think this is new to me, *Sydney*? I never liked *Jasper Jayne*—I always thought he was a bad man; my instinct told me that the first time I met him. Give yourself no uneasiness on that score. As for my father!" here she gave a little sigh, "my father has his notions, and one of these is, that *Jasper Jayne* is a model young man, whom several young men of his acquaintance might take pattern after."

"Myself, among others," I said, bitterly.

"No! no! not that; but he does not know that Mr. *Jayne* retails other people's wit for his own; and you know you are so dreadfully self-denying, that you won't let yourself be known even to please me."

I was satisfied.

Upon the following evening, I attended a concert alone. Before the concert began, I observed Mr. *Elmond* entering slowly and deliberately; following him, but at a considerable distance from him, I beheld *Blanche* attended by Mr. *Jayne*. For an instant the room swam before me: I clutched the back of the seat in front of me, and bit my nether lip to stifle the groan that sprang to my lips, and then I looked steadily towards the spot where they had seated themselves side by side.

And only last night she confessed she disliked him! Is there any truth in woman? I murmured to myself. Doubtless she never thought I would be a witness of her inconsistency. When the singers made their appearance, I withdrew. Need it be wondered at—was it not natural that I should avoid her afterwards—for although Mr. *Jayne* had visited Mr. *Elmond's* repeatedly, I had never known him to accompany *Blanche* before—in fact, she had

on more than one occasion declined his politest invitations. Now, however, the tide set in another direction. But, what was it to me? She was free to go with whom she pleased. We had been something more than friends, but we were not plighted; and after our last conversation, it would be impertinent, and an insult to her intelligence, to remind her of her expressed opinion concerning Mr. Jayne. So I mustered all my pride, and endeavored to forget that such a person as Blanche Elmond existed, as many another man has done before me, under similar circumstances.

Whether I was right or not, I knew she could be at no loss to understand why I ceased visiting her; and as the explanation was due to me, I determined to avoid her, until I could in some manner reconcile her actions with her profession. Had I not expressed myself so plainly concerning Mr. Jayne, or, had she not agreed with me in pronouncing him a bad man, it would have been different; as it was, it was impossible for me to visit her until the matter was cleared up. A month passed around, but no explanation came. Another passed: still not a word. In the meantime I met her twice: upon each occasion we merely spoke; I confess these meetings gave me more pain than anything else. Then I heard that Mr. Elmond and his daughter were going to England; the remainder of the family, Alfred and Edward, were to be sent to school. Mr. Jayne left the city, but not before his real character became known.

Still not a word of explanation.

Two days before they set out for England, Andy, their coachman, called at my office with a book of engravings which I had once left with Miss Elmond, and which also contained some of my own imperfect sketches, which she was desirous of copying. When he laid the book down, and turned to go, I forgot myself so far as to inquire,

"Is it true that Mr. Elmond leaves on Monday?"

"Yes, sir, and Miss Elmond's going too."

When he went out, I sat half stupefied; I had flattered myself with a delusive hope up to the last minute; but now it was over. I rose, lifted the book, and laid it aside—I had no inclination to open it, and, if I had, I doubt if I could have summoned the courage. After all, I had deceived myself: she was not the woman I had supposed her to be.

On the morning of her departure, I met her at my sister's. I fancied her manner was constrained and cold; perhaps my own was far

from natural; but thus we parted: she did not offer her hand, and I did not venture to take it.

And that was how our separation was brought about.

But, to come back to that sultry afternoon in August. I have told you that I was guilty of the weakness of reading one of her old letters. I had it in my hand, and was about to replace it with the rest in the drawer, when a passing form attracted my attention. Holding the letters in my hand, I advanced to the window, following with an eager look the movement of the graceful figure. My friend Markham pushed my office door open at that minute, and thrusting his head through, exclaimed,

"I say, Ware! Miss Elmond has returned. There is a chance for you! They say you were quite a favorite of hers at one time, and she has preserved herself remarkably well."

"Preserved herself!" I echoed, jocularly, "why she cannot be more than twenty-three; but," I continued, affecting a careless air, "are you sure it is Miss Elmond?"

"Certainly—I spoke to her. I have half a notion to make up to her myself, if it is only to tease Mag. That girl is enough to torment a fellow out of his senses!"

"Do!" I muttered bitterly, as he darted off again, "what is it to me?" Nevertheless, when I visited my sister two hours later, she detected a change in my manner, and attempted to rally me upon my low spirits. Instead of endeavoring to parry her thrusts, I related the incident of the afternoon. She listened to my description of the match-boy with interest: she wondered at his thoughtfulness, and commended his honesty. This was precisely what I wanted, so I immediately communicated to her the idea that occurred to me during my interview with the match-boy.

"Why, Sydney Ware!" exclaimed my sister, dropping her work in her lap, and looking up at me in astonishment; "You adopt a boy like that! you, a young man not yet twenty-seven! Why, what are you thinking of?" And here she burst into a peal of merry laughter, winding up with, "Do, Sydney, for goodness' sake, keep that to yourself, or you'll have the whole town laughing at you!"

"Let them, then," I retorted, "I can bear to be laughed at."

"Are you in earnest, Sydney?"

"I tell you I never was more in earnest in my life."

"Think of the talk!—of the scandal!"

"Nonsense! my friends know me better,

Mary; and as for the rest, what is their opinion to me, when I choose to do a worthy action."

"Indeed, if you adopt that boy, you a single young man, with your way to make in the world, I will be angry with you. Heshan't come here, depend upon it!" And here my good sister resumed her work again, and bent over it as determinedly as if it were the shroud of the match-boy, and she was going to coffin him out of sight at once. I smiled: I knew that, before a month elapsed, she would be delighted with him, and trying to coax him away from me; however, I said nothing.

When Tote Potter called upon me the next day, I accompanied him to his "aunt's," whom I ascertained bore no relation to him. Tote was one of those stray waifs, whom nobody claims kin with, and whom nobody bothers their head about. We have plenty of them in all our large cities. Mrs. Potter could only tell me that the child's father had been dead some two years, and that was all she knew about him; but she believed they came from some distant part of the country. The child had lived with her ever since. It was very kind of me to offer to take him, she was sure; she couldn't make the least objection. He was more of a bother than anything else: indeed, she had enough of her own to take care of, if she would tell the truth. So, Tote was handed over to me: I was exceedingly fortunate in escaping the responsibility of educating and maintaining half a dozen young Potters.

Mrs. Biddle, my landlady, offered some faint objections, when the boy was introduced to her; but her dislike vanished, ere he had been in the house an hour, and she entered into my plan so heartily, that, had any one dropped in while we were at tea, it would have been impossible for them to have recognized in the well-dressed, handsome child between us, Tote Potter, the match-boy. I confess that Tote's hands were not quite so brown, now that Mrs. Biddle had taken him in charge, nor were his cheeks quite so dark; but they were much handsomer, and his eyes were certainly brighter; brighter with pleasant anticipations, and in the enjoyment of good cheer. Of course, he could not discard the habits he had acquired on the street; but, everything considered, he bore himself remarkably well. When, at the end of a week, I took him around to my sister's, she acknowledged that he inspired her with an interest, and, woman-like, demonstrated it in sundry ways which the child could not fail to comprehend.

"It was very fortunate that you did not bring him earlier," she said, as Tote accompanied my nephew and namesake out of the room. "Miss Elmond was here."

"Yes," I remarked quietly, "I heard she had returned. How is she?—And how is her father?"

She looked at me earnestly a moment. "You are a very singular creature, Sydney."

"Ah! It is something strange to hear that from you, Mary. But I think I have heard something like that before."

"Seriously, I thought,—I hoped:—She paused.

"Well? what did you hope?"

"No matter; I see I was mistaken: I hoped that you had not altogether forgotten Blanche."

"Miss Elmond is nothing to me," I replied, adding, inwardly, How easily we lie.

"She inquired after you. She expressed her surprise, when she learned you were still unmarried."

"Yes!" I exclaimed, bitterly, and thrown off my guard, "it is so common for you women to doubt a man's constancy: you think we are all alike, and that we can transfer our affections:—Here I was conscious of my stupidity, as I perceived the merry gleam in my sister's eyes; I paused abruptly, and averted my face.

"Well, well, Sydney; it is none of my business," said my sister, after a lengthy silence, "but I know that you were once a favorite of Blanche's, and I have reason to think she has not forgotten you."

"I am sure—now that you have surprised me into a confession—I am sure that Miss Elmond and I will never be more than friends. I could give you the proof of this; but it is unnecessary—so we will say no more about it. However, I have no objection to meeting her here: the fact of her being here would neither induce nor deter me—my visits would neither be lengthened nor shortened a minute on her account."

"You misunderstand me; it was on account of the child. Do you know he bears a wonderful resemblance to Blanche? And then the idea of your adopting him! It would have been an awkward meeting."

"I do not understand you."

"You never *will* look at things like other people, Sydney! Is it the fashion for young men to visit their friends in company with children? *Do* conform more to custom."

"Is that all? What a mountain you make out of a mole-hill! Where is Tote? It is time we were off."

"Why do you call him by that odious name?"

"For want of a better."

"Let me name him for you."

"Thank you! you have already named two of your own—permit me to name this orphan."

The reader will perceive, from the above conversation, something of the chagrin I felt, upon reflecting how easily my sister had drawn my secret from me. When I returned to my lodgings, I was in anything but an amiable mood; but, what with pondering over my sister's remarks, and the company of Tote, whose fancies were really the quaintest and most amusing in their way that ever originated in a boy's brain—what with the memory of the past, and thoughts of "what might have been," and the glancing of the lustrous eyes, so like *hers*, upwards into my face, as my little companion pillowed his head upon my arm, rattling on, boy-fashion, from one theme to another, my feelings were wonderfully softened, and that night in my dreams my soul "wandered far away in pleasant places."

In the beginning of the following week, just when I had laid down a course of studies for my pupil, (I was going to teach the match-boy myself—I could hear him recite his lessons in my leisure hours, and it would be a pleasure to direct the young mind,) when my sister suddenly took it into her head to go down to her farm for a few weeks, and I must needs accompany her. "It would be very pleasant to go down together, and it would afford great pleasure to my little *protégé*." As usual, she had it all her own way; so we went down together, quite a family party. We were at Pultney just one week, when an accident caused us to— However, let me relate it just as it occurred.

I was sitting on the porch at the close of the day, reading and looking out now and then upon the antics of my namesake and the house-dog, when my attention was attracted to the following conversation between Agnes, my niece, a child of eight, and my *protégé*, who were just at the end of the porch. A heavy vine screened me from their view; but, laying my book down, I lifted one of the heavy sprays, and looked down upon them. Agnes was seated beside the rabbits' burrow, where half a dozen of the sleek little pets were frolicking about her, while Tote stood off at a little distance.

"Aint they beauties, though?" said Agnes, as she caught up one of her pets, stroking it gently. The boy looked at the rabbits, then

at their mistress, scarcely knowing which he admired the most. Observing his silence, his companion said, in a tone of re-assurance,

"O! you needn't be afraid of them!—they can't bite!"

Tote smiled, as he replied quickly, "Are you sure they aint afraid of me, though? I'm afraid I'll scare them away."

"Never fear—sit down and see. They know better!"

"*There!* I told you so!" exclaimed Tote, as the rabbits scampered away from them the moment he sat down, very much to the surprise of their mistress. "I might have known it!" he added, with a shade of vexation in his face.

"What's the difference! We can see them as well running about," said Agnes, as she endeavored to conceal her chagrin. "Did you ever see rabbits before you came here?"

"No!"

"Don't you think it's ever so much nicer here than in the city, where everything is so dusty?"

"Yes," replied the boy, looking around him, "everything is so fixed up, and jammed together in the city—out here it's *like* something. I'm going to live in a place like this, when I get rich."

"Are you going to be rich, when you grow a man?" inquired his companion, earnestly. Tote did not reply at once; he appeared to be debating the question inwardly. At last he ventured to say,

"I think I will—what's to hinder? Mr. Ware's going to teach me to read, and then I can keep store some day."

"I can read now," said his companion, quietly.

"You!"

"Yes; and I know ever so many stories, and hymns, and I can repeat the Ten Commandments!"

"The Commandments!"

"Why, don't *you* know them? I thought everybody knew them."

Tote pondered a few moments, then looking into his companion's face, suddenly inquired, "Is it a play?"

"Why, *no!*" it's in the Bible!" exclaimed Agnes, with a horrified expression. "Dear, no! you mustn't think it's a play!"

"I don't know anything about it," replied the match-boy, with a vivid blush at his ignorance, and the knowledge of his companion's superior learning.

"Well, never mind: perhaps you've learned

plenty of other things—I wonder what Prince is after. Did you see anything?"

"No!"

"I shouldn't wonder if it was a squirrel: as sure as ever one shows its nose he chases it—isn't it too bad? *Here Prince! Prince! here Prince!*"

"What are they like?" inquired Tote, as he followed her to the foot of the tree, at which the dog was scratching and growling.

"The dearest little things in the world—brown and red," replied Agnes, panting with excitement, and hurrying forward to preserve the life of the supposed squirrel.

"Here, you! *Get out there!*" cried Tote, at the top of his voice, as he ran ahead of his companion. When they reached Prince's side, and failed to discover the cause of his excitement, Agnes expressed her satisfaction in an emphatic manner, and was turning back, when, glancing upwards to a dead limb over head, she exclaimed,

"Poor Sydney's kite's far enough out of reach now!" Tote followed her glance, and beheld a variegated kite fluttering restlessly from the limb.

"I can get it for him," rejoined the boy, quickly.

"*You!* can you climb?"

"I'm going to try."

"No! no! it's no matter about the old kite—come away! you might fall, and get killed!"

But Tote was already half way up the tree. I had not the slightest fear of the limb breaking with him, so I looked on silently at the little gallant. Making his way cautiously towards the kite, and loosening it, he dropped it down to the trembling child beneath him with a smile, saying,

"There! I told you there wasn't the least bit of danger."

At that moment there was a sharp crack, and the next instant the match-boy rolled over on the ground with a cry of pain to Agnes' feet, while the dead limb rolled away in another direction. In a moment I was at his side, kneeling over him; then I lifted him up tenderly, and carried him into the house. Perceiving that he was seriously injured, I ordered out the carriage, and two hours afterward a physician was bandaging his broken arm in my sister's house in — street.

Never had an orphan more faithful nursing. My sister attended him as carefully as if he had been her own child, and during the ensuing week I never left the house. There was one other who attended him upon several occa-

sions—it is necessary to mention it in this connection—Miss Elmond; but always in my absence. She visited my sister frequently; theirs was a true friendship, which time had failed to weaken.

"Do you think I am going to die, sir?" inquired the match-boy one morning, when I entered his room. I tried to look cheerful, as I replied,

"Why no, Tote. Who has been putting that in your head?"

"Oh! nobody—I was just wondering," and the poor boy turned his face toward the window, where he could see the fingers of the morning stretching above the distant hill-tops, and sighed. I bent closer over him. Was it possible that he was dying?

"I seen angels last night, Mr. Ware, such as you told me about, and I heard them singing, O! so beautiful. Don't you think Miss Elmond's an angel? She sat up with me last night. Some of the angels were like her, and some of them looked like Mrs. Morgan."

"When did this change take place?" I inquired of my sister, who at that moment entered the room.

"Sometime last night. Miss Elmond forced me to go to bed: about one she woke me, and I saw at once that it was all over—he cannot live." As she spoke, she went to his head, and lifted his hand tenderly. The match-boy turned his eyes upon her earnestly, and said,

"Mrs. Morgan, have you any angels in the house? I mean anything like angels—like *real* angels." My sister looked at me.

"He is wandering." Then bending over him, and kissing him, "What is it you want, darling?"

"I want to know if I saw real angels last night: I think I did. Have you any in the house?"

"He means pictures," I said.

"Yes, pictures of angels. Have you any?"

In an instant I thought of my engravings. I went out silently, and hastened to my office. I thought, as I returned with the book, how many years had elapsed since it had been opened, and that it was the merest chance that it should ever be opened again in this way. When I re-entered the dying boy's room—for it was too plain that his life-journey was rapidly hastening to an end—my sister passed out for a few minutes. I opened the book, and pointed out to him a fine engraving of the Annunciation. As I propped the book up before him, a sheet of note-paper floated out from between the leaves; and while the

match-boy feasted his eyes upon the exquisite engraving, I lifted the paper and ran my eye over it. It contained simply these words:

"*SYDNEY: I cannot part from you in anger: come to me to-morrow, and all shall be explained.*"

"*BLANCHE.*"

Stupid that I was, never to have opened the returned book; and now doubtless she was lost to me forever. Once more I glanced over those few words, then placing the paper in my pocket, turned toward the match-boy, who was murmuring, in a low tone,

"Happy angels! happy angels! but you are not so beautiful as the angels I saw last night—and they sang to me." As he murmured thus, my sister re-entered the room.

"O! Mr. Ware! where are you?" exclaimed the dying boy suddenly, as the book slid down from his hands, "I can't see you—it is growing dark—dark—dark."

The thin little hands were stretched out; a bright flush stole over his pale face, then an angelic smile swept over it; the hands were folded over his breast, there was a movement of the lips, and then his features settled in the sleep of death.

But the match-boy had folded a prayer to his heart.

* * * *

After all, it was the merest chance. The drowsy day, the excessive heat, and the half open door, even to the old invitation which had blown from my table to the doorway, and which detained the passing match-boy, it was all apparently the merest chance-work. And yet it brought about that which I had thought impossible. It brought about an explanation between Blanche Elmond and I, for, before twenty-four hours rolled around, I learned wherein I had erred. Blanche was the Blanche I had at first supposed her to be, and her practice was always consistent with her professions. Instead of accompanying Jasper Jayne to Madame B—'s concert, she encountered him at the door, while in company with her father. They were separated a moment, and, when she looked around, her father was a considerable distance from her. When she followed him, Mr. Jayne, actuated by one of the meanest of motives, accompanied her down the aisle, and seated himself beside her. And that was all. She returned home with her father. But Mr. Jayne accomplished his object, which was to lead people to suppose he had attended her there.

Reader, if you ever visit Wareville, I will

show you a picture of Tote Potter, the match-boy, painted by myself from memory; not Tote Potter with the prayer folded to his breast—I never attempted that—but Tote Potter as he appeared to me six years ago, with the brown cap, the immense roundabout, the awry pants, the raven curls, and the lustrous eyes on that drowsiest of drowsy dog-days. It hangs beside a fancy sketch, in which you may perceive a faint resemblance to the features of Ned and Alfred, my wife's brothers; however, it was painted when they were quite young.

COME AND GO.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XII.

I was quite alone that evening, for the family had gone out to take tea at a neighbor's. A month had passed since my last interview with Henry Allyn, and during this time I had heard nothing from him or his family.

I took up a book and attempted to read, but old memories blurred the letters, and gnawed at my heart. I knew it would not do to yield to them, and at last I threw down the book and said to Debby—"Bring me my bonnet and shawl, quick; I'm going over to Mrs. Parsons' after our folks."

"She'll be vexed enough that you didn't come to tea, Miss Constance," muttered our good-hearted, bad-tempered domestic, as she went up stairs.

I remember just how that night looked as I went out of the house. It was so imperaled with moonlight, so adorned with stars, so still, and serene, and solemn, that I stood on the front steps and thanked God for the language it spoke to me.

It was the middle of December, but the winter was late that year, and the brown earth and the bare trees were softened and beautified under that shining veil of moonlight.

She must have walked very lightly, or I must have been greatly absorbed, for it was not until the soft voice startled me at the gate, that I was conscious of her presence. "Are you Miss Constance English?"

I turned and saw the speaker. She was small and slender, with such a young, sweet, girlish face that my heart leaped toward it at once. I scarcely think it was a beautiful face, yet it was a most winning one, with its gentian eyes, its golden hair, and its full lips, with the smile and the pout lurking in them.

"Yes; I am she."

The lady stood still a moment, and looked at

me—a curious, half-greedy, half-pained look, that I could not fathom.

I think that piercing gaze must have lasted half a minute, and I knew it had seized and placed, where it would never be lost, every line and curve of my face. At last she spoke, in a low tone, and placing her hand on my arm,

"And I am Lucy Evans."

For a moment I was overcome. These sudden conjunctions and surprises in life are terrible tests of the strength we so often find weakness; but I answered the lady from my heart,

"I am glad to see you."

"I knew you'd be," she said, and her little hand slid into mine. "I knew you would not stop to think it strange or unconventional that I should come to you in this way."

"Oh, no; wont you walk in?"

"Yes; but you must not let me stay more than half an hour, for I've run away from home, and they'll find out I'm gone, though they fancy I'm in my room writing letters. You will let me see you quite alone?"

"Quite. Our people are all gone out."

This conversation transpired before we reached the sitting-room, into which I ushered Miss Evans.

She sat down and removed her bonnet, and we both were silent a few moments, looking in each other's faces.

I saw, then, what a sweet, dainty, exquisite little creature she was; so finely moulded, so bright of glance and smile, so quick and graceful of movement. She broke the silence.

"I've been reading your book, Miss English."

"Have you?"

"Yes; but I didn't come to see you simply on that account. Harry's been telling me all about you"—her face worked a moment, half like a grieved child's, half like a loving woman's; then it broke down suddenly into tears.

I forgot myself; I was only sorry for her, then; so I went to her and drew away the little hand from the sweet face. "Tell me what it is that troubles you?" I asked.

"It has left a great pain in my heart ever since he told me," she said, looking up at me with the gentian eyes dazzled in tears. "It was only three days ago."

It flashed across my mind in a moment that Harry had told her of his love for me, and that, influenced by his friends, and moved by the sight of Lucy Evans' beauty and sweetness, he had asked her to become his wife; but he was an honorable man to the finest fibre of his nature; he would never deceive any woman—

never allow her to believe she had more than his heart could give her.

"I suppose it is very selfish in me"—the sweet voice leaped along the words like a pleasant tune—"but I cannot help feeling glad that you could not love him, my dear Miss English, for it would have broken my heart," and she shuddered and drew closer to me, half like a woman, half like a frightened child. "You see, I have loved him so long, ever since I was a child—and yet, I couldn't expect that he, so learned, so noble, so vastly superior to all the men I have ever seen, could find enough in me to satisfy him. If I was only a genius, now"—she said the words so mournfully, beauty and heiress though she was, that I felt a pang of pity for her.

"He'll love you very much, I am certain, Miss Evans."

Her face brightened eagerly. "Do you really think so—you who understand his tastes and wants so well? he told me he thought I could be his soother, and healer, and comforter, and that if I could take him knowing the whole truth, I should be his cherished, and dearly beloved little wife."

"Stop!" the word struggled out of my heart, for it had fallen and fainted; but the girl did not hear it; she kept on: "I shall try very hard to make him happy—studying his tastes, and adapting myself to all his moods, and, after awhile, the pain will go out of my heart—the pain of that thought that he has loved another so much better than he ever loved me. Don't you think it will?"

"I think it will, my child."

"Oh, you are very kind to tell me so," and now the tears went down her cheeks like rain, for joy. "I shall bless you all the days of my life for those words."

And as Lucy Evans spoke, a great calm of self-sacrifice came over my soul; the pain and the agony passed away, and peace and exaltation took possession of me. I sat down on a low stool at the girl's feet, and gathered her small hands in mine, and looking in her face, I said to her: "I know you will make him happy—I know that God will bless your lives together—that you will grow strong and serene as he gathers you closer and closer to his deep, true, manly heart—and that when years have gone over both your lives, he shall look in your face, and, feeling how it has been the comfort and joy of his manhood, he shall say of you those most sweet and blessed words—'She has been to me a gift of the Lord.'"

She sat there, the tears held in check on her fair cheeks, drinking in every word, as though the voice of a prophet or an angel were speaking to her.

"I believe you are telling the truth," she said, and her face, that fair, sweet, girl-woman face, was a prophecy of her future.

We were both silent awhile, and then our conversation slipped into a quieter mood. I learned that she was to return home in a few days, and that Judge Allyn's family was anxious that the marriage should transpire as early as possible—that Henry was to pass the winter in New York, and that in the early spring—the speaker paused there, but I knew.

"It seems very strange that I should have come to you," said the lady, unconsciously slipping the rings around her fingers, "but it seems as though I had lived an age during the past week; I believe it was the gnawing pain in my heart which drove me to you; and it's you now—your sweet words—have healed it; but oh, you wouldn't wonder if you knew what it was."

Didn't I know!

"I don't wonder that you came; I'm very glad—glad that I have done you good."

"It doesn't seem strange to me that Henry should have loved you, only that you, with your woman's deep heart and quick sympathies, should not have responded to him. I felt when I read your book, how entirely you were the woman after his heart. Why didn't yours make answer to his?"

"Don't ask me—don't."

I know that was a great cry of anguish, for this time my heart and my lips spoke together.

I saw what thought flashed through Lucy Evans' soul. She did not speak, but with true womanly instinct she drew her arms around me, thinking she understood, now, why I could never love Henry Allyn.

At that moment the clock struck. She sprang up. "What will they think. I had forgotten all about the time."

"Debby will accompany you. I can trust her silence, and you cannot walk two miles alone at this late hour."

"No, thank you; I shall not be timid in this moonlight, and I want to feel that you only have my secret," tying her bonnet-strings with shaking fingers, but a radiant face.

We went out into the hall together, and as we reached the front door she turned suddenly round to me, saying—"Now, wont you bless me before I go? I shall carry the thought through all the days of my life."

"The Lord bless and keep you both—the Lord lift upon you the light of His countenance, and give you love and peace."

She lifted up her lips and kissed my face. She did not know that I was crying.

Then she hurried away. Once more I closed the door and went back to the sitting-room. If the old agony clutched my heart for a little while, it was not long. I knew that as the moonlight covered and consecrated the earth that night, so God's love covered and consecrated my life. Like a great sea, it flowed all about me, and I would not go hungry and athirst through life because of that one draught of human love which was taken away from me.

CHAPTER XIII.

A year and a half more had been added to my life. I can only say briefly, of this time—that it had been, on the whole, a season of quiet, and growth, and refreshment to me. I had gained strength of mind and body. The days had brought me peace, and the nights rest. We were just entering the dead heats of the summer. Edward had come home the day before. He needed rest, for he had been teaching and studying assiduously, preparing himself to enter the junior class at Yale the next autumn.

"Don't read that tiresome paper any longer. I want to hear you talk. The sound of your voice is so pleasant after not hearing it for ten months."

I said this, dressing some Venitian vases with white roses, for the mantel. Edward laid down the New York Times. "You'll hear my voice to your satisfaction before next September, I'll be bound."

Just then Lou bustled into the room. Such a bright, sparkling little sunbeam as she was: her small buds of lips set in dimples; her eyes full of rapid smiles, as the small, graceful figure was of motion.

"See here, aunty says I may frost some cake because you've come, Edward, and I want you should go right off with me and search for the eggs in the barn. It's such fun! You remember how we used to do it?"

"Yes, I remember, Dobbin," pulling her down into his chair, and stroking the hair with its threads and touches of gold.

"You are a dear old fellow, and I love you," said Lou, in her quick, impulsive fashion, throwing her arms around his neck.

"Just now I am, but you'll get tired of me before the week's out."

"I shant, either, if you do as I want you to, and have left off your old teasing habits."

Just then Grace came in from the garden, followed by Tyger, our great, black, shaggy Newfoundland. "The cherries are half of them turned black; you must go up the tree this very morning, Edward. I'll get the basket, and we'll all help gather the cherries. Wont it be fun?"

"We'll keep you hard at work, you may depend upon that," I laughed.

"That's right. I like something to do; but see here, girls, I should think you'd dry up and blow away in this small, silent village. How you stand it year in and year out, I don't see."

"Women are different from men, and don't require so much excitement."

"That accounts, I suppose, for the amusing fact that you're still alive, I suppose. But, Constance, isn't there anything at all going on here. Don't you ever have a treat to a little change?"

"Certainly we do. We have parties, and sewing-societies in the winter, and in the summer picnics, berrying excursions, and a fair every autumn."

Edward made a wry face which set us all to laughing. "What a dangerous list of pleasures and dissipation. I fear it would have a bad effect upon my morals if I inhaled the social atmosphere of Beachwood for a long time."

"But there is something going on here this summer," interposed Grace; "Debby says that the Allyn family is expected back next week, and that there is to be a large company at the house all summer. That is something for Beachwood."

"How long has the house been closed?"

It was Lou answered her brother this time:

"About a year and a half. After Henry was married, his wife, parents, and sister, all went to Europe. I suppose we shall see them all after their return."

"And their advent will make the pulse of this most sluggish village beat a little faster."

"Come, Edward, it's time I was beating the eggs." Lou was pulling at his sleeve.

"Well, girls, get your bonnets. You're going, Con?"

"I must dust the mantel. There'll be enough to find the eggs, but I'll help pick the cherries."

So they went out with jest and laughter, and snatches of song—the happy young things! I did not set about dusting the mantel at once, for Grace's words had carried me back to old

memories, and there was a little shadow and pain at my heart, as I walked over the long bridge of the two years which lay betwixt the present, and the time when Henry Allyn and I read the summer together.

How different the life of his lady wife and mine had been! For one, all the mystery and glory of art, all the wonder and beauty of nature—all that books could teach or wealth could lavish; for the other, the quiet life, the daily duties, the sheet of ocean, and the solemn, far-off mountains.

Still, I had faith to believe it had been best and happiest as it was—the old pain did not visit my heart, only the old memories sang a few mournful songs there; but when I went out and joined my brother and sisters under the cherry tree, I joined in their merriment, as light-hearted as any of them.

"Constance, you'd better take an umbrella, I'm afraid it's going to rain."

I stood in the front door and looked off to the mountain in the south-west, over which a great snowy fleet of clouds were lying, but the blackness about their edges had a threatening look in them.

"It'll be sure not to rain if I take an umbrella," I said, somewhat irresolutely; "I don't want to be bothered with it. I can hurry down to the creek and get Mrs. Marvyn's gooseberries, and be back before the shower comes up."

I said this very positively, and started off, with a little lurking fear that, after all, the shower might overtake me—for it was a full mile to the creek where Mrs. Marvyn lived, of whom my aunt had engaged the berries the day previous.

Edward had gone out with the girls after dinner, to have a row on the pond. My taste for aquatic excursions was never very emphatic, and I had declined the invitation to accompany them.

The road which led to the creek was one of my favorite walks. It branched off from the turnpike, and wandered in an uncertain kind of way through a little belt of woods, and among green, low lying meadows. The day had been warm, almost sultry, but the breeze from the sea cooled the hot afternoon. So I loitered along the road, drinking in whatever of painting it offered—its dainty touches and dimples of beauty—listening to the brook as its white feet went twinkling over the stones, and never heeding how the clouds in the south-west were covering the face of the sky.

Never heeding it, until a sullen roll of dis-

tant thunder reached me, and then, looking up, I saw the great, angry, threatening mass of clouds break overhead. I had stopped to gather a small cushion of moss from the roots of an old oak, but I did not wait to secure it. I saw it was too late to accomplish my errand at the creek, so I turned back.

But I was still too late. Every few moments the lightning flashed its vivid embroidery along that black mass of cloud, and the thunder echoed loudly amidst the hills, and then the great, sullen drops of rain began to patter on the grass.

I had a constitutional dread of lightning, and though this had, of late years, been partially overcome, still, I could not read in the darkness about me, and in the black clouds overhead, the prophesy of a fearful storm, without a shudder. Then, there was not a house in sight, and I dared not seek shelter under the trees.

Suddenly I heard the sound of wheels, and in a moment a light, open buggy dashed by me. I had time to see that it had but a solitary occupant, and an impulse seized me to call to the driver, whoever he might be, and ask him to take me to the nearest house, as I felt the storm would be sufficient apology for my informal request.

I think I should have acted on this impulse if the carriage had not suddenly drawn up, just after passing me, and turning his head, and lifting his hat, the occupant said, in those courteous, sincere tones which any lady must have recognized—

"I see that you are quite alone, madam, and in less than two minutes you will not be able to stand under the rain. Will you take a seat in here, and the protection of my umbrella?"

"Thank you, sir; I am compelled to accept your kindness."

The stranger sprang out. It was no time for conventionalities now; I was certain he was a gentleman, and without a word I gave him my hand. Then our eyes met. Something in that strong, finely-cut face—in the quick, searching glance of the dark eyes—in the gravity of the still mouth—seemed to come back to me like a pleasant, half-forgotten tune.

There was a quick glance of surprise, a flush of recognition; and before the words came the face had said them:

"Miss Constance English! Is it possible?"

"I don't know you, sir, and yet your face is not the face of a stranger."

"Almost; you never had but two interviews with it."

It flashed across me then. "Mr. Wilbur!"

"Yes. There—jump in."

For the rain burst in a great sheet now, and the wind tossed it back and forth, and the lightning glared out of the clouds, and the thunder drowned our voices.

Graham Wilbur opened the umbrella—with the next flash his horse sprang.

"Hold the umbrella fast. Don't be alarmed, I'll manage him," for the horse was turning wildly down the road.

Another sheet of flame—another rush of wind, that bent the strong arms of the oaks in the forest as though they were reeds by the river, and tore the umbrella out of my hands—and on through the wild dash of the rain plunged the thoroughly frightened horse. It seemed every moment we should be dashed to the earth.

"Put your arms around my neck and hold on for your life," shouted Graham Wilbur; and I heard him even above that horrible crash of thunder—heard him and obeyed.

On, on we plunged. For once the voice and hand of the driver failed to arrest the frantic animal—the flashes of lightning, the rushes of thunder, the mad rush of the rain, all tended to heighten his terror.

"Don't let go your hold, Constance." The voice sounded calm and firm above the tempest; and I remember thinking, in that hour of sore peril, that whatever became of my life it would happen unto me according to the will and the loving wisdom of God, and that thought is the last I remember.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Come in." The door opened softly, and Graham Wilbur walked in.

"Oh, I thought it was the doctor," I said, with a little start.

"No; I am come to be doctor and nurse for an hour or two," answered the gentleman, as he came to my bedside and took the arm chair.

"Let me feel your pulse to-day, my little invalid," and he took the hand that lay on the coverlet.

"Weak, but promising." He held my wrist a moment and stroked my fingers; and then he looked at me—a look that I had grown familiar with, and that did not flatter or embarrass me, it was so grave and penetrating, so kind withal, and yet it struck me there was a little touch of pity in the glance.

"I was up nearly two hours this morning," I said.

"You were! well, you are coming on bravely, Constance," and the grave, fine face broke into a smile, that, seeing it, always made my heart glad, like a sudden gleam of sunshine.

"We shall have you out to see the summer finish up her pictures."

I shook my head. "I shall be too glad to see October finish up hers."

"Don't say that so sorrowfully, my little girl. I've had a long talk with Doctor Abbott this morning, and he says there is nothing for you to do, now, but get well."

Graham Wilbur said these words, stroking the fingers he still held, at intervals. "I want to have that little pale face put on some bloom again."

"It never had much."

"No; looking at it one always thinks of these," and he held up before me a small vase of water lilies.

"Oh, I thought they had all gone two weeks ago."

"So did I; but I found a half dozen under the rock. They are the last lilies this summer will bring you. Make much of them."

I did for the next half hour, during which Mr. Wilbur took up a volume of Tennyson, and read to me—not consecutive pages, or hardly verses, but stray passages—flashes of color, and thought, and sudden, gorgeous visions, and the reader ended, as it was fitting he should, with some insignificant strains from "*In Memoriam*."

He laid down the book, and took the lilies from my hand in his kind, grave fashion, and again he looked at me.

"What are you thinking about—me?"

"All about the first time I saw you, and that strange question you asked me, with that strange, wistful, half-despairing look in your eyes—"Do you believe there is a God who loves us and takes care of us?"

"Oh," I said, eagerly, "my heart has never asked that question again."

"I know it; but *why* do you believe now, Constance?"

"I believe it because I have found Him."

He was silent for a moment, but I knew that Graham Wilbur, understood me as only a Christian man could.

"I knew the day would come when you would say those blessed words, Constance; I felt it when I looked at you."

"It took many and great sorrows to teach me, though." I broke down here, for the

memory of those two years which followed my first interview with Graham Wilbur rose up and confronted me with their hard, ghastly faces.

The man bent a little nearer me, his hand soft as mother's, touched my hair. "I know all about it, my child."

My surprise held the tears in check. "I don't want your lips to ask the question which your face is doing this moment. No matter *how* I learned it all. That time of suffering is gone from you forever. Your future is coming with good gifts to meet you."

"I believe that through Jesus Christ the great future of my eternity will be good."

Graham Wilbur sat still a moment, opening and shutting his eyes, and I knew his heart was silently thanking God for the words I had uttered. When he spoke again it was in an almost tender voice that he said—"But, my child, it was not of your eternal future that I was thinking, only of that in time."

"I like to hear you say it, for you speak so confident about it, almost with the tone and look of a prophet. But I am not much troubled or disturbed about my future in life. God will take care of it for me."

"I believe," answered the gentleman, "that every man and woman of deep religious experience must have this feeling—at least, at times; that realizing at certain moments something of the richness, and depth, and breadth of the promises unto those who love God, life, and its enjoyments or sorrows, will seem a very small matter. Have we not eternity to be *happy* in? And it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive of that happiness."

"Go on, Mr. Wilbur," for my heart was saying of "that happiness"—"It is enough."

He looked at me a moment with that rare smile that so softened, and sweetened, and idealized the strongly carved face. He shook his head. "No, happy as your face is, my child, this long conversation will exhaust you. You must take your anodyne now. It is time."

He poured a few drops into a glass, and held it to my lips. I was half reluctant about drinking it, but one would seldom think of resisting that wise, firm, gentle manner of Graham Wilbur's.

He took up a book, but his eyes often glanced away from the pages to my pillow, while the opiate stole softly over my senses.

Once, I remember, I smiled back at one of these glances, and it seemed to me that a great, sudden tenderness came into Graham Wilbur's eyes. He leaned forward and took my hands,

which were lying on the coverlet, and wound them about his neck. He leaned his head on my shoulder, and his whisper came with a kind of palpitating tenderness into my ear: "Constance, my little Constance."

Then I fell asleep, and the words went up and down my slumber, pleasant and precious, and my heart leaned to them as one leans to a sweet tune, calling in the darkness and the distance—"Constance, my little Constance."

But when I awoke, aunty and Grace were watching by my bedside. Mr. Wilbur was gone, and I could not tell whether the words and the arms gathered about his neck was a part of my dream or a reality.

I had been invalid for two months, and the first of these was entirely without form or vision to me.

They never expected that the faint, fluttering life which they watched over, as one watches the flickering of a lamp in strange darkness, would ever take on strength or health again; but it was appointed me to live through that long, slow, nervous fever which followed the accident that befell Graham Wilbur and myself during that fearful storm, in which we met after five years' absence.

I learned, six weeks after the occurrence, that his frightened horse had dashed off the main road—the lightning and the rain so terrifying him that he became entirely unmanageable, and he had sprang down a sharp declivity, after tearing a short distance through a space of half cleared wood.

Graham Wilbur awoke from the sudden faintness which the fall had brought on him, to find his carriage shattered to pieces, and myself lying in the drenching rain, near a pile of stones which the workmen, who had been blasting rocks the day before, had heaped there.

The rain, of course, had drenched us both, and lifting my face, the man supposed that the fall had killed me. Bruised as he was himself, he had carried me to the nearest house, which was less than half a mile distant, and my family was not acquainted with the accident until a physician was summoned, and it was ascertained that I was alive, though, for a month and a half that followed, I hung between life and death.

There was no day during all this time in which Graham Wilbur did not see me. He was visiting at Judge Allyn's, for he and Henry had been warm friends for several years, and had met in Europe, and returned to America together.

The accident had, of course, created no little

excitement at the "house on the hill," and the surprise was very great amongst all its inmates when they learned of my acquaintance with their guest, and especially of my singular encounter with him.

They had been unremitting in their attentions to me during my illness, and my long convalescence was greatly lightened by daily gifts of all rare flowers from the conservatory, and delicious fruits from the grounds of Judge Allyn's residence.

As soon as my physician permitted it the family came to see me. Indeed, Graham Wilbur for once broke the interdict of the physician and brought his niece to my bedside, without the doctor's knowledge. It did me good, the sight of that sweet young face just opening into "girlhood's June." Florence had the same type of face that her uncle had—the long, delicate, aquiline features, softened and shaded into girlish beauty—a small, sweet mouth, that she did not get from him because the shadow of a smile always lingered about it, and burnished brown hair that fell into waves whenever she loosened it.

No wonder her uncle was very fond of her. She was such a sweet, gentle, lovable creature, with a gracious dignity which suffused all her movements, and lent her manner a charm.

The little girl at the Water-cure had not forgotten her old attachment, and her uncle was persuaded to extend the interview he had limited to fifteen minutes to an hour.

Two days after the conversation I have related with Graham Wilbur, the doctor's prohibition was removed, and afterward I had daily guests.

The judge and his lady came first to see me. If I had been well, the meeting would doubtless have been a trying one, but after that long illness I was not easily aroused to any emotional excitement. Judge Allyn's manner was like a father's to me, and the sweet, pale face of Mrs. Allyn won my heart at once. Of course, she knew nothing of my former interview with her husband, but her woman's intuitions had made her suspect her son's attachment to me.

The next day Maude Allyn looked in upon me. Very gracious was the lady during the half hour she sat by my bedside, and the two years she had passed in Europe had only given a new glow and lustre to her proud beauty.

What a picture she was, as she sat there in her riding-dress, the afternoon sunlight falling in a golden frame about her finely carved, glowing face. You could scarcely find fault with the pride that wrote itself in every

lineament, it seemed so in harmony with the queenly bearing of the small head, the slow, graceful movements of the figure, in the ripeness of its early womanhood. Such bloom of complexion, such brightness of glance, such a rare combination of all sensuous charms, are seldom united in one woman. I was glad in the beauty of Maude Allen, as she sat that summer afternoon by my bedside.

"We were all so astonished to learn of your friendship with Mr. Wilbur. He never alluded to it while he was in Europe; but that is scarcely to be wondered at, as he knew nothing of our acquaintance."

"Not in the least; my acquaintance with him was a very brief one."

"You met first at the Water Cure?"

It struck me suddenly, that the lady asked the question somewhat eagerly, and that the beautiful eyes, which had the dark blaze of some antique jewels, sought my face with an interest that was almost anxiety, and yet the lady's small, ungloved fingers played carelessly with the fringes of her parasol.

"Yes; I met him there first, and then only twice."

"Only twice!" the beautiful face brightened out, from a little shadow of interest or anxiety. "I fancied, from what Mr. Wilbur had occasionally dropped in his reports of your illness, that you were an old friend. He evidently considered himself partly responsible for your illness, as his horse threw you; and this accounts for your anxiety."

I could not tell why, but those words of Maude Allyn's brought a dull pain across my heart; and when she went with her glorious beauty and queenly grace out of my chamber, it seemed as though a great shadow had gone out with her.

CHAPTER XV.

"Harry, what's a husband good for, if he can't be made useful?"

"Not much, I fancy, in the estimation of your sex," laughed the young husband, as his fair, sweet faced, girlish wife came and knelt down by his feet, and leaning one small round bare arm on his knee, brushed off with her handkerchief a little dust which had gathered on his coat collar.

"Well, what do you want now, pussy?"

"We're going to have lunch in less than three minutes, for I've seen Biddy carry the coffee-urn into the dining-room, and I want you to go down to the grapery, and pick some grapes; John never gets the best bunches."

"You see what I've come to, father. I've learned, like the rest of my unhappy sex, to obey the beck and nod of one very small woman;" and the young husband took in the hollow of his hand the small dainty chin that reminded one of a pearly sea-shell.

Judge Allyn's entire family were gathered in the sitting-room. The summer day had fallen a little beyond the noon, and the windows were all open, and the light sea-breeze and the still bright sunshine came, and looked in together upon the small family group.

The old Judge sat in his arm-chair by the window reading the morning papers, and a little way from him Maude and Florence Wilbur were busy over a new volume of landscape engravings, which Graham Wilbur had sent for from the city, and that gentleman sat by the window, quite absorbed in some business letters he had received an hour before.

Lucy Allyn sprang up to her feet in such pretty willful fashion, that the whole party looked up at the little lady. "If I am 'one very small woman,' I have spirit enough in me, like King Pepin, to manage the hugest of the sons of Adam. Father," she turned, with a pout that sat very becomingly, in the midst of the smile that was at work in the corners of her rosy lips: "Your son and heir is abusing me; wont you take my part, if I am small?"

"Yes, my daughter," said the old gentleman, putting aside his paper, and reaching out his arms, and Lucy Allyn went and perched herself on his knee, and her little fingers fluttered through the thick white hairs that were a fitting crown to his old age. "The truth, my little Lucy is, nature couldn't afford a large pattern of such dainty workmanship as yourself. She was under the necessity of moulding on a small scale so exquisite a bit of humanity as that I hold on my knee."

A laugh at this most delicate flattery went around the room—the ladies' soft voices tangled in and out of the gentlemen's deeper tones, like an air well sustained in all its parts.

"That is the most graceful compliment I ever received," said the sunny little lady, clapping her hands, and moving up and down on the gentleman's knee, as though she sat on a chair with elastic springs. "Harry, you never yourself said to me anything sweeter than that."

"Your father has had a long experience in those pretty speeches, Lucy," interposed Mrs. Allyn. My personal knowledge of them dates back at least thirty-five years."

"Ah Hal, you rogue, you came honestly by your gallantry;" and she returned to her husband again.

"Papa never makes any of those pretty speeches to me, Lucy," struck in Maude Allyn. "I am jealous of you, for you have stolen the look and key of the best room in his heart."

"Why, Maude, you're positively growing poetical. I never heard you make so sentimental a speech as that," laughed her brother.

"Now, sister Maude, don't answer him," interposed again the lively little wife. "I want him to go right down to the grapery, and gather my grapes, or it will be too late for lunch; and I want you, Hal, to put on your crimson dressing-gown: the one I selected in Paris. You know it's so becoming."

"Foolish child!" said Henry Allyn, as he rose up, and smiled down on the little creature; but she saw the flattery pleased him, despite his words.

"Please, Uncle Graham, come over here, and look at this engraving of Versailles," suddenly called Florence. "Isn't it fine?"

"Yes; hold it a little more to the left." He had come toward the ladies, and was looking over his niece's shoulder.

"We can make room for you, Mr. Wilbur; and we are sadly in want of your suggestions and instructions." Maude Allyn said these words with her enchanting smile, as she lifted her face to the gentleman.

"You are welcome to both," he answered, drawing a chair toward her, and not accepting the one she offered him on the divan.

But, at that moment, the bell for lunch rang, and Henry Allyn presented himself at the door, looking a little flushed with his exercise, and holding a basket heaped with great purple clusters of Hamburg grapes.

"My liege lady," dropping on one knee, and presenting her the basket, after the fashion of ancient knights to high-born dames, "I have won the trophy, and I claim my reward."

The small lady flushed a little among her dimples and smiles, but she leaned forward without a word, and kissed her husband's forehead, with half a dozen pairs of eyes looking on mischievously.

"You are a dear old fellow: now go and put on the crimson dressing-gown."

"Wilbur, what do you say to a little sail this afternoon? It'll be glorious, when the breeze springs up," asked Henry Allyn, as they sat around the table.

"Now, Hal, you're always proposing something from which we must be excluded," inter-

posed the Judge's daughter, as she plunged the point of her spoon into the red stratum of currant jelly which lay on the edge of her plate. "I think it's quite too bad of you."

"Another of you women's wholesale slander. It's the first time I've proposed ride, sail, or walk without you, and it used to be hard work enough to coax you out of doors on any excursion."

"Well, why can't you take the girls, too?" asked Judge Allyn. "Not quite so sweet, if you please, mother," passing his empty coffee-cup to his wife, that she might replenish it.

"I would, father, but their presence would be sure to neutralize all our enjoyment, with their fright, and shrieks, and fainting at every breath of wind that came to frolic with the boat."

"I wish, Mr. Allyn, some good angel had put it into your head to propose a land excursion, instead of this water one." It was Florence's voice this time.

"I second that motion, with emphasis," quickly responded Maude Allyn, cutting her custard pie with unusual vigor, for her motions had generally a slow, languid grace about them, well suited to her style of queenly, sensuous beauty. "Let us have a flavor of adventure and romance about it. We'll put on those fancy costumes we got in Switzerland, and turn into genuine gypsies, and go over to Round Hill."

"Oh, it will be capital!" cried Lucy and Florence simultaneously, while the former added: "And the dress is so picturesque, and makes you look just like a queen, sister Maude."

"Don't you think it quite throws a sail into the shade, Mr. Wilbur," asked Maude, turning toward that gentleman, and playfully holding up a cluster of Hamburg grapes, so that the sunlight could strike it; and it hung from that small, snowy hand, like an antique vase, costly and beautiful.

Most gentlemen that Maude Allyn knew, would have complimented the hand, and then the grapes: Graham Wilbur only spoke of the latter. I do not think the proud lady liked him the less for this. She leaned forward, and with her own exquisite grace dropped the grapes on his plate. He sat directly opposite her, and her white arm fell out of the gashed sleeve of her morning gown as she did so, and flashed in its beauty before the eyes of Graham Wilbur.

It was such an arm as must have stirred the admiration of any man: snowy, round, taper-

ing. "You have admired the grapes with me; you must eat them with me also."

"Thank you: I must sit with you to do it then;" and taking up his plate, he seated himself in the vacant chair next the daughter of his host.

"But you haven't said, Nunkey, you should go to Round Rock, though we've all appropriated you," suddenly exclaimed Florence, as she turned from some conversation she was holding with the Judge and his wife.

"My dear, I have another engagement at four, which will utterly preclude the possibility of my accompanying you. You will take my place, Judge Allyn, eh?"

"But it won't be your plan, after all, my dear sir, for I can't take off two score of years from my head."

"Oh, it is too bad you can't go! What can prevent you?" asked Maude, impatiently, for a shadow had fallen on her beautiful face.

"I am to take Miss English out to ride this afternoon, for the first time since the accident, for which I hold myself responsible."

"A responsibility which you seem to find a most agreeable one, Mr. Wilbur," said the Judge's wife, a little archly.

There was a little flutter at this remark. Every eye was turned quickly on Graham Wilbur's, from the old Judge's to Florence's, with various expressions of interest, anxiety, curiosity and surprise.

The gentleman's gaze just grazed the company, as he answered very calmly, "I do certainly find it as you have said, my dear Madam."

There was something in those quiet, sincere tones, which did not encourage farther bantering. Maude sipped her lemonade silently, but there was a shadow on her face as he rose from the table.

"Lucy, little lady, what were you thinking about me, that troubled you at the table?" asked Graham Wilbur, as he sauntered up to her some half hour after dinner, while the Judge and his son were talking politics, and the young ladies were discussing the last opera they had attended.

Mrs. Allyn was chatting to her canary in the alcove, and the sudden question evidently hurried her.

"I protest, Graham Wilbur, you're the most mysterious man I ever came across, reading people's secret thoughts. What put it into your head, that I was thinking of you?"

"It's of no use to evade it, my dear Madam;

I saw the thought in your eyes—it was of me, and it was a troubled one."

"Well, don't think about it: it wasn't anything. Let us go out on the porch."

"Lucy, you are my friend, for your husband's sake," said Graham Wilbur in his grave, firm voice. "Let us sit down on this divan, and tell me what that troubled glance meant."

Mrs. Allyn looked at the gentleman a moment, half irresolutely, but I think that calm, strong face decided her. She sat down.

A little blush fluttered in and out of her cheeks, as she commenced: "Well, you know, when mother was joking you about your finding the care of Miss English so agreeable a responsibility?"—

"Yes; you thought that I might be interested in Miss English, and the thought somehow made you sad."

"Oh, most wonderful man! is there no getting aside of you?" exclaimed Lucy, with a pretty pantomime of mock despair.

"Only by telling me the whole truth."

"Well, if you will read my thoughts, I'm not responsible for consequences," as though she were half frightened at the thought of the secrets he was about to confide, and wanted to shirk all blame.

"Of course not."

"Let me see—I was thinking, after mamma spoke, that I believed it would be of no use for even you, Graham Wilbur, to—to like Constance English."

"No—why not?"

"Because a man so good, and true, and noble once did, all in vain;" and here the impulsive little woman came out of all hesitancy and stammering, and related the whole history of my acquaintance with her husband, his affection for me, and my refusal of his offer.

She mentioned no names, she merely stated that the circumstances came to her knowledge through a friend, and that a previous attachment only prevented my reciprocating the gentleman's, as with such a woman it must always do.

Two or three times the lady paused in her recital for her tears, but she got through with it. Graham Wilbur had not spoken during the story.

Just as she concluded, Henry Allyn entered the alcove. "Wilbur," he laughed, "I would not allow any other man in the whole world to keep my little wife away from me so long."

"And there is no other man's wife I should desire to keep away from her husband so long."

"That may be very gratifying to her, but it doesn't mend the matter with me," making a comically wry face.

"Come, Hal, you're not going to play jealous husband with your best friend, after we're old married people of three years' standing," laughed Lucy.

"Lest he may be inclined to, I shall leave this moment," answered Graham Wilbur, in the same tone of light banter, as he rose up.

Lucy went up to her husband, as the gentleman went out. "Oh, Hal, you do love me very much, don't you?" she said, with a quick trepidation in her voice.

"Why, of course I do, my little puss—what's the matter?" lifting her off her feet.

"And I've been a good—a very good wife to you?" There were tears in the bright eyes.

"The best in the world, and much better than I deserved."

The cords which fastened Graham Wilbur's dressing-gown had been caught, and tangled themselves around the door-knob, and in extricating them he heard this conversation.

A new idea flashed across him. Henry Allyn was that friend of Lucy's, whom Constance English had refused. A thousand circumstances rose up to confirm his suspicion.

"If I had only known this earlier," he murmured to himself. "My poor little Constance, it will be harder than I thought to give you up; but I am a brave man, and God helping me, I will bear it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORNING.

BY MRS. C. MARIA LONDON.

MORNING, o'er the misty mountains,
Purple-robed and golden-sandaled
Like a young and stately princess,
Timidly, yet glad and hopeful,

Steppeth to the throne of Day.
The soft fringes of her garments
Gleam in scarlet threads and silver
Through the emerald, translucent,
Of her high and fair pavilion.
From her regal radiant presence
Coward clouds and vassal vapors
Vanish, to night's dismal dungeons.
Earth, with eager, tremulous reverence
Lifts her forehead for the blessing—

For the royal benediction
Of her liege and crowned queen.
Loyal tribute, hills and valleys
Send, in choicest exhalations
From their flowery, dewy altars.
All the many-peopled forest

Chimes with choral songs of greeting,
While old Ocean's diapason
Swells the praises of the morning.
Oh, thou most benignant Sovereign,
Promises of good surround thee,
All thy paths are strewn with blessings;
Yet we know thy transient lineage—
All thy gentle house have fallen.
While we clasp thy spotless vestments
Noontide comes, thine ardent lover,
Hastening headlong o'er the hill-tops—
All his blood-red banners streaming
In the strong fierce mountain wind;
And we know that thou wilt perish
In his merciless caresses,
But thy spirit still shall hover
Near the hearts that loved thy pureness,—
Dew-drops still shall shine and quiver
For the flowers that bloom in shadow—
Deep, cool shadow, where the sun-rays
Fiery-hearted dare not venture.
Thus, how long soe'er the journey,
If we choose the sheltered pathway—
Safe from envy, pride and passion—
Shall our lives be fragrant blossoms—
Flowers whose freshness shall not wither;
Thus shall morning last forever.

Longwood, Mo., July 26, 1860.

THE QUIET HOME.

"WHAT dear, quiet little things Mrs. Bird's children are!" said a lady to her friend. "I called to see Mrs. Bird to-day, and found her in the nursery with her two boys and two girls, about the ages of mine. It would have done your heart good to see how sweetly they behaved. Perfect little gentlemen and ladies they were. I felt really discouraged. Mine! why, they are wild asses' colts in comparison."

"There's a great difference in children," replied the friend. "I know some little boys and girls that Mrs. Bird would not find so easily subdued."

"I could hardly credit my own eyes; but, as they say, seeing is believing," resumed the first speaker. "For more than half an hour I sat and talked with Mrs. Bird, in the nursery, without once being disturbed by any noise, or any of the unpleasant interruptions incident to the presence of the children."

"What were they doing?" asked the other, in some surprise.

"That was most remarkable of all. Mrs. Bird has four children. Willy is the oldest—just in his tenth year. Meeta is seven, Agnes five, and the baby, as they call Andrew, nearly four. Just the ages for thoughtless, mischief-making, troublesome romps. But they were

as still as mice in a cheese. She had them all doing something. Willy she had taught various kinds of netting and ornamental needle-work. It was a wonderful resource for the child, she said, keeping his thoughts and fingers busy, and both out of mischief. She showed me a handsome anti-macassar, in crochet, which he had just finished. I'm sure that I couldn't have done it better. I could not help looking upon the delicately formed, sweet faced boy, as he sat earnestly engaged at his work—he was embroidering a pair of slippers in Berlin wool, for his father—and contrasting him with my Tom, a great, rude, coarse boy, with dirty, rough hands, that are always in better condition for grasping a wheel-barrow than plying a needle. And the comparison, I can assure you, was not made without a sigh."

"Did the boy look happy?" inquired the friend.

"Perfectly so. He wanted no amusement beside his books and his needle-work. You couldn't drive him into the street, his mother said."

"Dear little fellow! What a comfort to have such a child!"

"Isn't it? It really did me good to look into his sweet, pure face, so girlish and delicate."

"I should like to understand Mrs. Bird's system, for there must be art in the case. All children are born romps."

"I begin early," she said to me, "and repress all rudeness and disorder. It is the mind that governs in children as well as in men. You must give this the right direction. Mere noise-making I never permitted. Boys, it is said, grasp a hammer and pound instinctively. I think, in most cases, they pound because a hammer is given to them. Try them with the sweet face and fragile form of a baby doll, and you will rarely see an inclination to pound. I commenced with the doll, not the hammer; and you see the result. Willy is as gentle as a girl. He never throws the house into disorder; never makes discordant noises; never quarrels with or teases his younger brother or sisters. So with the rest. I began right, you see; and upon a right beginning everything depends. My husband is a home-loving, order-loving, quiet-loving man; and I make it my business to see that home is all he desires. "How much I enjoy my home—it is so quiet—so orderly!" During the first year of our marriage Mr. Bird often said this. I had seen other homes. I was familiar with the way in which young children were permitted to

destroy all comfort in a household by their noise and disorder, and I made up my mind to have things different if children came to our home. And they are different, as you can see. And the children themselves are much happier. I keep them busy at something from morning till night. Busy enough not to think of eating all the while. This gormandizing among children is dreadful! It makes mere gluttons of them—developing the animal and repressing the intellectual. It is this ravenous-eating that renders them coarse, rude, and cruel, like wild beasts."

"I believe Mrs. Bird is more than half right," was remarked upon this. "I have often said that children were permitted to eat overmuch. Mine would stuff themselves like Christmas turkeys, from morning till night, if not restricted."

"Employment, such as Mrs. Bird provides her children, is certainly the best corrector for this habit of eating."

"How did she get along with baby Andrew, the little four-year-old you mentioned? Was he as orderly and silent as the rest?"

"He was poring over a picture spelling-book for most of the time that I was there, and afterward occupied himself with stringing beads. I declare, it was all a wonder to me. Such a charming family of children I have never seen elsewhere. What a change there would be for the better if all mothers understood and practiced on Mrs. Bird's system."

"Better for heaven, it may be," said the friend, a little equivocally.

"For heaven? I don't just see your meaning."

"Such children are most too good to live."

"Oh!"

"Mrs. Bird's quiet home may be very pleasant, and her system of government very beautiful—but there is danger."

"Of what?"

"That her children will not live."

"Why? Because they are too good for this earth, as you have just intimated?"

"I am not sure that they are really better in heart than some less orderly and more boisterous children. What I mean is, that Mrs. Bird's system depresses the animal forces, leaving the bodies of her children more liable to disease, and less able to resist an attack when it comes."

"They are less exposed than other children."

"Perhaps so. But, for my part, on reflection, I would rather take the chances of a less

orderly system of home management—mine, for instance, a little modified—noisy, and like a bedlam, as the house often is.”

It was on the evening of this very day that Mr. Bird said to his wife, as if the subject were suddenly forced upon his observation:

“I don’t think our children have strong constitutions. Willy’s face is too delicate for the face of a boy, and his body too slender. I observe, also, that his shoulders are depressed. Hark!”

Both listened for a few minutes.

“I don’t just like that cough,” said Mr. Bird.

“A little cold,” remarked his wife. “Willy got his feet wet to-day.”

“I never saw children with such indifferent appetites,” said Mr. Bird; “they don’t eat enough to keep pigeons alive.”

“Most children eat too much,” was the reply; “and more children are made sick from over-feeding than abstemiousness.”

“But there is a golden mean,” said Mr. Bird.

“To reach which has been my study. Do not fear. The children eat quite as much as is good for them.”

“There it is again! I don’t like that cough at all.” And Mr. Bird arose and went up to the room where the children were sleeping. Willy’s cheeks were slightly flushed—his skin dry, and above the natural heat—and his respiration just enough obstructed to make it audible. His father stood for some moments looking down upon his sleeping boy.

“There’s nothing the matter with him.”

Even as Mrs. Bird said this, Willy coughed again, and as he coughed he raised his hand to his throat, and moaned as if in suffering.

“Willy! Willy, dear!”

“I wouldn’t disturb him,” said Mrs. Bird.

The father’s voice had penetrated his half-awakened sense, and, opening his eyes, he looked up with a wondering glance.

“Are you sick, Willy?”

The boy coughed again, and more convulsively, pressing his hand on his chest.

“Does it hurt you to cough?”

“Yes.”

“Where?”

“It hurts me right here,” his hand remaining where he had placed it a moment before.

The panting of the child showed that there was constriction of the lungs.

“I’m going for the doctor”—Mr. Bird spoke aside to his wife.

“I hardly think it necessary,” objected the mother. “It is only some slight disturbance from cold, and will pass away. This sudden waking has quickened his heart-beat.”

Usually Mr. Bird deferred to his wife in all matters relating to the children, though his judgment did not always coincide with her discipline. But he was too well satisfied that Willy required a physician, now, to hesitate a moment on the mother’s objection. So he went away in haste.

The physician was far from treating the case indifferently. His practiced eye recognized the symptoms of an acute pneumonia, and his treatment was such as to fill the hearts of the parents with sudden fear.

“If the boy had any constitution—” It was on the fifth day, and the physician was replying to an anxious inquiry made by the distressed mother, all of whose fears were excited. “If the boy had any constitution I could speak all the encouragement your heart desires. But he is a hot-house plant. All the vital forces are but feebly reactive.”

“His health has always been good, doctor,” interposed Mrs. Bird.

“He has never before had any serious sickness; but he lacks physical stamina, for all that.”

The doctor’s words sent a shuddering chill to the mother’s heart, while a faint conviction of error dawned upon her mind.

Too surely were the physician’s fears realized. At the end of ten anxious days it was apparent to every one that Willy’s hours upon the earth were numbered. The disease preying upon a body which had been denied pure air and invigorating sunshine, found scarcely anything to oppose its destructive advances. There was no power of resistance in that delicate frame. Without even a struggle for life the contest ended.

In less than a week after the death of Willy there came another summons for the doctor. He found the sorrowing parents in alarm again. Little Andrew, “the baby,” was sick. Sore throat—fever—stupor.

“He hasn’t been out anywhere,” said Mrs. Bird, “for two weeks.” Her meaning was, that having remained shut up in the house during that period, it was impossible for him to have contracted any contagious disease.

“It would have been far better if you had sent him out every day.”

The doctor’s words were more an utterance of his own thoughts than a remark to Mrs. Bird. Dear little Andrew! He was a slender,

matured, beautiful child, who attracted every eye. His pale, spiritual face, almost shadowed by his broad forehead, gave promise of an intellectual manhood—if manhood could ever be reached. But that was the question which forced itself upon every one but his unwise parents, who, in securing a quiet household, were providing for the deeper quiet of death and desolation.

Delicate, orderly, loving, beautiful children grew up in the stimulating atmosphere of their home, but without strength for the life-battle.

Andrew, "the baby," was carried out by the mourners in less than a week from the time when the doctor sat down by the bed on which he lay, and placed his fingers on the quick, wiry pulse that sent a warning of death to his heart.

"Our children have no constitutions," said Mr. Bird sadly, as he gazed with dim eyes upon the two delicate blossoms that remained to shed their fragrance in his quiet home.

"They have always been healthy," answered the mother in mournful tones.

"The doctor says that we should give them more fresh air, and a great deal of out-door exercise."

"Jane takes them out walking every day; but I don't see that it does them any good. Agnes always comes home tired and fretful; and Meeta took cold to-day. Neither of them are as well or as happy after these walks as when they remain in the house."

No wonder they were tired and fretful, or showed symptoms of cold after these daily recreations in the open air. Holding each a hand of their attendant, they would walk slowly as nuns, and orderly as charity children in a procession. There were no hop, skip, and jump—no impulsive start or merry romp—but a strict observance of the last maternal injunction, "Now walk along like good, quiet children."

Weariness, after such attempted recreations in the open air, was an inevitable result—weariness and something worse. The outside air was different from the air of their homes. It was colder and more humid. To meet this, and derive a benefit instead of sustaining an injury, there must be a quicker circulation and increased bodily warmth. Mere addition of clothing would not accomplish the desired object. There must be quicker movements of the body—vigorous exercise—producing increased vital action.

Daily these half-dead-and-alive walks were continued, and daily the children came back

from them wearied and spiritless, and sometimes with hot hands and feverish breath.

The mother insisted upon it that these daily walks were not good for the children. Mr. Bird, in doubt, called upon their doctor and submitted the question anew.

"Give them plenty of fresh air and out-door exercise," was his repeated and very emphatic injunction. "If you wish to raise your children let them have a chance to acquire strength."

And so the daily goings were continued, whether the air was dry or damp, warm or chilling. If it was warm the children came back wearied; if damp, with symptoms of cold; and always in some way showing a loss of, instead of an increased, vital activity. They were too well-trained, at five and seven, to commit the indiscretion of a romp in the street, and romping in the quiet house they called their home, was a thing never known or heard of by either of the little patterns of propriety. As to vocal efforts, they rarely went beyond a low, humming "Hush-a-by-baby," sung to the waxen-faced doll. No wild, screaming laughter ever desecrated the temple-like stillness of Mrs. Bird's dwelling, unless from the lungs of some badly-trained visiting child, upon whose strange doings her own little ones gazed in half-stupid wonder. Narrow chests and weak lungs were the natural consequence.

As Willy had died, so died—ere the summer's greenness had faded from the new-made graves of the first departed—Meeta, next to him in years.

Only Agnes was left to the stricken parents now. She was pure, and white, and delicate as a lily. That Meeta had been injured by the daily walks in the open air, they were fully convinced; and, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of the family physician, they refused to let the fresh breathings of heaven in upon their child.

One day—it was a sunny visitant in the early spring-time, ere the violet opens its blue eyes among the fresh-shooting grass—Agnes strayed from the nursery, and going beyond the watchful eyes of her mother, gained an open chamber-window, and, climbing on a chair, looked out upon the budding trees and the emerald carpet which Nature had spread over the small plat of ground that lay in front of the dwelling. The window looked to the south, and the air came pressing in from that quarter, bathing the child's brow with a refreshing coolness. She laid her slender arms upon the window-sill, and, resting her face upon her arms, looked

out, half dreamily, and with a quiet sense of pleasure. When her mother found her, half an hour afterward, she was asleep.

A robust child might have suffered from some temporary derangement of the system, consequent on checked perspiration; but to one of Agnes's feeble constitution, exposure like this must always be followed with serious consequences. When Mrs. Bird caught Agnes in her arms a wild fear throbbled in her heart. Alas! it was no idle fear. She soon detected symptoms too well understood, and sent in haste for the doctor.

"Some slight derangement," he said, evasively, to the eager questionings of the mother. But his tones were a death-knell.

Very, very quiet now is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bird. There is no wild disorder of children there, but a stillness that makes the heart ache. Mrs. Bird resolved in the beginning to have a quiet, orderly home, and she has done her work well.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

BENJAMIN Franklin attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking—for these were but moderate—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet, I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in high station as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man amongst the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was said of him that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse. That character is power, is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers in their way, but they may be powers only for mischief. We may be instructed or amused by them; but it is sometimes as difficult to admire them as it would be to admire the dexterity of a pickpocket, or the horsemanship of a highwayman. Truthfulness, integrity, and goodness—qualities that hang not on any man's breath—form the essence of manly

character, or, as one of our old writers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto Virtue which can serve her without a livery." When Stephen of Colonna fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him, in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre; and when all else fails, he takes stand upon his integrity and his courage.

TO A YOUNG MATRON IN THE SUNNY SOUTHERN LAND.

BY C. M. L.

Yes, I believe in possible perfectness,
Since I have heard thy voice and seen thy face.
Among earth's frailer daughters thou dost stand—
A graceful palm tree in a desert land;
Pure as an infant on the cradling breast,
Wise as we must be to be truly blest.
In the fine outlines of thine ample brow
Each grace that youth can give is beaming now,
While all a mother's love and mother's care
Mingle in sweet and stately beauty there.
My heart is satisfied, beholding thee,
Rare type of all that woman ought to be.
More fully has my spirit understood
And sought to attain entire and absolute good,
Since first I met, with wondering, glad surprise,
The warm, soft glory of those great dark eyes.
'Tis strange, the spell thy loveliness has wrought,
Throughout each link of feeling and of thought.
My ear, so long accustomed to rejoice
In the dear cadence of affection's voice—
So long I've known the joy of being loved,
'Tis strange I cannot look on thee unmoved;
If word or look give utterance to thy heart,
Quick tears unbidden to my eyelids start,
As when the reflux tide of memory bears
Our spirits through the isles of other years,
And angel forms press toward us o'er the waves—
Forms that have long lain sleeping in their graves.
Whether the dreams that on my vision swell
The past or future owns, I cannot tell,
Whether the semblance of what once has been,
Or what in heaven I hope to meet again;
But this I know, if e'er I enter there,
No voice more sweet, no face or form more fair,
No soul more gentle, noble, and divine,
Among the angels shall I meet, than thine.
Longwood, Mo., Aug. 7th, 1860.

THERE is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of mind; and that is by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity.—*Addison.*

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

HARRY ATWOOD'S VISIT AT OUR HOUSE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

(Concluded.)

"Harry," said my mother suddenly, one day after dinner, "I wish you'd go down to the brook and dig some sweet flag this afternoon. I want to preserve it."

"I'd like to do it first rate, Aunt Martha, only I must hunt up some of the boys to go with me," answered Harry, whose tastes were decidedly social.

"Nonsense! I wouldn't give much for the calamus you'll bring home, if the boys are to have a finger in it. Just go alone, Harry, and see what you can accomplish in an hour with Janet's little flower hoe."

And Harry went.

Now it happened that the road to the brook led past Farmer Winters' house, and that Joseph was in the yard when Harry went by.

The brook was not far off, and Harry had scarcely plunged his hoe in the soft soil, when the sound of footsteps startled him, and looking up, he saw Joe Winters approaching.

"I've wanted to see you ever since you brought my parrot home, but somehow I couldn't find a chance." Joe spoke in a subdued voice, and he awkwardly twisted his brown fingers together.

"Well, here's one, anyhow, Joe," said Harry, good-naturedly, for he had felt differently toward his enemy ever since he had restored the lost parrot.

"I can't talk standin' here. Come and sit down under that old ash tree a minute."

The boys threw themselves down under the cool shade of the great tree, and then there came a little silence. Joe looked off thoughtfully on the green meadow spread before them, the long grass freckled thick with buttercups, and to the old brown bars in the distance; and at last he turned suddenly upon Harry, and looking him full in the face, said—said very earnestly—"Harry, what made you bring home my parrot the other night, when you found her?"

"Why?"

"Because I want to know very much."

"Well, it was yours, you see, and if I found it, it was right that I should bring it back."

"Well—but—but, after what you said to me about the squirrels it was different."

"I don't think it was, really," answered Harry.

"Because you have done me a great wrong, that

was no reason I should do you one, though I'll own it made it harder to do right."

Another little silence; there is a softness and gravity on Joe Winters' face, as he unconsciously pulls the spires of grass, which, perhaps, it had never worn before.

This blessing our enemies, this rendering "good for evil," is something new and strange which has spoken to his heart, which it will never forget.

"Harry," he says at last, turning once more full upon his companion, "did you really believe that I killed your squirrels when you brought my parrot back?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't have done it, then, if I had been you."

"Well, it was tough, Joe; but you know what I've told you."

"Well," said Joe, the blood flashing up to his forehead, "I'll own up too, though it's tough, as you say. I *did* kill your squirrels."

Harry did not speak a word.

"I'm sorry for it, I'm free to own, and ever since you brought back my parrot I've felt as mean and sneakin' as could be; and whenever I looked at her I thought of your squirrels. But I feel better now, it's all out."

"And now, Joe, tell me what made you do it."

"I was mad, Harry Atwood—mad at you and at the boys, too, because they made such a fuss over you. I can't tell what got into me, but I made up my mind that day that I went away from your house, with the boys all laughin' at me, that I'd have my revenge, and I did, though I'd give my parrot this minute to see your squirrels hopping round their cage again."

Harry was, as I said, a boy of most generous impulses, and this acknowledgment of Joe's touched him deeply. He laid his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Well, now you've owned up, Joe, we won't say any more about it."

Joe tried to speak, but he broke down, buried his face in his hands, and the tears oozed through his fingers.

"I'll never do such a dirty trick again as long as I live," he sobbed. "I've dreamt about them squirrels every night for the last week. Oh, Harry, I tell you it was more than I could stand when you brought home my parrot, after I'd wronged you so."

"Well, you'll never wrong me again, I feel certain of that now, Joe."

"You may be, as sure as you live."

"And now it wont do for me to sit here another minute, for Aunt Martha wants her calamus by four o'clock."

"I'll run home and get our hoe, and help you," exclaimed Joe, springing up. In a few minutes he returned, and the boys went to work with a will.

My mother was quite astonished at the amount of calamus which Harry had brought home, but when she came to hear the whole story she thought he had done something better than dig calamus that afternoon.

Four weeks slipped away with their soft rains and summer sunshine, with their days of gladness and their nights of stillness, and then, one morning, Joe Winters came to our house, and his brown face was fairly radiant with some happy secret he carried in his heart.

"Just come outside here and see what I've got," he said to Harry.

And Harry went out. There was a large basket on the grass. Joe lifted the cover carefully, and Harry peeped inside, and saw a couple of gray wood squirrels, wild, graceful, frightened creatures, longing to spring away from their confinement.

"O—h, Joe!"

"Don't you think they're cunnin'. I caught 'em myself, after a world of trouble. They're for you, Harry."

"But I can't take them away from you, Joe."

"Yes, you can, too. I don't want 'em. Besides, I owe 'em to you, and I shall send 'em back to the woods if you wont have 'em."

So the delighted boys hunted up the old "squirrel-house," and the animals were placed in it. Harry enjoyed taming them exceedingly, and in a little while they would feed from his hands—and in all respects they took in his heart the place of his lost squirrels; and they were certainly a new bond which drew him and Joe Winters together—indeed, the boy never seemed so happy as when he was with Harry, and all his classmates wondered at the change which had come over him—but they could not guess the secret thereof.

"Guess who has come?"

I said this to Harry late one afternoon in the autumn, as I met him at the door on his return from a nutting expedition.

"I don't know," scarcely heeding my remark, for he had been in the woods all day, and was full of his exploits.

"Such capital luck as I've had, Cousin Janet—a full peck of chestnuts——"

"Well, I'll hear all about that another time: you must come in here now."

I drew him, a little reluctant, toward the sitting-room. A lady and gentleman were sitting there, and, with the first glance a new joy leaped into the boy's face, and he sprang forward with a cry—

Father! mother!"

"Oh, you must see my squirrels," exclaimed Harry, after tea, as he sat with his hand in his mother's, telling stories and hearing them; indeed, each had so much to say that we all talked together.

"We've seen them, my dear child, we've heard all about them," said his mother, bending down and kissing her son's forehead—and the fair face she leaned down to him was not the pale, weary one which had kissed him five months before, for sea air and exercise had wakened up the lost roses in her cheeks.

"Yes, my boy," added his father, "we know all about your squirrels, and how you came by them."

Harry's eyes turned inquiringly to me. "Yes, I'm the traitor, Harry. Don't blush so, there's nothing to be ashamed of."

"No; but much to be proud and thankful for—isn't there, father?" added Cousin Esther.

"Janet will tell Harry what I said," was the evasive reply, for the parent pitied his son's embarrassment.

And I did, that very night; and Harry was a proud and happy boy then.

The next week he returned home with his parents, but there is laid up in more than one heart the memory of HARRY ARWOOD'S VISIT AT OUR HOUSE.

SAVED FROM DEATH BY RAIN.

A merchant was one day returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind him was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to his skin. At this he was vexed, and murmured because God had given him such bad weather for his journey.

He soon reached the borders of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, with leveled gun, aiming at him, and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet by the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape.

As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself: "How wrong was I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence. If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not, probably, have been alive at this hour, and my little children would have expected my return in vain. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment, to save my life and preserve my property." It is thus with a multitude of our afflictions; by causing us slight and short sufferings, they preserve us from others far greater, and of longer duration.

A learned divine was in the habit of preaching so as to be rather beyond the comprehension of his humble village hearers. The squire of his parish met him one day, and asked him what the duty of a shepherd was? "To feed his flock, of course," was the reply. "Ought he, then," said the squire, "to place the hay so high that but few of the sheep can reach it?"

Mothers' Department.

NATURAL POLITENESS.

BY M. D. R. B.

We all like to have our children acquire a graceful polish of manner, which may make them winning and attractive in society; but it is to be feared that we seldom go to the root of the matter, and search out the workings of this great motive power of conventional life. Is there such a thing as natural politeness? and if so, is it, like some thinly scattered gifts, only inherited by the few, while the less favored masses are, of necessity, left to their native rudeness like diamonds in the rough? We think not, and hope we may be able to show that this charming suavity of manner is within the power of all to attain, and that mothers, in the early training of their children, have very much to do with the cultivation of it.

Natural politeness, then, reduced to its elements, consists in a desire to please, or a dislike to hurt the feelings of others, which includes all the emotions of holy charity, and acts of heroic self-denial that have at any time exalted man above the brute creation. He who is habitually selfish and narrow in his impulses of benevolence and kindness, may be artificially polite in the circle in which he moves; but it is at home and when off his guard that the mask is laid aside, and he is beheld in all his native deformity. To such a one politeness is a restraint, not a second nature.

Instances are not uncommon in this country, and in the present age, of a want of due attention to the feelings and comfort of others. There is a certain *brusqueness*, or sturdy independence, in the national character, which is fostered by the very appliances of wealth and luxury that should add to its refinement. In former days, when traveling by steam, either on rail or ocean, was unknown, and the same company was packed in a crowded stage-coach for a painfully long journey over the mountains, or cast upon its own resources during a tedious voyage across the Atlantic, each mutually exchanged the offices of good fellowship and courtesy; and in this manner friendships were often formed that endured for a lifetime.

Now, who looks for politeness or friendliness in an omnibus or a railroad car, unless from the man or woman who has been habituated from childhood to be kind, graceful, and unselfish, until to be otherwise would inflict a wound upon their own sensitive natures, more than it would offend others? When we see well-meant civilities unacknowledged, except by a fashionable stare or repulsive frown, or

mark the distinction conferred upon dress and equipage, while elderly plain persons are shrunk from, as if they carried contamination in their skirts, we may conclude that the offending parties have not—to use a common phrase—been “brought up right,” although they may be considered in their own circle as the *crème de la crème*—the very *élite* of society—and be well versed in all the airs and graces of Chesterfieldian, or artificial politeness.

That was a lovely little girl, who, when attending General Washington to the door of her father's mansion, being told by the great man—“My dear, I wish you a better office than to let me out,” answered sweetly, “Yes, sir, to let you in.” What a graceful reply! full of all the nobility of natural, and, therefore, true politeness.

And when we see in the streets some fine, manly lad, not ashamed to stop and help the trembling fingers of an aged fruit-seller arrange the little store which his rude companions have purposely displaced, or stoop to raise some fallen little one, and listen to its tale of childish griefs, we are sure that home influences have been around him for good, that a gentle mother has carefully instructed him in the great Golden Rule—the law of perfect charity—and that the family circle of which he is a member is accustomed to the interchange of mutual good offices.

Yes, mothers, it is for you to smooth down these rough points in the dispositions of your children; it is for you to foster this system of love and kindness, until it becomes ingrown—a second nature—or what is generally termed natural politeness. Every mother is anxious that her child should appear well, make a favorable impression upon strangers, reflect credit upon her training, and to attain this end many artificial rules are urged and adopted, which are often burdensome to the poor little victim of fashion. But begin aright, instruct your children early in the “law of kindness,” make them observe the rules of politeness in their daily intercourse with each other, reprove selfishness and greed, and nip them in the bud.

For instance—why should not “please” and “thank you” be words for the nursery as well as for the parlor? Or how can Charley be expected to be polite and attentive to his cousin Emma, when the little lady calls with her mamma, having just teased his sister, Kate, into a fit of weeping, and rudely demolished her playhouse? Depend upon it, mothers, that your son, if habitually polite and courteous, in the little circumstances of home life,

will not call up a blush upon your face when you meet with him among strangers—that your daughter, who has been educated in the practice of that great precept—"Be ye kind, one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another," will be lovely and attractive in any circle, and esteemed one of its fairest ornaments.

Another rule is for mothers to be themselves polite in their constant intercourse with their children. Little ones are close imitators, and they are apt to make a model of the mother. Should her voice be calm and dispassionate, theirs will usually acquire a low, sweet modulation; and in the same ratio, if her manners are coarse and inelegant, will be these multiplied copies of her vulgarities. To be habitually polite with them, will then scarcely fail of a return in kind, and these silken threads of politeness and refinement, woven in from the very beginning with the coarser fabric of everyday life, will become inwrought, a part of their very being. So among the "household words," that are transmitted, like heir-looms, to children's children, let this noble precept—"Be courteous," written in golden letters, be acted upon as one of the great rules for success in life.

TELLING SECRETS.

I must relate my first and last experiment in training my oldest boy to keep family secrets. He was a chatterbox, and as he often visited among strangers without me, I was fearful he might tell more than he ought. So taking him on my knee, I said:

"My dear, you must never tell anything we say, or let our plans be known to any one, especially to Mrs. Jones."

His quick mind comprehended me in an instant, and with a very confirmed look, he promised obedience. A few days after he entered my room with an air of triumph, and said:

"Mamma, I minded you. Mrs. Jones asked me when you were going to New York, and I said, 'I can't tell you, for my mamma don't wish you to know any of her plans!'"

In my consternation I was tempted to reprove the innocent boy, but upon a moment's thought I let the matter pass, knowing that it could not be explained or extenuated, and preferring to lose the friendship of Mrs. Jones, rather than sully his pure, trusting spirit with a lesson of worldly policy. When his younger brother, a more quiet boy, but equally fond of visiting, and a great pet and darling with all who knew him, became old enough to betray family secrets, I gave him no caution, but trusted to his common sense.

One day, on returning from an errand at a neighboring house, he stood awhile, absorbed in thought, and then said:

"Mamma, what shall I say when people ask me 'What is your mother doing?' and 'What did you have for dinner?'"

"What do you say, my dear?" said I.

"Why," said he, looking bashfully aside, "I say, 'I guess it's time for me to go!'"—*Little Pilgrim.*

LITTLE CARRIE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. S. T. HALL.

BY C. MARIA LONDON.

Fold her little shroud about her,
Softest folds of snowy white,
Yearning hearts must live without her,
She is in the land of light.
Clasp the tiny waxen fingers
O'er the peaceful, slumbering breast,
Close the baby eye-lids gently,
Little Carrie's gone to rest.

On her downy coffin-pillow
Lay the darling little head,
Lay the precious sleeper softly,
In her strange and lonely bed.
Never more shall pain's keen arrows
Pierce that sweet and tender form,
She is safe from every evil,
Safe from every earthly storm.

To that far-off, blessed country,
Where your young white dove has gone,
Think not that she went through darkness,
Wandering, fearful, and alone.
Jesus loves these little children,
He has borne her o'er the flood,
And has laid your treasure safely
In the bosom of her God.

She will have no need of mamma
On that home-like, pleasant shore,
Nor will fear the loving faces
She has never seen before.
Beautiful and gentle angels
Watch and guard your baby there,
So she will not miss your voices
Or your never-wearying care.
Longwood, Mo., June 10th, 1860.

DEEDS are greater than words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit trees do; they people the vacuity of time, and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow? Plant it, try it; what gifts of diligent, judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of force to grow, will then declare themselves.

NOTHING is ever well done in a small household if the master and mistress are ignorant of the mode in which it should be done.

Health Department.

TAKING COLD.

A large number of fatal winter diseases result from taking cold, and often from such slight causes, apparently, as to appear incredible to many. But, although the causes are various, the result is the same, and arises from the violation of a single principle, to wit, cooling off too soon after exercise. Perhaps this may be more practically instructive if individual instances are named, which, in the opinion of those subsequently seeking advice in the various stages of consumption, were the causes of the great misfortune, premising, that when a cold is once taken, marvelously slight causes serve to increase it for the first few days, causes which, under ordinary circumstances, even a moderately healthy system would have easily warded off.

The immediate cause of the last illness of Abbott Laurence, the financier and the philanthropist, was an injudicious change of clothing.

An eminent clergyman got into a cold bed in mid-winter, within fifteen minutes after preaching an earnest discourse; he was instantly chilled, and died within forty-eight hours.

A promising young teacher walked two miles for exercise, and on returning to his room, it being considered too late to light a fire, sat for half an hour reading a book, and before he knew it a chill passed over him. The next day he had spitting of blood, which was the beginning of the end.

A lady walked from "Stewart's" to Union Square, on a beautiful spring day. On reaching home she immediately changed her dress, in a room where there was no fire. The same night she was surprised by an attack of asthma, which very nearly proved fatal within a week.

A mother sat sewing for her children to a late hour in the night, and noticing that the fire had gone out, she concluded to retire to bed at once; but thinking that she could "finish" in a few minutes, she forgot the passing time until an hour more had passed, and she found herself "thoroughly chilled," and a month's illness followed to pay for that one hour.

Many a cold, cough, and consumption is excited into action by pulling off the hat or overcoat, as to men, and the bonnet and shawl, as to women, immediately on entering the house in winter, after a walk. An interval of at least five or ten minutes should be allowed, for, however warm or "close the apartment may appear on first entering, it will seem much less so at the end of five minutes, if the outer garments remain as they were before spring.

Any one who judiciously uses this observation, will find a multifold reward in the course of a lifetime.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR TEETH.

We venture, says "Life Illustrated," to speak of a subject at the risk of being thought to notice trifles. Paley says that "God did not make the teeth to ache." But however this may be, it is, no doubt, owing to neglect that they do ache. The teeth were given to us by nature for many necessary purposes. They are indispensable in preparing food for the stomach, equally so in speech. They may be highly ornamental, or otherwise. They suffer as much as the skin by neglect; and they make known their complaints, when neglected, in a manner which cannot be disregarded. Whatever nature has given to us she has required of us to use according to her laws, and consequently we are to preserve what she has given to be used. This is not the less true of the teeth than it is of the eyes, the muscles, or the digestive powers.

We frequently see males and females whose intelligent and pleasing expression of countenance prepossesses us in their favor, but the moment they go to speak or laugh the charm vanishes, and we feel a sensation of disappointment at the disclosure which they make. This is the consequence of ignorance or neglect, for which parents are directly chargeable. Ignorance is not an excuse for the violation of any plain law of nature, and voluntary neglect aggravates the wrong. If a child has once learned the comfort of cleanliness in this respect, he will duly value it, and never give it up. If there be an object to the human eye, it is a clean, clear-faced, healthy, innocent, neatly-clad, and happy child; and one great means of producing this is to secure for it good teeth. Finally, since the tooth-ache is an ill which not even a philosopher can endure cheerfully, and since cheerfulness is the greatest blessing of life, we dismiss the subject with the important admonition with which we began it—take care of your teeth!

SLEEP.

The amount of sleep requisite in a state of health has been stated, by the best authority to be, according to age, the following:—For an infant, from fifteen to twenty hours; from the age of five to twelve, twelve hours; from the age of twelve to sixteen, ten hours; from sixteen to twenty-four, nine hours; afterward seven hours are sufficient.

EXERCISE.

Exercise should not be continued after the effort has become at all painful. Our muscles, like the rest of our bodies, are made susceptible of pain, for the beneficent purpose that we may know that they are in danger, and may thus be excited to do everything in our power to remove them from it. It is a mistaken notion that exercise of all kinds, and under all circumstances, is beneficial. Unless it is adapted to the condition of the muscles, it will prove the agent of death—not the giver of health.

BITING THE NAILS.

This is a habit that should be immediately corrected in children, as, if persisted in for any length

of time, it permanently deforms the nails. Dipping the finger-ends in some bitter tincture will generally prevent children from putting them to the mouth; but if this fails, as it sometimes will, each finger-end ought to be encased in a stall until the propensity is eradicated.

MUCH mischief often arises from sufficient care not being taken to shade the eyes of the child from the sun, and hence diseases of the eye. Hoods of holland or other materials are sometimes affixed to the perambulators, but they are attended with the disadvantage of hiding the child from her nurse, who ought never to lose sight of the charge.

Hints for Housekeepers.

SWEETBREADS AND CAULIFLOWERS.—Take four large sweetbreads and two fine cauliflowers. Split open the sweetbreads and remove the gristle. Soak them awhile in lukewarm water. Then put them into a saucepan of boiling water, and let them boil ten minutes over the fire. Afterward, lay them in a pan of very cold water. The parboiling will render them white, and putting them directly from the hot water into the cold will give them firmness. Having washed and drained the cauliflowers, quarter them, and lay them in a broad stew pan, with the sweetbreads upon them, seasoned with a very little cayenne, two or three blades of mace, and some nutmeg. Add as much water as will cover them; put on closely the lid of the pan, and let the whole stew for about an hour. Then take a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, and roll it in a table-spoonful of flour. Add it to the stew with a teacupful of rich milk or cream; and give it one boil up, not more, or the milk may curdle. Serve it hot in a deep dish; the sweetbreads in the middle, with the gravy poured over them, and the quartered cauliflowers laid handsomely round. This stew will be found delicious. Broccoli may be thus stewed with sweetbreads.

RICE-FLOUR CEMENT.—An excellent cement may be made from rice-flour, which is at present used for that purpose in China and Japan. It is only necessary to mix the rice-flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over a fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but admirably adapted for joining together paper, cards, &c., in forming the various beautiful and

tasteful ornaments which afford much employment and amusement to the ladies. When made of the consistence of plaster clay, models, busts, bas-relievs, &c., may be formed of it, and the articles, when dry, are susceptible of high polish, and very durable.

TO CLEAN SILK.—Dresses cleaned by the following method have not the appearance of being cleaned:—Quarter of a pound of honey; quarter of a pound of soft soap; two wine glasses of ~~oil~~; three gills of boiling water. Mix and let stand until blood-warm. Spread the silk on a clean table, with a cloth under it—there ~~must~~ be no gathers. Dip a nail-brush into the mixture, and rub the silk well, especially where there are stains, or the most dirt or spots, and with a sponge wet the whole breadth generally, and rub gently. Then rinse the silk in cold, soft water; hang it up to drain, and iron it damp. The quantity stated is for a plain dress.

TINCTURE FOR THE TEETH.—Take of Florentine iris root eight ounces, bruised cloves, one ounce, ambergris, one scruple. Bruise the root, and put the whole ingredients into a glass bottle, with a quart of rectified spirits of wine. Cork close, and agitate it once a day for a fortnight, keeping it in a warm place. About a tea-spoonful is sufficient at a time; in this a soft tooth-brush should be dipped, and then worked into a lather on the teeth and gums. It cleanses the teeth, strengthens the gums, and sweetens the breath. Apply the tincture in the morning, and before retiring to rest.

PEAR MARMALADE.—To six pounds of small pears take four pounds of sugar; put the pears into a saucepan, with a little cold water; cover it, and set it over the fire till the pears are soft, then put them into cold water; pare, quarter, and core them; put to them three tea-cupfuls of water, set them over the fire; roll the sugar fine, mash the fruit fine and smooth, put the sugar to it, stir it well together till it is thick, like jelly; then put it into tumblers or jars, and when cold, secure it as jelly.

TO STEW CARROTS.—Half-boil the carrots; then scrape them nicely and cut them into thick slices. Put them into a stew pan with as much milk as will barely cover them, a very little salt and pepper, and a sprig or two of chopped parsley. Simmer them till they are perfectly tender, but not broken. When nearly done, add a piece of fresh butter, rolled in flour. Send them to table hot. Carrots require long cooking.

WASHING.—A little pipe-clay dissolved in the water employed in washing linen, cleans the dirtiest linen thoroughly, with about one-half the labor, and saving full one-half of soap. The clothes will be improved in color equally as if they were bleached.

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of sugar; one pound of butter; one pound of flour; three pounds of raisins; two pounds of currants; one pound of citron; ten eggs; one paper of cinnamon; half ounce of mace; five nutmegs; one tablespoon of cloves. One-half of the flour to be reserved, and mixed in with the raisins. Bake three hours.

BOILED PUDDING.—Two and one-half cups of sour cream; one and one-half teaspoons soda; mix well together, roll out, then add one teacup of fruit. Pin

it good into a towel; put in the water while boiling; boil one and one-half hours, and serve with cream and sugar.

CORN BATTER BREAD.—Take six table-spoonfuls of flour, and three of corn meal, with a little salt; sift them and make a thin batter with four eggs, and a sufficient quantity of milk; bake in small pans, in a quick oven.

WASHING PRINTS.—To wash prints, delaines, and lawns, which will fade by using soap, make a starch water similar for starching prints; wash in two waters without any soap; rinse in clear water. If there is green in the fabric, add a little alum to the starch-water.

MOCK CREAM.—Beat three eggs thoroughly; add three table-spoonfuls of flour, and pour into a pint and a half of boiling milk. Sugar to suit the taste; one salt-spoonful of salt, and flavor with rose water, or extract of lemon. This may be used for cream cakes or pastry.

CREAM CUSTARD.—Mix a pint of cream with one of milk, five beaten eggs, a table-spoonful of flour, and three of sugar. Add nutmeg to the taste, and bake the custard in cups or pie-plates in a quick oven.

GINGER COOKIES.—One pint of molasses, one cupful of sugar, one of butter, half-cupful of water, one tea-spoonful of ginger, and one of saleratus; add flour.

COMMON CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two of cream, one tea-spoonful of saleratus, three eggs, and flour to make it stiff.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

PLATE OF COLORED DESIGNS.

LADY ON THE LEFT.

EVENING TOILET.—Robe of *taffetas rayé* white and green, or light green with stripes several shades darker. Skirt sewed to the body in large double box plaits from the hips across the back, and a band of *taffetas* as dark as the stripes forms a trimming eight inches wide at the bottom, and turned up the front to the waist, where it is but three inches wide, leaving the space in front of the apron open;

the band is edged on the inside with a narrow band of black lace. The body is plain, with a *reverse* similar to the band on the skirt, extending out well on the shoulders, and square behind, edged with narrow lace. Sleeves large and plaits behind in harmony with those in the skirt. Open jockeys and band trimming for the sleeves like that on the skirt. The knots up the front are also edged with lace.

Collar and sleeves of application. Straw-colored kid gloves. Head dress of *tulle* and *blonde*, ornamented with white *marguerites* and herbs. Black mantilla, the shoulders of embroidered *taffetas*, and

the remainder plain, over which are three falls of black scalloped lace; the front is formed in *pelerine* points, and the whole is lined with either white or rose-colored silk.

LADY ON THE RIGHT—Visiting Dress. Dress of china gray *taffetas*, ornamented with bands and biases (*lisérées*)—edged with pink ribbon. Three flounces—the upper one a third of length of skirt above the bottom, edged like the trimmings on the body with either pink or rose ribbon. Sleeves very full at the arm-hole, and tapering to the wrist, formed into seven or eight bias puffs, closing with a hook and eye at the wrist. Collar of application and russet-colored kid gloves, with lace-boots of *satín française*. Hat of rice straw; curtain of black silk striped with rose. Rose and black lace ornament both the outside and below the border, with cheeks either of white lace or blonde. Wide strings of rose-colored ribbon.

BOY'S WINTER HAT, IN KNITTING.

MATERIALS.—1½ oz. 8-thread crimson Berlin wool; the same quantity of white ditto. Knitting needles No. 9.

For the crown, crimson. Cast on nine stitches, knit one row, purl one; knit one, purl one, increasing two stitches at the end of every row.

White: Increasing as before, purl one row, knit one, purl one, knit one; fasten on the crimson, and purl one. This makes a raised, and one flat stripe; the crimson stripe of four rows, the white, on flat stripe, of five, in which, in order that the stitches of the next raised stripe may be perfect, the last row is colored.

The difference is continued by always doing the first row of the new stripe, whether raised or flat, the same as the last row. Thus the first raised row of the second crimson stripe will be purled, because the last row of the flat stripe was purled. Increase two stitches at the end of each row for the first four stripes, and then only one stitch for two stripes more; then without increase for three stripes, which form the centre; after which decrease in the same proportion; cast off. This completes the crown.

The band: Cast on, with the white wool, eight stitches; knit them, passing the wool twice round the fingers of the left hand, as well as over the needle, and again over the needle, at each stitch. Knit back as if they were plain stitches, to bring up the three strands each time, as one stitch. Do this four times.

Then knit the four centre stitches in crimson, and the two first and last white. Knit back all white, the crimson thread being left loose ready for the next row. Do this four times.

Then the pattern in white only four times (eight rows) until you have done five crimson spots, and ended with four white double rows.

Do these in plain garter stitch, with one extra

stitch, and the white wool only, four to five inches, according to the size of the intended wearer's head.

Work, after casting off a row of single crochet, in crimson wool, at each edge of this plain part.

This finishes the band.

The Rosettes.—Cast on seven stitches. Knit with the two colors together all the seven, like the furred part of the band, putting the two threads once round the fingers, and twice round the needle. Knit back plain, with the white wool only. Then knit six, furred, omitting the last stitch. Then five, four, three, two, and finally one only, the return row being always perfectly plain, and with the white wool. When you come to one stitch only, you have done a quarter of the rosette, therefore, repeat from the beginning three times more; finally, knit the seven stitches on the needle with the original cast on stitches, to form a round. Two rosettes are required. To make it up, line the band with stiff paper or parchment, over which you put glazed calico. Stretch the crown over a fine piece of cane, formed into a round, the lining being attached to it. The nicest materials for lining the crown is coarse, stiff nett. Double rounds of the same should be placed under the rosettes, being covered with white silk. The strings, of white ribbon, are sewed on each side, just where the furred trimming terminates; and the rosettes sewed as near to the band as may be.

KNITTED MARIPOSA.

MATERIALS.—Half an ounce of Berlin wool of any appropriate color, and a small quantity of white Shetland.

The Mariposa is so called from its fancied resemblance to a butterfly. It is a graceful and elegant head dress, whether worn in the house in cold weather, or in the garden at a milder season. It may, of course, be made of double instead of single wool, in which it will be considerably warmer.

With the colored wool cast on three stitches, and knit in plain garter stitch, increasing one at the end of every row, until a half-square is done, long enough to meet under the chin. Now cease to increase, and knit any fancy open stitch, for the depth of one inch and a half. After this, cast off one-third the entire number of stitches at each end of the needle, knitting the centre third in garter-stitch, decreasing at the end of every row until one only is left. Fasten off. Take up the stitches all around the edge, and with coarse wooden needles knit with the white Shetland, x m 1, k 2 t x all round, repeating until a lace of the depth of three inches is finished, when cast off loosely.

Make on a frame some daisy-velvet trimming of white, with one color, just as the woollen mats are made. Cut it into strips one ball wide, and sew a row along the fancy knitting, at the foundation of the lace, bringing it to a point over the forehead.

Add cords and tassels, to tie under the chin.

WOOL SCARF IN CROCHET.

We give a simple, but pretty pattern, when worked for a crochet scarf in two colors; scarlet and brown look well together in German wool. Make a chain of eighty loops, join it, and work round it one long stitch and one chain, in every second loop. Commence the first row of the pattern by working three long, one chain and three long in every seventh loop of the last row; repeat these rows until the scarf is of sufficient length, alternating the colors. Finish the ends by netting three or four rows on a small mesh, and then netting with double wool on a mesh about three inches wide, two loops in one, which when cut forms the fringe, and completes this very useful little article. A very pretty cuff may be made to match by knitting a straight piece in garter stitch of about three inches wide, and when long enough to pass over the hand, cast off and sew up; then crochet on this about four rows of the same pattern, which corresponds with the scarf, and looks very well when worn together.

LADY'S WORK-BASKET IN BEAD WORK.

MATERIALS.—Perforated card-board; a wire frame 10 inches by 4, and about 2 deep; a little narrow satin ribbon, broader ditto, fringe, gold thread, and beads of various colors, all No. 2.

The frame may be either purchased or made by the worker, as the wire of which it is composed is not of a very thick kind.

The dimensions we have given are for the bottom of the basket. The upper part must, of course, be proportionately larger, as it is very open. A

wire at each corner must connect the two parts of the frame. The handle is also formed of two wires, placed about one inch apart at the bottom, but close together along the upper part. The best way to form these baskets is to cut the various pieces the proper length, and a little over, and join the ends by binding them round with fine wire.

The perforated card board, of which the basket is chiefly composed, is in five pieces, namely, for the bottom and four sides. All are embroidered in beads. For this purpose a Berlin pattern of proper size may be used, and adapted to any beads that the worker may have by her.

SHAVING BOOK.

A PRETTY PRESENT FOR A GENTLEMAN.

MATERIALS.—A piece of fine cloth, 8 inches by 16; silk braid, coarse crochet silk of the same color; black sarsnet, a bit of whalebone, cord, and some old linen.

The cloth is double as long as it is wide, and forms the cover of the book. It is ornamental on one side only. The outer part of the design is braided; but the initial, or monogram, is done in chain stitch, as this enables the worker to form the points and delicate parts of the letters more perfectly. When completed, it is lined with sarsnet, the edges being sewed together, and the join being covered by an ornamental cord. A piece of whalebone down the back gives it a little stiffness.

Seven pieces of linen, each a little smaller than the cloth, are then hemmed, and a button-hole made in the middle of each. They are thus attached by a button to the centre of the book, and one is readily removed every morning.

New Publications.

CHAPTERS ON WIVES. By Mrs. Ellis, Author of *Mothers of Great Men*. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

This volume is made up of five stories: "Isabel," "Self-Devotion," "Forest Farm," "George Milbank," and "The Secret." They are written with the view of giving not only a high ideal of marriage, but for the purpose of showing to woman her large capabilities, and the almost unbounded extent to which they may be exercised for the welfare and happiness of all with whom she may be associated. Mrs. Ellis is a writer of high moral aims, and her books always do good.

VOL. XVI.—25

THE WILD SPORTS OF INDIA: With Remarks on the Breeding and Rearing of Horses, and the Formation of Light Irregular Cavalry. By Captain Henry Shakespear, Commandant Nagapore Irregular Force. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

Those who are interested in wild sports and dangerous adventures, will be attracted by this volume. The chapters on "Hog-Hunting," "Tiger-Shooting," "The Panther," "The Bear," and "Bears and Buffaloes," are full of that peculiar excitement so pleasant to hunters and sportsmen. To Englishmen in India, or contemplating a residence there, portions of the book will prove valuably suggestive.

THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF CESAR BIROTTEAU. From the French of Honoré De Balzac. Translated by O. W. Wight and F. B. Goodrich. New York: *Rudd & Carlton*.

This volume is the first in a new, and intended to be a complete, translation of the novels of Balzac, a writer of great power and genius. The question as to the injurious effects upon the young and pure of his exact pictures of French life and morals, has been argued on both sides. The safer decision we must think the best. But, there are those to whom Balzac may speak to good purpose, and they will find their lesson.

The moral of this volume is good, in its application to common life—teaching, as it does, integrity, energy, and endurance under misfortune. If the translators had taken the responsibility of omitting a few words or sentences here and there, suggestive of the license of Parisian life, the book would have served a better use in this country. The author would have suffered no wrong, for nothing on which his reputation for talents or genius rested, would have been removed. The rendering of the French into our peculiar idioms is a little remarkable, sometimes, and rather provokes a smile.

ITALY IN TRANSITION. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860. Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By Wm. Arthur, A. M., Author of "The Successful Merchant," &c., &c. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

The present condition of affairs in Italy gives to this volume a more than common interest. It records the observation of a clear-seeing, clear-thinking man, in a country replete with conditions having a world-wide concern, and at a period when a heart of liberty was beating through all the pulses of the nation. The illustrations from official documents will be found of great value in the making up of just opinions in regard to Italy. Get the book and read it.

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS. By Stephen H. Tyng, D. D. New York: *Sheldon & Company*.

The chapters contained in this book first appeared in the "Independent" in the form of letters addressed to the Superintendent of a Sabbath School. They give the author's personal experience and observation in the field of which they treat, and will be found highly suggestive to all who are engaged in the important work of instructing children on the Sabbath. Dr. Tyng's standing and reputation will naturally give this little volume a wide circulation.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SINGING BOOK. By Prof. John Bower. Philadelphia: *Leary, Getz & Co.*

This neat little volume of 193 pages (12 cts. per copy) seems to have been prepared with the right aim, and furnishes a large number of unexceptionable songs, odes, ballads, duets, and pieces expressly adapted to the singing exercises of schools.

AMERICAN HISTORY, BY JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. II. *Discovery of America.* New York: *Sheldon & Lampert*.

The second volume of this excellent and desirable series of household books, designed for young people, treats of the voyages and discoveries of Columbus, and other famed navigators and explorers who visited the American Continent while it was still almost exclusively the home of the Indians. The narrative, given in Mr. Abbott's easy style, makes the volume particularly interesting.

POEMS BY GEO. P. MORRIS, with a Memoir of the Author. New York: *Charles Scribner*.

Here we have an edition, with a sketch of the author's life, in dainty blue and gold, of the songs and ballads of Morris. With the publisher we are confident that "the world-wide popularity of Morris' Songs and Ballads, which have become household words in almost every palace and cottage, will insure for this—the only complete edition of the author's poems—the largest circulation."

THE WOMAN IN WHITE. By Wilkie Collins. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

A story of remarkable skill in plotting, and one that shows great power in the delineation of character. Count Fosco is an original, and for the most part in fine keeping with himself. The interest of the narrative is well sustained from the opening to the close of the story.

A TREASURY OF SCRIPTURE STORIES. Beautifully Illustrated with Colored Plates from Original Designs by the First American Artists. New York: *Sheldon & Company*.

This handsomely printed volume contains the stories of Sampson, Noah, Ruth, Samuel, David, and Joseph.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW: A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers*.

This latest published volume of Mrs. Southworth is issued in good style, and will meet with a ready sale among the admirers of her stirring romances.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVERIE; OR, THE ELIXIR OF GOLD. A Romance. By a Southern Lady. New York: *Derby & Jackson*.

We have only time to announce this new story, which is creating a sensation. It will come under more particular notice in our next number.

STORIES OF SCOTLAND AND ITS ADJACENT ISLAND. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. New York: *Sheldon & Company*.

Another of Mrs. Geldart's excellent books for young people. It is neatly printed and illustrated, and will find a ready sale.

Editors' Department.

A MILLIONAIRE'S MUSINGS.

"Hem! I've grown a little hard of hearing of late, but I caught *that* just as the two men turned round the corner—'There goes old Morgan, the millionaire, rich as Croesus and hard as iron; wonder what good the money he grips so tight will do him a score of years hence.'

"And so, that's what men say of me, is it?—'Morgan, the old millionaire!' And I've spent my whole life—all the hopes of my youth, the strength of my manhood, the years of my old age, for this!

"It's a fact, I'm a millionaire this day. John Morgan, your hairs are gray, and your face is seamed with wrinkles, and your life has slipped over its seventieth birthday, and in houses and lands, in bank stock and railroad shares, in coal mines and heavy cargoes, you can count down, this day, your hard million of dollars.

"It sounds strange enough as I repeat the word over, and go back to the time when I worked on Squire Mason's farm for six dollars a month and my board. I said I'd be a rich man then, some day, and I bent myself to the task, soul and body, night and day. I toiled early and late, and I've got a million of dollars to show for it!

"It was a hard struggle, but I was sharp, and watched my chance, and luck favored me. I don't like to think of all the strings I pulled to get my money, for if a man's bent on making it he mustn't be squeamish; and though I was sometimes a little hard, and shaved here, and took advantage there, still, I wasn't any worse than other men, and I was always certain to keep inside the law.

"And now, men will bow and cringe to me, and almost go down on their knees to get my name on their paper, and say hard things of me behind my back, and when I die I don't s'pose there's a living soul that'll shed an honest tear over me, though I shall be certain to lie under the shadow of a great marble monument.

"Somehow, sitting here in my office this morning, and looking back over my life, it doesn't seem as if the million of dollars had paid, after all; but when the greed and the thirst for gain get possession of a man, everything else must go—fear of God and love of man; his life and soul must be given up to business.

"I am an old man, and a millionaire, and I shall be dropping into my grave in a little while, and

I've got precious little capital to take into another world, for I fancy 'Rich Man' don't read there as it does here.

"I don't like to think of my home, my wife, my children! Poor Mary! she was a sweet, simple-hearted girl when I took her in her fair young girlhood, to walk with me all the days of my life. I promised to love, and cherish, and protect her, but I buried myself up in business, and seldom had a loving word or a smile for the home to which I went every night, cold, and silent, and crusty!

"I can't blame her if she turned at last to the world, and sought refuge for her aching heart in dress, and show, and splendor, and became, at last, a vain, heartless, fashionable woman.

"What a palace home we had! My money filled it with every luxury, but the gold didn't bring happiness; and I don't like to think of that last hour of my wife's, when she woke out of her long fever, and gasped out, 'John, I'm an old woman, and I'm going to leave you, and my life's been a terrible mistake—I see it all now, a terrible mistake.'

"I don't like to think of my children, either. There are my boys, miserable, dissipated spend-thrifts—counting on the years before the old man will be gone, so they can make his money fly; there are my daughters, married to fops and fortune hunters, proud, showy, silly women, their whole life consisting in dress, and parties, and splendid follies.

"And this is to be an old man and a millionaire! I wonder if it pays! I wonder if I could go back to the years of my youth again, if I would give all my life to heaping up the gold that has only wrought an old age of bitter memories for me, a death of anguish for my wife, and ruin for the children God gave us.

"No, it DOESN'T PAY; but it's too late to alter things now, and the best I can do is to leave a couple of hundred thousand in my will to endow some orphan asylum.

"It'll make hot work among my heirs when they learn of it, but the 'old man' won't sleep less sound for all the noise they'll make over his will, and it'll seem like making a little compensation for some deeds in my life that I don't quite like to face; but, after all, a million of dollars don't pay—it *don't pay!*"

V. F. T.

NOVEMBER.

The eleventh chapter in the volume of the year! We turn to its pages with saddened hearts, for they are not full of the brightness and song of May, they do not spring with the beauty and vividness of June, and they are not written with the tropical glow and splendor of September.

November has not been anointed with such oil of gladness as her sisters. The glow and splendor of their inspirations have not descended on her, and she writes her story in low, pallid colors, and wierd clouds, and mournful night-winds breathe along it. Still, sometimes there flashes out a lyric, sweet and tender, like sunbeams lost out of the summer, or winds which have wandered away from May; and our hearts are stirred within us, and we love the pale-faced poet, November, with a yearning tenderness that we hardly gave to her glorious sisters.

We are looking off to the close of the Book we have read in storm and sunshine, in days of glory and beauty, in nights of silence bordered with stars—read it amid all voices and changes—among the white wrappings of winter and the green borderings of spring—where the summer walked in the beauty of her embroideries, and the autumn in the glory of her jewels.

Full of sweetness, and wisdom, and graciousness, has been the volume God hath given into all hands, unto all hearts, for he who inspired it taught the morning stars their songs of joy, and laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

V. F. T.

HOUDON'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

The Legislature of Virginia granted, some time since, to Mr. Wm. J. Hubbard, the exclusive right to make casts in bronze of Houdon's admirable statue of Washington. This is claimed to be the only truthful statue. As early as 1784 the Legislature of Virginia passed a resolution to have an image of the Father of his Country made in the purest marble, and by the most eminent sculptor of Europe. The order was entrusted to Jefferson and Franklin, who engaged Houdon, then the greatest of living artists. He visited Mount Vernon in 1785, and then and there took a *plaster cast* of the entire body of Washington, thus preserving every form and feature. It is said that when La Fayette visited this country he shook his head at the picture of Stuart, could only see a faint resemblance in Trumbull's, but mutely gazed on the statue by Houdon till tears flowed from his eyes, and he exclaimed, with deep emotion, "That is the man himself—I can almost realize he is going to move!"

"In order," says the Richmond Inquirer, "to preserve this precious relic to posterity, the Legislature of Virginia granted to Mr. Hubbard the exclusive right to take casts from the Houdon marble; and he has faithfully fixed, in imperishable bronze, every lineament and every expression of the original.

As the white marble seems to glow with life-like semblance, so the golden-hued metal seems inspired with the Promethean fire—and thus have we secured, for all time, the perfect image of Washington. Virginia first honored our artist with her patronage, and placed a statue in her Military Institute. Both North and South Carolina followed, and have secured duplicates. New York is considering. Missouri is acting, and we learn a subscription is now on foot in St. Louis for the purpose of securing a copy for that city."

We hope that every state in the Union will order a cast in bronze of this noble statue. The vote in favor of a resolution to this effect should be without a dissenting voice.

NEW ENGRAVINGS.

We have received from Mr. Jno. McRea, of New York, copies of three charmingly executed engravings which he has recently published. The largest is called the "Courtship of Washington," and represents the young officer, and Mrs. Custis with her two children. The occasion is that memorable one, as recorded in the early life of Washington, when love held him, for a brief time, away from duty. The figure of Mrs. Custis is finely presented, and that of Washington is full of life. The head of Washington is notable for its manly beauty and refinement. Altogether, the picture is admirable in drawing and execution.

"Seventy-Six," one of the three engravings under notice, represents a soldier of the Revolution on his way to join the defenders of his country.

"Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold;
The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.
As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And from the sods of grove and glen,
Rose ranks of iron-hearted men
To battle to the death."

One of these iron-hearted men the artist has sought to represent. The picture is remarkable for spirit and force. The face is a wonderful production, full of power, grave, resolute, and calm even to sweetness. Your eyes return to it again and again, until it becomes a living impression in your memory.

The third engraving is called "He knew the Scriptures from his Youth," and is as remarkable for tenderness, beauty, and pure religious feeling, as the one last mentioned is for strength and manly power. The price of these pictures will be seen on reference to the publisher's advertisement. The last two we offer as premiums to all who make up clubs for the Home Magazine for 1861. See prospectus on cover of this number.

PAULINE PHILIP.

When the water-lilies woke,
From the long sleep summer broke,
And along the shadowy stream
Did in white flotilla's gleam.
On thy locks of sunny brown
Loving glances first bent down,
And they caught the azure gleam,
Of thine eyes—Pauline! Pauline!

It was fitting thy birth hour
Was with summer's fairest flower,
As there dwells in thy young face
Somewhat of the lily's grace,
While those wondrous smiles of thine
Round thy small lips flash and shine,
Shine like lilies on the stream
Of our lives—Pauline! Pauline!

Child beloved, thou wearest now,
One brief summer on thy brow,
What sweet charms to thee belong—
Art thou bird, or flower, or song?
Oh, the laugh within thine eyes
Keeps the look of thy birth-skies,
As the day's last smile doth lean
Toward its morn—Pauline, Pauline!

As I sit and weave my rhyme
To thy childhood's golden time,
Unto me, sweet babe, is given,
Of thy future years no vision;
What great lights across them shine,
What deep shadows round them climb!
Vain I o'er the headlands lean,
Of thy life—Pauline! Pauline!

But God's eyes shall read for me
All thy future's destiny;
Gracious be thy womanhood—
Pure, and beautiful, and good;
With the lilies thou didst come,
Be thy life with lilies hung,
That in heaven shall bloom serene,
On thy brow—Pauline! Pauline!

V. F. T.

"OUR SINGING SCHOOL."

From the writer who sent us the article thus entitled, and who has been charged with plagiarism, we have the following in explanation.

"To 'A Correspondent' in August number of Home Magazine thanks are hereby tendered; and to George Canninghill alone an explanation is due. Our quotations were from a work entitled 'Pen Paintings of Village Life,' written by him, and for which we neglected to give the credit we should have done when the article was sent in. We claim originality, however, for the article in question."

HOME COURTESIES.

A correspondent gives us this experience:—"I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home in the course of about nine years, there were only three or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love, as lack of care to manifest it."

The closing words of this sentence gives us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart-aches innumerable, of sad faces and gloomy home-circles. "Not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark. Not over three or four happy homes in twenty, and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah, in the "small, sweet courtesies of life," what power resides. In a look, a word, a tone, how much of 'appiness or disquietude may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson home with you.

SATIRISTS.

Satirists, and censorious people, are proverbially sensitive, and cannot bear the slightest reference to their own defects or peculiarities. An instance of this appears in the case of Thackeray, who recently became so much incensed by an allusion to his broken nose from a member of the Garrick Club, that it is said he came near breaking up the association. It is possible that your satirist knows, consciously, where people are most salient, and thrusts at them with the cruel enjoyment that boys feel in tormenting animals. The payment of one of these gentlemen in their own coin may be regarded as a public benefit. From "knowing how it hurts," as the boys say, they may be led to strike about them with a trifle more of circumspection.

SUBMISSION.

Somebody relates the following, which is worth repeating in our pages. Take it into your memory, reader, if you are in the habit of repining; it will help you out of darkness into daylight, sometime.

Trials not felt are easily borne. Mr. Peabody one day came in from a walk. His wife said to him, "I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined to be submissive and patient."

"Ah!" said he, "that is a good resolution; let us see what we have got to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. First, we have a home—we will submit to that. Second, we have the comforts of life—we will submit to that. Thirdly, we have each other. Fourthly, we have a multitude of friends. Fifthly, we have God to take care of us."

"Ah," said she, "pray stop; I will say no more about submission."

Business Depart

HOME MAGAZINE FOR 1861.

With the issue of one more number, our work for 1860 will be completed. We are satisfied that it will be found, in all respects, what we promised it should be at the commencement of the year—a magazine specially adapted to the wants of refined, educated, and intelligent households.

We now ask a moment's attention, from subscribers and friends, to the coming year. Heretofore we have endeavored to make the literary portion of our magazine, as it should be in all magazines, the most attractive portion; to hold our readers by the magnetism of mind upon mind, and while we thus held them strongly interested, to give moral power as well as intellectual pleasure. In a still higher degree shall we aim to impart this quality to the "Home Magazine." Additional literary aid, of the right character, will be secured during the year, and the editors will, as heretofore, be in constant communication with readers, giving them the best products of their minds.

The publishers do not, they believe, claim for the Home Magazine anything but what its constant readers will admit, when they say that it is more peculiarly adapted to serve good ends in American families, than any other similar work. If this be so, then may they not ask from all who feel in any degree an unselfish interest in the welfare of neighbors, to use such influence as may be readily exercised in its commendation and introduction. There is scarcely a family in the land in which one or more periodicals are not taken, and some of these carry with them, it is deeply to be regretted, an unhealthy, or demoralizing influence. If you cannot displace this bad reading at once, you may, by inducing a subscription to the Home Magazine, do much to counteract its effects, and lead to the formation of a taste that will prompt, naturally, its rejection.

Think of this, and help us in our work. Do not fail in a prompt renewal of your own subscriptions, and, at the same time, get as many to bear your company as possible. If you know a family where just such a magazine as ours is needed, and you have influence, say a word in its favor; nay, not a word only, but a dozen, if required. You may thus benefit your neighbor largely, at the cost of only a light effort to yourself.

PREMIUMS FOR GETTING SUBSCRIBERS.—It will be seen, on reference to our prospectus for 1861, that we offer two highly finished engravings as premiums to all who make up clubs for Home Magazine.

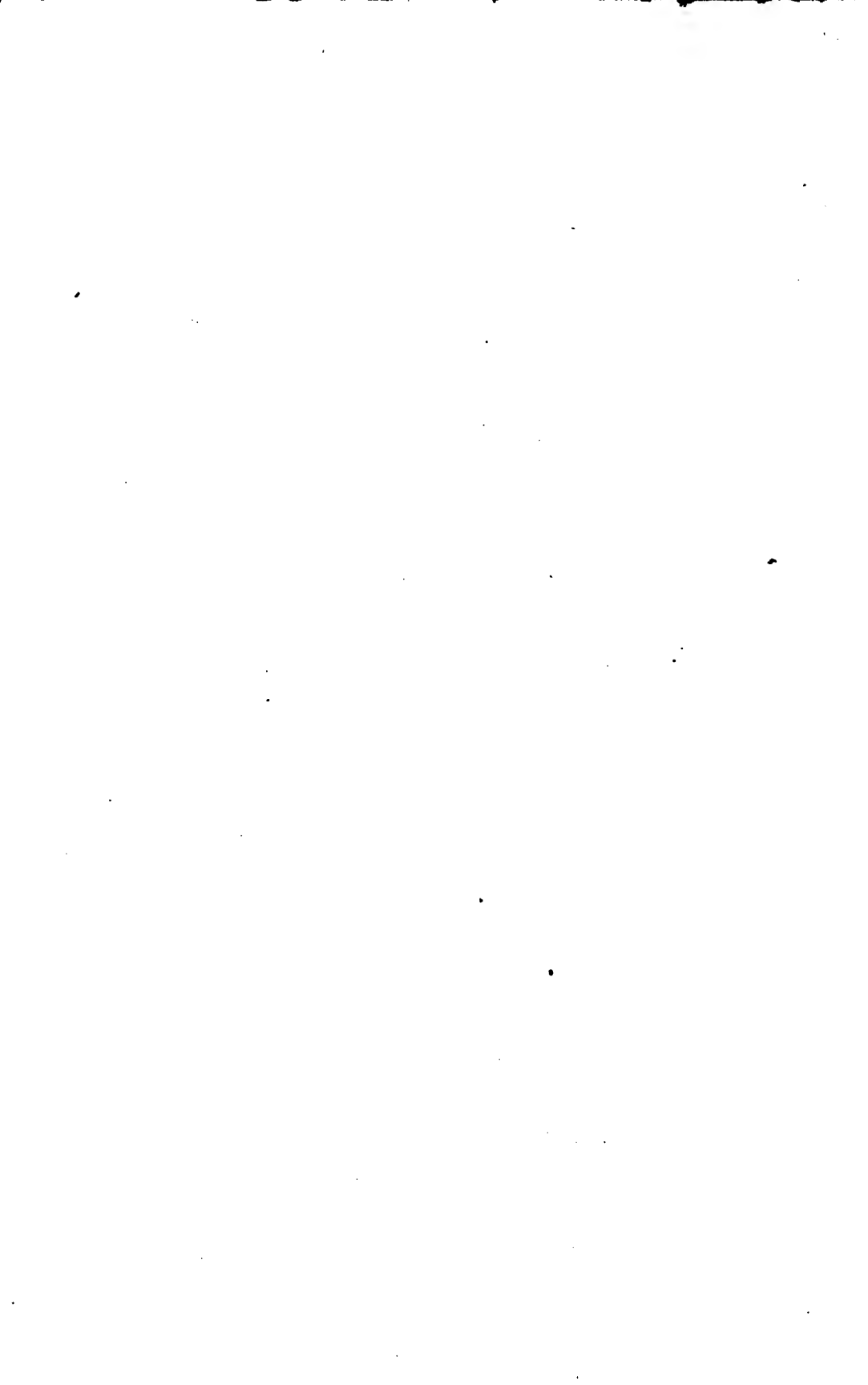
These engravings, "SEVENTY SIX," and "HE KNEW THE SCRIPTURES FROM HIS YOUTH," are admirable in subject, and highly finished as works of art. The size of the first is 16 by 23 inches, and of the second 14 by 20 inches. When framed they will take their place on any walls as choice parlor or study ornaments. "Seventy-Six" will stir; at a glance, the patriotic sentiment in almost any heart, and "He knew the Scriptures from his Youth," cannot fail to awaken the tenderest religious sentiments. They make a pair of admirable pictures.

FOUR COPIES FOR FIVE DOLLARS, AND A PREMIUM ENGRAVING TO THE GETTER UP OF THE CLUB.—You will see that we offer one of our elegant engravings to the getter up of this small club. The engravings alone sell for \$1.50 each. By a special arrangement with the owner of these plates, in consequence of the large number we will require, we are able to procure them, at such prices as will justify our offering them as premiums.

EIGHT COPIES FOR \$10, AND AN EXTRA COPY TO GETTER UP OF CLUB, BESIDES A PREMIUM ENGRAVING.—Heretofore we gave an extra copy only in case twelve subscribers were sent; but, with the new year, we shall give an extra copy to all who send us clubs of eight subscribers. And still more, will add a premium engraving as a further return to maker up of clubs.

PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Any subscriber to the Home Magazine who may desire to receive copies of the premium engravings, can have them fifty cents each. Nine cents additional, in stamps, must be sent to pay postage. This gives a rare opportunity to procure an elegant parlor ornament at a very small cost. By reference to advertisement of publisher of these engravings, it will be seen that his price for the pictures is \$1.50 each. Every \$2 subscriber for 1861 will receive one of these engravings in addition to the Magazine.

MAKE UP YOUR CLUBS EARLY.—We would urge upon our friends the necessity of moving at once in the work of renewing and getting up clubs for 1861. The friends of other magazines will, unless you are on the alert, get promises in advance of your applications, and thus leave you a reaped field to glean. Let each one make a strong effort to double the club. Bear in mind that for every club there is an elegant premium engraving, fit to adorn any parlor in the land.





THE THREE CHILDREN

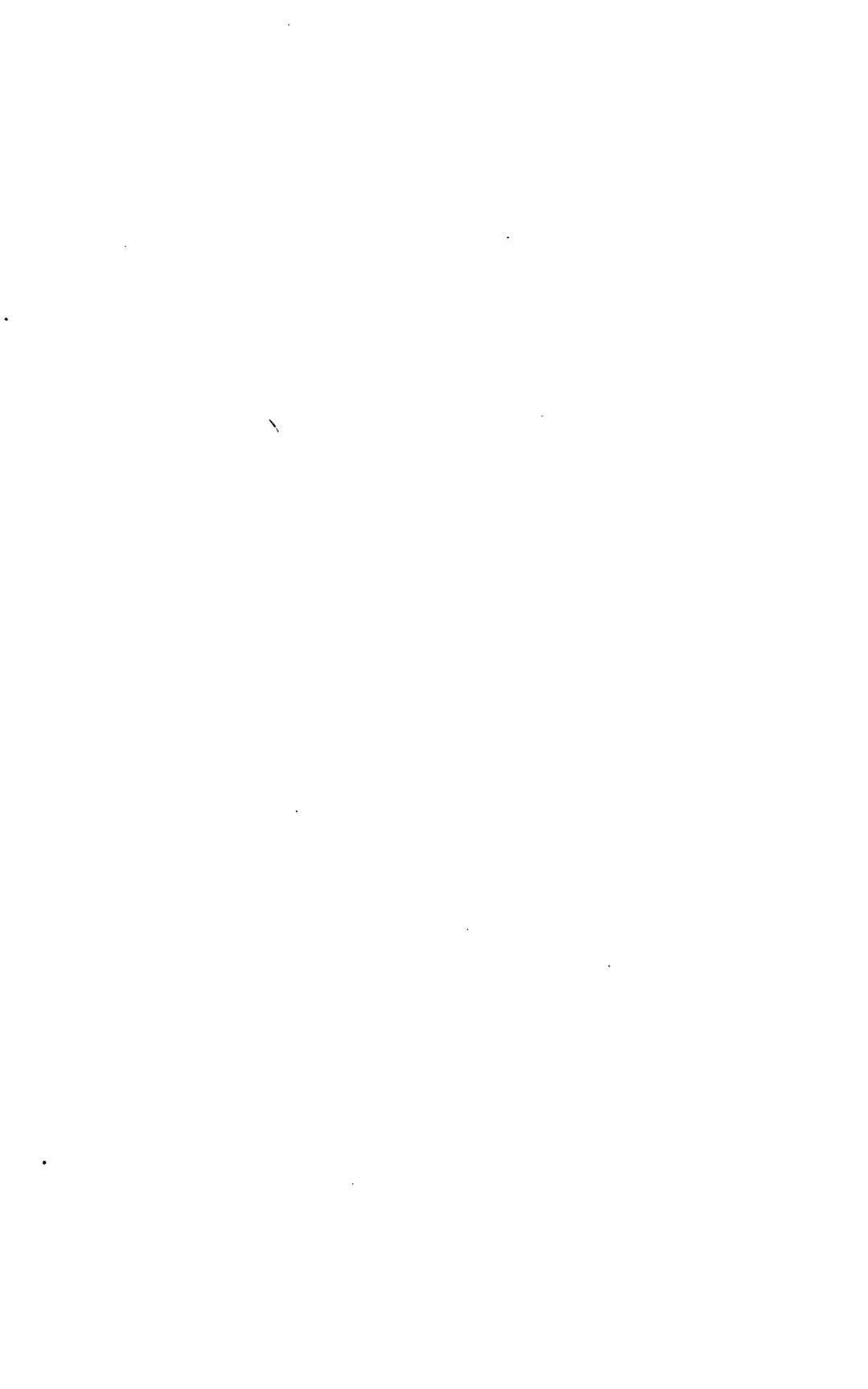


Capewell & Kimmel

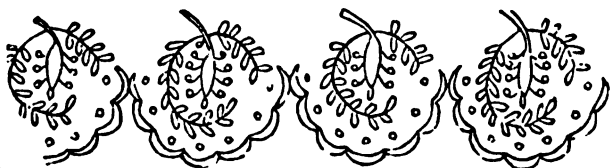
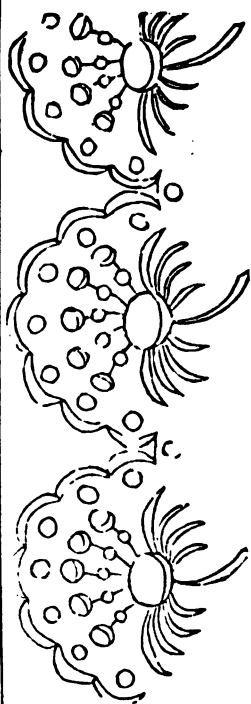
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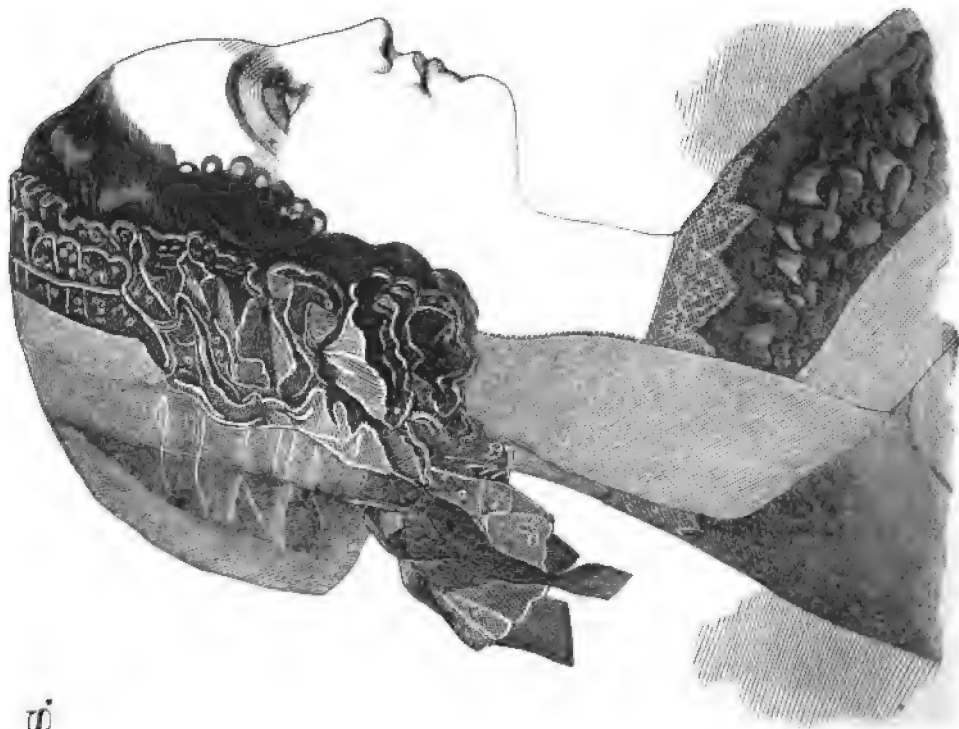
NEEDLEWORK EMBROIDERY.



CAPS.



No. 2. (See Description.)



No. 1. (See Description.)



NEW STYLE OF CLOAKS.

MASONIC ANTIMACASSAR.



We give a design suitable for an antimacassar for a gentleman's library. Those who are acquainted with masonic symbols will recognize the accuracy of the design. It is intended to be worked in square crochet, and with coarse crochet cotton. It may be trimmed with a fringe knotted in all round. If it be desirable to make it very large—for instance, to lay over a sofa—it may be done in long square crochet.

The design is equally suitable for darned netting.

THE LADIES'

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1860.

"DUTY FIRST."

BY CAPRICE.

A pretty, pleasant room, its comfortable furniture littered with books and papers, and children's toys, a lady at work by the open window, where the sweet summer air blowing in, lifted the light muslin curtains, like sails above her head, an idle, discontented little girl lounging over her slate and school books, at a distant table. I can see this picture whenever I think of those words, the first time I ever obeyed them.

"But the boys want me to go, mamma; they are trying their new kite, and they want me to come and see them fly it."

"And your lessons, my dear; would you neglect them?"

"I can't do all these hard sums, anyway."

"Not without time, and patience, and perseverance; not without giving your whole heart and mind to the work, with energy and principle enough to put aside whatever tempts you to leave it," said my mother. "It is a hard lesson, the hardest you ever had to learn, but it will be an era in your life if you conquer it. Come, be brave, my baby! 'Duty first!'"

Something in the ring of the little words revived my flagging courage, and though John, and Robert, and Tommy came running in from the garden, accompanied by a party of eager children, all ready for the sport, and clamorous for me, their favorite playmate, I resisted the temptation, and kept steadily at my work, though the slate was often dimmed, and the

figures blurred by tears—till the last obstinate solution was wrested from a mysterious problem, and I could march, proud as Alexander at the head of conquered armies, with my hard-won victories to school. It was an era in my life, when I learned to give the triumph over inclination to duty, and the echo of the little words has colored my whole life. That I have remembered that I have honored, that I have tried to obey them, I call heaven to witness, that saw the struggles and the suffering of after years, when a greater temptation blurred my moral vision, and the approval of conscience seemed a poor reward.

I was ten years older, twenty by the calendar—a grown young lady, and the betrothed of a grave, sensible man, double my own age, at the time of which I wish to speak, when my future husband took me to visit his relatives, that I might make their acquaintance before my marriage, and learn to know his pretty sister Alice, who was to be my bridesmaid.

The "perfect love which casteth out fear" was not mine for Mr. Amsden; I respected and admired him—I revered his goodness, and was proud of his talent, affectionately attached to him, and grateful, with much wonder, for the love he lavished upon me. Yet had he not chosen me I should never have lifted my eyes to that stately height, and with all my willfulness I never dared any action that could bring a lasting cloud on his sober face. An only, petted

daughter, I was extravagantly gay and willful, and he had a kind indulgence for my faults and follies that greatly endeared him to me, and made me respond to his professions of love with an honest affection for which neither he nor my parents had hoped; but of that deeper passion, which fills the heart, and agitates the soul, which changes the girl to woman, I knew nothing—my rest was yet dreamless, and my peace untroubled.

Mr. Amsden's little half-sister, Alice, twenty years younger than himself, was an object of anxious interest to me from the first. In shape, size, and complexion, we were not unlike, but manner and temperament wholly different, or else some change had passed over her that had not come to me, and made the contrast between us, of a grave and sensitive woman, and a reckless, happy child. It could not be the difference of circumstance, for Alice was an only daughter, too, and had been educated and indulged as much as I, and the beautiful farm on which they lived supplied its owners with ample means for any luxury they desired. The mystery baffled me for a day or two, until Farnham Amsden, the nephew and adopted son of my husband's father, came home after a short absence, and then I knew what spell was over Alice—then I saw why the color wavered and burned on her round cheek, that was healthy and cool on mine—why the lashes constantly drooped over her conscious brown eyes, while mine were freely open for all the world to read; why her pretty mouth smiled in quiet happiness, and rarely spoke, while with chattering, singing and laughing, my tongue was never still all day. The old people rather enjoyed the change; they were of kindly natures, disposed to like me for Leonard's sake, they soon loved me for Alice's and for my own; and even the tall cousin, a younger and handsomer type of Mr. Amsden, condescended from his lofty reserve a little, and took some kind notice of me as Alice's friend. From anything in his manner I should never have guessed his relation to my future sister; he was kind and gentle with her, as a brother might be, yet all the tender cares, and looks, and words, which I had learned to consider proofs of a dearer love, were absent; but that she was devoted to him, heart and soul, was plain enough, yet it was not till long after his arrival, when we were occupying the same bed, and pressed the same pillow, and I poured an eager flood of whispered inquiries into her ear, that she gave me the longed-for particulars of her engagement, a very different one from mine. My story had

been of Mr. Amsden's goodness, of the beautiful presents he made me, the shining black horses he bought by my request and advice, the handsome house my kind parents were building and furnishing for our future home, the regiment of seamstresses at work on my bridal outfit, and the brilliancy of the betrothal ring that sparkled on my hand, even in the dim light of our little room. There was nothing in my experience like the love stories I had read, and I had never heard one in real life; but with cheeks burning and lips apart, I listened for Alice's answer, that should lead me into that world of joy and mystery where she dwelt apart, and on the borders of which my feet were already set. At first her words were very reserved and cold.

Farnham Amsden was her cousin; he was an orphan; had spent all his patrimony on a fine legal education, and then went to California to practice. He had failed, and fallen sick there, after a long and tedious struggle, and her father (I could only guess that it was at her urgent entreaty) had gone after him, brought him home, and established him, as his adopted son, upon the farm, to take charge of it during the lives of his parents, and hold it after their death—Leonard being already amply provided for by his own exertions—upon conditions which Alice did not name.

"And how long ago did all this happen?" asked I, self-appointed Grand Inquisitor into other people's affairs:

"Several months—a year."

"Then why are you not married?"

"It has not yet been spoken of among us," she answered, shrinking a little further away.

But on other subjects she was more confidential, and I soon understood that there had been a tacit engagement before her cousin went to California, and during his long and painful struggle against fate and fortune on those golden shores she had never given him up, or ceased endeavoring to be what he had once called her—his angel of comfort and of consolation. Then these reminiscences, leading to others, she recited verbatim long passages from his well remembered letters, and recalled all the tender memories of their mutual love, seeking—as even then, in my inexperience, I could not but feel—rather to feed her heart with sweet recollections of the past, than with the nearer realities of the present and future, dearer, as they should be. She fell asleep in a gentle pause, at last, and her innocent breath floated over my cheek like a kiss of happiness and peace—but I lay restless and wakeful for

many hours. Every beat of my heart echoed to the thrilling words I had heard, and I felt like one awakened by piercing music from heavy slumber. There were then, those in the world who did not love and marry like Alice's brother and I—with bustling ceremonials and commonplace endearments—who did not regard marriage as the acceptance of an offer, and a lover as a second father. A lover! the name burned like fire upon my lips! Mr. Amsden was not my lover, he was my friend, my future husband only—a man, plain, sensible, upright, and kind, of steady temper, of spotless honor, of dignity, influence, and wealth—a man to make a good husband, an excellent head of a family, a respected master of the house; but not—not—a romantic lover. My pulse should never flutter at his coming, my heart should never leap to tell me "he is near;" nor could his kiss ever kindle that burning glow upon my cheek, or his love be to me as Alice had asserted, the dearest thing I had in the world. "Such dreams are not for me," I reflected, "I am too gay, too unsentimental, too commonplace, to love as Alice does, or be loved as she is. I shall never feel it—I don't want to—I would not for the world. I am happy, too, in my own way, and Mr. Amsden is certainly kinder to me than that stately lover of hers is to her. Poor fellow! he looks moody and unhappy, and not so good-tempered as Alice's husband ought to be; but perhaps he is only absent and reserved, and now that I have his secret, we must be better friends, for Leonard's and Alice's sake, and I must try and discover if his melancholy is real, or only assumed to make that handsome face of his more irresistible; at all events, I'll give battle to it, for I cannot endure to see people look so solemn for no earthly reason." So I fell asleep, soothed by this determination, to dream that the cousins had exchanged faces and figures, and that I liked my intended husband infinitely better for the change. The beautiful eyes of Farnham beamed on me with the gentle kindness of Leonard, the melodious whistle I had heard on the stairs that day became a familiar sound in our stately city house; the elasticity and fire of the younger man replaced the sober, world-worn manner of the elder; but not the less was Alice happy, for now her lover was devoted and fond, and much the more was I—until morning dawned fragrant and cool, and all romantic dreams took flight with the shrill crowing of the Shanghai fowls, the screams of geese and guinea-hens, and all the feathered rabble that clustered on the grass-plot under my window

for their morning meal. It was all so fresh and pleasant that I lingered there, slowly braiding my hair as I watched the crowding families of chickens that fed on the bounty of good Mrs. Amsden at the back-door step; the motherly cows, lowing in a distant pasture; the impatient calves, struggling and kicking to reach them from an adjoining enclosure; the sleek and shining horses, going and coming from the watering-trough; the house-dogs, rolling over and over, at play in the thick grass; and the elephantine vigor of the tidy little German girl, preparing breakfast in the kitchen. Her disk was crossed by the tall figure of Farnham in his straw hat and graceful working dress, coming down the path that led under my window, and without a moment's consideration I launched after him a great bouquet that stood on my toilet-table; the first shock of the assembled flowers knocking off his hat, the component parts fell over him in wild confusion—verbenas glowed on his white collar, blue periwinkles lodged on his whiskers, and great yellow marigolds and dahlias nestled in his clustering hair. Breathless with fright and fun, I waited silently till he looked up, and his moody face cleared a little as it came in sight—a certain look changed it till it hardly seemed the same; he made me a magnificent salaam of acknowledgment, and spoke quite gayly—"Follow your flowers by a less direct way, Miss Lizzy," he said, "and I think you will find Gretchen has breakfast ready," and he strode off to the stables. I pinned up my hair and ran down to find it too true; everybody had breakfasted an hour before; and quite ashamed of my tardiness, I was hastily drinking my coffee, when Farnham stalked in again. I saw at a glance that he had lost none of his late graciousness; "I am going over to Liston," he announced, and there is room for either, or both of you, in the light buggy; it is a ten-mile drive, but I think you would enjoy it if you would have the courage to go with me." He spoke to Alice, but he looked toward me, or he would have seen the crimson blushes with which she refused—"She was sorry she had not time."

"And you, Miss Lizzie?" he said, with a smile that brightened his dark face.

I went; we drove a mile or two in silence, I watching the spirited horses as they stepped evenly together, and he absorbed in a gloomy reverie; from which, at length, he abruptly started, and began to talk as I had never heard any one talk till then, in language so forcible and elegant, and in a manner so en-

tirely charming and entertaining, that I sat at first like an abashed school girl, lost in silent admiration. Gradually my wonted impatience and vanity returned, and I ventured to combat some of his assertions with my woman's weapons of raillery and ridicule; he lighted up instantly, his eyes spoke as eloquently as his lips, and his words glowed with fire and enthusiasm; I don't remember the subject on which we differed; it was one of only passing interest, but he would have given importance to a more trifling cause, and animation to a duller opponent; he gave my arguments too much respect by the deferential courtesy with which he listened to them, as, with more spirit than information, I maintained my position, and pretended to disparage the opinions I secretly respected, enchanted at the depth and gravity of the conversation with which he had chosen to entertain me. My parents treated me as a petted and wayward child, Mr. Amsden indulged me as if I were a princess, and my admirers essayed to adore me by all the titles of which a flattered heiress can command the choice; but under the look of those earnest eyes I felt for the first time that I was a woman, with a woman's heart and soul; and I learned to admire and appreciate, though I could not measure, the rare mind with which I had come in contact, and to wonder more and more that an intellect so commanding, a power of eloquence so convincing, and a personal appearance and influence so remarkable, should be idly lavished by their possessor upon a course of life so unsuited to display them, and so different from that they were meant to adorn. We had a delightful drive—we argued, we quarreled, we disputed, we grew earnest, we laughed, and jested, and forgot to be serious; but just as we reached the boundaries of home, I said, saucily—

"I wonder, Mr. Amsden, that you content yourself with these poor triumphs over ill-informed women. I understand you were bred a lawyer, and I am sure you would make an excellent one. Why do you not join your profession?"

The old dark shade settled down again, like a heavy cloud on his brilliant face—for a moment he was greatly agitated, and said—

"Miss Marston, you do not know what you are speaking of, or you would not have asked me that question."

I was shocked and silent, and it was some time before I ventured to look up into his troubled countenance. There were tears in my eyes as they met his, and his anger or

grief was lost at once in anxiety and penitence.

"Forgive me!" he said earnestly; "and yet, I can hardly hope you will pardon my rudeness, Miss Lizzie, unless you can fully understand its cause—and that must be impossible. To your eyes, to the eyes of all, my lot seems such a happy one, that no excuse is left me for the indulgence of a moody or repining sorrow. Yet I must feel it still. The future lies bright before me—I have youth, health, prosperity, and happiness awaiting me, far, far beyond my poor desert; not one lonely adventurer, in thousands, finds, early or late, a haven and a home like this—a fortune I do not merit. Yet for the freedom they enjoy, and I can never have—for the price I pay—the precious privilege I resign—I would give all that they could covet. I lose manhood's proudest task of self-exertion, my talents rust in ignoble repose, my faculties decay in sweet inaction; others trample the great battle-field, while I lie supine in the lap of Arcadian luxury, and sicken of repose I have not earned. Miss Marston, I am dying of slow fever! this sweet air stifles me, this peaceful landscape wearies me. I spent long years in preparation for a career in which I dreamed of becoming honorable and famous, circumstances compelled me to resign this life; nothing can replace it; they took away from me the hope in which I struggled and suffered, the only one for which I lived—they gave me, instead, kind parents, a beautiful home, a liberal maintenance, and other blessings I need not name"—he bit his lips—"with all this, I find myself sinking into an ungrateful apathy, from which you are the first and only person that has tried to arouse me, or has felt an instinctive sympathy with my 'vague disease.'"

"I do pity you," said I gently, "though you ought not to be an object of pity, with such sources of happiness as yours. Why not forget those earlier dreams, and take 'the good the gods provide you?'"

"I will," said he, with peculiar energy; his eyes looked darkly into mine, and he held my hand firmly as he lifted me from the carriage.

I ran into the house, my heart beating, and my cheeks burning with unusual excitement. Surely it was a high privilege to have read the secret of that lofty mind, and a good thing to have calmed that stormy soul; but it was with a vague sense of guilt, and something of indefinite pity, that I met the touch of Alice's rose-leaf lips. Yet, it must be somehow her fault that she could not make so noble a lover happy!

We were very gay that evening, and Farnham, instead of casting his gloomy shadow across our innocent pleasures, joined and increased them; he sang duets and trios with us in a magnificent mellow voice, and I was conscious of taking more pains than usual with my part of the performance, and being more excited and anxious to please. Suspecting myself of vanity or coquetry, for I could hardly now define the impulses that actuated me, I set Alice to teaching him the steps of a new dance that I had brought from the city, while I played for them; but he proved a bad pupil, as we were obliged to confess, and she insisted on taking my place at the piano, and sending me to be his teacher. I went rather doubtfully, and took his proffered hand; it thrilled under the touch of mine—his dark cheeks reddened with a glow like sunset, and a sudden fire lit my own; trembling and confused, I made an egregious failure of our brief "practice," and sat down, astonished at myself; for once my gay spirits had deserted me, and I could not rally them; I was dumb and disconcerted; but my silence was scarcely remarked, for Farnham was in a most brilliant mood—he was animated, cheerful, handsome, winningly kind and attentive, more, as Alice said in a whisper of private confidence to me, as we went up to bed—as he had been before he went to California, than she had known him since. I remember that I heard her in silence, ashamed of feeling a strange dissatisfaction and petulance as she went on with her innocent praises of her lover, and augured happiness for both from his reviving spirits—that I went to bed with my thick hair forgotten in its braids, and slept horribly upon it.

The following days we spent like those that had preceded them, in walks or rides, or drives about the beautiful country, the only amusements in our power; but they did not become monotonous to me, nor did I seek to analyze the vivid enjoyment they afforded; I was only conscious of being entirely happy and sweetly content; only at night my rest was broken by feverish dreams, and at dawn I awoke restless and eager for the blissful day to begin, and planning how we should spend it—over what level white roads, through what grassy pathways, past what gleaming waters, under what spreading boughs or arching galleries of trees we should go, dreaming, smiling, speaking, musing, sauntering, only half conscious, and wholly absorbed in mutual thoughts, that, silent or spoken, drew us nearer and nearer every hour—for the intimacy of the country is

not like that of the city, the intimacy of a morning call, an evening party, an afternoon reception, an opera box, or even an informal visit or a drive, subject to observances and restrictions unknown, because unneeded, in the country. We are always in full dress of mind and body on these occasions, there is little of real character or feeling visible beneath the pretty, polished mask which we wear, just like our neighbor's, and just as our neighbor wears his, and just as fashion or custom prescribes for us both—revealing nothing of the human nature below. But here "prunes and prisms" lose their claims to consideration, and Nature asserts hers—here the varnish of conventionality wears off, and a truer lustre takes its place—here the invisible restraints that clogged our liberty drop away like shackles of steel—and we are free, free as the birds that sing and love about us, the insects that chirp their pleasure at our feet, the grass that grows, and the water that runs, the sweet and healthful air, unbreathed by sin, untainted by falsehood, that purifies hearts and lungs alike. And when life is a perpetual tête à tête in lovely solitudes like these, fresh as the primeval paradise, where, from morning to evening, one is brought into constant and near communion with a nature stronger, deeper, wiser, more powerful, more admirable, than his own—one learns to think, to reason, to feel, to admire, to love; and thus much of this experience came to me that I grew interested, attracted, absorbed, that I counted the time precious spent in such companionship, and held his welfare dearer than that of my betrothed husband—that the past and future seemed a blank, and the only happiness worth living for that I had known—the week that taught me what a year would be, what a lifetime would be, passed in his dear presence. Alice was sometimes with us, with her happy silence, her veiled eyes, her roseleaf color fluttering in her cheeks, but mute and voiceless as a beautiful statue—often detained about the neat household cares her mother was teaching her, learning to reduce confusion and distraction to order and calm, and coming to meet us, as we returned home, in the freshest of muslins, the whitest of aprons, sweet and serene as a lily. But she was not always near to protect me from my own heart; and even in her lovely presence there was a bond between us that she could not feel—an unspoken sympathy that she could not share—an affinity of mind, and heart, and soul, of which we were barely conscious, and of which she never dreamed between her beloved and her friend—

more happy in her ignorance than I, when first I awoke to the bitter knowledge of all that week of dreamy bliss had done. I had gained the key to his nature, and usurped Alice's privilege in trying to soothe and cheer him—to pay a heavy penalty in the very fact of success. For his languor and discontent were gone, and the freest, brightest gayety had taken their place—the light of hope beamed from his beautiful eyes, and peace and happiness sat on his smiling lips—his cheeks had learned to glow like Alice's own, and his light step and sweet whistle brought new life into the quiet house. But I found a different reading of the riddle, when, startled and shocked, I woke from that delicious dream; slow and inexperienced as I was, I learned my hard lesson at last—my heart was wrung and my conscience troubled, but duty lay plain before my eyes, so long blinded by the sweet illusions of a most deceptive passion—its whispers were not loud, but clear; it said to me, in those long-forgotten words, "Do not tarry—be brave, and do your duty. 'Duty first,' my child. Go!"

I wrote to my betrothed husband, and anxiously awaited his answer. I had learned to receive his brief, kind letters with apathy, and to reply to them with agreeable platitudes and polite commonplace phrases of interest or admiration; but this differed from the rest; I urged my return—I told him that I had learned to know and love his relatives—and wept as I wrote—that I was anxious to be at home again, and begged him to come for me immediately. The letter in which he answered my request—his avante-courier by a few hours—was eagerly anticipated, and read with tears of gratitude and remorse. Sure of speedy release from the temptation that beset me, I went into the family sitting-room to announce my departure.

Alice was not there. She had gone to visit a sick neighbor a mile away, and begged that Farnham and I would walk on after her, her mother said. I dared not look at him as I silently consented, and we were soon treading the forest path for the last time, the only sound that broke the silence for many minutes, the rustling of the faded autumn leaves beneath our feet.

"So you are going?" he said hoarsely, at last. "We must lose our bright spirit just as we have found her."

"Yes, I must go," I answered, with constraint; "I am anxious to be at home."

"And how shall I bear to live without you?" he said, with sorrowful vehemence; "you are 'anxious to go home' to marry Leonard, but I—"

"Hush!" I said, looking at him gravely and mournfully; "you must not speak so to me; I am Leonard's betrothed wife."

He went on without hearing or heeding, in his passionate sorrow.

"If I lose you I lose my very life—all that makes it of value; you don't know what you are to me, Lizzie—what you have been ever since you dawned upon me that sunny morning, sunk in idle despondency, the bright incarnation of the hope and vigor I lacked, and inspired me with courage and energy to live! Had you not been bound, had I been free, I would have said to you long ago, as my heart says now, does yours not echo it, Lizzie, Lizzie!—"

"Come, and be my wife, and in the treasure of your love I shall be blest indeed!" I can work—I can toil—I can win riches and honor in the inspiration of your presence—I can earn a position worthy of you, my own. What of struggle and suffering can I feel with you by my side? One look of your liquid eyes shall be my value for the one, one tone of your thrilling voice shall make me forget the other; through you I can become whatever I will become, and you, bright star of my hope, shall shine on my success, and bless its fulfillment!"

I trembled before the picture he had drawn, but I tried to be faithful and true. "You must not say this to me," I repeated, sternly.

"No, I must not say that, I have no right; but one thing you cannot prevent my saying, I will know, and you must answer me truly." The veins stood out like great cords on his temples; I could see the pulses beating in them, and he was pale to the very lips. "Had you not been bound to my cousin would you not have loved me? Do you not love me now, Lizzie?"

My heart beat fast and furious under the searching gaze of his entreating, beautiful eyes, and I dreaded lest my face should betray, or my lips involuntarily confess, what I had willed they should not reveal. It was a moment of anguish such as I never knew before, such as I can never feel again; I seemed for the first time to realize how with one decisive word I put away the happiness of a whole lifetime, or drew it closer to my breast—how it lay in my power at a breath to prolong this sweet dream forever, or make the future a dreary waste of sacrifice and duty—duty! the word aroused me, the echo of that childish motto rang in my ears, and through its help I was strong again to conquer my terrible temptation, and bravely look and answer, "No."

"You do not love me!"

"Not well enough to sacrifice that loving girl—not well enough to betray your noble cousin—to drag you down to poverty and toil—and bring eternal remorse and misery upon myself."

"Then you do love me! you do love me a little?"

The color began to glow again in his cheeks, and the light to brighten in his eyes; he came nearer, and looked noble and resolute; but I could not read his face aright, and I shook off the light touch of his hand.

"Listen to me, Farnham," I said impatiently, for I could not bear to see his look of gladness—my voice was trembling, and the tears began to run over from my eyes. "Listen to me, and look me full in the face; it is the last time you will see me, for I am in earnest. This scene of wrong and folly must end. Remember that I am the betrothed of Leonard Amsden, that you are engaged to marry his sister—every moment we spend here seems to me an age of treachery to them—do not give me cause for more bitter self-reproach by prolonging it; if you love me, let us part at once. With you it was a boyish first love, with me even less; but we have given our word, and we must keep it. Love and marriage are not for us—shame and remorse, and the misery of two fond and generous hearts would follow us wherever we went, and curse our common home. Oh! let us keep our honor and do our duty! Can you be so miserably weak, while I am strong?"

"No; it was only while I feared you did not love me that I was weak; I was a coward in that fear; but now I shall have courage. Sweet saint, at your command I sacrifice love and ambition forever! It was only with and for you that I wished them—I was wrong—but I shall be stronger now; I see my duty, and will obey you. It was you I loved in loving Alice; she was the dream of which you are the realization—she resembled you as a picture resembles the living, breathing original—I lose the divine reality, I accept the substitute, and I will try to make amends wherein I have ignorantly wronged her; henceforth the happiness and triumphs of the world can be to me but an idle dream, for this serene Arcadia must be my battle-ground of invisible conflict. Do not fear that I shall fail; what you have done, my heroine, I can do, and since you will it so, I shall delight in sacrifice—and peace, at least, shall be our great reward. Love and hope are dear, Lizzie—I resign them, for honor is dearer—dearer, even, than you, my dearest of all the world!"

"And duty is first," I answered, through my streaming tears.

A little later we parted; and still as our hands met in a clasp that seemed as if it never would uncloze, we only whispered again—

"Farewell forever—duty is first!"

Alice did not come to my wedding, for the first letter she sent me announced her own. I had dreaded to receive it, not knowing what vague shadow of grief might have fallen on that innocent heart; but she wrote in a strain of subdued happiness that comforted me inexpressibly. Her father, she said, had a slight attack of illness, not enough to justify his sending for his son Leonard, but it made him wish to give Alice a more efficient protector in the person of her cousin. Her parents urged—her lover desired it; the wedding-day was to be very near mine. The little postscript wrung my heart: "I asked Farnham if he had any message for you, dear sister; you know you were a great favorite of his, and he misses you sadly, as we all do, and he said—'Tell Lizzie I am trying to do my duty, and I hope she will find happiness and comfort in doing hers.' I suppose it was some jest between you, though he has not been so cheerful, lately, as when you were here—he has a very grave face now-a-days, but marriage is a serious thing. I hope I am not assuming its responsibilities too lightly, and that I shall make my husband as happy as he deserves to be."

My dream was over, and the realities of life were beginning for me; but I was brave to meet them. He had kept his word, and she was happy; it remained for me to do my duty to the true heart whose peace and honor were henceforth entrusted to my charge. No bride ever vowed before the altar more earnestly than I—no wife ever tried more faithfully to keep her sacred promises; and in trying to make my husband's happiness I found my own. A love grew up in my heart toward him, such as I could never have felt for one less noble or devoted—a love so deep, true, and tender, that it healed the wounds of the past like balm. I never felt the disparity in our years, or thought again of his plain face or manner, for me they did not exist; it was as if the charm of Farnham's beauty had passed to him, or that the resemblance between them that used to give me pain at first grew so complete, that I had always loved the noble nature of Leonard, when my heart strayed to his younger and more graceful prototype.

Alice and her husband never visited us, but

last year she came alone, for the first time, with a delicate blue-eyed baby in her arms; and my husband said we were more alike than ever. Happiness had given her confidence, animation, and spirit; she was gayer and more charming than in her maiden days, while I had softened and gained in gentleness and calmness in the sweet atmosphere of my home. She was inexhaustible in praise of her husband; he was the kindest, dearest, most devoted, the tenderest father, the most dutiful of sons, the best of farmers and masters; and she showed with pleasure a little oval picture representing her like a young Madonna, with her lovely baby in her arms, while Farnham leaned over the little group, his fine face expressing tenderness, and pride, and fond protection. Once the pretty sight would have given me a bitter pang, but now I only smiled and kissed the sweet mother and child, and praised the pictured face of the husband and father, and turned away to look proudly and fondly at the dearer one that makes the happiness of my life. If there are silver threads in his dark hair, no grief that I could save him, thank God, has brought them there. Heaven has been very kind to me, and I am blest indeed; but I think it is only through the discipline of sorrow, and self-denial, that we come to such great joy, and that only they can find happiness and peace, who in times of trial and temptation, make duty first.

THE DIAMOND BRACELET.

BY HELEN OSMOND HALE.

THERE, said Miss Dorethea, they are finished, as she put the last stitch in the last exquisite button-hole of a number of vests to be sent home that morning. Her long, bony fingers passed over each in rapid review, and her sharp eyes pronounced them "perfect" as she tied them in a large silk handkerchief, and handed the bundle to Ellen. Ellen put her slight arms round it, but the bundle was so large, and she was so small, that she laid it down again, and looked imploringly at Miss Dorethea. "Well, stupid girl, what are you waiting for? Go—quick, I say, and bring me the money for the work! Do you hear?" giving her an impatient cuff by way of emphasis.

Ellen did hear, and felt, too, as she hurried out blinded with tears, and almost dizzy with the blow.

It was a bitter cold morning; the snow lay deep around, and the wind blew furiously, twirling the flakes into eddies, and rattling the sign boards in all directions. Everybody acted

cold, and seemed in a hurry to get in doors. Ellen hurried, too; she pattered along in a pair of Miss Dorethea's old gaiters, and stockings long ago outgrown, which were far below comfortable distance—her short, scanty dress, and blue cotton shawl, fluttered about her slender form, and the wind blew so strong it almost lifted her little feet from the pavement. An old, slouchy black hood completed the figure, which any one would have passed for a common beggar; but one peep under the old hood told quite another story.

The softest, brownest curls fell around a face as pretty as a picture—such a picture as an artist might paint for a counterpart to *Luxury*. Delicate features, clear bronze complexion, and dark, dreamy blue eyes, shaded with long lashes. Ellen Dean was more than pretty; there was character in that small, childish mouth, and a peculiar sweetness in the winning smile which lighted her face in a moment of happiness. Now, her fingers ached with the cold, and she was crying bitterly when she reached the store of Miss Wiggins' employer. He was one who fully deserved to be dubbed "the ninth part of a man," for he seldom failed to lavish his coarse caresses upon Ellen, and as he was usually surrounded with like companions, she was often the subject of rude jests and repulsive flatteries, that made the hot blood rush to her cheeks. Alas! for the lambs which fall into the midst of wolves, were it not for the Great Shepherd, who suffers not one of these little ones to perish. Ellen dreaded nothing so much as going to the store with work, and this morning she peeped in at the window just to see who was there. No one but the proprietor himself, and as he looked cross, she hoped he would not talk much. She was right; only a few hours before this son of mammon met with a heavy pecuniary loss, and scarcely noticed Ellen, only taking the work, and handing her the money due Miss Wiggins. The little girl felt relieved, and with a light step quickly left the store and hurried home.

Ellen Dean was an orphan; but she well remembered the day and the sad hour when the ground covered her best friend—as good and kind a father as ever lived. Her mother, too, had died long before, but her pale, loving face never quite faded out to little Ellen, who always remembered it as the face of an angel. Sad indeed was the contrast in the unkind, neglectful stepmother, which followed. Mr. Dean was a mechanic, and while he lived provided all the comforts of a humble home. He was especially fond of Ellen, and though her step-

mother was ever so cross during the day, it was soon forgotten in the happy hours she spent on her father's knee at night; but Ellen was destined to be deprived of this happiness also. Her father died suddenly, and left her with three half brothers, and a little sister, to the mercy of an unprincipled, ambitious woman. Ellen was quite in the way. She was treated like a servant, made to do the drudgery of the household, compelled to obey the slightest wish of her half-sister Rosetta, and made to feel she was of no consequence, only as she added happiness and importance to the little Rosa. Bitter and hard were these days for the sensitive, affectionate nature of a child like Ellen. She could not be ugly, but she grew more sad and thoughtful every day, and night after night she sobbed herself to sleep with the sweet words—father, mother, on her lips. Mrs. Dean had a counsellor as evil as herself, her maiden sister, Miss Dorethea Wiggins. Miss D. was a vest maker, but she had a little property, and she intended that all she possessed of love and money should be lavished upon her favorite, Rosetta. Accordingly, the child was loaded with flounces, ruffles, and rings, and taught to behave with as little common sense as possible. She was taught to hate or despise Ellen, to love no one but her mother, her Aunt Dorethea, and herself most of all. The harsh, unkind treatment Ellen daily received made her more silent and reserved, and her mother decided that as she was stupid and troublesome at home, she should be apprenticed to Miss Dorethea, and soon be able to take care of herself. She was just thirteen when she commenced, but so small and slender that she did not look more than nine. Miss Dorethea believed that children were made to use or abuse, and she fully illustrated her doctrine in regard to Ellen. Several months passed, and as yet she had learned little except to do errands and the most simple part of the work. Miss Dorethea seldom failed to find fault with what she did, and the attempt to teach her usually ended in impatient denunciations on one side, and tears on the other.

But this could not last always. A Christian mother's prayers are not hushed with the lips that breathed them; long after those icy lips have made their eternal pause, unlooked-for blessings shall fall upon her child. Ellen had an Aunt Hester, who lived away down East, and who seemed to be sent into the world on purpose to get other people out of trouble. She had lately gone to make a visit in the town of L—, where Ellen lived, and look after her orphan niece. Aunt Hester Morgan was a

very remarkable woman. She was an "old maid," but before you make a face at that ugly vision, listen till you hear more about her.

She was always doing something for somebody; the greatest difficulties seemed to melt away at her approach, and she seldom stopped short of the full accomplishment of her purpose. She would have made an excellent *chargé d'affaires* to a foreign country; but as she was not a strong-minded woman, in the popular sense, her influence concentrated in the domestic and social circle.

Aunt Hester's education was limited, but her active, aspiring mind gathered knowledge from every source, and she came to be so intelligent that her opinion on any question of the day was almost indisputable. Possessed of a strong, deep nature, she was a mountain of strength to all who fell under the shadow of her influence, and whoever chanced to win her favor, was sure of an eloquent and powerful advocate.

In person she was tall and commanding, features strongly marked and full of benevolence, a quick, abrupt, and somewhat excited manner, and you have Aunt Hester. She took the first opportunity to see her niece, and chanced to appear at the low-roofed domicile of Miss Wiggins just after Ellen came in from her frosty walk. She stood by the fire warming her benumbed fingers, and wiping away the big tears that would come in spite of herself. Her large dark eyes looked sadly around, as if longing for one kind word of sympathy. Miss Dorethea did not even see her, and bent steadily over her pressing iron when Miss Morgan entered, almost without knocking. She had heard of the tender mercies of Miss Dorethea, and the picture before her was a vivid confirmation of the truth. Already the storm of indignation began to gather in her face. An unceremonious "How do you do?" was all she said to Miss Wiggins; and in a moment more Ellen was folded tight in her large, protecting arms. The poor child did not know how to act. She looked first at her aunt, then at Miss Dorethea; but fear could restrain her no longer, and she burst into a flood of tears, sobbing aloud, "Oh, Aunt Hester! I am so glad, so glad, so happy." Miss Dorethea bit her thin lips, and muttered something about that foolish child, who never would be anything but a baby; then, turning to Miss Morgan, she suddenly assumed a most polite tone and manner, spoke of Ellen in the kindest terms, and begged that Miss Morgan would do her the honor to lay off her hat and cloak, and spend the day. Ellen opened her

eyes in perfect astonishment to hear Miss Wiggins' politeness. She had never known anything like it before, and was puzzled to understand it now. Miss Morgan, who had long since learned that bitter lesson which we all learn sooner or later, was not so dull of comprehension. She saw the artful subterfuge, and determined to investigate the matter fully. Without further ceremony she found the way to Ellen's room, and when the door was shut she told her aunt all her troubles.

How unkindly Miss Dorethea had treated her—how she had been sent to the store in all kinds of weather—how she hated to go—and how ashamed she felt when the clerk tapped her on her cheek and called her “a pretty girl.” “Oh, Aunt Hester, never—never let me go there again,” said the child, in a most beseeching manner.

Miss Morgan stood erect, her whole face flashing with excited feeling. She was not given to caresses, but such a story from the beautiful, innocent girl who stood before her, made even her strong frame shudder, and for a moment she was quite overcome with conflicting emotions. She drew Ellen gently toward her, and smoothing the soft curls back from her temples, said, in a full, earnest voice—“Poor child! you shall not bear this cruel treatment any longer. It is a shame! But the Lord has sent me here to take care of you, and *I will!* But what is this, Ellen?” said she, starting suddenly, and going to the bed. “Snow all over your bed! Where does it come from? Why, here is an outside door open more than an inch, and the snow has drifted all over your bed,” giving the door an energetic push as she spoke.

“You can't shut it,” said Ellen.

“Why, child,” interrupted Aunt Hester, “I wonder you are alive. Why don't you ask Miss Wiggins to have it fixed?”

“I have often told her about it, but she says that fresh air is healthy, and that I must not be so delicate.”

It was enough. Aunt Hester could contain her indignation no longer. She turned abruptly toward the door for the purpose of seeing Miss Dorethea, but unexpectedly met her at convenient hearing distance. She started, looked confused, and attempted to apologize for her position; but Aunt Hester did not feel like hearing apologies just then. She opened her lips, and the storm of indignant feeling burst upon Miss Dorethea in all its fury. She rehearsed all Ellen had told her, pointing to the snow-covered bed as a proof of her assertions.

Miss Dorethea could not deny her statements, but she attempted to defend herself in the most vociferous manner, and tried to make it appear that she had been doing the child a great favor in giving her a home. It was all in vain. Aunt Hester declared she should take Ellen away that very day, and, awed by her very decided, imperative manner, Miss Dorethea saw herself defeated. Politeness and apologies had quite vanished now. She stood pale and trembling with rage, occasionally dropping an invective from her thin, sharp lips, and muttering threats and imprecations upon Ellen and her Aunt Hester. Miss Morgan made no reply, but turning away, she quickly tied Ellen's possessions in a handkerchief, took her by the hand, bid Miss Wiggins good morning, and left her to her own reflections. Once out of the house, Ellen's step grew lighter as her unhappy home vanished in the distance, and when it was fairly out of sight, she found herself wondering what would become of her now. Aunt Hester seemed to be thinking of the same subject—her brow was knit, and she looked troubled and anxious. Ellen tripped by her side like a bird suddenly made free, and in spite of her aunt's silence, she talked on, seeming to enjoy the luxury of hearing her own voice, and the delightful consciousness that she would not be snapped up by her tormentor.

Miss Morgan might well look troubled. She was only a visitor in the city of L—, and when at home was entirely dependent upon the income of a small select school for her support. She was not situated so that she could take Ellen with her, beside, the girl must have some education. That was the one thing needful with Miss Morgan, and, after revolving a great many plans in her mind, she decided upon the following. She had an acquaintance with a Mrs. Huntington, preceptress of Blossom Hill Seminary. She determined to apply to her, and see if she could not make some arrangement to leave Ellen there. The decision once made, Aunt Hester was quite in her element. There was something to be done, a difficulty to be overcome, a negotiation to be opened. Accordingly, she gave herself no rest till she had contrived “something to wear” for Ellen. Ripping, piecing, and pulling had commenced in earnest. Aunt Hester's long big dresses suddenly came to be short and girlish. A warm quilted petticoat, and blue merino hood grew fast in her swift fingers, and when Ellen was ready to start with her aunt for Blossom Hill Seminary, she looked the very picture of

neatness and comfort. Aunt Hester was proud of her, and though, like most elderly sensible people, she affected to despise beauty, yet when she tied the warm, soft hood over the brown curls that peeped out here and there, she could not help remarking how very becoming it was. Every member of the household had to be introduced to "Miss Ellen Dean," and all agreed that Aunt Hester had worked a miracle in her appearance. So they started in fine spirits for Blossom Hill Seminary.

The result was favorable. Mrs. Huntington agreed to take Ellen as a pupil. Miss Morgan was to pay half her tuition bill, and Ellen's services were to remunerate her for the other half. Ellen was delighted with the prospect, and took possession of her little room that very night. It was so perfectly clean and comfortable, Mrs. Huntington spoke so kindly, and Aunt Hester looked so satisfied to leave her there, that Ellen could see nothing but happiness. Her heart was full of gratitude, and she did not forget to kneel by her little bed before she slept, and thank God for all her blessings. But Ellen soon found her new life was not all sunshine. Aunt Hester had finished her visit and gone, she seldom saw Mrs. Huntington, and all eyes were turned, with looks of cold curiosity, upon the orphan stranger. Many of the young ladies passed her with looks of supreme indifference, or a haughty curl of the lip; and hardly a day passed that she was not in some way reminded of her position. These were new trials, but they cut deep to the heart. Ellen was shrinking and sensitive—now she began to know that she was proud. Alone, among strangers, she felt what every young heart must feel without affection, utterly desolate; but there was one young lady in the school who had a heart and fortune sufficient to allow her to be a friend to the poor, unprotected stranger. Kate Oakley, the richest, the handsomest, and the dearest girl in the school, was the first to become acquainted with Ellen.

Kate was a Southerner, with a warm, impulsive nature, an attractive manner, and a merry ringing laugh that was perfectly irresistible. Everybody loved her, and it was the most natural thing in the world that she should love everybody. She met Ellen one day in the garden, and began to talk to her. Kate's winning manner and bright smile soon won her confidence. She entered warmly into Ellen's feelings and situation, and the poor child was so happy to find a friend that she could not help crying. Oh, you are home-sick,

cried Kate, throwing both arms round her, and looking affectionately in her face. "Poor little thing, I know just how you feel," said Kate, carelessly twisting one of Ellen's brown curls round her fingers; I cried night and day when I first came here;" and from that hour the heiress Kate Oakley, and the little orphan girl, were the best of friends.

Ellen soon became happy and contented. It was strange how very interesting she suddenly grew, when it was understood that she was a friend of Miss Oakley's. Now the young ladies were all ready to make her acquaintance—she made rapid progress in her studies—Mrs. Huntington expressed herself satisfied with her domestic services—Aunt Hester's letters were a source of much happiness, and so the time passed brightly and pleasantly away. Commencement day came, and Ellen was unexpectedly rewarded by the first prize in her class, for faithful attention to study. The moment Kate Oakley heard of it she was in ecstasies. She sent immediately for Ellen, and lavished all sorts of caresses upon her. "I knew you would have it," said Kate; "there is not a girl in the class deserves it so much," and she danced Ellen round the room in high glee, half smothering her with kisses and exclamations of joy.

"Why, Nell, are you crying? Well! you are the strangest girl; you cry when you are glad, and when you are sad—all the same. Now, the girls are delighted because Nellie Dean has taken the first prize, and you are crying. Tral, la, la, la, la," and a merry, ringing laugh finished the chorus.

"I was thinking how glad Aunt Hester would be," said Nellie, laughing through her tears, and shaking her curls into their original position.

Kate rattled on. "I wonder what Uncle Hal would say if he knew you. He is always talking to me about crying. He says I am just like a shower-bath—you only have to touch some little, secret springs, and away goes a shower of tears for any occasion. Nell, did I ever show you his picture? Oh, he is a perfect torment to me, and yet, I love him 'heaps,' don't I, though!" She flew to her trunk, plunged her round white arm into a heterogeneous assortment of linen, laces, and finery, and brought up a small, exquisitely wrought pearl box.

"Oh, wont Aunt Hester be happy when she hears the good news!" said Ellen, gazing abstractedly at Kate's finery. She did not say Miss Wiggins, but she would have been more

than a saint if she had not thought, in her little, triumphant heart, "if she only knew it."

"There," said Kate, holding before her eyes a flashing diamond bracelet; "I suppose you are so taken up with your honors you will hardly condescend to notice even that beauty."

"Splendid! splendid!" exclaimed Nellie, her face suddenly brightening all over, but I am so happy now when I think of all the good things that have come to me, if you should give me that bracelet, Kate, I don't believe I should be much happier. It is just handsome enough for you, dear, beautiful Kate. What should I have done without you?"

"Hush! Nell, I want you to see *this* diamond, worth all the rest," and she touched a spring and showed Nellie a miniature of a gentleman apparently about twenty-eight. He could not be called handsome, yet the features were peculiarly striking and manly. Dark complexion, brilliant, expressive eyes, and hair black as night, contrasting finely with a high, intellectual forehead. "I wish you had such an uncle, Nell, he is so good, so splendid—isn't he?" said Kate, watching Nell's admiring gaze. "Why don't you rave about it? I never showed it to any girl before that didn't fall in love with it at first sight." But Nellie did not rave, simply because she was entirely unlike Kate Oakley and most girls of her style. While others were talking Nellie was thinking, and the words, "I wish you had such an uncle" had not fallen unheeded.

"I should think you would love him," was all she said about it; "but why do you never wear it, Kate? It would be so pretty on your white arm."

"I did wear it once, but, Nell, I was so afraid I should lose it that I was in perfect fidgets all the time. You see, it is not really mine. Uncle Hal only lent it to me, and I shall never forget how I had to tease him; but I knew I should get it at last, for he never refuses me anything. Nell, one day, after Mademoiselle Finelli had given me my Italian lesson——"

"Mademoiselle Finelli!" interrupted Ellen. "Do you mean our Italian teacher here? When did she teach you?"

"Before I came to Blossom Hill," replied Kate. "She was my governess all the time I lived at Uncle Hal's. You see, my mother died when I was very young, and my father being a government officer, was seldom at home; so I was sent north to be educated, and placed under the especial care of Uncle Hal. It was real

pleasant to live there, for they have a grand house in New York, and everything 'mighty fine,' and as there was no one but grandmother and Uncle Hal, they made a great pet of me. Then we had such pleasant times after Mabel Finelli came. Uncle Hal had conversation with her every day in Italian, for she could hardly speak a word of English when she first came. Don't you think she is pretty, Nell?"

"Very pretty," she replied; "such pearly teeth and flashing black eyes."

"Well, I never could make Uncle Hal say so. We used to quarrel about that often. He told me, but you must never whisper it, Nell, that he thought the wild, restless expression of her eyes indicated a tendency to insanity, and I imagine that was one reason why I was sent here. After grandmother died it was dreadfully lonesome. She always seemed more like my mother than grandmother, she was so young looking and lively. We lived just the same after she died, only Uncle Hal was more kind and tender to me, if possible, than before. I was in his room one day, and spied this bracelet. I teased, but it was no use; he would not give it to me. He told me it belonged to his mother, and was a present at her silver wedding. She had the picture taken the day he was twenty-eight, and when she died gave it to him, with an express request that he would keep it sacredly; still, I was determined to have that bracelet, and every night after the lesson was over, I renewed my suit. I showed it to Mabel; how she did admire the picture, and how she blushed when Uncle Hal came into the room and saw her looking at it. He took the bracelet, but promised me that I might wear it sometime, if I would be a good girl. I was satisfied; this point gained, I was not much troubled about the rest. No more was said about it until Mabel and I were packing our trunks to come to Blossom Hill Seminary. Uncle Hal came in and found me crying, and feeling very unhappy, so he quietly dropped this little box in my hand, and said, 'here, Katy darling, take this, and away with those tears; but don't lose it, for your life. Remember, if you do I shall never love you any more.' I am sorry now he gave it to me, I have to be so careful."

The ringing of the tea-bell interrupted the confidential tête à tête, and both started to obey the summons. "Wait one minute," said Kate, shutting the bracelet in its pearly casket, and resigning it to its former hiding place. "No one knows where I keep it but you—and you, Nell, must be a secret society." Nell promised

by pressing one little finger over both her rosy lips, and away they went.

A few days after the above conversation Miss Oakley was invited to the grand party of the season in the town of L——. Mrs. Huntington had given her consent. Kate's elegant toilet was already arranged—Nellie Dean had just placed some white roses in her dark, massive braids, and was to complete the tout ensemble by clasping the diamond bracelet on her arm, when Kate went to take it from its accustomed place, and found it—gone. Search was made everywhere, but the bracelet could not be found. Kate was pale with fear, and bursting into tears, exclaimed—

"What shall I do? Uncle Hal will never forgive me. Oh, Nellie, haven't you hid it just to frighten me?" said she, looking hopefully at Ellen.

"No, indeed," said Ellen, who had grown whiter every moment, "I have never seen it but once, when you showed it to me yourself that night."

For a moment Kate's face flashed anger, and a passionate word was just on her lips, when a knock at the door interrupted them. Mrs. Huntington stood before them. "Well, young ladies," said she, glancing alternately at Kate and Nellie, "what does this mean? One in tears, and the other pale as marble."

Miss Oakley was obliged to explain; and when the circumstances were all told there was every reason to suppose Ellen had taken the bracelet. It was in vain that Kate tried to defend her; no one else knew where the bracelet was kept, and no one had had access to her room during her absence, except Nellie, who went there to borrow some magazine the day before. Mrs. Huntington tried in vain to make her acknowledge her guilt. She would not, protesting all the while, with tears and almost groans, that she was innocent. Kate's hasty anger vanished when she saw her friend in such distress. Her sympathy, for the time, had conquered her own trouble, and she was about to express her impulses by throwing her arms round her and trying to comfort her, when Mrs. H. made a motion for her to stand aside, and let Ellen pass to her own room. There she was ordered to be locked in, and to remain a prisoner until the truth could be known. Poor, unhappy Ellen! She heard the key turn to lock her in, and threw herself on the bed in a perfect agony of grief. She tossed about, she cried, she walked the floor in a passion of rage and mortification. Hour after hour passed in this manner, and then she

heard the key turn again. It was a cup of cold water and some bread, for her supper, with a note from Mrs. Huntington, saying this would be her fare until she should acknowledge her guilt and confess the truth. Ellen grasped the paper tight in her hands, then, taking the bread and water, she threw both out of the window. "Never, if I starve, will I eat prisoner's fare. I have no right to be treated so. I will write to Aunt Hester; I will leave this wicked place." She took pen and paper. "But, no, I cannot," she exclaimed, bursting into a fresh flood of tears; "it would kill Aunt Hester; I will not make her suffer too, after all she has done. But there is one comfort," she continued, her face brightening a little as she spoke—"they will all know, one day, that I am innocent." Day after day passed, and Ellen was still a prisoner. The bread and water had been sent up, and she was forced to take it or starve. Alas! she could make no appeal, but to that supreme court which, sooner or later, decides every case, and hears the orphan cry, never in vain. Ellen turned to her Bible and prayer. There she found such comfort, such relief, in pouring out all her soul to her Heavenly Father, that her little room actually seemed glorified, and she found that she could be happy even then and there. She had learned to take her bread and water without a murmur; and when Mrs. Huntington came to see her she found her calm, and ready to speak with perfect serenity of all that had happened.

Mrs. Huntington was convinced that Ellen was innocent, and after a long conversation, thus addressed her: "Miss Dean, you have my permission to be restored to your former place; but this affair still remains a mystery, and will, until the bracelet is found. Every member of the school, and every servant, has been strictly searched, and all have passed the ordeal without the slightest proof of guilt; therefore, you will be looked upon with suspicion. You will have to bear this, or inform your aunt of all, and leave the institution. I will state to the school my conviction of your innocence; I can do no more; if it were any other than Ellen Dean I should request an immediate removal. Let me know your decision as soon as possible," she continued, moving toward the door.

"I will decide *now*," replied Ellen, thoughtfully, "I had rather bear any disgrace than to have Aunt Hester know that I was even accused of such an act." She said it bravely, and with a firm, self-reliant tone, that Mrs. Hunt-

ington scarcely believed possible in one she had always looked upon as only a gentle, timid child; then, sinking into a chair, she covered her face with her hands, and gave way to a freshet of tears. They came trickling through her small white fingers, and glistened in her disordered curls. It seemed as if the wound had opened afresh, and poor Ellen was, for the moment, utterly abandoned to an agony of grief.

Mrs. Huntington's dignity almost forsook her when she saw this "reed shaken with the wind;" one tear actually ventured to moisten her cold gray eye in sympathy for Ellen. You are a noble girl, almost started to her lips, and there was a warm impulse away down under the icy crust of her heart which said, Why not fold this forsaken girl in my arms, and soothe her sorrow; but the impulse died, the tear went back, dignity was again enthroned, and Mrs. Huntington left Ellen alone with her grief.

Once more she took her place in her class; it was a hard trial, but Ellen could bear it, now that she had learned to look to a higher source for strength. She came and went to her duties, with the sweet consciousness that nothing could really tarnish her character, that was not true. Kate Oakley and many of the girls called on her, assuring her of their renewed friendship. Ellen was glad to see them, but never returned a call; she lived in herself, and was more than ever devoted to study. Very soon a light broke over the clouds, that shrouded Ellen in darkness.

Mademoiselle Finelli was taken suddenly very ill, a raging fever kept her almost constantly delirious, and inflammation on the brain threatened a speedy departure. Mrs. Huntington was with her much of the time, and to-night she had called Ellen in to assist her. Occasionally, a glimpse of reason seemed to flash across the sufferer's mind; and, when Ellen bent over her bedside, she knew her, and said, "poor child, how you did suffer!" then her eyes rolled, as in dreadful agony, and she sank away into unconsciousness. As the night advanced, her fever raged higher, and she raved in the most frantic manner. "Yes," she murmured, "I loved him, all too well, dear Hal! I loved you with all the strength of my life. You do not answer. Oh, if you would smile at me, as I have seen you smile at others, only one look of love so profusely lavished upon the petted beauty, already born to a patrimony of love. Let Kate look for the bracelet, she will find that, but the glorious dark eyes I love—never." Mrs. Huntington and Ellen

were almost choked with excitement. Ellen trembled like a leaf, and both listened with painful interest for what should come next. For a long time she was silent, and it seemed as if she would not speak again—then she cried out in a wild, triumphant tone: "Yes, I do love him, dearest Hal; they shall never take him from my heart. Safe at last, no, no, him only the image—that is better than nothing. Mrs. Huntington! I will tell you, said she, beckoning with her finger. In the garret, under that loose board, you will find the casket, but the jewel!"—Eagerly they bent over her, to catch every word that fell from her burning lips. "God knows how I love him," was the only distinct utterance; then falling into a disturbed slumber, she lay comparatively quiet. Ellen could not leave her, and, when Mabel woke, she turned her dark brilliant eyes full upon Ellen—for a moment she seemed to be conscious. "Ellen Dean, can you, will you forgive me?" she said. "Yes, entirely, and with all my heart," answered Ellen, kissing her burning brow, and wiping away the tears that fell on her hot cheeks.

A bright smile lighted the sufferer's face a moment, and then consciousness was gone forever. Mrs. Huntington was deeply affected; she grasped Ellen's hand in silence. Miss Oakley stood by them, sobbing aloud, and very soon the room was filled with sad faces, mourning for one they dearly loved.

In life, flowers of joy and sorrow blossom from the same root, and so the morning brought mingled joy and sorrow to the inmates of Blossom Hill Seminary. Mabel died—the bracelet was found—the picture lay next to her still heart, and no one could say anything but "poor, unfortunate Mabel, how she loved him!" Her friends arrived only in time to perform the last sad offices for the dead; and the disclosure that Mabel was predisposed to insanity, softened and relieved the painful mystery of her conduct. A mountain of sorrow seemed to have been lifted from Ellen's heart, the old smile and light buoyant step came back, and though sympathy for Mabel forbid much being expressed, yet she felt that she was restored to perfect confidence.

She came to her room one night, and found a small box on her table, with a little note, commencing: "Dear Nellie—Accept the accompanying gift from the young ladies of Blossom Hill Seminary, and let it be an emblem of our love and lasting friendship." Signed Kate Oakley and friends.

Nellie could scarcely see the shining brace-

let, which made long bright rays through her tears. It was very simple and beautiful. She read the note again, then, clasping it on her round white arm, hastened to meet Kate, and express her happiness; but they had anticipated her. A bevy of bright-eyed girls burst into the room, and literally smothered her with congratulations and kisses.

Ellen was more than ever a favorite, and, though the days passed, as happy school-days will, leaving some stamp of joy on each, yet the last day came. Ellen's trunk, already packed, stood at the garden-gate. The last good bye still echoed in her ears, and the last warm kiss was on her lips, when Ellen found herself going as fast as steam could carry her, to the home of Aunt Hester.

You that have parted from a nest of warm young hearts, and have not outlived the gushing impulses of love, that made that parting hour almost a sacred one—you may imagine what Ellen's feelings were, when she looked for the last time upon every familiar spot at Blossom Hill Seminary; and, when the screech of the car-whistle and the last fluttering handkerchief announced she was actually gone—it was no wonder that she put her head down, and cried a long, long farewell.

Aunt Hester lives in a quiet street in the city of B——n, on the second floor of a plain wooden house. The kitchen, bed-rooms and parlor, can all be seen at a glance, and it needs only a glance to see how pleasantly people can live without servants, and with little money. Ellen has been teaching nearly a year; and if you wish to see how well she has become initiated in her new home—look in to-night. She has just spread the cloth for the evening meal, and a bright fire makes a glowing light in the room, and radiates even a kitchen with cheerfulness. Jack Downing, a cousin of Ellen's, has just come in with the evening papers, and sits by the table, alternately reading the news, and casting admiring glances at Nellie. She is as pretty as ever, as she moves about in her neat calico dress and plain collar, arranging everything, and preparing the meal with her own little hands.

Aunt Hester is there, too, bustling about in an excited manner, as if she had something on her mind, to match the frown on her brow. The truth was, that, although they looked very comfortable, as they sat cozily chatting around the table, yet it required all Aunt Hester's economy and foresight "to make both ends meet."

Aunt Hester had another protégé dependent upon her—Lottie Lee, a laughing witch of a school-girl, who generally required the united wisdom of Aunt Hester, Jack and Ellen, to keep her in order. While we have been talking, she has been changing plates with Jack, and twitching Nellie's curls, looking demure as a kitten to all inquiries on the subject.

Aunt Hester kept a rainy-day purse tucked away in some dark, unknown corner, and it was when their wants threatened to draw upon this, that her brow grew dark and cloudy. One of the little silver rills that flowed in for the support of the family, was Ellen's small salary, which was about sufficient to keep a "fine lady" in cosmetics and perfumery. The little parlor had to be furnished too; and you cannot imagine, unless you have toiled as they did, with what pride and pleasure each new piece of furniture found its way into just the right corner. One at a time they were talked about, and bought, and admired—not even a cup or saucer appeared on the table, but all had an interest in the purchase.

Lottie's beaux were a great trouble to Aunt Hester; for, though she was not pretty, yet she always had a train of admirers "dancing attendance upon her," and she had so many mischievous ways of attracting them, which were not considered orthodox by Aunt Hester, that she was a source of constant anxiety.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the household moved on with as little friction as usually falls to the lot of mortals. Life is not all romance—so thought the young people, when their golden dreams were broken early in the morning by Aunt Hester's energetic voice, arousing them for the engagements of the day. "A little more folding of the hands to sleep" was impossible, after this awaking had once commenced.

Breakfast was despatched in hot haste, the house put in order, and all were on their way to their labors, by the time our "fine lady" began to open her eyes, and complain of her morning headache.

Aunt Hester's religion was of the puritanic order, and all under her charge attended church regularly, and were interested in all its appointments.

Ellen and Lottie were members of Mr. Porter's Bible Class, which met once a week at his residence, in the capacity of a literary and social circle. It was during the holidays, that the annual meeting occurred, and the large lighted parlors were filled with company. It was proposed to waive the literary exercises in favor

of social enjoyment—and, judging from the lively buzz which followed this announcement—the sweet music that came in ripples from the piano, and the bright eyes that sparkled like fire-flies in a summer night—none were disappointed.

Half concealed, in a coquetish corner of the room, you might have seen Lottie Lee surrounded by her usual cortège of admirers, who fluttered about her like unconscious moths, charmed by the lamp light. Hoping they will be wise enough to avoid singing, let us look for our heroine. Just now, she is talking with Mr. Porter, the teacher of the class, in a most animated manner. She looked lovely, as we remember her that night, in her plain garnet merino dress and dainty muslin collar. A simple gold band bracelet was her only ornament, and her soft brown curls caught up by a bright nestling rosebud, shaded her rich glowing complexion and deep blue eyes, almost radiant with youth and beauty.

Mr. Porter had an old friend and college class-mate, who came to the circle that evening, by his particular invitation; but, being a stranger, he mingled in the company more as a spectator, than an interested participant. He had a tall, commanding figure—a pair of very dark brilliant eyes, whose depths you were almost afraid to fathom, and that perfectly self-possessed, nonchalant manner, which we see in men much conversant with the world. You might deny that he was handsome, and yet, when you saw that bright illuminative smile break over his expressive features, you would say—a splendid man. He saw Ellen talking with Mr. Porter, and the first casual glance soon grew into an earnest, admiring gaze. He stood with his arms folded, as if looking on a lovely picture. Ellen chanced to look up—their eyes met—in that glance he seemed to read her very soul, and the deep crimson that came to her face told her embarrassment. Mr. Porter noticed Ellen's quick blush, but did not observe the cause, and his friend De Forest, who was inwardly vexed at his own rudeness, turned away without attracting Mr. Porter's attention. In the course of conversation, he told Ellen he had a friend here from New York, that he should be happy to introduce to her, if she had no objection, remarking, in a jocose manner: "His hair is not so gray as mine, and he is somewhat younger, though I believe he calls himself an old bachelor." Ellen thanked him politely, and Mr. Porter left her to return very soon with his friend, Mr. De Forest, the same gentleman whose ear-

nest gaze had attracted Ellen's notice. At first she was quite embarrassed, and hardly knew how to address him; but his easy manner very soon relieved her of that feeling, and, before she was aware of it herself, she felt acquainted with the attractive stranger. She was so much entertained by his elegant conversation, that she was half vexed when Lottie Lee came up with a roguish twinkling in her eye, and whispered, "it is time to go home."

Mr. De Forest politely offered his escort to Ellen, and was as politely refused. "No, I thank you," was her frank, prompt reply, "Cousin Jack is going home with me to-night." De Forest gracefully bowed acquiescence, bade her "good evening," and stood watching her as she passed out, wondering "if this Cousin Jack were a myth called up to suit the occasion, or if he really was the accepted lover of the beautiful girl he had seen that evening. Such a face could not be deceitful, she must be already engaged," for he secretly flattered himself such a prompt refusal could come from no other cause. At least, he resolved to know more about it, and snatching his hat, followed Ellen and her Cousin Jack, at a respectful distance, to their humble home.

De Forest was peculiar. Rich, gifted, and accomplished, he had seen society by the most favored lights, but never, till to-night, had he met one such artless, transparent nature as he believed Ellen possessed. He did not confess it to himself—yet he was irretrievably in love.

Aunt Hester had been anxiously looking, for some time, to find a more lucrative situation for Ellen, and she had applied to their minister, Rev. Mr. Irving, to ask his influence in obtaining one. Therefore, she was not surprised to receive a note from him one morning, asking her to call at the earliest opportunity.

"What does Mr. Irving say?" eagerly inquired Nellie, when Aunt Hester returned.

For a moment a serio-comic expression played over Aunt Hester's face, and it required all her self-control to preserve her gravity; then, turning abruptly away, she replied, "Yes, he has heard of one—I am only afraid you are not qualified."

"Where—what is the situation?" interrupted Nellie.

"I cannot tell you the particulars now, but you will not be wanted at present, and will have time to prepare. You must improve your penmanship, and commence to-morrow. It will hardly be worth while to attempt more," she added, in a sort of half undertone.

Ellen never questioned Aunt Hester's authority—one had so much self-reliance, the other so little, that it was easy for Aunt Hester to skillfully evade all her questions; and finally she put an end to further inquiry by telling her not to give herself any anxiety about it, when Mr. Irving was prepared he would give them additional information. Ellen was silenced, not satisfied; but she was so much pleased with the prospect that she determined to do her best. Every spare moment was devoted to reviewing her studies, and the writing lessons especially were practiced with assiduous care; but there was a mystery about Aunt Hester's manner whenever the new situation was alluded to, that Ellen could not understand. It was a most difficult matter, too, for Aunt Hester to keep her secret. Once she almost opened Nellie's mind to conviction by asking her why she refused to accept Mr. De Forest's company the first evening she met him. "Because," replied Nellie, "I thought he was rich and proud, and if he came once would never come again. I determined he should not have the opportunity, if I could help it."

"And what do you think now?" rejoined Aunt Hester. The deep crimson which came to Nellie's face at this point-blank interrogatory betrayed her feelings, which Aunt Hester was not slow to interpret. After a moment's hesitation she replied—

"He is very different from what I supposed. Is Mr. Irving acquainted with him?"

It was Aunt Hester's turn to look embarrassed now, and after an abrupt, evasive answer, she turned a short corner to some other subject, and the conversation dropped. The truth was, the minister was also an intimate friend of Mr. De Forest, and that gentleman had called upon him to make especial inquiries about Ellen. Mr. Irving could not give him any definite information, but said he was well acquainted with her aunt, Miss Morgan, and would make any inquiries he wished. Aunt Hester was so anxious to obtain the situation for Ellen that she voluntarily disclosed their circumstances, and spoke of Ellen's education and acquirements with entire freedom. Mr. Irving told her frankly why he wished to see her, and then followed a confidential tête à tête, of which Ellen long remained in happy ignorance.

She often met Mr. De Forest at the circle, but she did not say "No, I thank you," now, and when he bade her good night, in his rich, manly voice, she thought she had never heard any music half so beautiful.

Oh! who can tell that first wild thrill of happiness,

"When there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart."

All the wealth of a cultivated nature was suddenly revealed to Ellen. She had always loved Aunt Hester, but how different a love was this. It seemed like a radiant dream, too bright for her to hope that it would not fade and vanish away. One hour life was all *coulleur de rose*, the next her heart sunk in despair, and she said to herself, "This is the last time—he will not come again. Why should one so noble and accomplished care for me longer than the passing hour? But I will keep my secret," and like a true woman, she hushed the happiness she dared not feel.

De Forest did come again, and the long winter evenings were all too short when her presence graced the little parlor.

"The time of the singing of the birds had come," and in one of the bright, warm May mornings an elegant carriage was driven up before Aunt Hester's residence, and De Forest alighted to invite Ellen to ride. His heart beat quicker when he heard her light step, and when she came tripping into the room in her pink morning dress, and hair à la *negligée*, he thought he had never seen her look so lovely. He longed to fold her to his heart, and call her "my own, my beautiful Nellie," but he checked the impulse, and simply taking her hand, said,

"Will you go, Miss Nellie? It is a glorious morning, and I'll promise you a pleasant ride, and plenty of wild flowers," he continued, twisting one of Nellie's stray curls over his finger, just as Kate Oakley had done that first morning of their acquaintance at Blossom Hill. A new thought seemed to flash across Nellie's mind—the color came and went in her face, and without giving any answer, or even raising her eyes, she stood still, almost statue-like.

"Does that mean you will be happy to go?" said De Forest, playfully.

His voice recalled her self-control, and exclaiming "I shall be very glad to go, thank you," she quickly left the room.

"Always a mystery where there is a woman," soliloquized De Forest. "Even this artless little girl, that I thought I could read as easily as a piece of poetry—puzzles me."

Nellie's simple toilet was quickly arranged. De Forest lifted her proudly into the carriage, and bowing low to Aunt Hester, who stood

watching them with inexpressible satisfaction from the window, were soon out of sight.

They were gone until early evening, and brought home an abundance of wild flowers. Nellie sat by the open window with her lap full of blossoms, and, while her fingers were busy arranging the flowers, fast coming thoughts were sending smiles and shadows in quick succession over her face. She was not alone—a tall, manly form, with deep brilliant eyes, walked the room in silence—now the dark eyes were bent upon Nellie, watching her delicate fingers among the flowers—then cast down, as if in deep absorbing thought. Neither spoke, both were lost in reverie, though Nellie was very busy with the flowers, tucking the blue and white blossoms in her hair, and gathering the rest into bouquets, until she looked much like a picture of the spring-time. "There, isn't that beautiful?" she exclaimed, holding up the prettiest, for his especial admiration.

De Forest stopped suddenly, only glanced at the flowers, then turning his eloquent eyes admiringly upon Nellie, he replied: "Yes—very beautiful—but there is a flower, both rare and precious, that I long to call my own. I want it to blossom in my heart always, and make it an oasis of love and beauty. Nellie, you know that I love you, tenderly, earnestly—all I have is yours—only be mine. I long to take you from the weary paths of life, where you have toiled so long, to preside over my own home, for no place can be home without you now. Dear, beautiful Nellie, will you be mine?" There was no audible "Yes;" but she did not remove a strong manly arm that dared to encircle her—the brown curls drooped on his shoulder, and in a moment more two hearts beat close to each other, and were bound forever in one.

A familiar step—it was Aunt Hester, who knew all at a glance. De Forest eagerly grasped one hand, Nellie the other, and seated her between them. He told her she must not make the least objection, "for we cannot live without you, Aunt Hester. Our home shall be yours, and you must be a mother to us both." The old lady actually shed tears at the thought of his kindness. She looked at the beautiful girl, so radiant and happy before her, and thought of the sad-looking, pitiful orphan, she had taken with fear and trembling to her arms. She thanked God for his goodness, and blessed them both, with many blessings. Then, turning to Nellie, with an earnest expression, she asked:

"What will you do with Mr. Irving's situation?"

"I understand you now," said she, laughing outright. "This is the situation there was so much mystery about."

"Do you think you are sufficiently accomplished?" said Aunt Hester.

"It will be sufficient accomplishment for me to know that she is my wife," replied De Forest, proudly taking her arm in his, "but what is this you and Aunt Hester are so mysterious about?"

The explanation was long, and the parting prolonged to not an unusual hour for lovers. The next day De Forest was to return home to New York, and the shortest separation seemed an age, in their new-found happiness.

He had scarcely gone, before Nellie received the following letter:

"MY OWN NELLIE,—

"I have a new revelation, which makes you tenfold dearer than before. On my arrival home, I found my saucy pet niece, Kate Oakley, here from the South. Imagine our mutual surprise, when she told me that Nellie Dean was one of her dearest friends at Blossom Hill. She says she always loved you, and declares she will be bride's-maid, when we are married. Dearest Nellie, this new link shall make our love stronger and brighter, and your past trials shall render me only more anxious to shield you in the future. If it is in the power of love or wealth to prevent it, 'the summer winds shall not visit your cheek too roughly.'

"Kate tells me you did not fall in love with my picture at first sight, which I consider decidedly heartless; and now I propose to punish you, by making you the possessor of it for life. Do not flutter, like a caged bird, at this announcement, dearest. Are you not already my prisoner, bound in the rosy bonds of love? and what are diamond fetters, in comparison with these?

"I have kept this bracelet for you many years, Nellie—for it was my mother's—and I promised to keep it sacredly for her who should accept my love, and be my own through life.

"With exhaustless anticipations of happiness, I am, more than ever,

"Your devoted lover,

"HALSWY DE FOREST."

Nellie had not read many sentences, before the letter was bathed in a crystal shower of tears; but, when she opened the little package which accompanied it, and saw the pearly casket, and the flashing circle of diamonds, around which so many painful associations had gathered, and which now revealed to her so much happiness, she was overwhelmed with confu-

ing emotions. Long and earnestly she gazed on the face so dear to her. She pressed the picture to her lips, in the excess of her wild, frantic joy, and murmured: "God bless you; it is more than I deserved." In a moment, the diamond bracelet sparkled on Nellie's fair rounded arm.

It was Christmas evening, and the gay metropolis held domestic carnival. In a broad avenue, lined on either side by massive brown-stone fronts, is the stately residence of Halsey De Forest. A family party have gathered in the elegant parlors, and soft bright jets of lights fall over velvet carpets, carved rosewood, and embroidered drapery: but Mrs. De Forest presides as gracefully, and entertains her guests with as much ease, as if she had never known any other home. Five years have changed her fascinating girlish manner into gentle, womanly dignity. The brown curls have disappeared, under a little Greek cap, fastened with coral pins—her fine figure is set off by a dark rich lustreless silk, with a fall of deep Valenciennes about the neck, and small white hands. Its graceful folds make a charming hiding place for a fairy-like little girl, who has just buried her flaxen curls, and eyes as blue as the sky, in her mother's dress. De Forest has grown older, his jet black hair is threaded with silver lines, but he has still the same distinguished air and noble figure. Judging from the telegraph looks which pass between him and Nellie, five years of married life have not yet dimmed the golden specks on the butterfly wings of happiness. He is holding in his arms a little rosy boy, with round soft arms, and dark brilliant eyes, a perfect picture of his father, and turning the music leaves for a handsome, stylish-looking lady, who sits at the piano, singing, "The Happiest Time is Now." Her husband, Senator Griggs, a grave, thoughtful-looking man, stands near her, and looks as if he were of the same opinion. That is Kate Oakley, who did not marry her ideal, but one she declared to be far more noble and devoted, than any programme of a husband ever conjured up in her own brain. There is Lottie Lee, who has just sprung to her feet, and proposed to lead off a cotillion with a young gentleman they say she is really going to marry.

In a large velvet easy chair sits an intelligent-looking old lady, whose face wears a happy, satisfied expression, and who seems to be taking a general survey of the party. A young girl sits near her, who appears like a stranger, but who feels quite at home, when her sister

Nellie speaks to her in her sweet, confiding manner. "Who would have thought all this ten years ago!" said Aunt Hester, her eyes filling with tears; "I declare it is a perfect romance."

Brooklyn, July 19th, 1860.

A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

Oh! I have very often err'd,
And made a mock of hope deferr'd;
I have been fickle, vile, and vain—
I bow my head in conscious shame.

Has sin defiled me with its touch?
Have I been righteous overmuch?
If so, O Lord, mark out my way,
And teach me what to do and say!

Not for the works that I have done,
How pitiful would be their sum!
Not for the prayers that I have said,
Nor yet for tears that I have shed.

But because I confide in Thee,
But because Thou did'st die for me,
In that sweet promise I believe,
"O come to Jesus Christ and Live!"
Mt. Joy, Pa., Aug., 1860.

DON'T HURT THE LITTLE ONES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Don't, Edward! I can't bear to hear a child spoken to in that manner."

A little boy had crossed the street, and coming under the window at which a lady and gentleman were sitting in pleasant talk, commenced whistling so loudly as almost to drown their voices. This sudden, ear-piercing assault upon their quiet, annoyed the gentleman, and leaning out, he called, in a sharp voice,

"Off with you, sir! How dare you make such a noise under people's windows!"

The boy started, in a half-frightened way, flushed scarlet-red, and then returned slowly across the street.

It was the man's wife who had reproved him for the harsh way in which he had spoken to the child.

"The noisy little wretch! It will teach him better manners," he remarked, in answer to the wife's remonstrance.

"He's a dear, good little boy," said the lady, "and was whistling from the same happy impulse that opens the singing-bird's mouth. I've noticed him often, playing about, in his innocent gayety of heart. It isn't right to

wound where no harm is meant. Just see how all the life has gone out of him, as he stands leaning against that tree-box, with his eyes cast down on the pavement."

"All fancy, dear," replied the husband, in a light tone. "He's forgotten my brief lecture already, and is now meditating some mischief, or a raid, perhaps, into his mother's cake closet."

"Some children are not so quick at forgetting. There are sensitive little natures that feel a harsh word with such smarting acuteness that the sense of pain is never wholly obliterated; and if I am not mistaken, you have hurt just such a nature. See, the boy has left the tree-box, and is now sitting on his father's doorstep with an air and attitude of almost pitiable depression. You hurt him badly, Edward."

"All guess-work, Anne. Your imagination is running away with you."

"No; we see clearer in the present, sometimes, by the light of memory," answered the wife. "It is my belief that you have thrown a repellant image of yourself upon the heart of that child, and that the image has fixed itself there, and will remain distinct for years—perhaps through his whole life-time."

"Preposterous!" ejaculated the husband.

"I wouldn't have my image, thus distorted, impressed on a child's mind for any consideration."

"You are in a strange way of thinking. What possesses you to go on in this strain?" said the husband, beginning to feel slightly annoyed.

"As just intimated," replied the lady, "memory often helps us to clearer-seeing in the present. I was a sensitive child, and can understand how impressions may fix themselves so strongly as to defy time's work of obliteration. I was hurt by a few sharp words when not older than the boy sitting over there, and the remembrance of the pain produced is with me to-day. The lady who said the sharp words may not have thought of them again. But, I can never forget. I meet her, occasionally, but always find myself unpleasantly affected in her company, for thought will go stealing backward, and fancy reproduce one little scene that I have tried, more than a hundred times, to bury in forgetfulness."

"Why, Anne!" exclaimed her husband, "what a confession. I never suspected you of holding malice after that fashion."

"It isn't malice, Edward. I bear the lady no ill-will. I would serve her in anything that was right and in my power. But she gave me

so deeply cut a wound that it has not healed to this day. Is that my fault, or hers?"

"It is the fault of the flesh that doesn't heal with healthy quickness. Is it not so, Anne?" said the husband.

"No excuse for wanton cutting and thrusting, but a strong argument against such outrages upon the weak and exposed," was answered. "If the vital power is weak, so much the greater reason for not assaulting it."

"You are warm on the subject, my dear!"

"And with reason," replied the wife. "Let me give you a clearer comprehension of my state of mind. One day, when not over eight years of age, I was visiting a little girl, the child of a neighbor. She had a wax doll of rare beauty, which, in compliment to her visitor, she was permitted to bring forth from its safe repository in a bureau drawer. Many injunctions of carefulness were given, and some threats of consequences added, should the doll receive injury. My little companion let me hold the baby-efigy on my lap, and surely, no living baby was ever held with a tenderer care. I felt very happy. My heart glowed with a loving warmth that quickened every pulse, and gave pleasant thrills to the most ultimate regions of sensation. I can remember, even now, the delight of that time—the sweetness of my enjoyment. 'Now let me hold baby,' said my little friend, after I had been nursing dolly for some time, and she reached out her hands to take it. In lifting it from my lap one arm caught in a string, and a sudden jerk following, dolly fell to the floor. A loud cry of anguish filled the air a moment afterward, for one of dolly's fair cheeks was crushed in, and her nose hopelessly broken. I lifted the ruined beauty, and stood holding it in my hand, when the mother of my companion, alarmed by the distressing cries of her child, came running up to the room in which we had been playing. She saw the disfigured doll in my hand, and instantly her eyes flashed angrily.

"'So you've broken it for her!' she exclaimed, with cutting severity of tone. 'I expected as much. I wish you'd stay at home, and not come over here destroying my child's things!'

"I laid the doll in a chair without answering a word, and went home. As I left the room I heard the little girl say, 'It wasn't her fault, mamma. She didn't do it.' There was justification in that, but it did not change my state toward the lady, nor soothe my hurt feelings. I went home and cried about it all the afternoon. Then succeeded bitter dislike of

this lady. I could not bear to meet her. She was, in my mind, the personification of moral ugliness. I can remember having often felt pity for her child that she had such a mother!"

"But, was all this right?" interrupted the husband. "The lady spoke in sudden, blind passion, and you should have forgotten it."

"I am not justifying myself, Edward," was answered; "and as to forgetting, that is no act of the will. I wish I could forget; I've tried often enough, heaven knows! It is the mental condition that was produced, to which I am drawing your attention—the fact of bending a fair-growing twig from its uprightness, and thus marring the tree by deformity. I was a sensitive, proud child, if you will—fond of approval, and keenly alive to wrong or injustice; she was a woman, standing, in power and in reason, far above me. In sudden misjudgment, she thrust at me angrily, and wounded me to the quick. I was not to blame. The fault was with her. She assaulted me at the weakest point, and the injury I sustained was irreparable."

"You surprise me, Anne," said the husband, looking concerned, "is it possible that a child's memory can so grow into a woman's life and consciousness? I could not have believed it."

"Do you remember the reply of a boy when asked why a certain tree had grown crooked. 'Somebody must have trod on it when it was young.' That woman trampled on me when I was young, and something in me has grown crooked. I have grieved over it many times, but grief doesn't change the deformity. It has so happened that this lady has always lived near me, and that neighborly associations have brought us together. I meet her occasionally, and she is, in her way, an excellent person—kind-hearted and liberal to poor people, less selfish than I am, a better woman in the main, perhaps; yet, I am crooked to her; we cannot come close together—and the original fault is hers."

"Of whom do you speak?" asked the husband.

"Of Mrs. Gaylard."

"It can't be possible, Anne!"

"It is even as I have said."

"You surprise me greatly. Mrs. Gaylard is an excellent woman. A little quick and impulsive—her natural peculiarity, as a brooding reserve is yours—but, as you have said, kind-hearted and generous in her feelings. It isn't right for you to have these feelings toward her. You should put them away as evil things."

"I have not argued for the right, Edward," was replied. "I am not speaking of this matter in any self-justification. My only purpose in calling it up from its uneasy resting-place in my memory, is that it may serve as a lesson to you. It is no light thing, depend upon it, to mar, in any way, the beauty of a child's mind; to fix upon it deformed impressions of yourself, that may lie there, and separate between you and him forever afterward. Such things have been, and such things may be again."

"Your own singular case has led you to magnify this matter, Anne. Children's minds are, for the most part, like sand on the seashore; you tread upon it to-day, and to-morrow the waves have obliterated every sign of the impression."

"If one child in a hundred may be hurt by harsh words, thoughtlessly spoken, then it were well to be guarded lest this weak soul be injured," replied the wife. "And why, after all, speak harshly? Is it not better to govern ourselves? Take the case in point, for instance. Suppose you had leaned from the window, just now, and said kindly, 'Not quite so loud, my dear,' would not the object you wished to gain have been as certainly realized?"

"Perhaps so."

"Assuredly so, and nothing could have been hurt. Now, I fear that the boy will carry through life a hard impression toward you, and that will be bad for him, and, it may be, bad for you, in some future time. There he sits, on his father's door step, still. He has scarcely moved since we have been talking. His hands lie idly in his lap, his chin is drawn down; I can almost see the shadows on his face. Depend upon it, Edward, he is brooding over your harsh rebuke just now. The merry heart has left him for a time. You have, unwittingly, dimmed the brightness of his young spirit."

"Why, Anne! Are you trying to make me feel unhappy?"

"O no—no; not unhappy, but simply to comprehend the truth. Blows always hurt—hand-blows or word-blows. Let us remember this, and remember, also, that blows given with the same impulse hurt in different degrees, according to the sensitiveness to pain of those against whom they are directed. And there is, also, another thing that we should remember; it is this: There is more power in kind words, gently spoken, than in angry impulses, no matter how strongly thrown out. To the first the spirit yields in cheerful acquiescence; against the second, it arouses

itself in blind opposition. I need not argue the point. You see it as clearly as I do."

The husband sat for some time, with a countenance more thoughtful than when the conversation began. He did not feel quite as comfortable as in the beginning. His eyes went out from the window, and rested on the little boy, who sat on a doorstep nearly opposite. Then he leaned out and called to him. The boy started, and looked over, a little sideways.

"Here, my little boy!"

But the child did not stir.

"Come! I want you for a minute."

But, the call was in vain. The child turned his face away, and pretended not to hear.

There was a third and louder call, when the child arose quickly, and went into the house, shutting the door after him with so quick and strong a hand that the noise came with a jar across the street.

"It is as I feared," said the lady, "he will not forget."

COME AND GO.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XVI.

THAT first ride, after my long illness, was one that I shall never forget. It was taken without my physician's knowledge, and Aunt Abbie considered it a great piece of imprudence.

But Graham Wilbur met and overruled all her objections, by that subtle, magnetic power, which a few men possess, of quietly drawing others over to their own will.

So I was lifted very tenderly from my arm-chair, and placed among the cushions of an easy, old-fashioned gig, which belonged to Judge Allyn.

It was the serenest of summer afternoons, with a bit of a breeze from the sea, running its cool current through the heat, and the gentleman drove off amongst quiet, shady country roads, where the singing of the birds and the mellowed sunshine stole like a soothing dream over my senses.

We did not talk much at first. He only broke the silence, occasionally, to ask how I felt—to remark the beauty of the afternoon—to point me to some hazy line of cloud, or some hill or tree, that gave a new feature of grace or beauty to the landscape.

Several times he bent down and looked in my face, with those grave, steady, intense eyes, and somehow it seemed to me that the gravity

touched on sadness, and the sadness on something deeper and mysterious, half pity, and half tenderness.

"Are you comfortable as is possible?"

"As is possible, Mr. Wilbur."

Then we fell into a little sweet silence, and the birds sang through it, and the windows began to fly open in my heart, and something of the old stir and feeling of life came back to me, and then the silence filled with sunshine, and the song of birds began to be intermitted with scraps of conversation.

We talked right and left that afternoon—glancing at a thousand subjects, and yet dwelling on none—history and fiction, the old world and the new, painting and poetry, nature and art, philosophy and political economy, were all touched on, in that easy, conversational vein, which could not weary *very* susceptible nerves: and yet every sentence opened some new vista of thought, carved some fact in the memory, or struck out new suggestion and emotion. Then, Graham Wilbur was a Christian man, and this gave a sweet and subtle flavor to his discourse, as it did to his thoughts. I felt the difference betwixt him and Henry Allyn, in the atmosphere of rest and peace that seemed to close about me in his presence.

"Do you know," he asked, suddenly, "how long we have ridden?"

We were winding through an old, tangled road, that crept up hills, and through fragrant belts of wood, and betwixt great pastures, whose green waves were dappled with cows: "About an hour, I fancy."

He held his watch before my eyes. We had been gone three of them. I could not speak, for my surprise.

"There are a couple of rose leaves in your cheek; you have found them since we came out, Constance." He smiled, as he turned round his horse.

"I wish we could go down to the shore a few minutes, before we return," I said. "It is so long since I have heard the play of the waves on the sand."

He hesitated, playing with the reins in his hand: "I'm afraid it is too much for one day."

"Oh no. I feel like another being since I came out, and I cannot go home without hearing once more the voice of the ocean."

He smiled—a smile in which his lips did not alone take part, but the whole face.

"Well, little girl, you shall have your own way."

The tones somehow did not quite confirm the smile; they were grave, in the midst of their

kindness, and it seemed to me something mysterious and intangible lay behind them. I was thinking of this, as the wheels of the gig swept swiftly along the smooth road which led down to the shore.

Graham Wilbur turned in his abrupt, intent way, suddenly upon me:

"Well, what are you thinking of me now?"

"How do you know I was thinking of you, Mr. Wilbur?" I was startled, and I faltered just a little in this question.

"Because your eyes said it, with such earnestness and emphasis, that your lips will not deny it now."

"Well, I was thinking; I wondered if you ever had any *real* trouble—anything, I mean, that came suddenly, like a terrible gush of waters upon you, and swept everything out of your life, as the tide that is coming in now, will sweep over the sands, and cover them away from our sight."

For we had come down now upon the low sandy shore, and, while I spoke, the vision of the sea suddenly rose upon us. There it lay, under the red eye of the closing day, green and blue, with snowy threads and insertings, when the laughing, dancing waves leaped into foam; the white gulls rose and dipped in the blue air; the sloops and schooners, touched by the sunlight, seemed translated into great silver blossoms, as they spread themselves on the sea.

Graham Wilbur drew up the reins, and bending his head, said, in reverent recognition of the beauty: "Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom thou hast made them all!"

After this, there fell a little silence, and, at last, when he spoke again, I knew by his look that he had linked my question and his ejaculation together.

"Constance," with a solemn gravity in his voice, with a deep soberness that kept it company in his face, "just as the waves yonder are coming to cover the sands—so the waves once came over my life, and swept away all its youth, its hope, its purpose, and left me living, and yet dead!"

A great, sudden impulse of pity came over me, so quick and rushing, that I forgot everything else, and, leaning forward, involuntarily asked: "Oh, how long did it last?" There is nothing musical in these words, as I write them, but I think my face and voice must have invested them with an expression and character that I did not realize: for Graham Wilbur bent toward me, and the intent, iridescent eyes, took on a softness and gladness which I had

never seen there before, and yet all this seemed to touch on the soberness:

"Do you care so much, my dear little girl? You are getting the old face back again, but its wistfulness touches me. Turn it away, and I will tell you of that time, though its history has never crossed my lips before."

And with a smile, that I am certain was now as grave as his, I turned my face toward the sea.

"You do not know, Constance, that my father and mother died within a year of each other, and betwixt my eighteenth and nineteenth birth-days.

"Before that, my life had been one that left nothing to desire; sheltered by human love, that was almost idolatry, set with all the grace of wealth and high breeding. So I grew up in an atmosphere of luxury and tenderness, which make the childhood and youth to which I look back, a long and sweet dream, which had a terrible waking of death!

"I had neither brother nor sister; and my uncle, my mother's only brother, was appointed my guardian.

"Let me tell you here, Constance, that all that is sweet and noble, gracious and fragrant in Christian womanhood, has to me its most sacred and beautiful illustration in my mother!

"It was my uncle's desire, that, after her death, I should go abroad, and finish my education in a German university: for the sudden death of both my parents had been a blow which threatened terrible effects upon my constitution.

"Well—for I must be brief—I went to Germany; and change of climate and association healed mind and body, and three years later I graduated.

"Then, I traveled through England, France, Switzerland, and came, with the winter of my twenty-fourth year, into Italy.

"And before I had been there a month, I was presented to the daughter of an American gentleman, to whom I had letters of introduction.

"She was a beautiful girl—woman, somewhat after the type and style of Maude Allyn, brilliant, high-bred, fascinating, and yet with something soft and tender in her face and mien, which heightened all her wonderful attractions.

"That winter in Rome is but a memory of my beautiful countrywoman, Catharine Willis. We returned in the spring to America, and the infatuation grew upon me every day that I passed in the presence of that girl, whose

grace and whose beauty was only the 'outward adorning.'

"And yet, men older and wiser than I, acknowledged the wondrous charm of her face and voice; and when, in the summer following my return, Catharine Willis became my betrothed wife, I was considered a most happy and enviable man, and believed myself so.

"Our marriage was deferred for a year after our engagement, on account of the death of her brother, and her parents' reluctance to part with their only child; but the time for its consummation was appointed in the autumn.

"Constance English, men regard me as a strong, well poised man, one not easily swerved by sudden impulse from any purpose which my judgment shall approve—one whose reason must confirm always the voice of my heart; but I loved Catharine Willis with all the strength and vehemence and passion of my youth; there is nothing pure and beautiful and holy in womanhood, with which I did not enclose her, as she stood in my soul; there was no possibility I would not have dared for her—nothing, save my manhood, I would not have sacrificed for her sake."

Graham Wilbur paused, and through the silence there came no sound, save the fall of the waves, as they dropped their white blossoms of surf on the shore. I looked up at my companion's face; it had settled into something of sternness and rigidity, which I had never seen there before. The lips lay still and white together. He bent his head down, and caught my gaze, and over the still severe face came the light and the warmth of that mournful smile, transforming at once the pleasant outlines into all their old, gentle seriousness.

"Constance," he said, "it was highly thoughtless of me to excite you so; I will tell the rest some other day."

"No—no, go on;" and in my eagerness I caught hold of his coat-sleeve.

He seized my hand: "You will let me hold it, while I tell you the rest. It will do me good, and I shall be brief now."

I felt a little blush skim my cheek, but the slight flutter of the fingers he held, answered Graham Wilbur.

"In two weeks we were to have been married: and—and—*she eloped with another man, Constance!*"

I do not know what he read in my face, as I turned it up to him, in the first shock of those words, but it was something that made him answer very quickly:

"It's no matter now, my dear child. The

pain and agony are all gone, and God brought a bright and serene morning out of the darkness of that night!"

"But then—then?" I asked.

"It came upon me very suddenly, and, for awhile, almost drove me mad. The man for whom Catharine Willis took that great sin on her soul, was corrupt in heart and life, as he was fascinating in manner and graceful in person.

"For me, if the blow had not fallen so sudden, I could have borne it better: but, as it was, I was mad—frantic—for a little while; and then, I settled into a kind of despair, which, one night later, I resolved to end."

"You?" Even as I asked, I dimly guessed his meaning.

"It was a still summer's night, with broideries of stars, and banners of moonlight. You would not have dreamed that the current of the river was so deep and rapid, if you had looked only on its still sheet of silver; and, as I stood on its brink, I thought how the fair, false face of the woman whom I had made an idol and worshiped, would cease to haunt and mock me, when my throbbing temples lay in the cool lap of the waters!

"I stood on the shore, with an exultant thought that it was my last on earth, (God forgive me!) and——"

Another little quick pause. My breath fluttered in and out, and broke the words: "What saved you?"

"The memory of my mother, and of that last Bible lesson she commenced reading to me one night on earth, and laid it by, to finish in Heaven; and, with that remembrance, God spoke, and I heard his voice, calling over all the wild turbulence and frenzy of my soul, and I knelt down to Him, and prayed with the heart of a little child:

"Forgive me for this great sin, which I would have done against Thee, and I will bear until Thou removest the cross Thou hast appointed me.

"Afterward I rose up and went home; and in a little while I knew it was through the pain and anguish of love that the way was appointed me to the Father."

He had turned his horse's head homeward before I spoke again.

"And what became of her?"

"They were married; they went to England. I have never seen her since."

My tears did not come until then—perhaps they would not at all, if I had not been weak and nervous from my long illness.

Graham Wilbur was very tender; he leaned my head on his arm, and stroked my hair, and wiped away my tears with the grave care of a father.

"You're a foolish little girl, Constance. It's all gone now, and my life has been better, and its fruits will be fairer and mellow for that storm of its youth."

So, he quieted me, and when all traces of the tears were gone we drew up at our garden gate.

It was on the edge of the evening, and the young moon stood out from a bit of white cloud like a silver sea-shell cast up from the surf.

Edward rushed out as we stopped. "Mr. Wilbur," he said, "aunt will never let you take Constance out again. It's well for her reason that you've got home at last. She's been nearly frantic about you."

"She will let me go, Edward, when she sees how well I've borne this ride."

I laughed as the gentleman lifted me carefully from the carriage, and would have carried me into the house.

"Oh, let me walk!" I cried; and taking Mr. Wilbur's arm and my brother's, I walked up to the house.

"She's got the old voice and the old face, aunty," cried her nephew, as the family presented itself at the door.

For a moment the trio of women stood still with wonder—then we all went into the parlor.

"I may go to ride again with Mr. Wilbur, if he invites me, mayn't I, aunty?"

She did not answer, but he knew the words swelled her throat as she gave him her hand.

"Oh, now, you're not going off without your supper?" exclaimed Grace, as she came into the room, with a plate piled with dainty slices of jelly cake.

"They're to have some tableaux at the house this evening, and I must be there in time. Miss Constance, as I am, for to-day, your self-elected physician, I must see you up stairs."

"I will take supper down stairs, if you will remain, Mr. Wilbur."

"It's a bargain," pulling off his gloves with alacrity.

What a supper that was. I see the faces, quiet for their deep joy, assembled round the table in the kitchen of that many gabled, quaint, picturesque little cottage, and to and fro in my heart wander still the tones of Graham Wilbur, as he thanked God, in the blessing he asked, because I was alive, and sat with them once more.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Well, girls, I've done my share toward the getting-up of this dinner, as I certainly intend to, three hours later, toward the eating of it."

Edward thus delivered himself as he came into the sitting-room, a week and a half after my ride with Mr. Wilbur.

Aunt Abbie was winding a skein of yarn, while she entertained me with some confidential disclosures of Debby's increasing negligence in the culinary department.

Grace and Lou were at the table, perfectly oblivious of all surrounding relations and circumstances in their absorption over some aquatic plants, which their brother had brought them the day previous.

I sat by the window, so far advanced on the road of convalescence, that I was cutting the pages of a new magazine, and looking out on the day which was slowly rising toward the glare and fervor of its noon heat.

"What 'part' have you taken, Edward, in that most profound of all culinary mysteries?" as he came toward me and lifted the hair cushion a little higher for my head.

"I've indulged my saguinary instincts, and saved Debby's tongue, toes and temper, by wringing the necks of two chickens."

"Oh, we're going to have pot-pie for dinner. How good it will taste!" I exclaimed, for I had the appetite which usually follows convalescence from fever.

"Yes, and I must go right off and see whether the crust is light," interposed Aunt Abbie, as the small white stream of yarn flashed over her fingers with more alacrity than ever. "You never can depend on baker's yeast, and this hot weather I couldn't set any to brewing."

"I'd no idea, Constance, that your alimentiveness had altogether subverted your humanity," exclaimed my comical brother, as he threw himself down on an ottoman at my feet. "I have a vivid recollection of a time when the sight of a jumping, decapitated chicken would send you to your room in sobbing sympathy."

"Well, I'm sorry for the chickens, only the broth 'will just touch the spot.'"

Edward shook his head, and sighed with mock gravity.

"What are you up to, Edward?" exclaimed Grace, glancing up from her plants, and catching the flash of the eyes, and the intense seriousness of the mouth she understood so well.

"Go on, my dear, with your investigations

into the mysteries and beauties of the deep—
Con, let me cut those pages, for

‘Her small white fingers down the leaves
Did flutter wearily.’”

And he took the magazine and the ivory folder from my hands.

“You’re the oddest boy, Edward,” playing with the long silken locks, whose glow and shadows had been caught from his mother’s.

Just then there was a knock at the door, which fluttered us all, and the next moment Mr. Wilbur walked in.

“Good morning,” embracing us all in one comprehensive recognition. “Don’t get up, girls,” to Grace and Lou, and then, with that mingled grace of manner and dignity of bearing which, with Graham Wilbur, was the instinctive expression of true gentleness and graciousness of soul, he came toward us.

“How is our small convalescent?” he said, taking my hand, and lifting his hat to Edward.

“In most auspicious condition,” answered Edward, as he placed the gentleman a chair. “She’s even been able to hear of the slaughter of two unsuspecting and inoffensive chickens this morning, without a solitary regret, because of the prospect they afforded of pot-pie and chicken broth.”

I could not help joining in my visitor’s laugh, it was so amused and hearty. Our conversation followed, for half an hour, in a bright, desultory channel.

I think Edward gave it its key note of mirth, for Graham Wilbur was usually somewhat grave when we were alone together, though he was by no means lacking in a keen perception and relish of the comical side of things.

“Are you fond of fishing, English?” asked our guest, in some pause of the conversation that had been running along in light, animated, smooth currents for the space of half an hour.

“Oh, very, my dear sir; it was always one of my weaknesses, and was the sole cause of sending me to the foot of my Latin-grammar class many a morning before my years had slipped into their teens.”

“Then perhaps you will like to go down to the lake for a couple of hours this afternoon? They bring up large stories of the number and size of the trout in its waters this season.”

“Quite too large for a Christian man to swallow; but that doesn’t weaken my ardor for trying my hook, nor my gratitude for your invitation.”

“We must be off at three, and despite your skepticism I’ll bet you one of the smoking caps a lady gave me in Germany, that Miss

Constance shall have for her supper to-night a trout drawn from the waters of Silver Lake which shall weigh over a pound.”

“I had no idea that so chivalric a gentleman as you are, Mr. Wilbur, would give away a lady’s present; besides, Edward doesn’t smoke.”

“Neither do I, Miss Constance; so the gift has lain for five years in my drawer till its tassels and embroidery are beginning to grow dingy.”

“And in case I should acquire that accomplishment at Yale, the German lady’s fingers will not have been occupied in vain,” responded my brother, hastily getting up, and giving me the benefit of his bright, defiant smile. “Mr. Wilbur, I have a couple of hours Greek on hand this morning; may I leave Con in your care for that space of time?”

“With many thanks for the charge, which I pledge my honor to guard with most watchful and zealous care.”

My sisters had left the room some time before, and as Mr. Wilbur turned the gaze of his strong, intense, steadfast eyes on my face, and searched it a moment, he said, with a smile brave as a man’s, sweet as a woman’s, “I did not mean to leave you for three days, but we’ve had company at the house, and business and boating, suppers and scenery, have occupied every moment of the day. You know, my little convalescent, I wanted to see you.”

“I hope so,” was the concise, and not very graceful answer.

Mr. Wilbur looked at me with that grave, sweet, intangible look that touched on something deeper, sadness or pain, and I was sure he sighed, and that a quick shadow went over his face; but when he spoke again it was in his own quiet, kindly tones, taking up a book from the table.

“Mrs. Browning; are you in the mood for a poem this morning?”

“Oh, yes; I always am some part of the day, and I think that one has not yielded its full harvest which is not brodered round with one or two sweet poems. They are like a cool, sweet spring, set along the dusty roadside of the day’s work and cares, and ‘filling the heart full of refreshment,’ or like a tune which sets the hours to music.”

He smiled at me, that pleased, gratified smile which was better than any praise. “Our little convalescent talks like an enthusiast,” he said; “but if the day needs its broderery of music and poems, Constance, it needs something else to make it calm, and strong, and fruit-bearing.”

"What is that, Mr. Wilbur?"

There came a new light over the fine, thinly cut features.

"I think, Miss Constance, that every day we live needs to be consecrated by some sweet old psalm, swinging its silver melody along the hours, and brooding over the heart with its spirit of tenderness and love; or some grave old Hebrew strain that stirred the fiery heart of the prophets; or some passage in the Life of Him who is the world's only hope and salvation; or one of the Apostles' strong, fervid appeals to all that is deepest and truest in man. A day," continued the speaker, lowering his voice, "which does not bring some message of God to the heart and life, seems to me to have half fulfilled its mission and purpose."

Then we sat still, thinking on all which these words suggested; and through the silence there came no sound but the faint ticking of the clock on the mantel, and the far-off moan of the winds in the pines by the sea, that summer morning.

"Now, what shall I read?" The silence had lasted five minutes.

"The Duchess May."

Mr. Wilbur had a rich, vibrative, susceptible voice, and as he read that wonderful story of woman's tenderness and self-sacrifice, and of the love that sent her with an exultant smile to her awful death, I listened with a new appreciation of the great power and mystery of genius.

He closed the book at last. "Only a woman *could* have written that," he said, "and only one who could have lived it."

"And how many *have* lived it," I answered, "in lives of patient endurance, in forgiveness and love, in faith and sacrifice? And whether in that rash holocaust of her youth, her beauty, her life, the Duchess May proved herself a more loving woman, as she went smiling to her death, than one who bears, for love's sake, cheerfully and meekly through her life the burdens and the pain of love—God knoweth." He was looking at me while I was speaking, but this time that intangible expression, which before had only touched and wavered through the deep eyes, had expanded and filled them.

They looked at me, with a thought in them that I could not fathom—something of tenderness and pain, that was almost agony, and my gaze fell before it, and my heart fluttered and yearned to comfort him.

"That is it," he said. "You understand, because your heart has taught you, my little

girl, the true spirit and the true life of the *loving home woman*."

Then he was silent. I could not bear to have made him so, because I was tired, and excited, and nervous, and curious.

"What are you thinking of?" I asked, anxiously.

"Poor child!" he said; "I have tired her out: she must lie down."

"No; I *must* hear," very peremptorily. He smiled, as an indulgent father might, at a petted child, and took my hand, and stroked the fingers, and held them to the light.

"Well, I was thinking that I must be looking up some cosy cottage nest, in which to ensconce my old bachelorism. The fact is, I'm tired, Miss Constance; I'm tired of being a waif tossed round the world; I must settle down somewhere with Florence. She won't leave her old bachelor uncle; and I have neither heart nor courage to take another European tour."

"Why can't you pitch your tent in Beachwood?"

"Why *can't* I?" mocking my voice, and then his eyes put on their look of pain a moment:

"Because of one good and sufficient reason. You must never ask me that question, my little girl, with that child-like face of yours, and the wonder in your eyes, as if it were just the easiest thing in the world for a man to do always what he wants to. I'm a great deal older and a great deal wiser than you are, Constance."

"I don't believe the former," I said, with a little laugh, for there was a mixture of amazement and some other feeling in my companion's face, which I could not fathom.

"Guess, then; you're a Yankee."

"I guess—you are thirty."

"Put three on that, and you'll have the ladder of years my life has mounted."

"Well, you don't look as if it had."

"Perhaps not; I come of a young-looking stock. You know some families, like trees, keep blossoms on their boughs longer than others. When?" suddenly looking at his watch, "one hour always slips into three, when I am with you, Miss Constance. It's lunch-time at the house on the hill."

"And dinner-time at the cottage by the lane. Which will you choose?"

"My will would most cordially elect the latter, but I have some business with Judge Allyn.—My dear madame," to my aunt, who came in at that moment, "your niece needs a long nap after dinner, and she must get well rapidly for next Wednesday night."

"Why for next Wednesday night?"

"I suppose there will be no harm in my forestalling the cards of invitation a day or two. They are to give a party at Judge Allyn's on that evening, and this entire household are to be among the favored few."

"Oh, I wouldn't go for anything" thinking of the embarrassment which an interview with Henry Allyn must occasion, "I shall not be strong enough, and a party was always my special abomination."

"So was it mine: but this will not be large, and we won't excuse you. So you must sacrifice yourself gracefully, as may be, Miss Constance, and make up your mind. The coffee and cake will wait for me."

And Graham Wilbur lifted his hat to my aunt and myself, with a grace which courts alone had not taught him, and went out.

"He is a very agreeable gentleman," said my aunt.

"He is a true, earnest, noble Christian man," answered not my lips, but my heart.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Harry, you have not yet seen Miss English?"

My heart gave a bound, for I knew what was coming. It was late in the evening, and Henry Allyn had just returned from New York, having missed the boat and train the day before, and was just now shaking hands with his mother's and sister's guests.

I had enjoyed the evening beyond my most sanguine expectations, which, to tell the truth, had been of a somewhat languid order: but my recent illness had excused me from taking part in song, or charade, while I had occupied Judge Allyn's easy chair in a small alcove, which opened out of the back parlor—a most agreeable post for quiet and observation. I rose up, and Henry Allyn came forward, and gave me his hand, with the old, frank assurance I remembered well.

"Miss English," he said, "I am glad to welcome you to our house."

The kind, firm, sincere voice reassured me; and, looking back on that time, I believe my feeling was more for him, than for myself.

I looked up in his face; it wore the old smile I remembered so well, for it had been the sunshine in which my heart had dwelt for a summer, and the dark fine eyes were searching my face with a good deal of interest and curiosity, as an old friend's would be likely to; and, seeing this, I answered with composure, perhaps with a little gravity:

"And I am glad to see you, Mr. Allyn."

So it was over—the meeting I had been so long looking forward to with dread and tremor; and then Mr. and Mrs. Allyn sat down, and we talked together as old friends, after long separation. I know our conversation went right and left, now touching upon some scene or experience in the old world, and then upon our life in Beachwood, with its joys and sorrows.

Lucy's soft blue eyes wandered sometimes from her husband's face to mine, and I knew what thought filled her heart, but there was no shadow in her gaze, only gladness and wifely devotion. How pretty she looked that night, in her sky-blue silk, and the delicate lace falling like folds of snowy mist over her white neck and arms!

Suddenly, Maude Allyn swept her fingers down the keys of the piano, and, as the rich notes throbbed through the rooms, the little wife sprang up:

"Oh, I know what Maude's going to sing, and I must help her!" and she fluttered off.

Her husband watched the movements of his dainty wife with a pleased smile, and then his eyes came back to my face; he leaned a little closer toward me, and said, soft and grave:

"Constance, you remember what you said to me one night—the last time that I saw you?"

"I remember."

"Well, your words, that seemed bitterness and mockery to me then, have turned out true prophets in the end. Lucy, my wife, is more than you painted the future woman of my choice, in her sweetness and tenderness and devotion. It is right that I should tell you this, for the sake of our old friendship, and because I know your heart will never forget it."

"Never. I thank God for the words you have spoken to me to-night."

He looked at me, as though the words thrilled his heart with some old memory; but, at that moment, Edward and Florence Wilbur, Grace and Lou came into the alcove, and there was an end to any grave talk for that time.

A few moments later, supper was announced. Judge Allyn, the fine, stately old man, had been unremitting in his attentions to me that evening, and, though no allusion had been made to that time, I knew that my gray-haired host remembered and blessed me in his heart, whenever his eyes sought the pale face of the quiet girl-guest, who sat in his alcove that night, and looked out on the dancers, and listened to the voices of mirth, and the ebb and flow of the music, as one might to a dream.

The Judge's wife and daughter surprised me

by their cordiality, and the frequent visits they paid to my alcove.

I think I had never realized the magnificence, the regality of Maude Allyn's beauty, as I did that evening. She wore a white *moire* antique, and delicate and costly laces shaded the white neck and the snowy arms.

There was no glitter of jewels about her: only a wreath of pearls was twined amid the darkness of her hair, and seemed a fair and fitting crown for that queenly head.

Mr. Wilbur came in at this moment, and looked in his earnest, searching way, not so much at my face, as at something deeper and beyond it; but I was used to the look now, and could bear it—I even think it was pleasant to me.

"Constance," he said, "I don't think you can bear the heat and bustle of the upper room; I shall bring you your refreshments."

I gave him a grateful glance; for, to tell the truth, I was quite wearied, and at this moment Lucy Allyn bustled into the alcove, and caught the last of the gentleman's speech.

"I shall stay with you, Miss Constance," in her sweet, rapid way. "Our mother says she can quite dispense with my presence in the supper-room, and I shall enjoy my cream and cake much better with you."

So they left us together, and Lucy nestled down on an ottoman at my feet, and chatted away, in her humming-bird style.

At last, Mr. Wilbur, Maude Allyn, and a waiter presented themselves. The gentleman and lady brought a glass of cream, while the small tray was heaped with delicious fruits and confections.

"There wasn't room on the tray for your cream, so Mr. Wilbur and I concluded to follow John," said Miss Maude, as she deposited her glass on a small marble table, which the waiter placed before me.

"Thank you; you are unnecessarily kind, Miss Allyn;" but, even as I spoke, I had an intuitive feeling that the beautiful girl's attentions to myself did not spring from gentle and tender sympathies, and that something which I could not analyze, made her half fear and half dislike me.

She gave me the full benefit of her brightest smile, but it was not warm, and did not touch and mellow her eyes as she answered most graciously, "We are only kind to ourselves when you permit us to be attentive to you, Miss English."

Mr. Wilbur has been chatting with Mrs. Allyn, and arranging the refreshments on the

table; he had scarcely spoken to me; but several times I had observed his eyes bent keenly on my face, and then upon the lady's, as though he was instituting some contrast betwixt us.

"Well, now, Miss English, and my sweet, small sister," with a caressing movement of her snowy hand over Lucy's golden curls, "as you are comfortably established with your supper, we'll leave you like two cooing doves to take all your comfort together. Mamma will look anxiously for a sight of our faces in the supper-room, Mr. Wilbur, for a hundred guests are on that good lady's hands until we relieve her," and, taking Mr. Wilbur's arm, Maude Allyn swept graceful and smiling from the room.

And after they had left Lucy Allyn chatted to me after this fashion—"Do try a bit of the chicken salad? I'm sure you'll like this English raspberry jelly! Dear me! don't you like vanilla cream? These peaches are delicious."

"Delicious," I said, as I received the beautiful fruit from the small hand, and enjoyed it esthetically even more than I did palatably.

"Don't you think," continued the lively little lady, "that Maude and Mr. Wilbur look very finely together?"

"Very."

"Such hosts of offers as Maude has had! but she is so fastidious. However, I think that her pride and her heart are having a struggle now, in which I know the woman must finally triumph. Oh, I didn't mean to say that!" with a little pantomime of amazement at her own imprudence, "but I know it's perfectly safe with you."

"Perfectly, my dear Mrs. Allen."

"Of course, there is nothing explicit yet; but I am satisfied that Maude is, at last, really satisfied. Then, in every respect, it would gratify her family, for Mr. Wilbur is wealthy, his family is one of the oldest in the country, and Hal says he is one of the truest and noblest of men."

"And you think that he is really a warm admirer of Miss Maude's?"

"Can any man help being?" exclaimed Lucy, with a little pardonable vanity in her husband's beautiful sister. "But you know that Mr. Wilbur is somewhat peculiar, with all his social attractiveness. I never can get over a slight uncomfortable feeling in his presence when he fastens those great, fine eyes on my face, as though he were reading the secrets of the heart beyond it."

"And Maude has been so used to flattery and adulation, both at home and in Europe, that I know Mr. Wilbur's quiet, undemonstrative manner vexes her. Why, I don't believe he has paid her a half-dozen compliments during their whole acquaintance."

"It is not like him."

"No; but he is a man of intensest feeling, as any one must know who watches him narrowly, and no one can know Maude, as he has done, without admiring her. I am certain of a happy *dénouement* one of these days."

I smiled on the little lady as she sat at my feet, and tapped her spoon against her cream-glass, and leaned her head against the arm of my chair, while her confidences fluttered out of a pair of lips that were like a couple of roses just breaking from the bud to blossom. I smiled on the little lady, but all the while a pain was growing and grasping at my heart, which fairly seemed to suffocate me, for the knowledge came sudden, and swift, and terrible to me in that hour, and I knew that beyond hope or help from man, my life was bound up in that of Graham Wilbur; and following this sudden knowledge came the thought of Maude and all her sister had said, and then a great throe of agony.

Yet I sat still and smiled on the lady; I remember she kept up her talk, interpolated with ejaculations, and set with little sweet outbreaks of laughter, and quick leaps and changes of expression; but I cannot remember one word of all she said to me.

Perhaps I should not have so readily accepted Mrs. Allyn's impression as indubitable proof of Graham Wilbur's attachment to Maude Allyn, if I had not been in that weak physical condition which always accompanies recovery from a slow fever, and which is so apt to predispose one to any painful impressions which an active imagination may superinduce; as it was, I had not the faintest doubt in my own mind that Mrs. Allyn's suspicions were correct, and a thousand circumstances, unimportant except from their bearings and relations, arose in my memory to confirm my belief.

She was still talking when the company returned to the parlors. For the next half hour the alcove was filled with faces new and old, but I was excused from entering into prolonged conversation; and at last the party began to break up.

No one had seemed to detect any change in my feelings or appearance, only I had met Graham Wilbur's eyes studying my face with an intentness which betrayed annoyance and anxiety.

Judge Allyn had sent his carriage for our family, and Edward hurried up to me with my hat and shawl, which Grace had given him in the drawing-room.

"Stand up, sis, and let me put them on in a twinkling. Grace says it's after one, and I promised Aunt Abbie to return you by twelve. She'll have worked herself up into a fever by this time."

Before I could answer a hand was laid on Edward's shoulder, and a well-known voice said, "Let me have the shawl, my dear fellow, and consign this very dainty bundle to my keeping. I'll handle it with the greatest care, to prove which, I've just ordered the gig to take Miss Constance home; it's easier than the carriage, and you won't be afraid to trust her with me?"

"In no wise, sir," promptly answered my brother, for the gentleman was a great favorite with him—and he went to hunt up Grace and Louise.

"Oh, you shouldn't have given yourself so much trouble," I said, talking in a kind of dream, and conscious of nothing but the pain at my heart, as Graham Wilbur folded the shawl about me.

"Not a word, Constance. What is it that is troubling you?"

This question roused me. "Why—did I say I was troubled?"

"Your face did. There comes your host and hostess. Make your adieux as brief as possible."

But they were not destined to be so after all, for Judge Allyn and his wife insisted that I should pass the night at their house.

I got away at last, however, and as soon as we were in the gig, Mr. Wilbur said to me, as he touched his horse, "What is the matter with you, Constance?"

"I feel tired—very tired." I couldn't command my voice any further, and I believe it trembled through these syllables as one's does who begins a tune, and is not quite certain of the air.

"Well, lean against me, dear little child. The excitement has been too much for you. I thought Mrs. Allyn ought not to have brought in all those strangers after supper, but they wanted to get a sight of our little authoress."

Graham Wilbur laid my head softly on his shoulder, and drew his arm around my waist. His manner was so gentle, his tones so tender, that I think they must have awakened a suspicion in any indifferent observer's mind, that some feeling stronger than friendship dwelt beneath

them; but I only thought, with my head lying there, how sweet and blessed it must be to have such a resting-place for one's whole life, for all sorrow and weakness, for all pain, and for all joy, the strong, perfect, satisfied rest, which every true woman's heart needs, and which God has appointed manhood to give to womanhood; and thinking of all this the tears came, in a swift, still tide, and poured down my cheeks.

I had not spoken for some time, neither had my companion. It was a still, cloudless, summer midnight, without a moon, but with a glittering broiery of stars. Suddenly I felt a hand, soft and gentle as a woman's, stealing over my face. "Why, Constance!" and now the words came in a kind of agony of pain and anxiety, "what has happened to distress you? Has anybody said anything to pain you? Tell me, my dear child!"

He bent down so close to me that I saw the shining of those clear brown eyes through the darkness, and then the face of Maude Allyn rose in its marvelous, mocking beauty, before me, and I caught my breath, it may be, with a little moan, for the pain was sharp.

"Tell me, dear, what it means?" and Graham Wilbur wiped away the tears with my handkerchief.

"I can't. Please don't insist; I am tired and nervous and weak. I shall be better tomorrow, and ashamed of my childishness."

He did not press me further, but he placed my head back on his shoulder, and held me there very tenderly during the rest of the ride. Once or twice I heard him sigh.

He lifted me from the carriage, and, despite some feeble protestations on my part, carried me into the house, and placed me in Aunt Abbie's chair.

"Take good care of her," he said to the anxious old lady; "she has undergone too much, and must be got off to bed at once."

He looked in my face—a look which now did not touch on pain, but was filled with it, and bade me an abrupt good evening, and went away.

CHAPTER XIX.

"You don't look fit to be down stairs this morning, Constance," exclaimed Aunt Abbie, as she came into the sitting-room late the next morning, with her old-fashioned steelyards in one hand, and a kettle of plums, for preserving, in the other. "I knew it would just put her back three weeks, going to that party, and

said all I could against it. But Mr. Wilbur always will have his own way."

"And it's pretty sure to be right, after all, aunty," exclaimed Edward, coming over to the lounge, where I lay. "He made a mistake this time, I'm inclined to believe, when I look at your cheeks, Con."

"I don't think any of our cheeks will stand examination," laughed Grace, rubbing her sleepy brown eyes with her small fingers, for myself, Edward, and Lou had been holding a most animated discussion on the preceding night, and the young gentleman had borne, with great amiability, the frequent hints and allusions in which his sisters had indulged, with malice aforethought, respecting his devotion to Florence Wilbur during the evening. I had borne an intermittent part in the conversation, still, it had drawn my thoughts away from much which was the source of acute pain to me, and I could not help being amused with the half comical, half witty way in which Edward received his sister's jests—something after this fashion:—"Well, she was, decidedly, the prettiest girl at the party. I think a fellow only displayed his good taste by concentrating his attentions under such circumstances."

"I think you are polite to us," exclaimed Lou, pulling a cluster of Isabella grapes from the vine around the window, and sharing the purple fruit with her brother and sister. "Don't you, Grace?"

"Very; but she *did* look pretty."

"And it's understood that present company's always excepted, isn't it, Con?"

"That depends largely on the amiability of the 'present company.'"

But here Aunt Abbie's entrance turned the conversation into another channel.

"I don't approve of late hours for young folks," she said, with a lugubrious shake of her head; "no good ever comes of turning night into day, and if folks can't find any better way to spend their money than in giving grand parties, they'd better do it in sunlight. Edward, my eyes are getting old. Do tell me how many pounds these plums weigh."

Edward took the "steelyards," but at that moment Debby came in with a bouquet of those flowers which crown the August with their royal beauty. There were snowy vases of japonicas, and tubes of fragrant, golden honeysuckle; and moss roses opening their crimson, passionate hearts amid leaves that were like emeralds; and pale flutings of mignonette, winding like dainty necklaces amid this show of beauty.

There was a chorus of delighted exclamations as Debby came toward me, bringing the flowers and a little note, which informed me that Graham Wilbur had been suddenly summoned to New York on business, and much to his regret, found that he would not have time to get the next train and call on me; but he begged that I would get back the lost roses to my cheeks, as he should hold himself responsible to my aunt until their return. There was no allusion to the bouquet—there need not have been any.

It was, perhaps, an hour later, and Edward was reading us passages from Tennyson's Princess, and Grace and Lou arranging the flowers into two glass vases, when Mrs. Henry Allyn and her sister were announced. The ladies were out taking a morning drive, and had called to inquire after my health, as Mr. Wilbur had informed them the excitement of the party had proved quite too much for me.

Maude was very gracious and smiling, but the sight of her beauty sickened me—her sister was as impulsive and full of kindly sympathies and inquiries as ever. I cannot recall one word of the conversation that transpired, until the ladies rose to go, but I know it had run on in some light, sparkling channel. Then, as Maude Allyn drew on her glove, she suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, what delicious japonicas!"

"I fancy, Miss Allyn, you must recognize their physiognomy or their fragrance, for they must have grown up before your eyes."

She looked up, puzzled for a moment—then the truth flashed across her.

"Certainly," she said, and the smile did not go out of her lips, but her face was dark, for all that. "I recognized the blossoms, for I suggested the gift to Mr. Wilbur."

"Why did you, sister?" exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, turning her pleased, surprised face, toward the lady, and then bending it toward the flowers: "Oh, how delicious they are!"

How glad I was, when the ladies left a few moments later—as glad as I was a month before, when Maude Allyn came and sat by my bedside, and seemed to carry a black shadow from the room, when her fair, haughty face went out of it. I leaned my head back on the lounge, for I had risen to receive my guests.

"How pale you are, sis!" exclaimed Grace.

"Lie your head down there, love," subjoined Edward, as he arranged the pillow on his knee; I'll

'Lend to the rhyme of the poet
The music of my voice,'

and read you into a nap."

And I laid down my head on the boy's knee with a sickness of heart, which made me almost wish that I was lying it down on that last, cold, hard, damp pillow, where, sooner or later, all heads must lie, some with the blossoming tresses of youth, and some wearing the ripe and silver locks, which are the harvest of old age.

Edward commenced reading Longfellow's "*Building of the Ship*," and I heard his voice drop for a little while along the stately cadences of the wonderful poem; and then I dropped softly away into slumber, worn out by excitement, and something harder to bear than that!

I think it was nearly two hours later that I woke. Edward was not reading, but the voices in my dream mingled themselves with the real voices about me, and there was another whose soft, deep tones, had a sweetness for me, that dwelt neither in song nor lute. I rubbed my eyes, and then Graham Wilbur bent over me, with a laugh in his own.

"Why, how came you here?" I said, bewildered, and still fancying I was in a dream.

"I was just ten minutes too late, because I stayed to write a note to a certain little friend of mine, and so I thought I couldn't pass the interregnum betwixt the last and the next train better than in watching the effect of my note, and I find it has been decidedly soporific."

I was wide awake now; and, while there was a sweet chorus of laughter, half at my position, and half at the gentleman's words, I lifted my head up.

Graham Wilbur studied my face very intently, as he made very strict inquiries respecting my health; and, after a little more general conversation, said:

"Put on your bonnet, and go down the lane to the corn-field with me, Constance; you know the cherry trees make all the way shady, and the air will refresh you, after your nap."

And Grace brought me my bonnet and parasol, and we went out together.

"I thank you for your gift this morning—that is, for your share in it."

We had gone to the end of the lane, and turned back, when I said this. The air and the sunshine, and the sweet, soft winds, had all refreshed and soothed me; and Mr. Wilbur and I had talked, after our old fashion, pleasantly and desultorily together.

I don't know how I came to add the last half of my remark; I think it was done almost involuntarily, and more to myself than to the gentleman.

"What do you mean, about *my* share in it?" asked the gentleman, evidently surprised.

"Miss Allyn told me that she suggested the gift, so I suppose half the thanks are due to her."

"Is it possible she said that?" I knew, by his tone, that the gift was all his; and somehow the chill and pain went out of my heart, with that knowledge.

I think my face showed it, for Graham Wilbur's eyes stole up under their deep lashes to mine several times, but he kept his inferences entirely to himself, only as he opened the garden-gate, he said to me, abrupt and earnest:

"Constance, you may give your thanks, without reservation, to myself. Miss Allyn was mistaken. One morning last week, when I was coming down here, there was some talk betwixt her and Florence, about sending you a bouquet, which I was to have the honor of presenting, but visitors prevented the consummation of the project. It was hardly fair in Miss Maude to claim a share in the offering, which was solely my own, without thought or suggestion from another."

"Well, you shall have my thanks now, without reservation, pressed down and running over."

He answered me with his smile, and then went into the house.

The girls had gone out with their brother into the orchard, Aunt Abbie said; and Mr. Wilbur removed my bonnet, and placed me in the rocking-chair, and held my hand, and looked at me—a look to which, this time, I could find neither key nor solution.

At last it came. "Foolish little girl, you did not believe *that*, did you?"

"What?" feeling dimly his meaning.

"Why, that I liked Maude Allyn."

"Yes; I had reasons."

"Some very wise individual's been suggesting it to you, then, for your own unsuspicious little brain would never have hunted up such an improbability."

"I thought you knew me better than that, Constance."

"She is brilliant and beautiful," I said, not knowing what else to say.

"But she is no representative type of my ideal woman. Would Maud Allyn be the sweet, loving home-wife a man wants, to sweeten his life, to comfort his heart in sorrow, to cling to him through good and evil report, to be his angel in sickness, his sympathetic friend and counsellor in the cares and trials that must come with manhood, his comfort and blessing,

at all times, till death parted them—parted them, to take one sooner than the other, into life and love eternal? Is Maude Allyn such a woman?"

"But all women cannot be this," I said. "It isn't in them."

"But the woman of my election must be. Don't I know that Maude Allyn would never marry *me*, the man, Graham Wilbur? She'd marry my wealth, my social position, my old family, and certain attributes and social adjuncts of myself; but, sweep all these away, and Maude Allyn would never marry *me*."

"I believe you," I said; "and I think the light at my heart must have reflected itself in my face."

"Well, you foolish little puss, I've half a mind to be angry with you, for allowing such an idea to take possession of you for a moment;" and yet, I thought he looked pleased, as he spoke.

I could not answer him; and I knew now there were roses in my cheeks.

"Constance," said Graham Wilbur, bringing his head into close proximity with my cheek, and speaking in a voice which was not just steady: "Was it *that* which troubled you last night?"

"You are too bad to ask me," I faltered.

He opened his lips to say something farther, and then a shadow came over the gentleman's face: "Constance," slow and sadly, "I believe your friendship is worth more than the love of most women."

"Oh, you must not compliment me so gracefully, at the expense of the rest of my sex!"

"But *one* woman gave me, in my youth, a key to the hearts of the rest of her sex. It would be hard for one to deceive me now."

I looked up at his calm, steadfast eyes, at the clear, strong, finely cut face, and believed him.

He looked at his watch. "I have only time for the next train"—Getting up:

"How do you feel now, Constance?"

"Well, and happy." I think my heart answered the gentleman, as much as my lips.

"Well, God bless and take of you for the next three days, my dear child;" and kissing the hand he had held all this time, Graham Wilbur went away.

"Why, Con, I guess your nap's done you good," exclaimed Edward, as he and the girls came in from the orchard.

I was bending over my flowers, and humming some old tune.

"I guess it's Mr. Wilbur's done the good,

instead of her nap," interposed Lou, roguishly.

I stood their laugh bravely.

"No matter, so the good is done, who did it," answered Edward. "Where's Mr. Wilbur? I've got a big apple for him."

"He's gone, and left his adieux for you all."

CHAPTER XX.

"Guess whom I saw this morning?" exclaimed Lou, as she came dancing, and twirling the strings of her sun-bonnet, into the kitchen, where I was lazily assisting Aunt Abbie shell the beans for succotash.

"Did Mrs. Mason say she'd have the yeast-cakes ready, so I could wet up my biscuit by three o'clock?" interposed my aunt, eagerly, for her youngest niece had been dispatched on this special errand.

"She said Tom should bring them over by one, without fail. You haven't guessed yet, Con?"

"Yes, I have, Lou. It was Mr. Wilbur."

"You're a true Yankee," clapping her hands. "I met him on the old turnpike, just beyond Mrs. Mason's, and he made all possible inquiries about your health: said he didn't get in till late last night, and had met some friends of his and Judge Allyn's, (English people,) to whom he owed special attention, and he should not be able to get round here before evening, but he sent his most cordial remembrances."

And Lou danced from the room; but her words were sunbeams, soft and glowing around my heart.

"Mr. Wilbur is a very warm friend to you, my child," remarked Aunt Abbie, in her low, quiet voice, as she dropped her beans into the half filled bowl.

"Very, aunty."

"He never seemed tired of asking questions about you, and hearing of your life," continued the old lady, pouring a fresh installment of pods into her lap; "and I shall never forget how excited he was, when I told him the story of our dear Alfred's death, and Mr. Hughes's dreadful treatment of us all."

"Don't talk about it, aunty, please; for a glance into that old dark life made a sudden faintness at my heart."

"Well, that time can never come back to us, dear child, and I only alluded to it, to prove to you how good and warm a friend Mr. Wilbur is to you. I sometimes think you don't appreciate it enough. He was here, from two to four times every day, during your illness."

"He was very good, and I am very grateful,

aunty; but, you know he held himself partly responsible for my being thrown, though no human skill could have averted it, and that made his attentions so constant."

"Yes—but—" the thought was caught, and held back. My aunt was a cautious woman: but, as I looked for her to complete the sentence, I read something in her eyes, which sent a swift flutter to my pulse.

Could it be?—the thought was too much. It opened life before me, in such a great vista of richness and glory, of holiness and beauty, that my eyes were dazzled, and my heart sank; I put it away.

And yet, all that day there was a sweet tune going to and fro in my soul, and it seemed to me that all the windows of my life had opened themselves to the eastward; and, looking afar off, I saw the sun coming in glory and majesty over the mountains of my life.

Indeed, those four days of Graham Wilbur's absence had been full of brightness and peace for me; for those last words he had spoken of Maude Allyn had been like sweet dews falling upon my heart, and healing it.

"Oh, isn't it dreadful! Hush, you mustn't let Constance hear!" and then, I caught broken scraps of sentences, in which "the Allyn's," and "the Wilburs," and "the mountain," and "the terrible height," and "the dreadful accident," were mingled and confused together—caught them, as I stood in the front hall—for I had come down from my chamber.

I remember my heart sprang and stood still, as a terrible fear seized it; I steadied myself a moment, by catching hold of the bannisters, and then I went in slowly, and said, quiet but determined:

"I have overheard too much; you must tell me the worst."

They were all there, my brother and sisters, and Aunt Abbie, with shocked, pitiful faces.

"Can you bear it, Constance; you're white as a sheet," chorussed the four anxious voices.

"Yes—only be quick." They were too much excited themselves, to see how I gasped the words.

Then Edward told the story, which he had just learned as he came up from the pond, where he had been fishing.

It appeared that Judge Allyn's family and his guests had gone out to Peak Rock that afternoon, a high mountain some seven miles from their residence, whose summit commanded a charming view of the scenery of sea and shore, of hill and valleys, and villages locked between them.

The mountain sides were sharp and precipitous, and some members of the party had ventured too near the edge of the summit, where the grass made a dark green fringe, so they could not see their danger; but the shell of sand had given way; two gentlemen and two ladies had fallen; the latter had caught hold of the branches of some trees, and been relieved from their frightful position in a few moments; but both the gentlemen had fallen—one was seriously injured, and the other—

Edward could not speak the word, but the silence which followed did.

"And the names of those two?" I said, not knowing my own voice.

"One—the one who was injured—was Judge Allyn's son."

There was no need to say the other. I think my heart would never have beaten again if *one* hope had not held it.

"Are you sure it is all true?"

"About the other man they were not just certain. Maybe it was one of the English gentlemen."

"Let me go up stairs."

Edward carried me up and laid me on the bed. I remember their white, anxious faces all about me, and how their half-whispered words floated round me. "We shouldn't have told her. Of course she wasn't strong enough to bear it." And I lay there, only knowing that I felt very cold, and that a great and terrible blow had fallen on me.

So, an hour, perhaps, went by, and then Lou's voice sprang out in a great cry and exultation of delight, as she stood by the window—"Oh, here's Mr. Wilbur coming into the gate!"

The words gave me new life. I sprang up from the bed—I rushed down the stairs with feet that did not feel them—and only with a great hungry longing to look upon his face once more—to *know* that he lived.

I met him at the front door, and, forgetting everything but my great joy, I sobbed out—"Oh, thank God! thank God!"

Graham Wilbur put his arms about me, and drew me into the parlor. He sat down on the sofa and held and strained me to his heart. For awhile he did not speak; at last the words came, shaken as trees are shaken to and fro in mighty tempests—"Constance, do you really care so much for me as this?"

And that great joy of knowing that he lived swallowed up everything—maidenly shame and womanly pride; I only clung to him, and, through the shivering and convulsive sobs,

came the answer, "Oh, if you had died—if you had died!"

He shook me back and forth—he looked in my face with his clear, intense eyes—he played with my loosened hair a moment, and then he gathered me up to his heart—"Oh, Constance, my beautiful, my treasure unspeakable!" he said—and then I knew, for the first time, how a man like Graham Wilbur can love a woman, and what she can be to him when he takes her into his soul; I learned it sitting there, with my head on his shoulder, and my tears—slow, silent, happy tears—dropping on his hands.

We sat there a long, long time, in the blessed knowledge which had suddenly arose upon the hearts of both.

At last I spoke. "Tell me all that has happened?"

It was done in few words. Edward's statement had been substantially correct, saving the name of one of the injured party. The young Englishman who was traveling with his father and mother, had been taken up apparently lifeless; but prompt restoratives had been applied, and he was alive, and the doctors had hope of his speedy recovery if no internal injuries had been sustained.

Mrs. Allyn and Florence had only fallen a few feet, and were slightly bruised. Henry was severely, but not dangerously so.

"Oh, Constance, I never felt as I did at that terrible moment, the awful force and meaning of those words, 'In the midst of life we are in death.'"

Perhaps, in the great, exultant joy of that new life, we both needed this thought of death to calm and sober us. I knew he felt this as well as I, by the silence that fell into his words—a silence broken only by tender caresses.

At last he spoke. "Does my little girl know how long my heart has been hungering for this?"

"No; why—" I didn't go on.

"Because I thought that you never could belong to me—that your heart was another's."

"How came you to think so?" greatly startled.

And then, in a few words, he told me of the interview he had one noon with Lucy Allyn.

And then there came a necessity for me to reveal all which had transpired betwixt the Judge and myself on his first visit to our house.

Graham Wilbur knew Lucy Allyn's father well; he knew, also, that she had a splendid dowry at her marriage, and that the Judge soon after was involved in some pecuniary

embarrassments, out of which the wealthy old banker had assisted him—though he believed there had been, for a short time, some misunderstanding betwixt the gentlemen; but it was adjusted for the sake of the children, and he knew that none of the family were acquainted with the real facts.

"And we will not speak of it again."

"Never, Constance. You will call me now by that name which is your right."

"Graham!" It has grown very sweet and familiar to my lips now, but then it was not at home there, and I whispered it low and timidly.

One question more I asked as we sat there alone. "You remember that afternoon when we had our first long talk, and you sat by my bedside and watched me fall asleep? Did you put your arms around me, and your face down to mine, or was it a dream?" I could never tell.

An arch smile flickered about the lips, and up into the dark, deep eyes. "It was not a dream, Constance."

And then Aunt Abbie came into the parlor. I learned afterward she had followed me down stairs, and seeing my meeting, retreated, guessing somewhat of the state of things, and had prevented any of the family from intruding upon us.

Her first question was of the accident, and Edward, and Grace, and Lou were summoned to hear the details, though the result was not so bad as they had anticipated. And then Graham Wilbur rose to go, for it would not do to remain longer from his friends at this crisis; but before he left he acquainted my family, in his strong, earnest way, with the knowledge which had just come to both our hearts.

There was some surprise, but more tears—tears that were gladness and congratulations, for none could know Graham Wilbur and not love him.

I have little else to write. Graham Wilbur and I were married in the following autumn.

Judge Allyn's family was present, saving his daughter. She accepted an invitation from her mother's sister to visit her at the South, and before she returned was married to a rich planter.

Her pride, doubtless, was wounded at Graham Wilbur's choice, but her heart suffered no pain.

For ourselves, we live in Beachwood, not far from the sea, in the beautiful cottage home my

husband has erected for us; and here the days go over my head in the shelter of such perfect love, in the midst of such peace, and love, and blessedness, that it seemed as though my life must needs be one continual Thanksgiving to God, the Giver of all these gifts.

Graham, my dear husband, has been better than the dreams of my youth, the ideal of my womanhood, and I pray daily our Father in Heaven that I may be to him that best, holiest gift of His to any man—a true and loving wife, his chiefest joy in happiness, his comfort in affliction, his rest and rejoicing at all times.

My family and Florence are with us. Edward is finishing nobly his last year at Yale.

I fancy, sometimes, that the heart of my sweet niece, Florence Wilbur, finds a melody in the sound of my brother's name, which is never awakened by any other, and that the fair girl-face rises sometimes before the student, and blurs the pages and his books.

But the young hearts hold their secret fast, and time only will reveal it.

So, the lights and the shadows have come and gone over my life as the days "come and go," with their swift, noiseless feet over our lives, as the shuttles "come and go" through the looms of human life, weaving that great, mysterious pattern which God's eyes shall behold to all eternity—as the years "come and go," dropping gifts and graves all along their paths, and speaking to all human hearts that old, sublime lesson their lips have proclaimed unchanging amid all the changes through which they walk the earth—that old teaching of the Royal Israelite, "Fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

THE END.

A REFLECTION.

THE spirit of the past is like an ever-moving stream, whose murmuring melody is never silent; every breath stirs it, and leaves a trace behind; every sunbeam is mirrored upon it; he requires but little extraneous aid, and depends chiefly on himself; he can clothe his pictures in the moonlight, or in the red mantle of sunset, and allure tones never heard before from invisible harps, with which angels and gentle spirits descend, and greet every listener as a brother—whilst he, very often not perceiving from whence comes this heavenly greeting, and deeming it from earth, looks for it there, and thus the sweet harmony is heard no more, and he is alone.

EVENING.

BY MRS. C. MARIA LONDON.

Oh, rarest of all gentle forms
That ever trembled in earth's storms!
Oh, bluest of all loving eyes
That ever woke, in sad surprise,
To human sins and miseries!
Oh, trusting heart and sweet young brow,
How pale and silent are ye now!
How still those little dove-like hands
That fluttered through the shining strands,
And laid the soft, rich golden bands,
Around that perfect head—

Now lying cold and dead!

Sweet love, long years have passed away
Since that delicious Sabbath-day,
When you and I together stood
Within the holy solitude

Of the tall, grand, primeval wood;
You promised there to be my bride,
And, darling, I would fain have died
To shield from sorrow that dear heart,
So soon to quiver 'neath the smart
Of cruel Envy's venomous dart.

Ah, me! how frail we are, how weak!
Grim Falsehood's fiery, falcon beak
Rent the bright tissue we had wove—
The web of hope, and peace, and love,
And then you died, my tender dove,

You calmly died,

My angel-bride.

And I lived on, oh, God, lived on
In the great thronging world alone!
The joy of life forever gone.

In that terrific earthquake shock
I sought the refuge of that Rock
Whose shade is blessedness and rest
To all the weary and distressed.

There flowed the healing stream of Life,
I drank, and rose to join the strife
Of sowing good where ill was rift.

God blessed, and made my spirit strong;
I've labored patiently and long,
And conquered many a giant wrong.

I am an old man now, and bent;
My work is done, the day is spent,
The stars shine in the firmament.

The brow you loved is wrinkled now,
The hair you praised is flecked with snow,
The firm, free step is weak and slow;

But, as the day fades into night,
For me still beams a cloudless light
To cheer me through this wreck and blight.

My heart is fresh with morning dew,
For I have kept my faith to you,
In thought and deed true, always true.

And well I know the bride I seek,
When my dull ears shall hear her speak,
And from my eyes the mist shall flee,
Will stretch her radiant arms to me

And say "I take this perfect truth
In place of beauty, strength, and youth."
And so, my long-lost angel-bride
Shall beckon me across the tide,
And greet me on the other side.

Longwood, Mo., Feb. 30th, 1860.

INTEREST.

How many people in the country have found out the truth of the following, by Henry Ward Beecher:

"No blister draws sharper than interest does. Of all industries, none is comparable to that of interest. It works day and night, in fair weather and foul. It has no sound in its footsteps, but travels fast. It gnaws a man's substance with invisible teeth. It binds industry with its film, as a fly is bound upon a spider's web. Debt rolls a man over and over, binding him hand and foot, and letting him hang upon the fatal mesh until the long-legged interest devours him. There is no crop that can afford to pay interest on money on a farm. There is but one thing raised on a farm like it, and that is the Canadian thistle, which swarms new plants every time you bleed its roots, whose blossoms are prolific, and every one the father of a million seeds. Every leaf is an awl, every branch a pear, and every single plant like a platoon of bayonets, and a field full of them is like an armed host. The whole plant is a torment and a vegetable curse. And yet a farmer had better make his bed of Canadian thistles, than attempt to lie at ease upon interest."

ENVY.

WHEN a statue had been erected, by his fellow-citizens of Thasos, to Theagenes, a celebrated victor in the public games of Greece, we are told that it excited so strongly the envious hatred of one of his rivals, that he went to it every night, and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, till at last, unfortunately successful, he was able to remove it from its pedestal, and was crushed to death beneath it on its fall. This, if we consider the self-consuming misery of envy, is truly what happens to every envious man. He may throw down his rival's glory; but he is crushed in his own soul beneath the glory which he overturns.

"WANTED, INFORMATION."

BY PAUL LAURIE.

"WANTED: Information concerning OLIVER O'LEARY, by his sister MARY. Oliver worked for Peter Peterson at the baking business, ten years ago, in this city. He is, or was, a rather stout, blue-eyed, brown-haired, round-faced, contented-looking boy of sixteen; generally wore a smile, displaying irregular, but very white teeth; had a habit of holding his head well up, and stepped out firmly. When last heard from he was engaged in the confectionery business in Cincinnati. Any information concerning him will be gratefully remembered by his sister Mary, No. 40 — House. *Cincinnati papers please copy.*"

Fortunate Oliver! to be thus inquired after by an affectionate sister. I suppose she is, like yourself, blue-eyed, and round-faced, with rich brown hair and the whitest of teeth, and—very contented looking. How I would like to see your sister, Oliver! But *you* had best hasten to her with the desired information. She will want to know how you have passed the last ten years; whether you are married, and if so, how many children you have, and what your wife looks like; and if—if *you are happy*; and why you did not write in the years past. Make haste, Oliver, for it may be that she brings you a message from your old father and mother, who have been wondering and grieving at your silence these many years, and who are still looking for your return with the same smile, the same fresh cheeks, and the proud head you carried to the water's edge with a "firm step" when they bade you good bye at Belfast, or Cork, or Dublin, or Derry—no matter which—for it appears that the parents of an absent child always remember it as they beheld it last: it never grows old to them any more than the lisping babe, which is laid down with folded hands, the picture of innocence, whilst the parents fold down a leaf where a certain promise is given, and with it a prayer to their hearts. Ten years, Oliver! It is a long time. You must have changed very much; nevertheless, it may be that your parents' eyes are as dim with tears to-day, as they were when they prayed for your safe journey ten years ago.

Doubtless, you "came out alone." No, not altogether alone. I am very sure you had the prayers of your family. But I am wondering whether you forgot them after the crying spell you indulged in when you thought no human eye observed you—by the taffrail, quite likely.

Perhaps you were looking down into the dark green water, and as your thoughts reverted to the old cabin—to the sloping fields—the well-trimmed hedge. The sun never shone brighter; the cattle were never more sober, or the song of the lark louder, or clearer, or sweeter, nor the eyes of those you loved kinder—they looked in yours so steadfastly that your own became dim. Ah, well! you were young—a mere boy of sixteen. But perhaps you were ashamed of your tears—perhaps you thought them unmanly—perhaps you were such a coward (I know it is the commonest thing in the world) that you could not bear to be called a coward, and so learned to jeer at those who shed more tears than yourself.

Or did you meet the common fate of the unprotected? Did imposition drive you to thinking—something entirely new to you—till you felt your nails sinking into your palms, and your teeth into your lip? That, too, has been experienced by young people who "generally wore a smile." And when you worked for Peter Peterson, the baker, "ten years ago, in this city," did you fare well? did the new world only greet you warmly so long as you were obliged to stand up before the bake-oven; and when your work was over, had you a mere rug to wrap around you in the coldest of winter nights—either that or a lean-to near the bake-oven—and all because you were unacquainted with the "ways" of the country?

Or had you plenty to eat, plenty to wear, and good wages, which you spent freely, very freely, after promising faithfully to help your family, forgetting even to return the money which they paid for your passage, and the pound your oldest sister gave you unknown to all the world, except her lover—*did* you forget them all, and learn to stand on the street corners with a cigar in your mouth, your hands in your pockets, and your hat cocked on one side—a would-be-rowdy? Because I am as anxious for information as your sister.

Information. Ah, there it is! I only observe it now. Your sister only solicits information concerning you. Does she doubt your respectability? Is it possible she can doubt your honesty—your perseverance—your manliness, Oliver? Is it possible that, after crossing the ocean, wishing to see you, she yet fears to meet you until she is informed of your past life? How are you going to answer her? Will you invite her to look at an unspeckled reputation and uncarpeted floors—at bare walls and contented faces? or will your children mimic her step, her look, and her language, while you

turn to your scornful wife with the remark, "We'll have to put up with her."

After all, it is possible your sister will never receive any information from you. The distance between you and her may be more than the length of the land. It is amongst the possibilities that you have battled manfully until the waves of oppression have gone over you relentlessly; that the tempter has led you downward to a degraded, unknown end; that you are toiling to-day, heart-sick, yearning for sympathy, weary of life; that you are so happy in the bosom of your family that you scarce remember your native land even in your dreams; that you only desire "good news from home" to be "the happiest man alive." Which of all these approaches nearest the truth? WANTED: Information concerning Oliver O'Leary.

THE FIRST PSALM.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

The hushed air parts with quivering thrill—
A sound scarce wakes that scarce is still,
When roof and nave with music fill.

The very notes that swim the air,
The dust upon the chancel stair
With rise and fall, its beatings share.

Grave faces, scarce before unbent
From week-day dreams of cent-per-cent,
Of bond and mortgage, tax and rent;

Even darker visages, debased,
Where Vice keeps fearful balance traced—
Of Spirit's want, and Body's waste,

Grow softer, kindlier, as they hear
The mellowing notes fall strangely clear
Upon the Spirits' purer ear.

Gay women drop the worldly mood
In which, an hour ago, they stood
Before their mirrors, unsubdued.

Young childhood, rapt and reverent, seems
To catch Devotion from the themes,
And with a wondering fervor, deems

That they, who pour such tuneful flow,
Are nearer Heaven than those below,
By more than twenty stairs will show.

Sabbath and music! Cup and wine!
As precious drops in crystal shine,
Each makes the other more divine.

Still be their influence round our ways,
Till all our days are holy days,
And all our songs are songs of praise.

Till underneath the groves of palm,
'Mid Sabbath airs serenely calm,
We sing in Heaven our first glad Psalm!
Ravenna, O.

LETTERS TO THE GIRLS.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

No. XI.

I FEEL depressed this morning! I have been thinking about my "Letters to the Girls," and questioning, have they done, or will they do any good? Will one daughter be more thoughtful and loving to her parents; will one sister be more kind to her brother; or one impulse of charity, disinterestedness, or resolution to try to do right, spring up in the breast of any, from thoughts to which my pen has given utterance? But, in the gloom and sadness, a picture rises up before me. There is a still, placid lake, smooth, unruffled, blue as the sky above it, and a fair, sandy beach, girdling it like a frame of silver. A little back, is a battlement of lofty gray rocks, gradually descending to their base, and on the top of them stands a child, with her apron full of pebbles. Perseveringly she casts one after another toward the waters; some lodge against the bushes, in the interstices of the rocks, others scatter here and there upon the beach, but at last one reaches the lake; a fluttering and sparkling of the drops, a slight ripple, then wave after wave curving outward, till the smooth, mirror-like waters become corrugated, as if breathed upon by the breath of the wind.

The picture comforts me: I have thrown my pebbles of thought here and there, and some will lie unheeded, others sink in the sand of shallow minds, and be covered deep by the rubbish of worldly mindedness and vanity; but, perhaps, a few will reach the clear placid lake of thought in some soul, and stir up the calm listless drops into such energetic action, that they will swell and diverge, compass the whole life, and even reach the waters that flow in the river of Death.

I know we cannot realize the importance, sometimes, of even a trifling word or act, forgotten in an hour:—A mother reads a touching story, with a moral well illustrated and developed; she feels, for the moment, the importance of it deeply, and she calls her little son

to her, and weaves it in some childish story. He listens to it with upturned face, and, as the tears well into his clear, blue eyes, she hopes he has understood and grasped it—but she fears not, as he bounds off to his play, at the close, apparently as thoughtless as the bird upon the bushes. That mother, with the falling of the leaf, lays her weary head upon her pillow, never more to rise on earth, and her son goes on to manhood; but the seed is in his soul, and, though amid all untoward surroundings, it will bud and develop, and throw out some goodly branches, that will prove a comfort and shade to many a fainting traveler on earth's highway. Another case. A shy, sensitive little girl, comes to school; it is composition-day, and hers is a dozen rhymes. They are very good for such a child, but a few thoughtless schoolmates smile, and the startled, trembling one, looks up in time to catch it all. As she moves from her seat, at close of school, some bold, impudent girl, whispers in her ear; "Call that poetry, do you?" and ends with a taunting laugh. It is all over with her now! God made her a poet, but her songs will be unwritten, or else stealthily hid in some drawer, to gladden no eye but her own.

The morning-glories twine about my window, and their blossoms of pink and purple and blue, with their drapery of heart-shaped leaves, gladden my waking morning glance; and, though their glories fade long ere night, yet their curving stems and rounded leaves give me pleasure for each glance through the day. I love it better than all vines, and why? With every bud, stem, and blossom, are woven the words of a sweet poem; and it matters not how sad, or care-laden, or discouraged I feel, one glance will bring them rhyming through my thoughts, and for the present moment the burdens of life are forgotten. How much of sweetness I should have lost, if just that one poem had never been written, will give a small weight to the scale, to tell how much the world lost by those trifling things—a few smiles, and a taunting laugh. And so it is all through life! Only God can see the actions, often minute ones, reaching down through all time, and linking in with each other, and sometimes upholding events so stupendous, that earth cannot measure their magnitude. That you, dear girls, have this advantage—most of you have a long unacted future before you—these letters have been written. You will be tempted to seek the pleasure of the present moment, forgetful that mere pleasure, sought for itself, is effervescent, and vanishes with the using: but, in doing one's duty, and

in self-denial, the particles of happiness become so absorbed and retained—though often for the present time hid under a bitter taste, that they yield sweets for memory, for the whole life.

I feel that I have written a rambling, disconnected letter, just as we spend the last hour with a friend before a long voyage—a thought in broken words, half expressed, an abrupt reminder, a yearning solicitude reaching into the future, and then a tearful, painful regret, as the boat glides away from shore, that *so much* has been unsaid. Thus I bid you adieu, with a reverent "God bless you" upon my lips

Berea, Ohio.

THE SENSELESS AND THE SENSITIVE IN CONTACT.

VULGAR people go through life, unintentionally and ignorantly sticking pins into more sensitive natures, at every turn. You, my friend, accidentally meet an old school companion. You think him a low-looking fellow as could well be seen. But, you say to him kindly, that you are happy to see him looking so well. He replies to you with a confounded candor, "I cannot say *that* of you; you are looking very old and careworn." The boor did not mean to say anything disagreeable. It was pure want of discernment. It was simply that he is not a gentleman, and never can be made one. "Your daughter, poor thing, is getting hardly any partners," said a vulgar rich woman to an old lady in a ball-room; "it is really very bad of the young men." The vulgar rich woman fancied she was making a kind and sympathetic remark. It is to be recorded, that-sometimes such remarks have their origin not in ignorance, but in intentional malignity. Mr. Snarling, of this neighborhood, deals in such. He sees a man looking cheerful after dinner, and laughing heartily. Mr. Snarling exclaims, "Bless me, how flushed you are getting! Did any of your relations die of apoplexy?" If you should cough in the unhappy wretch's presence, he will ask, with an anxious look, if there is consumption in your family. And he will receive your negative answer with an ominous shake of his head. "I am sorry to hear," says Mr. Snarling, the week after your new horse comes home, "I am sorry to hear about that animal proving such a bad bargain. I was sure the dealer would cheat you." "It was very sad, indeed," says Mr. Snarling, "that you could not get that parish which you wanted." He shakes his head, and kindly adds, "espe-

cially as you were so very anxious to get it." "I read the December number of *Fraser*, (in which you have an article,") says the fellow, "and of all the contemptible rubbish that ever was printed, *that* was decidedly the worst." You cannot refrain from the retort, "Yes, it was very stupid of the editor to refuse that article you sent him; it would have raised the character of the magazine." Snarling's face grows blue: he was not aware that you knew so much. Never mind poor Snarling: he punishes himself very severely. Only a man who is very unhappy himself, will go about doing all he can to make others unhappy. And gradually Snarling is understood, and then Snarling is shunned.

A WESTERN CRITICISM.

A correspondent of the Buffalo Courier narrates the following shrewd criticism passed by a rough western man on a Prairie Picture:

A few mornings ago, as I was standing admiring—as I confess myself quite fond of doing—that beautiful deer group, a tall, unmistakably Western man came behind me, and looked over my shoulder. I noticed at once the quick stoppage of breathing; but, to my surprise, the stop was short, and something like a laugh quickly succeeded. Looking up, I saw a yellow face overspreading with a smile, and there was a decided twinkle in the eye:

"Pshaw!" said he, "that's no pictur, after all. That ain't no fair representation."

"Why," said I, "that struck me as being a pretty good painting."

"Maybe it's good enough for a *painting*," said the Western man; "I don't say anything agin that; but there never was no scene edsacktly like it. Jest look at that tall rice grass up there, and then the fern weeds below—who ever saw them grow together? Why, the one grows on wet, and the other on dry land. But that's pretty wet land," he conoluded, "and jest see them deer's feet—how clean they be! They ought to be mud up to their knees: and at the gait they're going at, they'd be spotted with mud all over. I tell ye, when I went to that country first, the men skered me sometimes, driving their wagons on to a wet prairie, but they'd tell me it was all right, and sure enough I find good bottom a foot down. Then the next thing I knowed they would be giving a pretty wide berth to a place that looked, at first sight, edsacktly like the other; and I soon found an easy way to tell was by the grasses. If any of

ye know that painter chap," said the unconsciously keen critic, as he prepared to move off, "jest tell him—but it's no use," he said, lowering his voice, "that's a good enough city prairie!"

LEAVES AND HOPES.

BY MARY G. LINCOLN.

Crush the dead leaves under thy feet—
All their beauty has faded away
In the gloom of this drear November day,
Gone from the flowers is their fragrance sweet,
Crush *leaves* and *blossoms* under thy feet.

Crush the dead leaves under thy feet—
They were green in the fair spring time;
In the spring *his love* was thine.
Leaves faded, with vows unkept, are meet—
Crush the dead leaves under thy feet.

Crush the dead leaves under thy feet,
Crush the dear hopes that have lain in thy heart;
Hopes of thy very life a part—
Memories of love that did not last—
Sun-bright hours that lie in the past—
Tender words and kisses sweet;
Crush all dead leaves beneath thy feet.

Crush the dead leaves under thy feet;
Leaves will be *green* in the fair spring time;
Fresh hopes around thy heart will twine;
Let them be blossoms of Aiden's birth,
Blooming in beauty above the Earth;
Amaranths of Hope and Faith,
Knowing neither change nor death.
Such hopes for all true hearts are meet—
Crush the dead leaves under thy feet.

Medford, Minnesota.

PRaise, like gold and diamonds, owes its value only to its scarcity. It becomes cheap as it becomes vulgar, and will no longer raise expectation, or animate enterprise. It is here not only necessary, that wickedness, even when it is not safe to censure it, be denied applause, but that goodness be commended only in proportion to its degree; and that the garlands due to the great benefactors of mankind be not suffered to fade upon the brow of him who can boast only petty services and easy virtues. . . . The real satisfaction which praise can afford is by repeating aloud the whispers of conscience, and by showing us that we have not endeavored to deserve well in vain. Every other encomium is, to an intelligent mind, satire and reproach.—*Johnson.*

INSTINCT OF LOWER ANIMALS.

THE surprising faculties of vultures in discovering carrion has been a subject of much speculation, as to whether it is dependent on their power of sight or of scent. It is not, however, more mysterious that the unerring certainty and rapidity with which some of the minor animals, and more especially insects, in warm climates congregate around the offal on which they feed. Circumstanced as they are, they must be guided toward their object mainly, if not exclusively, by the sense of smell; but that which excites astonishment is the small degree of odor which seems to suffice for the purpose; the subtlety and rapidity with which it traverses and impregnates the air; and the keen and quick perception with which it is taken up by the organs of those creatures. The instance of the scavenger beetles has been already alluded to; the promptitude with which they discern the existence of matter suited to their purposes, and the speed with which they hurry to it from all directions, often from distances as extraordinary, proportionably, as those traversed by the eye of the vulture. In one instance of a dying elephant, life was barely extinct when the flies, not one of which was visible a moment before, arrived in clouds, and blackened the body by the multitude; scarcely an instant was allowed to elapse from the commencement of decomposition; no odor or putrefaction could be discerned by us who stood close by; yet some peculiar smell of mortality, simultaneously with parting breath, must have summoned them to the feast. Ants exhibit an instinct equally surprising. I have sometimes covered up a particle of refined sugar with paper, in the centre of a polished table, and counted the number of minutes which would elapse before it was fastened on by the small black ants of Ceylon, and a line formed to lower it safely to the floor. Here was a substance which, to our apprehension at least, is altogether inodorous, and yet the quick scent of smell must have been the only conductor of the ants. It has been observed of those fishes which travel over-land on the evaporation of the ponds in which they live, that they invariably march in the direction of the nearest water; and even when captured, and placed on the floor of a room, their efforts to escape are always made toward the same point. Is the sense of smell sufficient to account for this display of instinct in them? or is it aided by special organs in the case of the others?—*Sir J. Emerson Tennent's Ceylon.*

ADVICE TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

I say, then, in deep earnestness, to every youth who hopes or desires to become useful to his race, or in any degree eminent through Literature, seek, first of all things, a position of pecuniary independence: learn to live by the labor of your hands, the sweat of your face, as a necessary step toward the career you contemplate. If you can earn but three shillings a day, by rugged yet moderate toil, learn to live contentedly on two shillings, and so preserve your mental faculties fresh and unworn to read, to observe, to think, thus preparing yourself for the ultimate path you have chosen. At length, when a mind crowded with discovered or elaborated truths *will* have utterance, begin to write sparingly and tersely for the nearest suitable periodical—no matter how humble and obscure—if the thought is in you it will find its way to those who need it. Seek not compensation for this utterance until compensation shall seek you; then accept it if an object, and not involving too great sacrifices of independence, and disregard of more immediate duties. In this way alone can something like the proper dignity of the literary character be restored and maintained. But while every man who either is, or believes himself capable of enlightening others, appears only anxious to sell his faculty at the earliest moment, and for the largest price, I cannot hope that the public will be induced to regard very profoundly either the lesson or the teacher.—*Greely.*

THRILLING INCIDENT.

IN a lecture recently delivered by "Grace Greenwood," at Boston, on "Heroism," she referred to an incident that took place at the burning of a steamer on one of the Western lakes:

"Among the few passengers whose courage and presence of mind rose superior to the perils and horrors of the night, was a mother, who succeeded in saving her two children by means of a floating settee. While they were in the water the mother saw a man swimming toward the settee, and, as he was about to grasp it, she cried, 'Don't take it away from my poor little children!' The man made no answer, yet the appeal struck home, for, by the light of the flaming vessel she could see that his face was convulsed by the struggle between the mighty primal instinct of nature and something better and holier. It was but for a moment. He threw up his hands with a groan of renunciation, flung himself over backward, and went down."

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

"THE BROWN STONE HOUSE."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"I like to stand here at my window, and look across at it, with its great, deep windows, its high stone steps, and the big lions ready to spring on either side.

"I like to watch the shadows as they gather round, and half fold the front away from my eyes, and then to see the servant come and light up the great chandelier, and the whole room flashes out before me, if I happen to be in time—so that the servant hasn't closed the blinds.

"I like that little girl who lives over in the brown stone house; I like her sweet face, with the golden curls dropping, like a thick rain of sunbeams all about it. What pretty soft dresses she wears, and such dainty little aprons, and her blue eyes look so softly out of the flowers and laces of her bonnet. Dear me! she's just about my age; and I have only an old brown hood and a calico dress, that's been washed so many times, I can just see where the sprigs used to be!

"This morning—not more than an hour ago—I saw a very pleasant-looking gentleman run up the steps, and pull the bell, and in a moment the little girl came to the door, in her blue merino, and she clasped her hands, and said, with a laugh I've heard ever since, 'Oh, Uncle George, Uncle George—merry Christmas!'

"And the gentleman caught up the little girl in his arms. 'Ah, Ella, you rogue!' he said, and kissed her; and then he set her down, and took something out of his pocket, in a white paper, and gave it to her; and she gave a scream of delight, and then the door shut.

"How I wish I had an Uncle George, that I could run to the door, and wish 'merry Christmas!' and have him take me up in his arms, and kiss me like that. I don't care so much for the beautiful clothes, and the great warm rooms, though these must be very delightful such a cold morning as this; but I should like to have somebody take me up, and love me—why, the tears are coming—I didn't know as I was crying!

"Sometimes the little girl comes and stands at the window, and looks across here. I wonder what she thinks about this old yellow house, with its broken panes of glass, and its boards swinging in the wind!

"I wonder if she ever feels sorry for the little girl who stands here, with only her poor sick mother

to love her, and take care of her, by sewing from early morning away into the night!

"I wanted to wish mamma 'merry Christmas' this morning, but the words went back in my throat. I looked in her face—it was so pale and thin—and she put her hand on her side, and coughed.

"There! the little girl has come to the window again; and, oh! she holds such a big doll in her hands; I can see its little black curls and round eyes and red lips. Such a beauty! and she can play with it all the time!—I do declare, she is holding it up for me to see: and I just bowed, to let her know I did; and now she is calling to somebody, and pointing over here, and her father and mother have come, and looked across, and there is the gentleman too, and I know they are all talking about me. I wish I knew what they were saying!

—
"It seems as if it was all a dream, and that I should wake up, and find it was—but I know it's real—for there stands the basket, with the snowy Christmas cake, and the nice tart pie, and the oranges and nuts piled round them; and here is this pretty blue delaine dress, and there is a new straw bonnet trimmed with red ribbon, and the sweetest little cap inside!

"It all happened like this. While I stood there, and knew the beautiful lady, who was mamma to the little girl, and the two fine gentlemen were talking about me, just as well as though I could hear them, a servant came out of the gate of the brown stone house, and walked right across here, and knocked at our old door.

"I went straight down, and opened it, and the woman said, the lady opposite had sent over to know if the little girl, who stood at the window, would come to her a few minutes.

"I ran up stairs, and asked mamma; she smoothed my hair, and said, 'Yes;' and I went over, all of a tremble!

"Oh, the lady was so good to me, and took my hand in her soft white ones, and said, in her sweet voice:

"My little daughter here, has had so many presents for her merry Christmas, she wants to share part of them with you!

"And the little girl came, and stood by my side, and looked all over me, with a kind of sorrowful look, and the gentlemen put down their papers, and smiled, and looked too.

"And the little girl brought me the prettiest small doll, and a rocking-chair, and a great white

sugar-bird, with its wings spread, and a paper of sugar-plums.

"They're all for you!" she said.

"I tried to thank her, but something rose up in my throat, and I could not. I think the lady understood, for she said: 'Never mind, dear!'"

"And then the little girl began to ask me all sorts of questions, such a host of 'em, what was my name, how old I was—if I had any brothers and sisters, and somehow my fear all went away, and I forgot about the great, grand rooms. I talked to her, just as I talk to myself now, and told her how papa had died at sea so long ago, and how mamma was sick, and had to take care of us both, by sewing hard all the time.

"And at last, when I looked up, the gentlemen were both listening to every word, and so was the lady; and she turned to her husband, and said, in a low voice:

"She is a pretty child, Henry, and just Ella's age. We must do something for her."

"And then she went out of the room, and came back with these two pretty dresses and the bonnet, and a pair of mittens: 'There—that's your merry Christmas,' she said; and then I burst right out—I couldn't help it, and cried and sobbed before them all—I was so glad; and the little girl put her hand on my arm. 'Don't you cry,' she said; but the great tears were on her cheeks, too.

"And then her father slipped his hand in his pocket, and said: 'I must do my share toward your

merry Christmas, too,' and he gave me a great, bright silver dollar. 'And I must do mine, too,' said Uncle George, and he slipped another into my hand.

"And at last they let me come home, and the servant came with me, because I couldn't bring all the things alone; and the little girl and her mamma walked over with me to the door, and the lady said: 'You must come over and play with Ella sometimes. You are such a good, well-behaved little girl; and I shall call on your mother, and bring her some plain sewing next week, and I shall pay her better than they do at the stores, too; and here is a bottle of syrup for her cough!'"

"I couldn't speak for a minute, when I burst into the room here, with all my presents. Mamma put her work down, she was so struck with wonder, and she hasn't touched it again to-day: for haven't I got two silver dollars, and a basket of good things!

"The girl came in with me, and told mamma who sent the presents; and, when she went out, mamma cried too,—I kept saying: 'We've got a merry Christmas, too, mamma!' 'Yes; and God sent it, my dear child!' she said.

"And I know it was He who put it into the hearts of the people in the brown stone house to think of me this morning, and to do us all this good; and to-night, when I kneel down by the bedside, and say my prayers, I shall say at the end: 'Oh God, I have had a merry Christmas; and because it was Thy gift, thank Thee for it!'"

Mother's Department.

ON PRAISING A GOOD CHILD.

BY MRS. O. S. BAKER.

My little "four year old," a frolic-loving child as ever clapped hands at a new pleasure, stood by the side of the cradle, rocking the baby, and singing her little songs for his amusement.

"Come, Maggie," called her uncle from the front porch; "don't you hear the music? Come and see the soldiers."

"Yes, I hear," responded Maggie, "but I can't come. Mamma wants me to take care of little brother." And the faithful little nurse rocked on, singing again, joyous-toned as before. I stepped softly from an adjoining room, and, unseen, observed my little girl. She was keeping time to her childish music by a half-stamp of her little foot. I saw no shade of disappointment in face or attitude. I knew how dearly Maggie liked military music, and marching soldiers, and gay banners—and when I saw her thus self-denying, my mother's heart was

sorely tempted to clasp her in my arms, and lavish upon her fondest kisses and praises. But I perceived she was repaid by her own good heart, and I turned back, without a word, to my employment. To be sure, I hastened to dispatch this, that I might, before the soldiers passed, relieve Maggie at the cradle; but I still refrained from all word of praise.

Dear reader, do not pronounce me a hard, unsympathising mother, till you learn my reasons for pursuing this course with my child.

Few have failed to notice among individuals the wide-spread fault of a too great dependence on the appreciation with which others regard them. So great is this, that conscience is thereby jostled from her throne, and preposterous though it be, the superficial glance of a bystander is received by one as being better able to determine the excellence of his act, than the motive and circumstance-knowing principle within him, and his self-respect is conse-

quently raised or lowered, according to the judgment pronounced from this mere outside, superficial glance.

In this dethronement of self-judgment and conscience, God's great moral decree, "to be good is to be happy," ceases to be a verity. For the approval of conscience, the voice of God in the soul ceases to give an inward peace that counterbalances all the disapproval man can manifest against us.

As during the "days of persecution for opinion's sake," the maintenance and elevation of the individual conscience was more entirely attained than it has been since, I cannot but believe men were far happier then, let the persecution, and the shame, and the torture be what it might, than now in these outsidely sleek days—these days of boasted toleration, when every individual feels a private call to judge his neighbor, and every neighbor expecting, submitting to be thus judged, chokes his own conscience and self-respect, servilely abides by the decision of the every individual aforesaid, and is miserable or happy accordingly.

Illustrations of this are continually presenting themselves. We see others, we are frequently ourselves, doing that which springs from the kindest motives, that which our conscience approves, and our judgment justifies, but which, nevertheless, renders us anything but happy, because the world, or what stands for the world to us, condemns. Inward peace, soul reliance, stainless conscience, are to us empty words, as we experience none of the serenity God appointed them to convey to him who strives to do the best he can of good. All this we feel to be wrong, and most lamentably wrong, when we reflect that it is a habitude of soul with a great majority of people.

And in view of it this question stands up before

us—how can the rising generation be saved from such an ignoble slavery? be saved from such impious dethronement of the Divine within them? As a reply to this question I beg leave to assert my opinion that a child should rarely, if ever, be praised for a good act, if it is truly happy itself in the performance of it, nor blamed for a bad act if it evidently suffers remorse already, because of it.*

Let me repeat—if a child has done a generous, self-denying act, let not the parent turn the child's attention from contemplating the sweet approval of conscience in its own breast, for the fondling, flattering words of any human. Let him avoid this as he would avoid teaching his child to look without, to the eye of man, rather than within, to the eye of God. Some persons are wisely fearful that a child, if too much noticed on account of its beauty, will be made vain, but seem unconscious that too much notice on account of well-doing will have precisely the same effect upon him.

When a little one, through weakness of judgment, or of correct impulse, is not sure his act is good when it really is so, then the approval of a parent should be expressed in order to steady his young steps; but all the while the praise must be so bestowed that it will be what it should be, simply a friendly encourager of all that is good and blessed in the child, and not a direct attempt to make him forget he has a conscience, to destroy his self-reliance, his individuality, and his best happiness—and to make authority of more weight with him than principle!

* I have noticed people generally indulge in censure, not so much to benefit the wrong-doer, as to vent a little personal irritation, which the thing censured excites.

Health Department.

OVER-EATING.

The great President Edwards acknowledged that almost every day of his life he had a battle and a defeat—the determination before going to his dinner that he would not eat beyond measure, and the confession after, that he had exceeded the limits of temperance and moderation. A venerated name, Amos Lawrence, was a greater coward, but a wiser man; for the latter years of his life he did not dare to go to the table, but had sent to his private room only as much as was proper for him. Many a man might add a score of years to his lifetime, by rigidly pursuing such a practice while at home.

Few persons, perhaps, "over-eat" deliberately; it is generally done in haste, in inattention, miscalculation or inadvertence; but the consequences are the same, that is, an unmixed harm to the whole organization; the injury manifests itself in a great number of ways, according however to various laws, these effects lasting from one to a dozen hours, in every variety of intensity, from simple discomfort to actual torture. At first, there is a general irritability or fretfulness for a short time after meals, eventually extending from one meal to another, until the whole existence is a growl or a groan, according to the active or passive nature of the culprit victim,

who has not only blotted out his own life for all humane or noble purposes, but casts a blur and a blight over the existence of all those whose unhappy lot it has been to be placed under the same roof and to be seated at the same table. There are two ways of preventing and of curing these deplorable conditions, the manly and the mean; the manly, by going to the table twice a day, and nobly curbing the beastly appetite, saying: "I will eat this and so much, and no more by a single atom!" The mean or ignoble, by having "this and so much, and not an atom more" sent to a private table; the "this and so much," the quality and quantity, having been determined by the observed instincts and needs of the system; each man being a rule for himself, under the guidance of a wise physician, or of an unerring and competent judgment of his own. The failure of the cure of dyspepsia, in countless instances, has arisen from two causes. First, relying too much on medicine. Second, making another the rule for himself; when no two persons ever were alike in all conditions, therefore the same result could never take place in any two cases. In the successful treatment of dyspeptic disease, each man must be a rule to himself, adapting everything to his individual needs, tastes, instincts, inclinations, temperament, station and habit of life. These suggestions are made to all who have force of charac-

ter; to such their adoption in appropriate cases would be productive of the most happy results.

(The above excellent suggestions are from Hall's Journal of Health. So are the following:)

APPLES.

There is scarcely an article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally loved than the apple. Why every farmer in the nation has not an apple-orchard where the trees will grow at all, is one of the mysteries. Let every family lay in from two to ten or more barrels, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinaries. A raw mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half; while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthful desert which can be placed on the table, is a baked apple. If taken freely at breakfast with coarse bread and butter, without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions, more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute the apple, sound, ripe, and luscious, for the pies, cakes, candies, and other sweetmeats with which their children are too often indiscreetly stuffed, there would be a diminution in the sum total of doctors' bills in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for a whole season's use.

Hints for Housekeepers.

TO MAKE QUEEN CAKES.—Take a pound of sugar and beat and sift it, a pound of well-dried flour, a pound of butter, eight eggs, and half a pound of currants, washed and picked; grate a nutmeg, and the same quantity of mace and cinnamon; work your butter to a cream, and put in your sugar; beat the whites of your eggs nearly half an hour, and mix them with your sugar and butter; then beat the yolks nearly half an hour, and put them to your butter. Beat the whole well together, and when it is ready for the oven, put in your flour, spices, and currants. Sift a little sugar over them, and bake them in tins not more than thirty minutes.

Or—Take half a pound of fresh butter, beat it to a cream; half a pound of eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately; half a pound of brown sugar; half a pound of flour; and one pound of currants, well washed. Mix all, and bake in well buttered small tin pans, in a hot oven. Some citron is a great improvement—about two ounces. This is a tried recipe.

KEEPING FRUIT.—Winter fruits for home consumption should be carefully assorted, keeping the best, the poorest, the sound, the bruised and the earlier and later ripening varieties all separate; when sound and bruised, early and late, are all thrown together promiscuously, they cannot fail to decay speedily, and to lose their flavor; for two or three decaying apples in a heap or barrel, will taint the flavor of all, and hasten the decay of those around them. This arrangement into grades and classes is, therefore, absolutely necessary, even for the fruits needed for family use; and when they are so arranged, the sound, long-keepers, are put into clean, new barrels, carefully by hand, and the barrels headed up tightly, and placed in a cool, dry cellar, or fruit room. The bruised ones can be lain in a place by themselves, for immediate use. Every barrel, when packed, should be marked.

Winter pears, as a general thing, require to be brought into a warm temperature one or two weeks, before they are wanted for table use. All the bak-

ing and stewing, and even many of the table varieties, may be treated exactly like apples.

IRISH STEW.—Take about two pounds of scrag or neck of mutton; divide it into ten pieces, lay them in the pan; cut eight large potatoes and four onions in slices, season with one tea-spoonful and a half of pepper, and three of salt; cover all with water; put it into a slow oven for two hours, then stir it all up well, and dish up in deep dishes. If you add a little more water at the commencement, you can take out, when half done, a nice cup of broth.

ORANGE PUDDING.—Take half a pound of butter, six eggs, a pint of good sweet milk, or, better still, of sweet cream, one pound of grated sugar and a fresh orange. Rub the butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs well beaten, and the juice and pulp of

the orange; stir the whole well for ten minutes and bake.

MOLASSES CAKE.—Cut up a quarter of a pound of fresh butter into a pint of West India molasses. Warm it just sufficiently to soften the butter, and make it mix easily. Stir it well into the molasses, and a table-spoonful of powdered cinnamon. Beat three eggs very light, and stir them, gradually, into the mixture, in turn with barely enough of sifted flour (not more than a pint and a half) to make it about as thick as pound-cake batter. Add, at the last, a small or level tea-spoonful of pearlash, or a full one of soda, dissolved in a very little warm water. Butter some small tin cake-pans, or patty-pans, put in the mixture, and set them immediately into the oven, which must not be too hot, as all cakes made with molasses are peculiarly liable to scorch on the outside.

Toilette and Work Table.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

BY GENIO C. SCOTT, OF NEW YORK.

The colored plate illustrates the latest style of marriage dress, and an appropriate costume for the mother of a bride.—The mother is in the act of speaking to her daughter for the last time, before the performance of the marriage ceremony.

Dress of the bride.—Organdy robe with six flounces, hemmed, and with *point à four* covering each flounce, and Valenciennes edging them.—Tunic garnished with a flounce, and edged with a deep fall of Valenciennes. The hem of the flounce is two inches deep.—High *corsage*, trimmed with two flounces, forming a square to the shoulders, like a *bertha* of a *décolleté* dress.—Sleeves formed by the first sleeve being traversed with flounces, over which is a second and independent sleeve trimmed like the tunic.—Waist ribbon of white *taffetas*.—Veil of *tulle illusion*.—Half garlands of orange flowers garnish the *coiffure* and the sides of the head over the veil, while a bouquet of the same flowers and foliage is placed on the left breast. Collar and under-sleeves of lace.—White gloves, and white satin shoes.—White pearl, or white lace buttons, trim the front edge of the body.—Pearl is the appropriate jewelry, if any is worn; but it is the highest fashion to dispense with it entirely.

Dress of the mother.—Robe of blue *taffetas*.—Skirt trimmed with eight flounces, edged with ribbon of a darker shade of blue.—Flounces separated at each side by two bands, which extend to the waist, and edged with a *ruche* on each side, while in the middle the bands are enlivened by knots of rib-

bon.—Sleeves large, and disposed like the skirt.—Body high and plain, with ribbon trimming the front, in plain cross-bars.—Waist square and ceinture without flowing ends.—Collar and under-sleeves of embroidered muslin.—Straw-colored gloves.—White silk, or cactus splint bonnet, trimmed on the summit with a large tuft of *marguerites*.—Curtain covered with black lace.—Aureole of *marguerites*, and cheeks of blonde.—White *brides*, or strings of white ribbon edged with blue.

CAPS.

Fig. 1.—The caul and curtain of this cap may be made in one piece by cutting a circle of muslin, and confining it round the head by a band of ribbon, the fullness being drawn at the sides and back. The circle of muslin is edged all round by a double row of Valenciennes lace, which forms the front trimming of the cap. The side trimming may be formed of net or tulle, edged with Valenciennes, and disposed in the manner shown in the illustration. The strings and bow at the back are of lilac sarsnet ribbon.

Fig. 2.—The material of which this cap is made is plain clear mull muslin. Across the crown there is a broad band of needle-work insertion, with a fold at each side. The curtain, which is deep and full, is edged with a row of Valenciennes. A double frill of muslin, edged with Valenciennes, set on in very full quilling, forms the border of the cap; and above the border there is a band of light-green ribbon. In front, at the back, and at each side, there are bows of the same ribbon. The strings are broad strips of muslin, hemmed at each side.

New Publications.

MISS GILBERT'S CAREER: An American Story. By J. G. Holland, author of "The Bay Path," "Bitter Sweet," "The Titcomb Letters," &c. New York: *Charles Scribner*.

A story of American life, earnestly and skillfully written, dealing with both probabilities and possibilities; the work of a man possessing a healthy tone of mind, rare powers of observation, and talents of a high order. "Miss Gilbert's Career" is a book with an aim beyond a mere sensation, and it will live and do its work when nine out of ten of the sensation novels of the day are shelved and forgotten. We wish, for the sake of the fiction readers of our country, we had more writers like Dr. Holland. Intense interest in a character may be sustained as well in the development of great moral truths, as in the exhibition of bald human monstrosities, whose only claim to notice resides in their power to do evil. We hope to hear from the author of "Bitter Sweet" very often. He seems to have entered with earnestness on the work of authorship.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVERIE; OR, THE ELIXIR OF GOLD. A Romance. By a Southern Lady. In two vols. New York: *Derby & Jackson*.

There seems to be but one expression, touching the ability shown in this work. The fair author has gifts of a high order. Her story, from beginning to end, fascinates most readers. Few can take up the volumes, without becoming so deeply absorbed, that common things lose their interest, until the whole of the dark and terrible narrative is completed. But, the improbabilities offered for the reader's acceptance, and the cruel consummations involved, leave the mind exhausted—not strengthened—and wonder at the remarkable performance is the dominant impression. Turned to high moral purposes, what great things for humanity might not the possession of such brilliant talents achieve. In the production of a story like "The Household of Bouverie," we cannot but feel that the author has put noble endowments to a questionable use.

OVER THE CLIFFS. By Charlotte Chanter. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

Another story, in which incarnations of evil are introduced for the reader's contemplation. Of late, books of this class seem to abound. The author who is said to be a sister of Rev. Charles Kingsley, writes with considerable power; but her book is not to our taste.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES. By Samuel Smiles, author of "Self Help," and "Life of George Stephenson." With Steel Portraits. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

The two previous volumes by Mr. Smiles, so admirable in conception and execution, give a ready passport to public confidence to any new literary ventures he may have to make. The present volume contains notices of about thirty-five individuals, well known in England and America, written with a fine discrimination, and in an easy, readable style. Among these are James Watt, Dr. Arnold, Hugh Miller, George Barrow, Benjamin D'Israeli, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Thomas Carlyle, Jno. Sterling, Dr. Kitts, Edgar A. Poe, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Margaret Fuller, Mrs. Chisholm, and others, who have distinguished themselves in literature, or become eminent for useful service to society.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By Edward Everett. New York: *Sheldon & Company*.

This condensed and classically written biography of Washington was prepared for the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The proprietors of that magnificent work requested the late Mr. Macaulay to furnish an article on "Washington" for the new edition of that work, now in course of publication. His manifold engagements prevented him from acceding to the request, and he suggested that an American author should be entrusted with the duty of compiling the memoir, hinting at Mr. Everett as the proper person. Accordingly, the Messrs. Black applied to Mr. Everett, and the result has been the small, but thoroughly digested volume now published in this country by Messrs. Sheldon & Co.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON. By A. C. Kendrick, Professor of Greek Literature in the University of Rochester. New York: *Sheldon & Company*.

As "Fanny Forrester," Miss Chubbuck, afterwards Mrs. Judson, was known to the reading public in only a brief, but bright career; and the public, when they lost so pure a star from the literary horizon, noted the fact in complaint and regret. In this volume we have her life and letters, and they possess much of value and interest. In her letters we see the woman herself; and in the closer view thus afforded our respect and admiration rise. Her early life was one of severe discipline, in poverty, toil, and trial, but in these the fibres of her spirit gained strength and tension for sterner duty in after years.

THE PERCY FAMILY. Number Three. Paris to Amsterdam. By Daniel C. Eddy. Boston: *Andrew Graves*.

This is the third volume of the Percy Family's travels abroad, and the young people will find in it much pleasant description, and valuable information about Paris, Amsterdam, and the places intermediate. It is enriched with many engravings.

BUCKLAND'S CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY. New York: *Budd & Carleton*.

The first series of "Curiosities" was original, amusing, and instructive; and this second volume surpasses the first in interest, if that were possible. We recommend it to young and old, as a good, useful, and highly entertaining book. The quiet humor often displayed is inimitable.

COUSEIN HARRY. By Mrs. Gray. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Brothers*.

Another charming story from Mrs. Gray, who, if not the most brilliant of English novelists, is always agreeable, natural, and interesting.

"MY NOVEL," OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE. By Pisistratus Caxton. Library Edition. Two volumes. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

"My Novel" makes two handsome volumes, of nearly six hundred pages each, in Harper's "Library Edition of Bulwer's Novels." Hot pressed paper, clear type of fair size, and good binding, give to this edition a leading attraction for the public.

A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES ON THE VARIOUS FORCES OF MATTER, AND THEIR RELATIONS TO EACH OTHER. By Michael Faraday. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

These six lectures were originally delivered by Professor Faraday before a juvenile auditory at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, during the Christmas Holidays of 1859-60, and are therefore particularly adapted to the comprehension of young persons. The book is freely illustrated. The first lecture is on "The Force of Gravitation;" the second on "Gravity and Cohesion;" the third on "Cohesion and Chemical Affinity;" the fourth on "Chemical Affinity and Heat;" the fifth on "Magnetism and Electricity;" the sixth on "The Correlation of Physical Forces."

ODD PEOPLE. Being a Popular Description of Singular Races of Man. By Captain Mayne Reid. Boston: *Ticknor & Fields*.

In this new volume, Captain Reid gives us accounts of The Bushmen, "those little yellow savages of South Africa;" of the Esquimaux; The Water Dwellers of Maracaibo; The Turcomans; The Tongans, or Friendly Islanders; the Ottomachs, or Dirt Eaters; the Patagonian Giants; the Fuegian Dwarfs, &c., &c. Many illustrations are given in the volume, thus adding to its attractions.

We have an edition of the same book from the press of the Messrs. Harper, New York.

Editors' Department.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

The author of that excellent volume, "Elements of Character," is furnishing a series of papers to the New Jerusalem Messenger, published in New York, entitled, "Thoughts in my Garden." We make from one of these a brief extract, which will bring the subject of success and failure in the common affairs of life before the mind in a light well worth considering. But few of us look into ourselves for the causes of failure. If things turn out adversely, we say it is providential, and try to be resigned at the "dispensation," when the real causes of failure are in ourselves.

"When we fail in our endeavors we should be careful to ascertain if some neglect of our own is not the cause of what we suffer. In our unwillingness to criminate ourselves we may call that a dispensation of Providence which is the direct result of our own misconduct; and unless we acknowledge this honestly, we shall be liable to a life of disappointment. It is generally quite easy for us to understand why our neighbor does not succeed in his undertakings; and if we would but silence the pratings of self-love, we might as easily comprehend our own failures.

"If we procure roots and seeds, and place them in our gardens without knowing anything of the habits of the plants that are to come from them, we must look forward to probable failure in their growth; yet it is no uncommon thing to see men and women, in the daily walks of life, setting causes at work with just as little regard to consequences; as it were, sowing seeds at random, and then complaining that things do not come up right—sowing dog-wood and ivy, and wondering that they will come up poisonous; scattering the seeds of all manner of ill-named plants, and then complaining that their ground is full of weeds.

"Ignorance is one reason for all this, but it is not an excuse; because we have no right to work ignorantly. Want of thought is another reason; but neither have we a right to be thoughtless.

"An unsuccessful life sometimes appears to be the result of mental incompetency; but if we look a little closer we are pretty sure to find that this incompetency is moral, and that a better morality would have obviated it. Pride, vanity, self-indulgence, ignorance, thoughtlessness, and indolence, are the immoralities that are perpetually bringing failure to the endeavors of those who are their slaves, and it is seldom we can find failure apart from one or another of them."

The writer continues, with such convincing point,

to press her subject on the reader's attention, that we are constrained to give another extract from her admirable paper:

"It is not often that failure in endeavors after worldly success comes to us, if we can answer all questions involving our own fault in the negative. In fact, failure in social life, with no moral cause by which it may be accounted for, is as rare as failure in gardening, with no apparent physical cause. If we choose a situation in a good soil, and plant and cultivate with such knowledge as we may readily attain if we will, we can hardly fail to have a fine garden; and even a poor soil may, with patience and skillful industry, be made to produce some kinds of plants and fruits quite worth the pains. So in all positions of life, if we will but work with determined industry, and spend with conscientious economy, it must be some extraordinary cause that prevents our success; and if we fail for awhile, we are almost sure to succeed at last.

"In speaking of spending with conscientious economy, I do not wish to be understood as meaning spending money alone. Strength both of mind and body, eye-sight, and every power and means of effort and of use that we possess, we may squander uselessly, or in vain and impatient endeavors after too speedy a success. Health and strength of body and of mind are the two choicest gifts we can inherit, and if we waste them we are more foolish and more reprehensible than they who throw away external wealth; because that may be regained, while impaired faculties can never be restored to their original vigor. Moreover, the waste of any power or means, even though it be recovered, involves a waste of time that can never be recovered. Time lost is lost forever, and the greatness of the loss is something we cannot measure. The gifts of God are many and various, and happy are we if we use them, whatever they may be, remembering that they are His gifts; and that whether we have one talent or ten intrusted to our keeping, we are alike responsible to Him, each in our proportion, for the manner in which we employ them."

CLOSING WORDS.

We complete our editorial labors for 1860 with this number, and now turning from the past and finished work, our thought is away into the coming year, busy with plans for increasing the interest and usefulness of our Magazine. Its defects none know so well as we—perhaps its short-comings are more distinctly seen by us than its excellencies. Our ideal of what a Home Magazine should be has never yet been reached; but by steady annual improvements we trust to make, with each yearly duplication of volumes, steady advances toward what we aim to achieve. Warm, earnest words of congratulation and encouragement have come to us from hundreds of outspoken friends—friends in heart, though in person strangers—during the past year, and we have testimony from all sides that our Magazine is doing the work for which it is designed. Thus encouraged, we shall enter upon the coming year with a new vigor, and give to our work, we trust, a degree of excellence beyond anything yet attained. As a reading magazine, we shall make it among the first of its class.

"THE PERILS OF OUR FOREFATHERS."

We have received from the publisher, Mr. Jno. C. McRae, of New York, a handsome engraving with this title, from a painting by F. A. Chapman. It illustrates a thrilling scene in the early history of our country. In the year 1675, while the people of Hadley were engaged in worship, Indians burst in upon the village. "Panic and confusion were at their height, when, suddenly, there appeared a man of very venerable aspect, who rallied the terrified inhabitants, formed them into military order, led the attack, routed the Indians, saved the village, and then disappeared as marvelously as he had come upon the scene." This was Goffe, the regicide, who, after the Restoration, was concealed for many years in the New England colonies."

The engraving is executed in a finished style. The composition is highly spirited.

THE WAR OF THE DICTIONARIES.

This war has assumed a new aspect. In view of the criticisms to the disparagement of *Webster*, the publishers of that work have instituted a comparison, by actual count, between the number of words in *Worcester* and *Webster*, respectively. According to their showing, there are 140,056 words in *Webster*, and 132,406 in *Worcester*, being a difference of 7,650 in favor of the former. Not content with this, the number of *ems* of printed matter in both works have been measured with the following result: *Webster*, 14,747,352; *Worcester*, 13,273,532. Those who are partial to statistics will be edified by this information, the publication of which does not, as has been justly remarked, in the least affect the question of the comparative value of the two dictionaries.


FALSTAFF MUSTERING HIS RECRUITS.

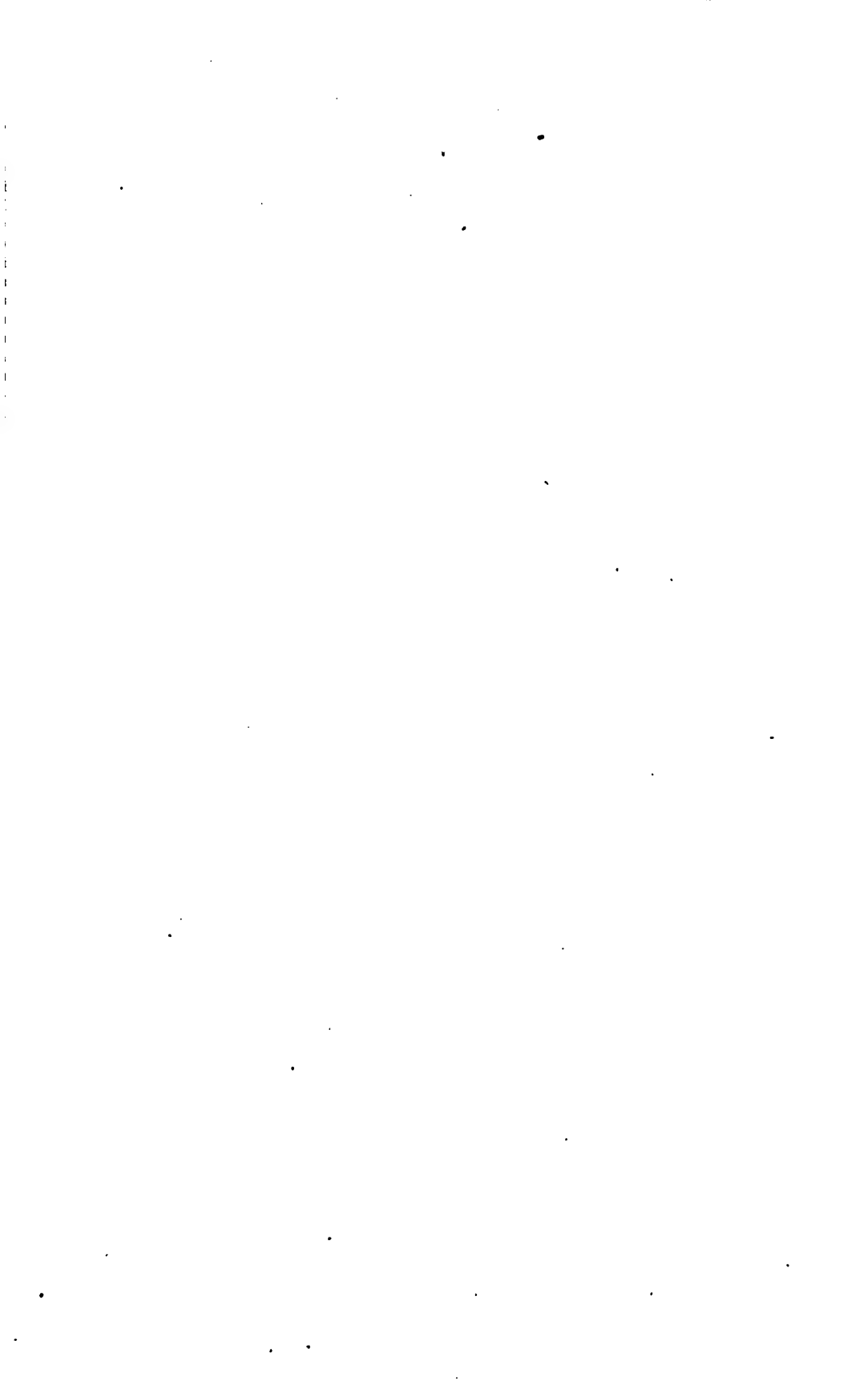
The engraving of the "Cosmopolitan Art Association," for this year, is a splendid picture. We give the title above. Its subject is from the celebrated painting by Schrodter, the great Dusseldorf painter, and is pronounced one of the best Falstaff delineations ever put upon canvas. This work has been beautifully reproduced by the well-known engraver, John Rogers, after nearly three years of labor. It is done in pure line—the faces being in stipple—upon a plate 25 by 30 inches in size. It is printed upon heavy plate paper, 30 by 37 inches, making it a companion piece to "Shakespeare and his Friends."

"NOTHING BUT MONEY."

This is the title of a new serial by T. S. Arthur, which will be commenced in the January number of the Home Magazine.

Miss BREWSTER, the author of that highly artistic story, "Compensation," is, we learn, engaged on a new volume.

 See prospectus for 1861. Our premiums are very choice engravings.





THE COUNTRY HOME.



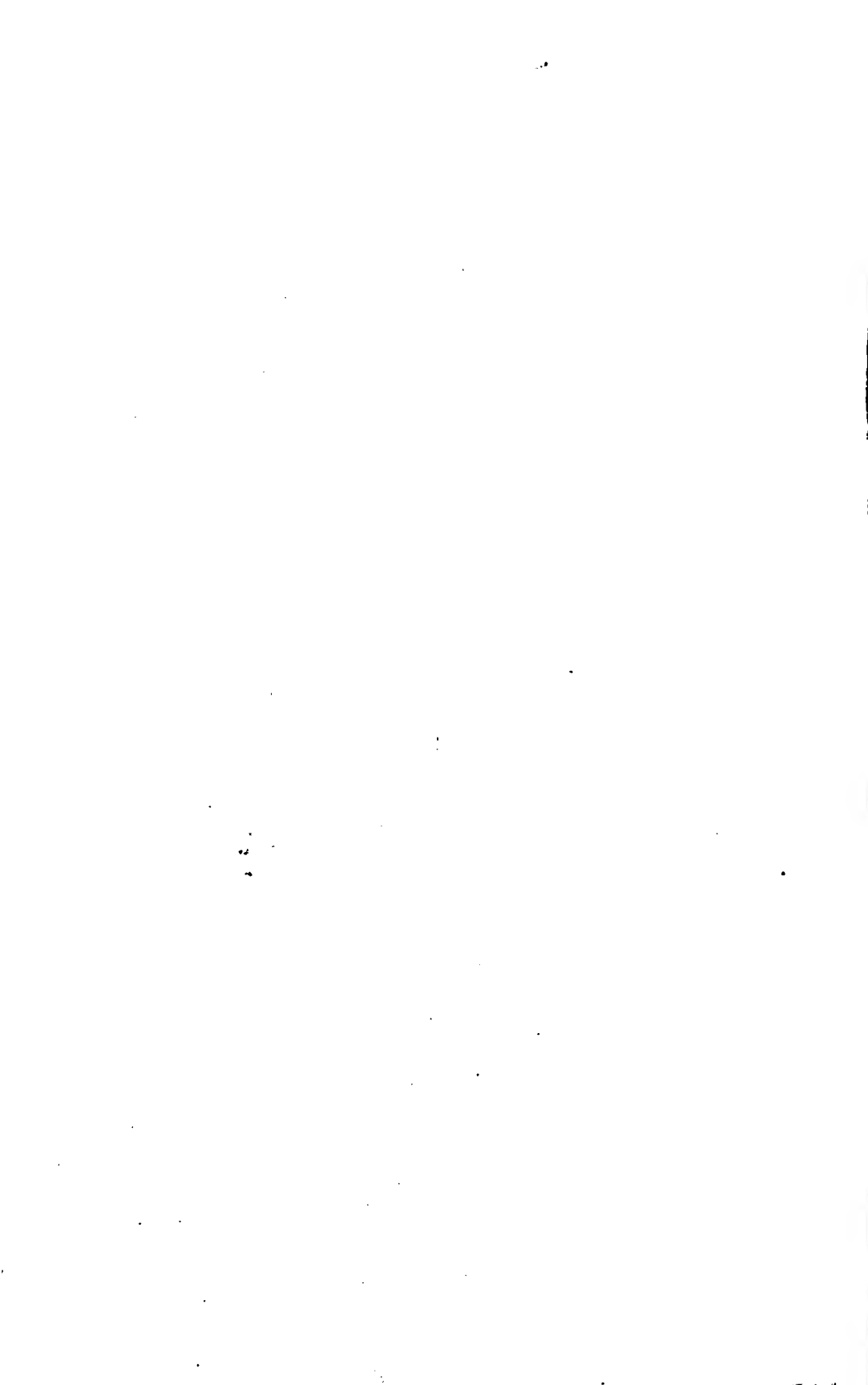
THE COTTAGE HOME.

THE COUNTY HOME.



Engl. by Depew & Sons N.Y.

THE COTTAGE DOG.







WILLIAM BENTLEY, DELINEATOR.

Original artwork for Atlantic Magazine



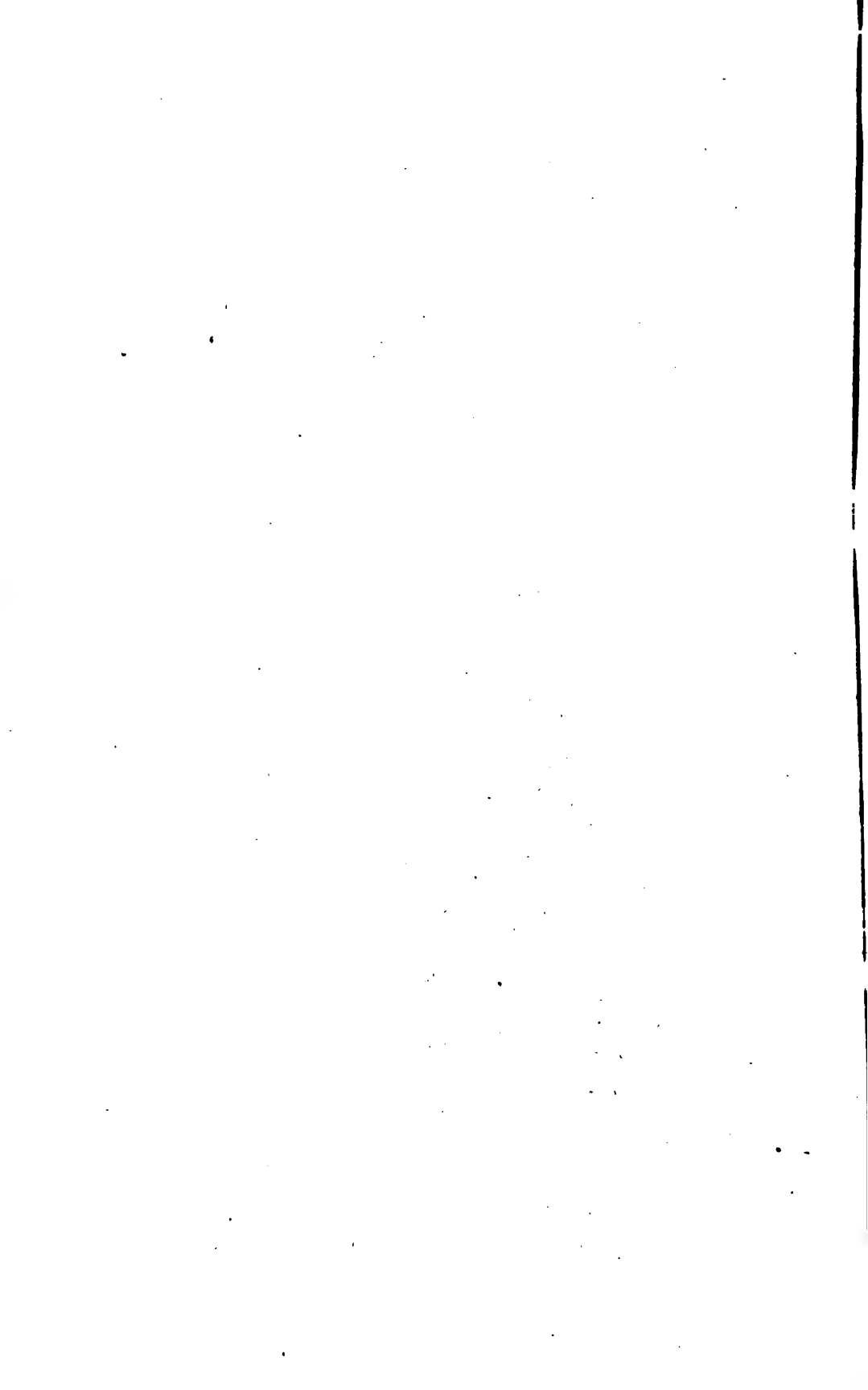
LES MODES PARISIENNES





J. A. S. 1875

LES MODES PARISIENNES

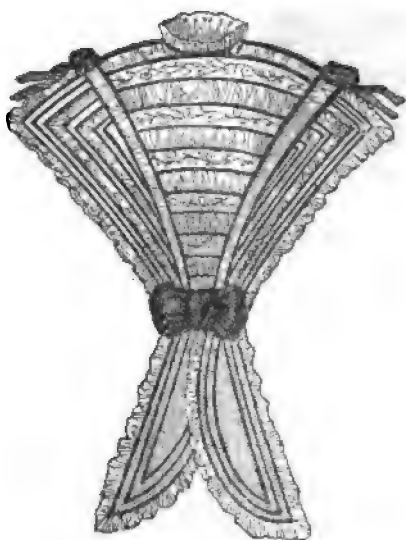




NAME FOR MARKING.



THE VIOLET MANTILLA.



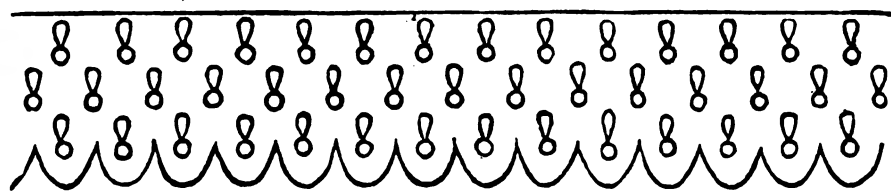
CAPE.



CANEZOU.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



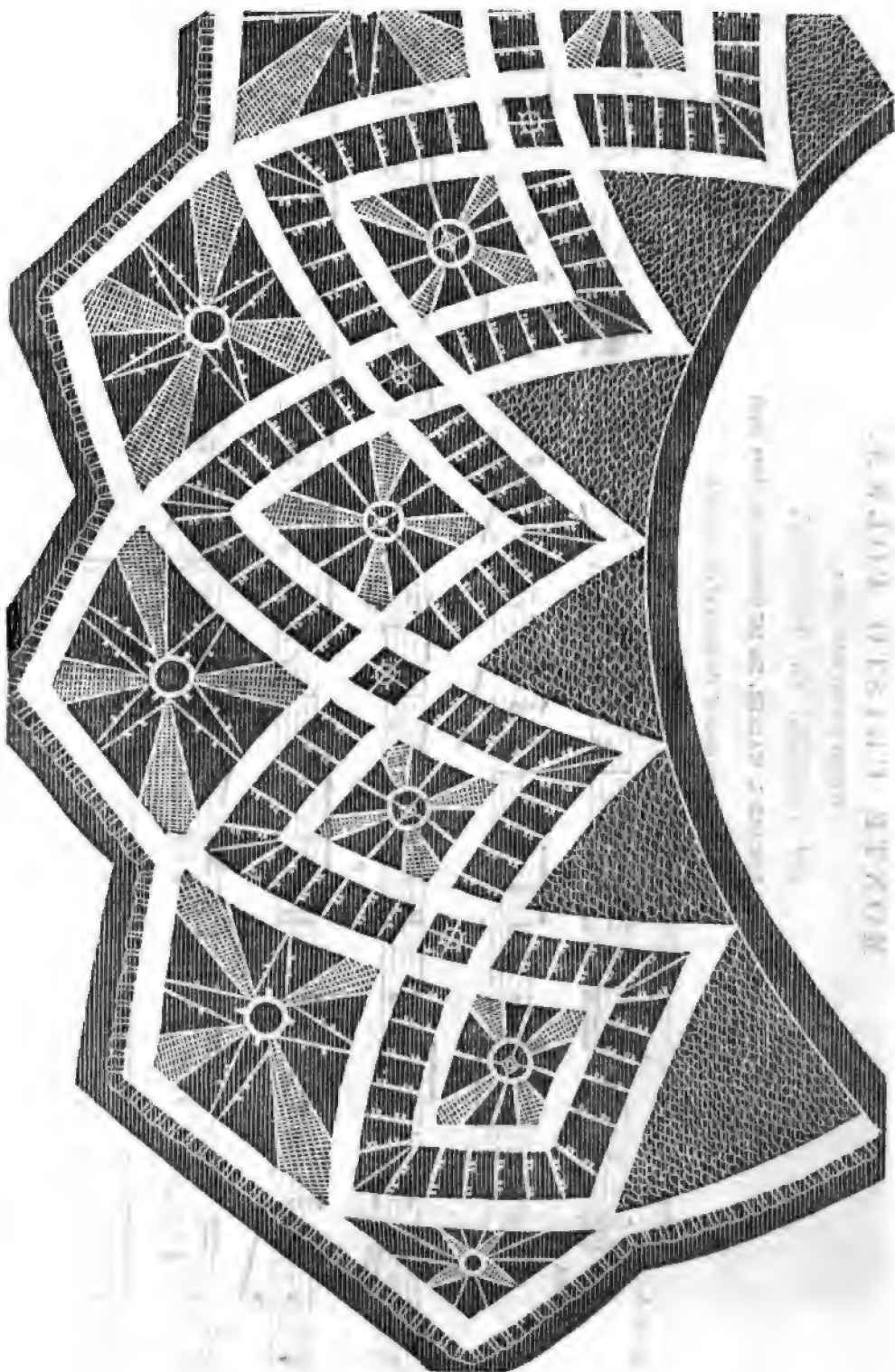
EDGING.



TURKISH SLIPPER IN GOLD AND SILKS.



FLOUNCE FOR BALL-DRESS.



VENITIAN POINT-LACE COLLAR.

MONTE CRISTO POLKA.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO FORTE

BY ALBERT C. EMERICK.

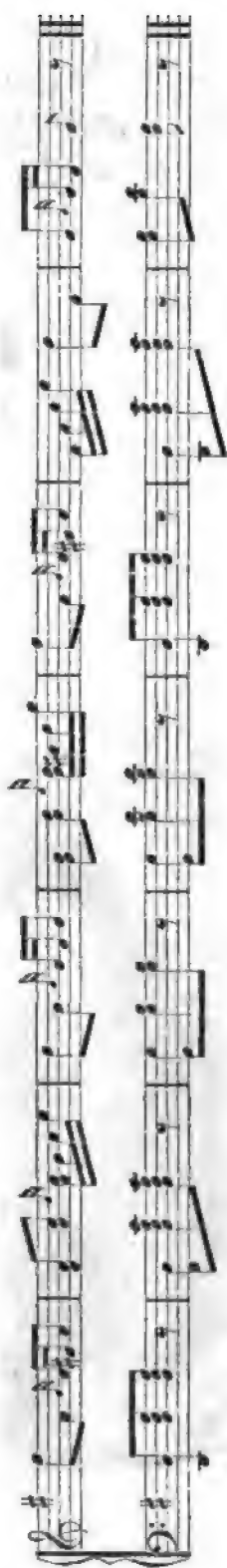
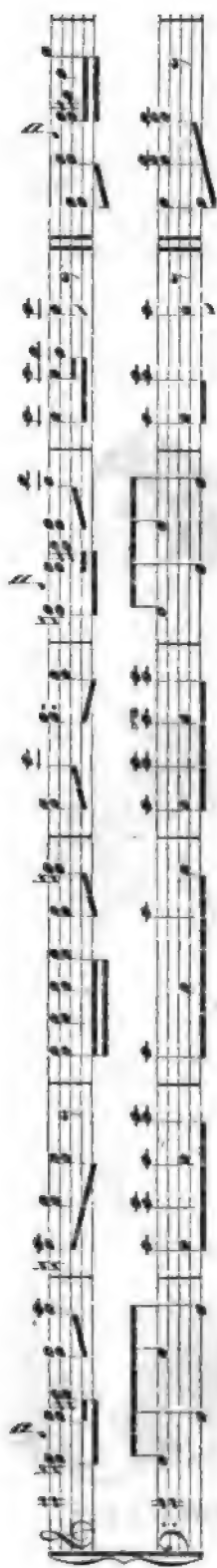
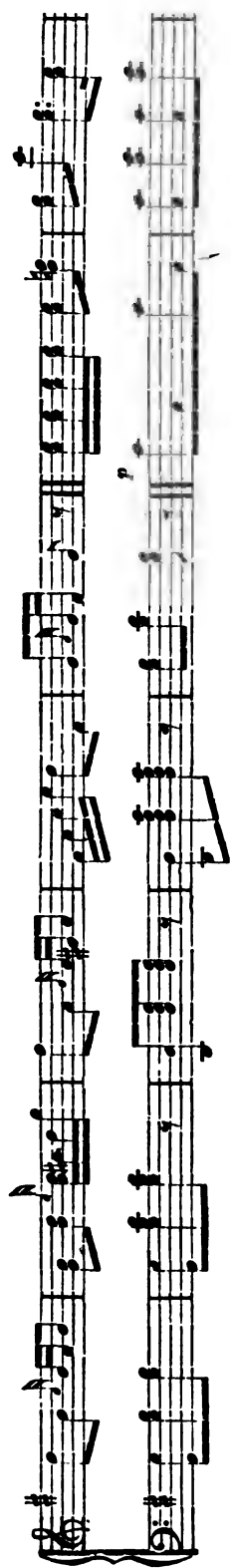
Philadelphia, EDWARD L. WALKER, No. 148 Chestnut St., above Sixth

Published by permission of the owner of the copyright.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1849, by ALBERT C. EMERICK, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Allegro Moderato.

PIANO.



Victoire

NAME FOR MARKING.



FASHIONS FOR MAY.





THE DESERTED WIFE.

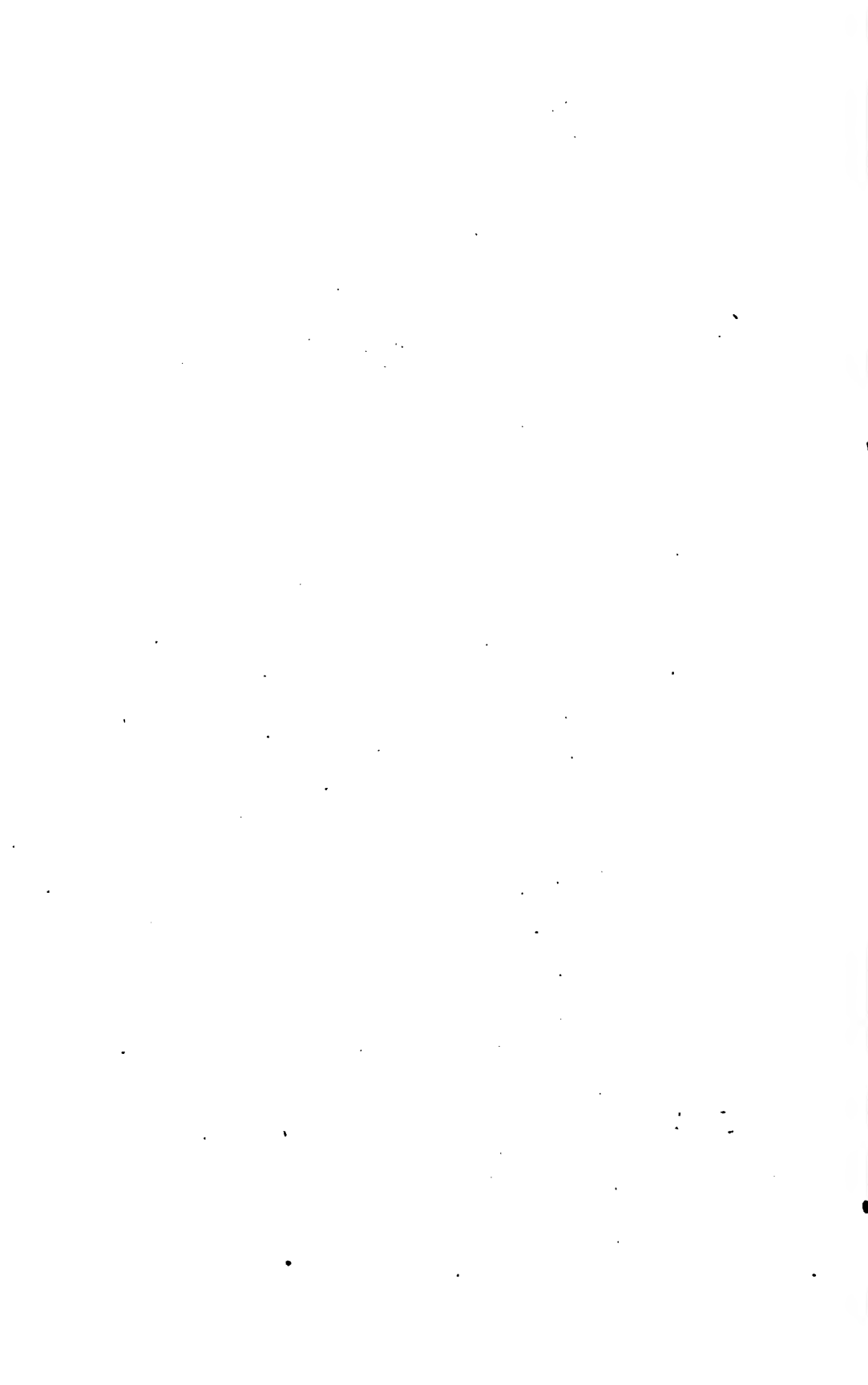
Painted by William M. Chase expressly for Peterson's Magazine.





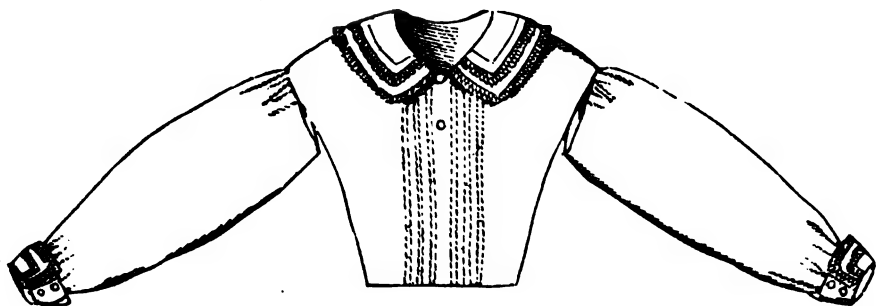
L. L. 1850

LES MODES PARISIENNES.





NAME FOR MARKING.



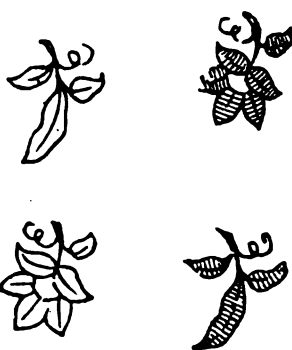
LADY'S HABIT SHIRT.



MANTILLA.



PURSE.



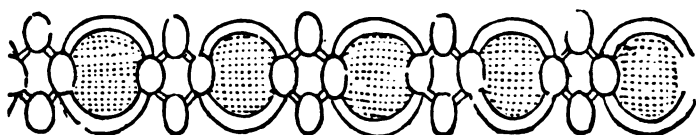
EMBROIDERY.



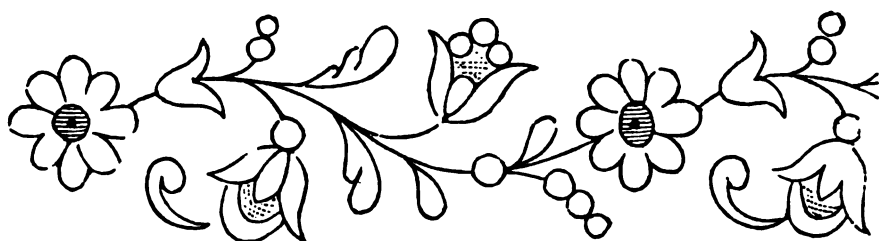
EMBROIDERY.



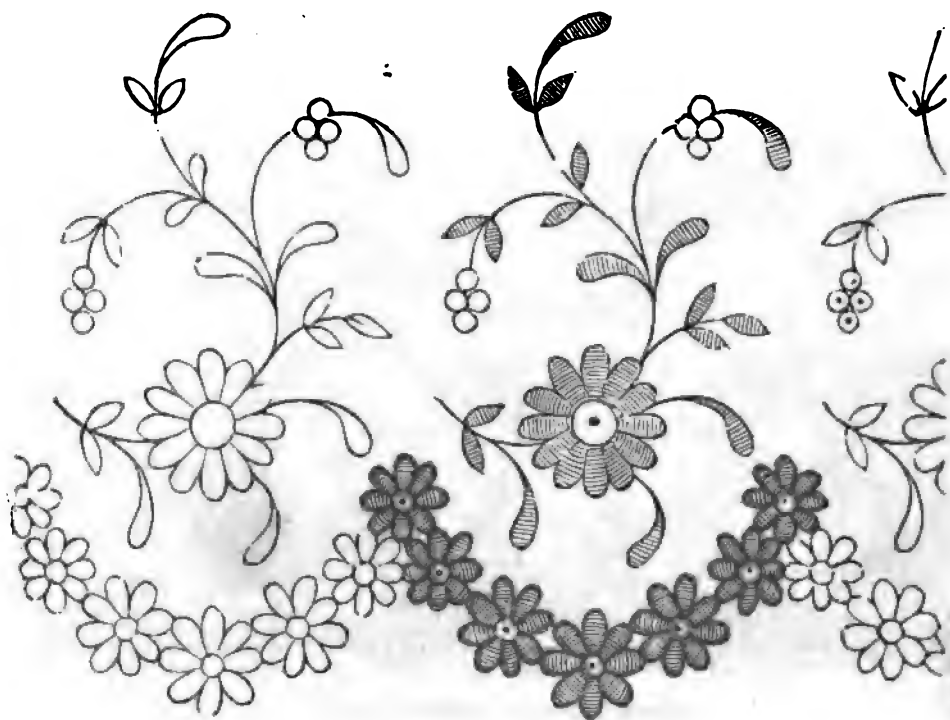
CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



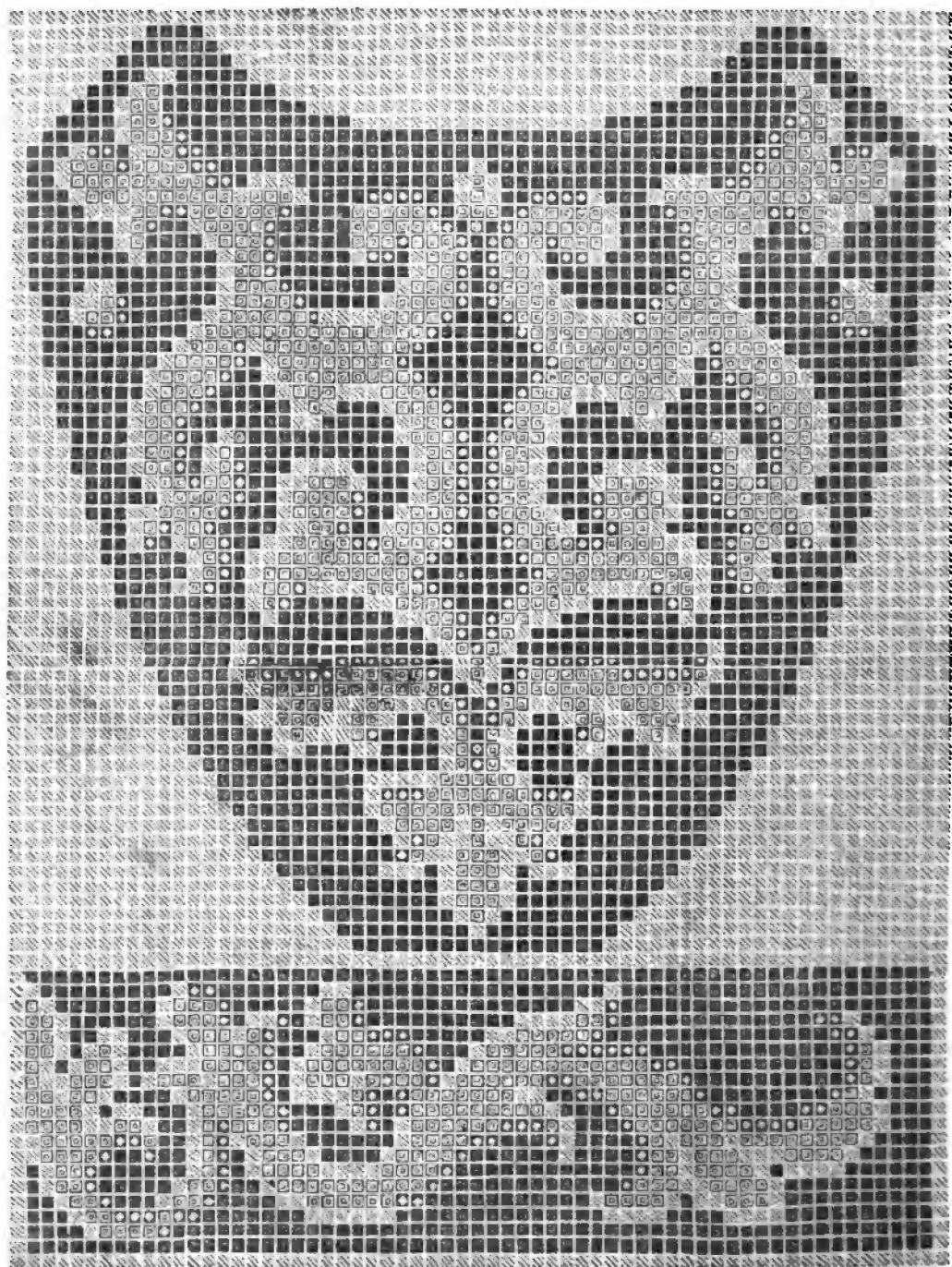
INSERTION.



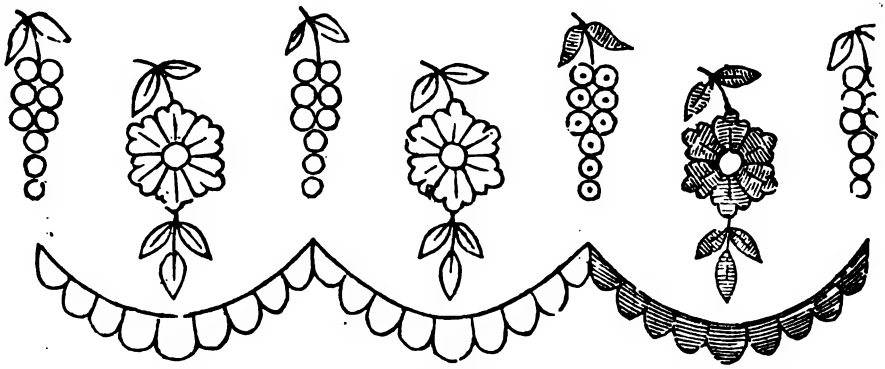
SILK EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



EMBROIDERY FOR BOTTOM OF SKIRT.



SLIPPER IN COLORED EMBROIDERY.



EDGING FOR SLEEVE.



LAMP MAT IN APPLICATION.

THE DANGERS.

AIR, "CASTABELLA."

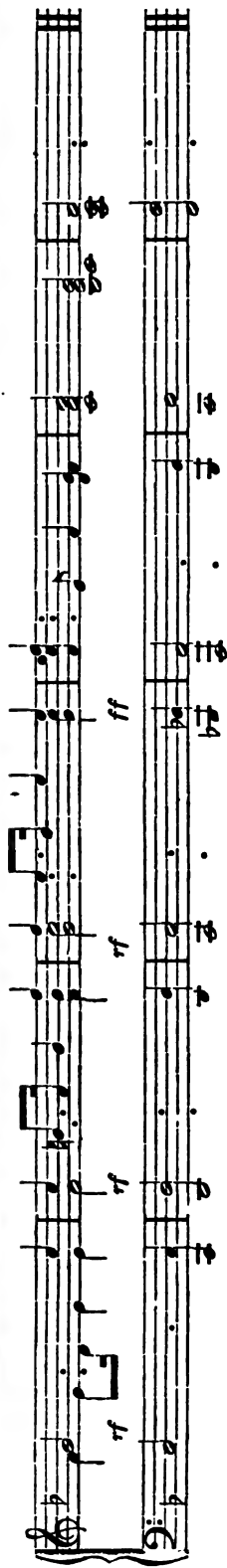
POETRY BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Symphonies and Accompaniment by Sir H. B. Bishop.

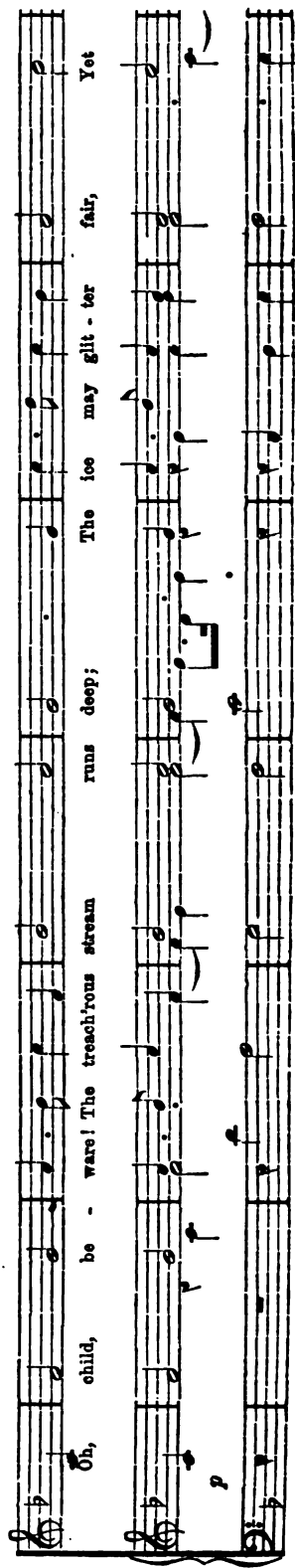
In moderate time.



Musical notation for the piano introduction, consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef) with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.



First system of musical notation, featuring a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The vocal line begins with the lyrics "Oh, child, be - ware! The treach'rous stream runs deep; The ice may melt - ter fair, Yet". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *ff* (fortissimo) and *ff* (fortissimo).



Second system of musical notation, continuing the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line includes the lyrics "Oh, child, be - ware! The treach'rous stream runs deep; The ice may melt - ter fair, Yet". The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano) and *ff* (fortissimo).

be too soft thy weight to bear. Stay, in - - fant, stay! nor tempt the dang' - rous leap; For win - ter frost, as

thou wilt find, Is of - ten false as sun - mer wind.

Old age! beware!
Why should thy heart grow cold?
Earth has no sight less fair
Than starveling Avarice and Care.
Stay, old man, stay! nor hoard thine idle gold:—
For he who worships wealth alone
Shall have his heart for burial-stone.

2.

Fond youth! beware!
The glory in thine eyes,
Or dream of love so fair,
May fade, and leave thee to despair.
Stay, young man, stay! be cautious and be wise;
For love and glory lure astray,
And scatter heart-sobes on the way.

3.

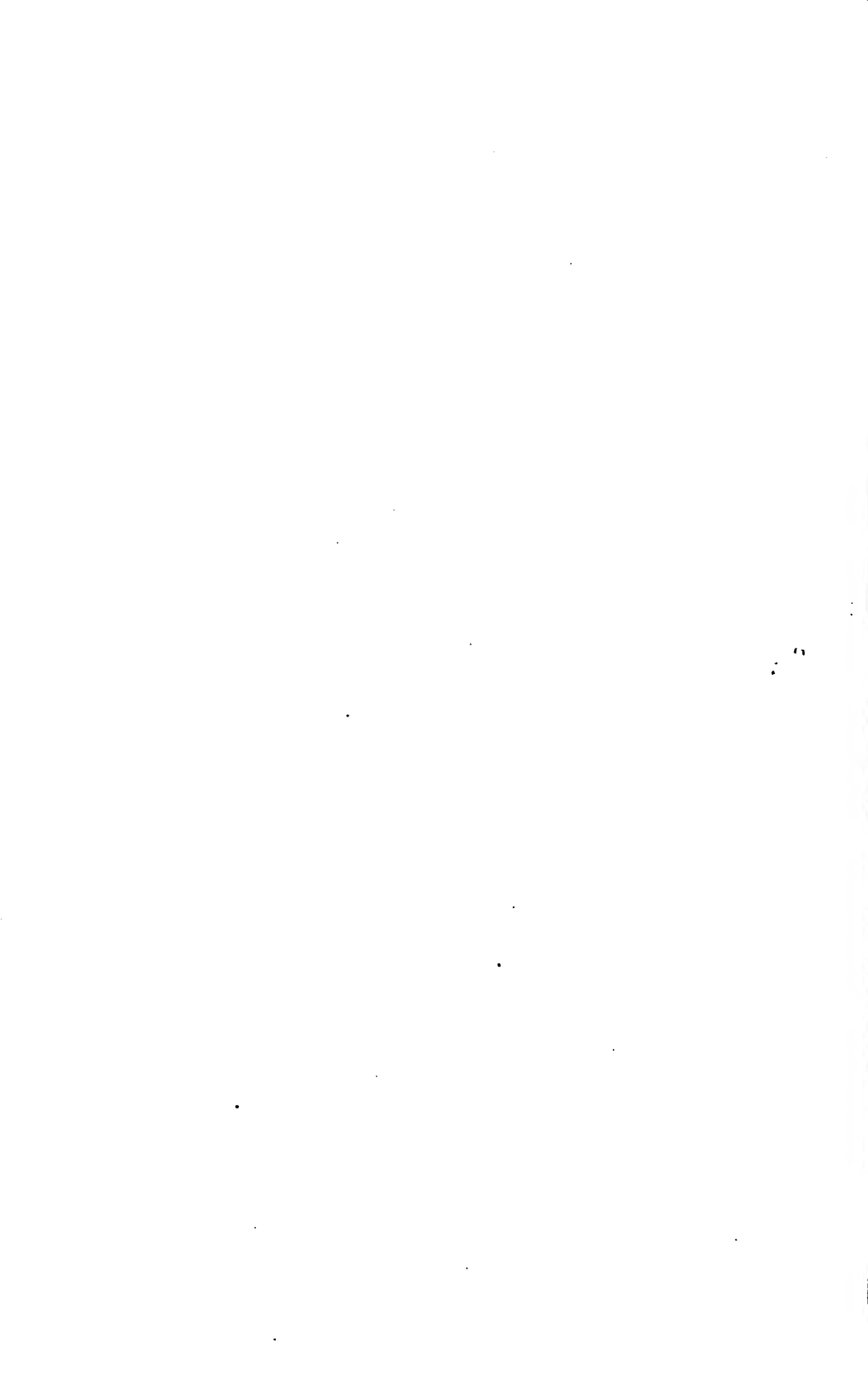
Old age! beware!
Why should thy heart grow cold?
Earth has no sight less fair
Than starveling Avarice and Care.
Stay, old man, stay! nor hoard thine idle gold:—
For he who worships wealth alone
Shall have his heart for burial-stone.



BOY'S DRESS, BACK.



BOY'S DRESS, FRONT.







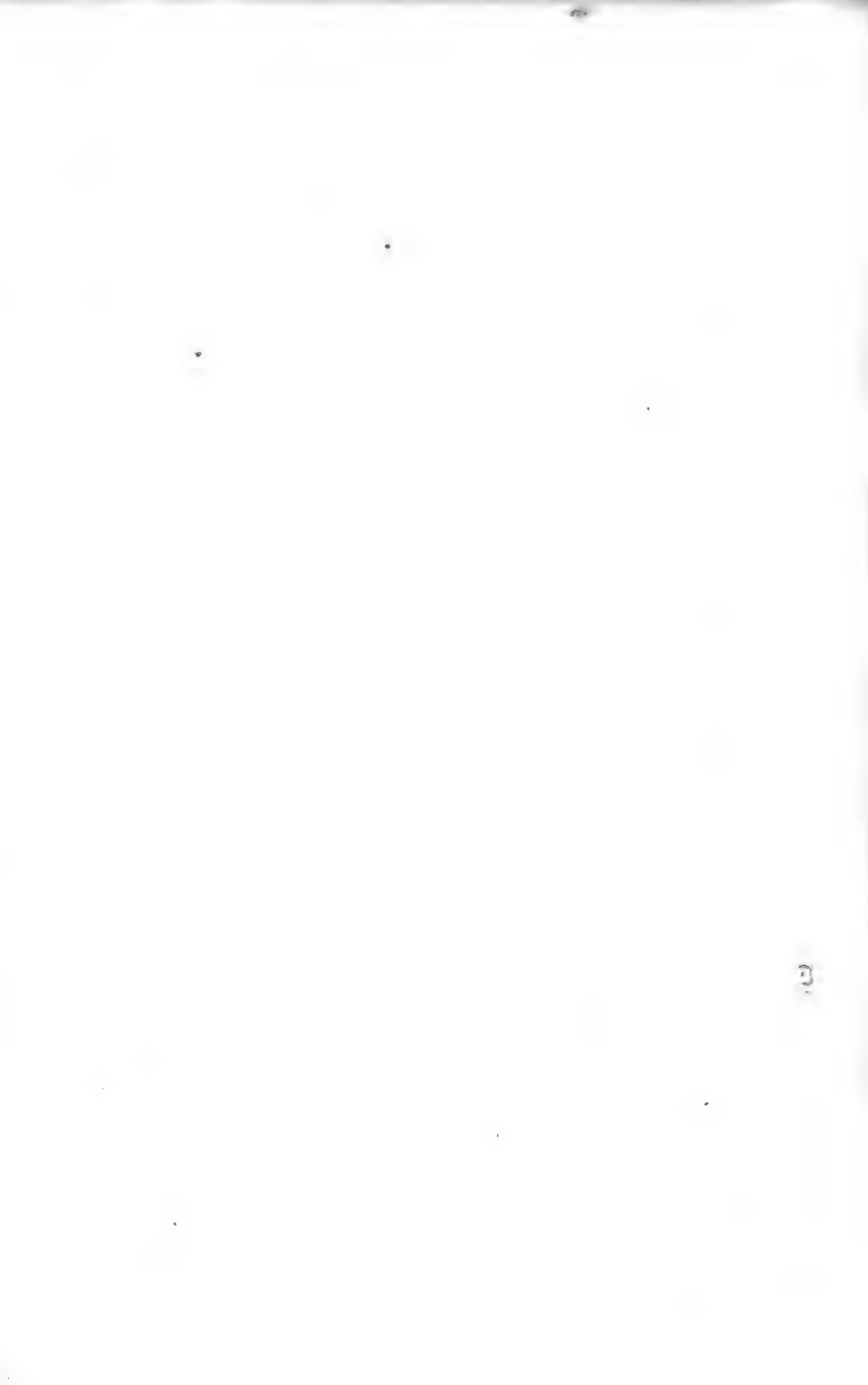








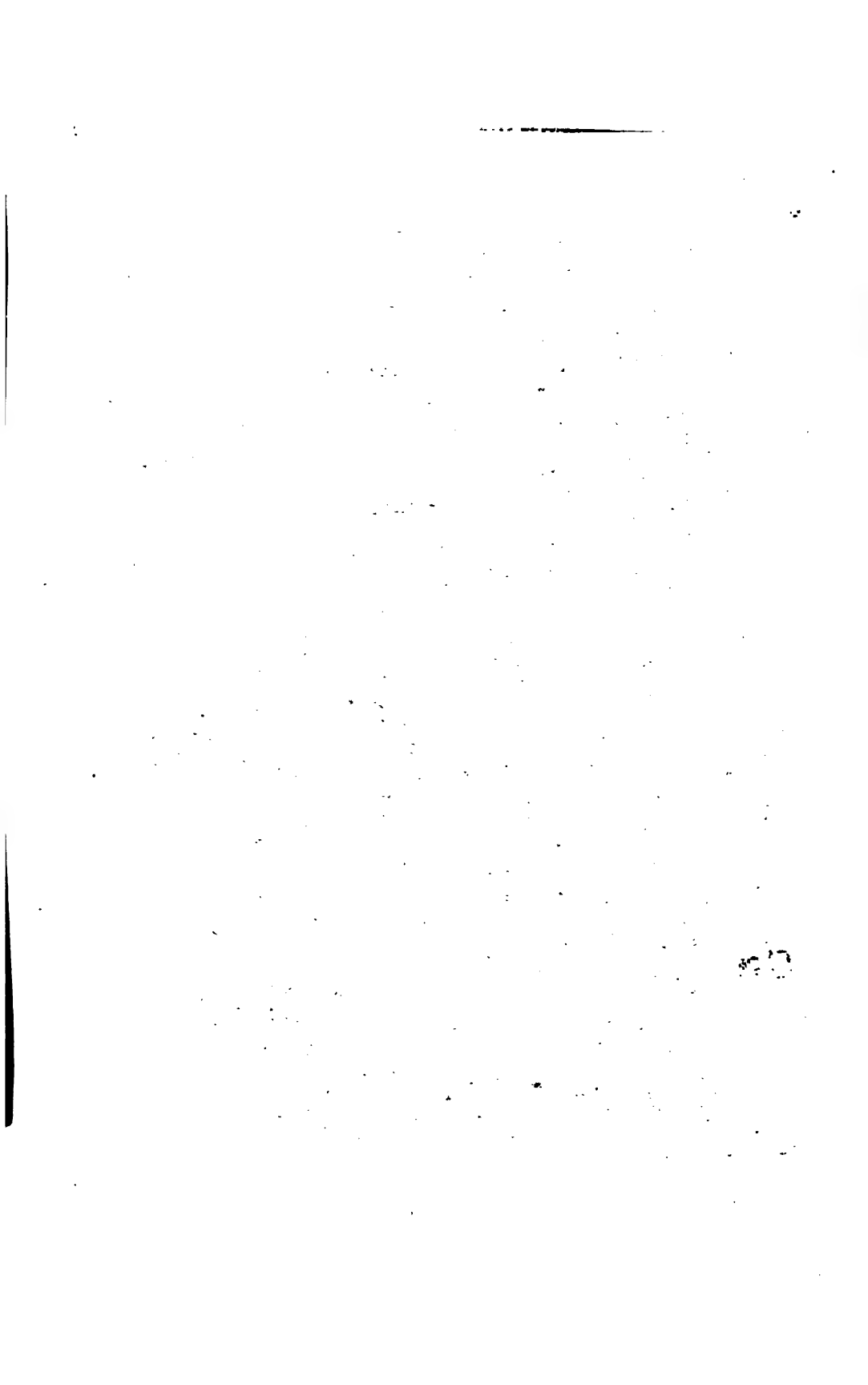
LES MÎES PARISIENNES





THE DEPARTURE OF BERENCA.

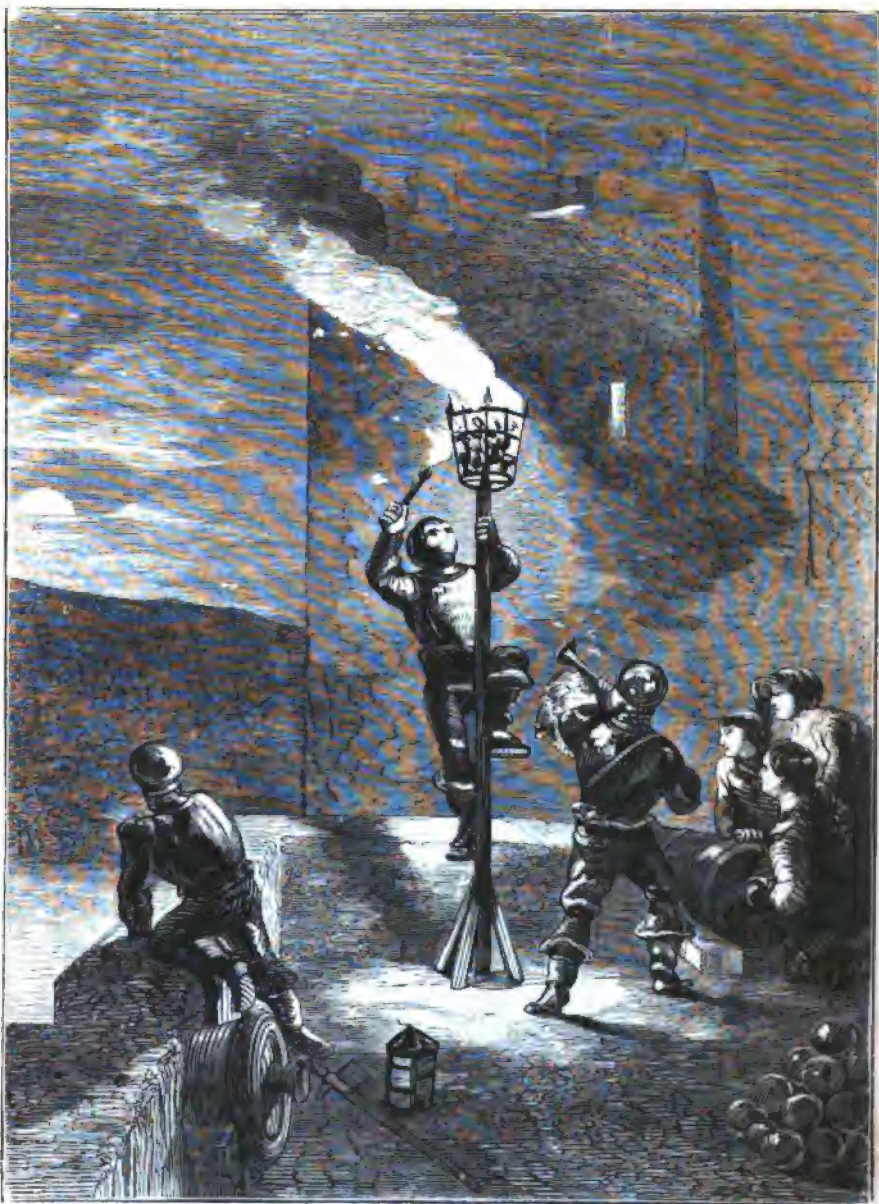
Illustration by J. C. F. for the Magazine.



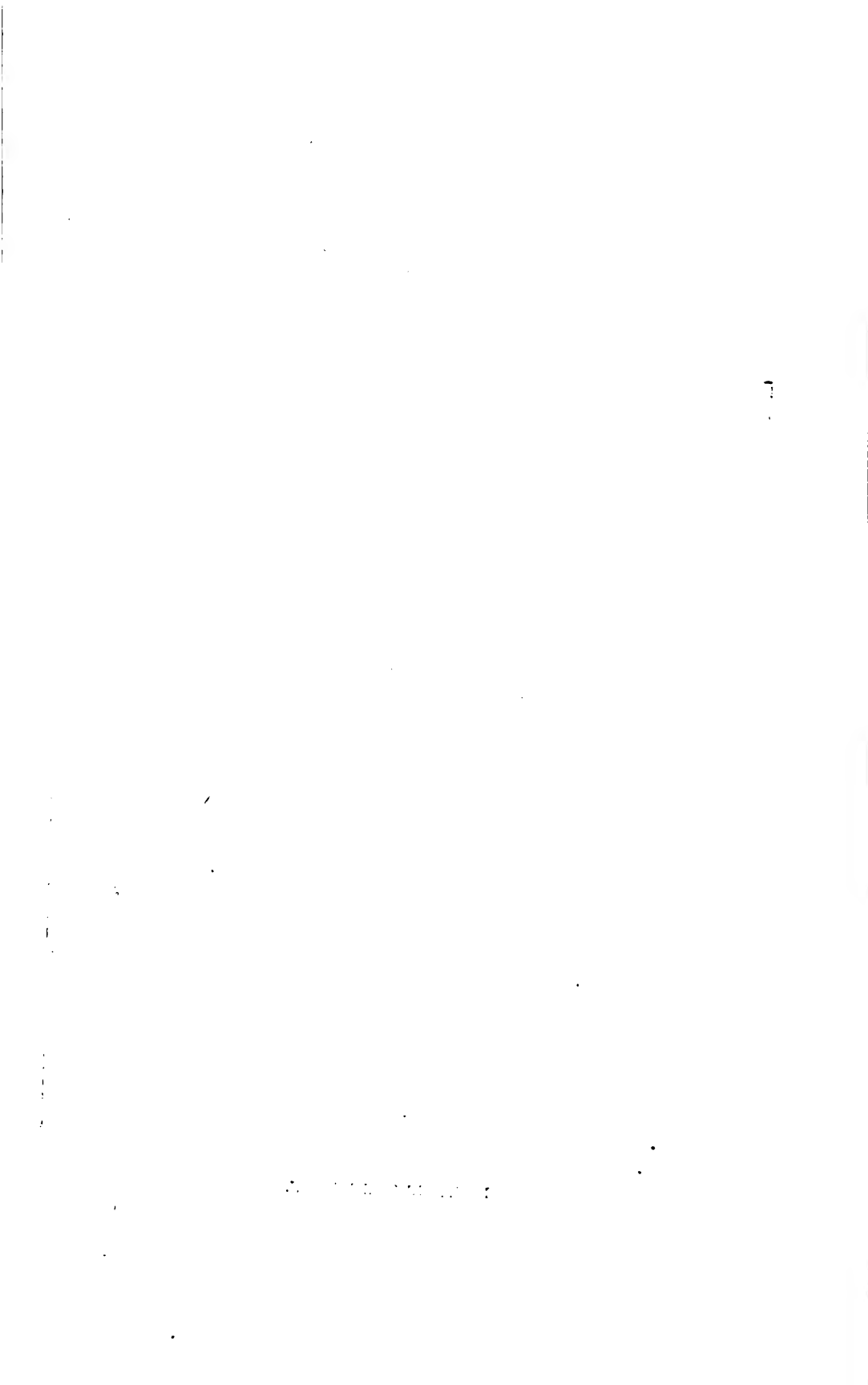


THE DEPARTURE OF REBECCA.

Engraved expressly for *Christian's Magazine*.



LIGHTING THE BEACON.





MUSLIN CAP.



TULLE CAP.



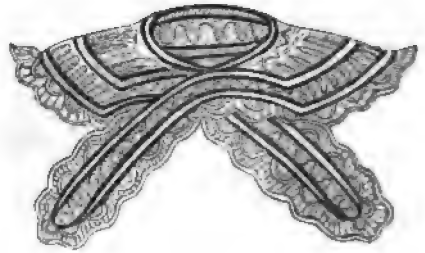
TALMA BUREKA.



ORIENTAL HEAD-DRESS.



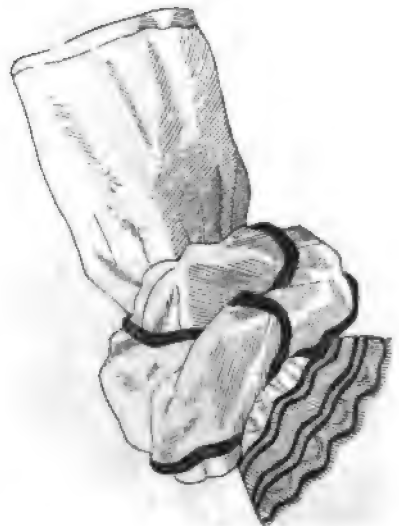
CHILD'S BASQUE.



COLLAR.



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.



SLEEVE.



VELVET BONNET.



SILK BONNET.



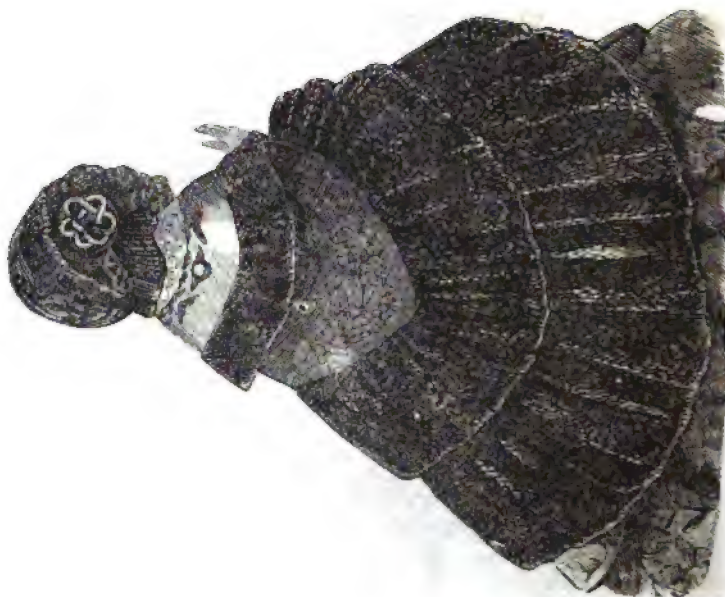
GIMP IN CROCHET.



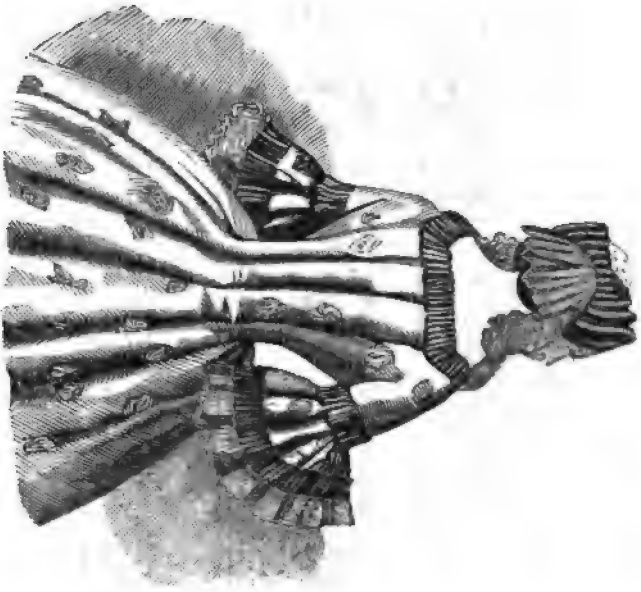
CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



BALL-CLOAK.



REGINA MANTLE.



CHAMBER TOILET.



DRESS OF BLACK SILK.

IF I SPEAK TO THEE IN FRIENDSHIP'S NAME.

WRITTEN BY

T. MOORE, ESQ.

Arranged for the Piano Forte by M. B. Bishop.

Published at EDWARD L. WALKER'S New Musical Depot, No. 142 Chestnut St., Phila.

Moderato.

VOICE.

If I speak to thee in friendship's name, Thou think'st I talk too coldly; If I mention love's de - vo - ted flame, Thou

Piano Forte.

say'st I speak too boldly. Be - tween these two un - e - qual fires, Why doom me thus to hover? I'm a friend, if such thy

Ad Libitum.

Piu Lento.

A Tempo.



Colla voce.

pp



two.



2.

Though the wings of Love will brightly play,
When first he comes to woo thee,
There's a chance that he may fly away,

As fast as he flies to thee:

While Friendship, though on foot she come,
No fights of fancy trying,

Will therefore oft be found at home,
When love abroad is flying.

Which shall it be? How shall I woo?

Dear one, choose between the two.

3.

But if neither feeling suits thy heart,
Let's see, to please thee, whether

We may not learn some precious art,
To mix their charms together:

One feeling, still more sweet, to form
From two, so sweet already,

A Friendship that, like love is warm,
A love like friendship, steady.

Thus let it be, thus let me woo:

Dearest, thus we'll join the two.



CHILD'S FROCK.

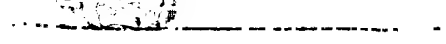
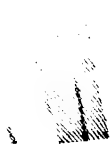


CHILD'S FROCK.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.









LES MODES PARISIENNES





LADY IN RIDING HABIT.



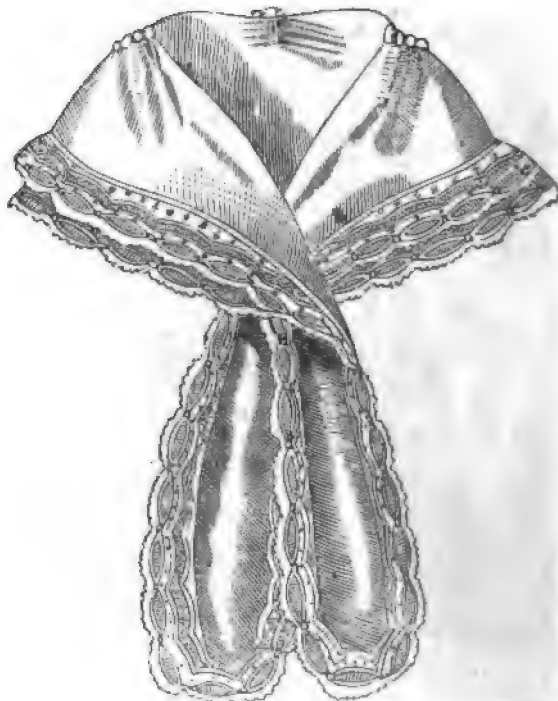
BREAKFAST CAP.



CHRISTENING CAP.



PUFFED SLEEVE.



RISTORI FICHU.



BONNET.



CHILD'S FROCK BODY.



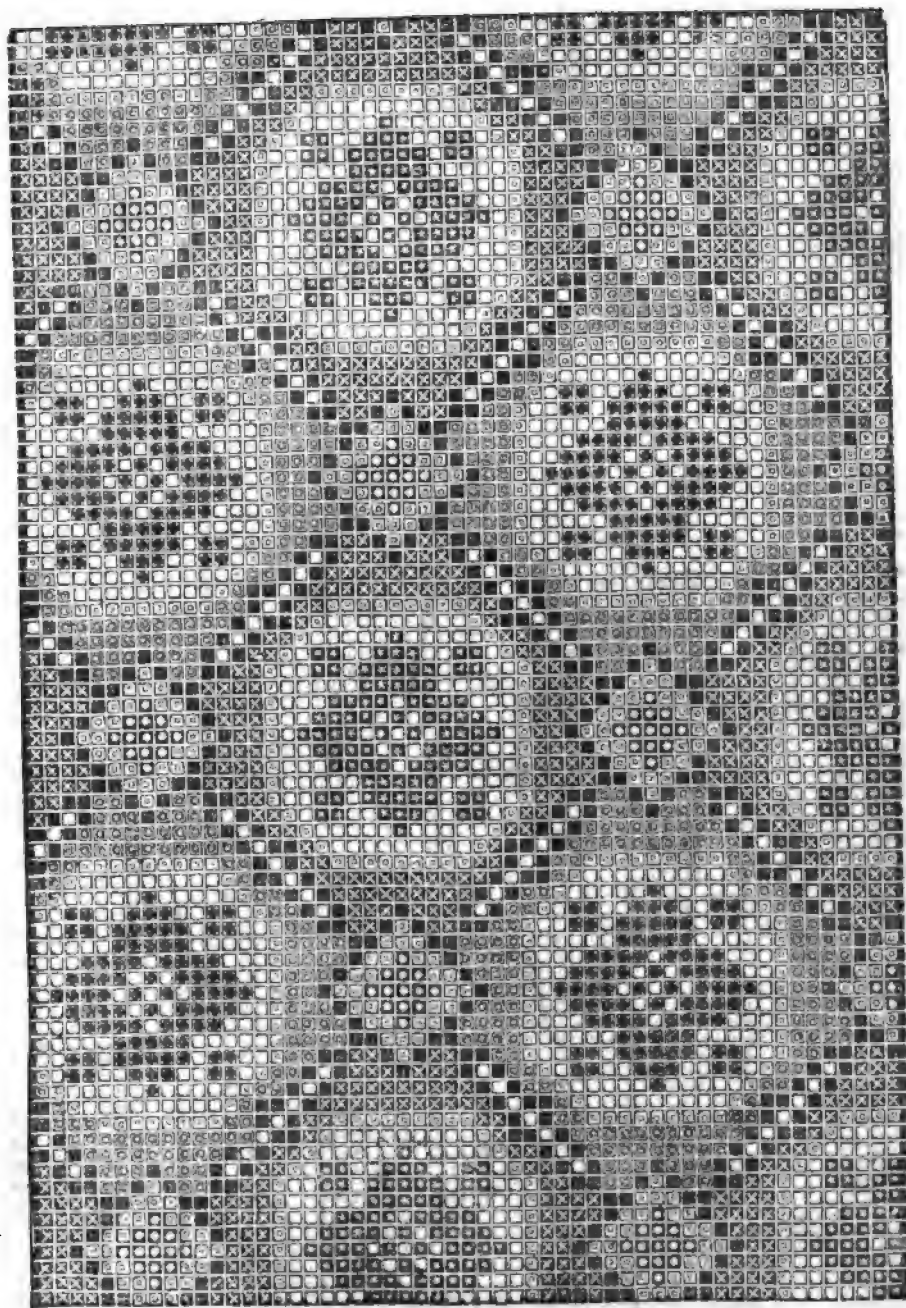
CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



INSERTION.



BABY'S HOOD.



White. □□□□□□□
 Light Yellow. ○○○○○○○○
 Green. ▤▤▤▤▤▤▤▤
 Dark Blue. ✕✕✕✕✕✕✕

■■■■■■ ■■■ Red.
 ■■■■■■ ■■■ Lilac.
 ○○○○○○○○ Orange.
 ■■■■■■ ■■■ Black.

PATTERN FOR CHAIR COVER, OR WINDOW OR SOFA CUSHION.

JOSEPHINE POLKA.

COMPOSED FOR THE PIANO

BY JOHN A. JANKE, JR.

Published by permission of Edward L. Walker, the owner of the copyright.

Philadelphia, EDWARD L. WALKER, No. 143 Chestnut St.,
above Sixth.

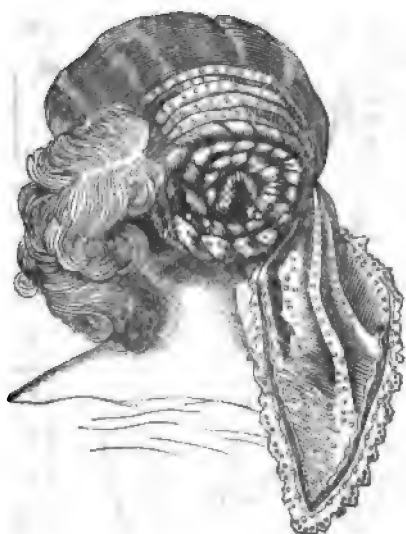
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1868, by J. Quenboren, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

PIANO.

Handwritten musical notation on the left margin, including a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a series of notes and rests.

First system of musical notation, consisting of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with various ornaments and a final measure with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), containing a bass line. The third and fourth staves are also bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), containing a bass line. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

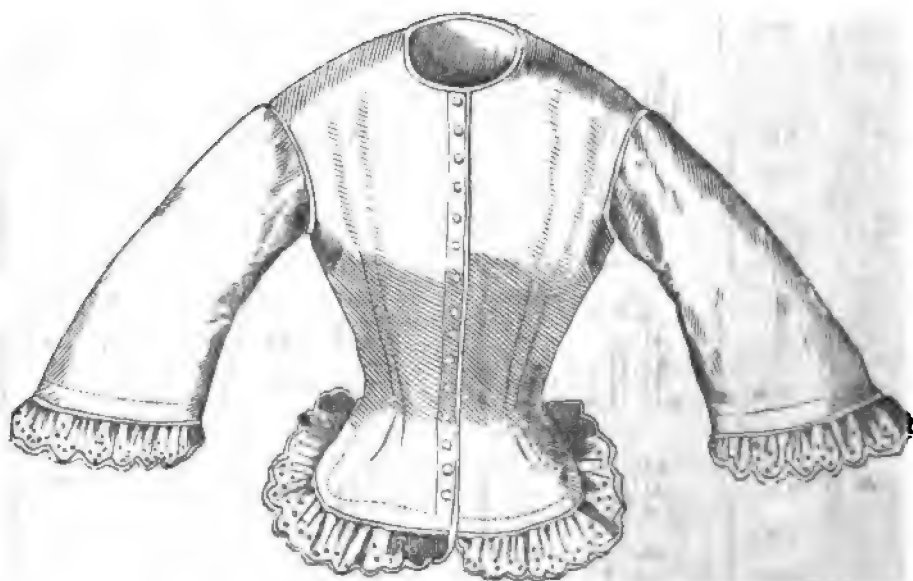
Second system of musical notation, consisting of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). It contains a melodic line with various ornaments and a final measure with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The second staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), containing a bass line. The third and fourth staves are also bass clefs with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C), containing a bass line. The system concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



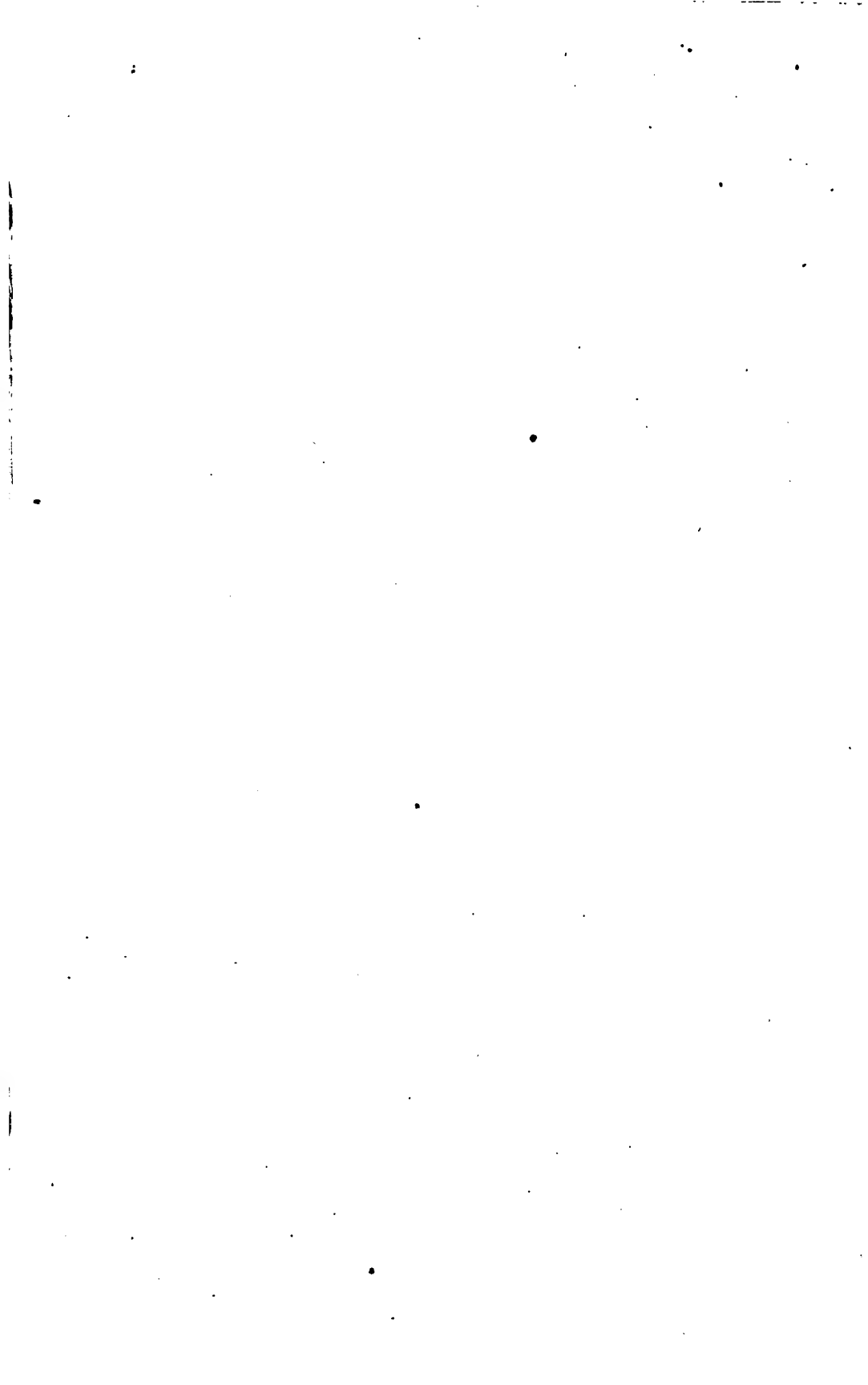
VELVET HEAD-DRESS.

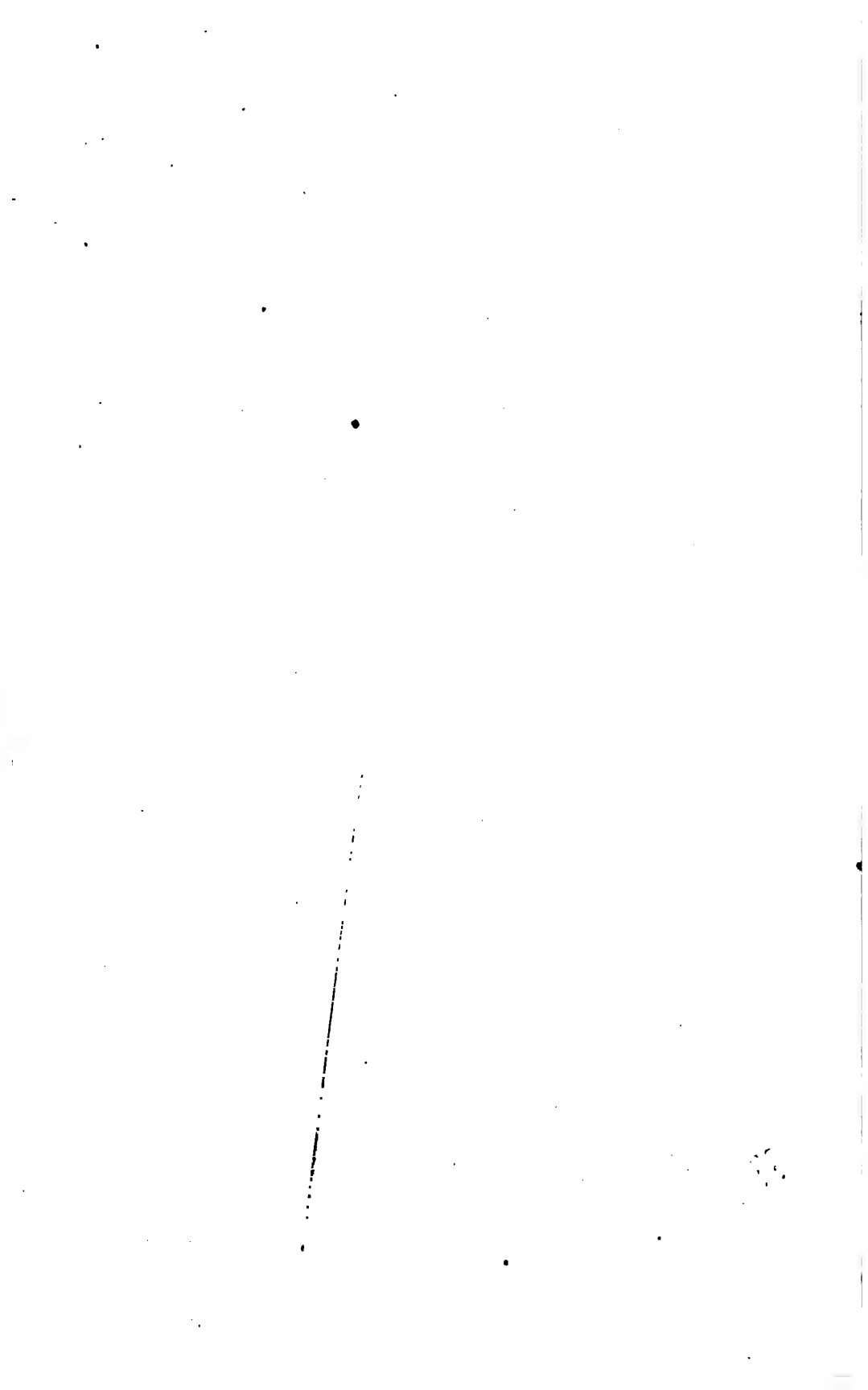


GUIPURE CAP.



BASQUE.





FEB 20 1951

